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ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR

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JEROME A. HART

EDITOR

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Holiday Season in San Francisco.

When the inhabitants of San Francisco gazed from the hill-tops last April on the smoking ruins lying between them and the Bay they could scarcely have looked forward to a very merry Christmas. For most of them lacked a roof to cover them, and all of them lacked bread. Even the millionaires stood in the bread-line. Yet, although those newspaper prophets of evil, temporarily imported to San Francisco, continue to send broadcast dark pictures of the conditions here, the holiday season did not bear them out. The most optimistic could scarcely have hoped for so rapid a recovery as was seen in December, 1906. The new retail quarter which has sprung up on the edge of the burned district was crowded with shoppers—it would scarcely be exaggerating to say "merry shoppers." As for the shop-keepers, they unquestionably were merry, for

they made more money during the holiday season just past than some of them have taken in for many a year.

This statement may seem incredible to the dwellers in distant cities, and the editorial quidnuncs who hold forth so solemnly in their columns concerning "San Francisco's ruin and decay" may question its exactitude. But it is none the less true. It is quite possible for a retail shop-keeper to do a large business in a shack. It is quite possible for a shopper to shop in a shack. And it is even possible for a great merchant to have a stock of goods worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in a shack.

Business transacted in temporary wooden buildings does not seem so imposing as business transacted in stately structures of steel and stone. Trade and barter within modest wooden walls seem insignificant compared with the same utilitarian functions carried on in commercial palaces. But when all is said and done, the end of business is making money, and, after witnessing San Francisco's business operations during the recent months, no one may deny that money can be made in shacks as well as in palaces.

The week before Christmas the writer was in several of San Francisco's largest retail establishments, and gazed with wonder on the enormous crowds of shoppers to be seen there. In Shreve's he asked one of the proprietors if the crowd was an unusual one, and was told that as it was a morning crowd it was not nearly so large as the throng to be seen there in the afternoon. At the White House he also asked the same question, and was informed that more shoppers had been in the house the day before than had ever been known in the history of the firm, which dates back nearly half a century. And it was the same in other large establishments. There were crowds everywhere, and they were buying crowds, and what is more they all seemed to have money. In one place a prosperous mechanic accompanied by his wife was buying Christmas presents. Among other things he bought two purses, price seventeen dollars, and never batted an eyelash. In this establishment the writer asked whether such a sale was unusual, and was told that the artisan class all had plenty of money and were spending their money freely. The head man informed the inquirer that their sales in this bag and purse department the day before had touched three thousand dollars. In another large establishment the head of the firm told us that in a single department, that of toys, the sales for the week were twelve thousand dollars. In relating these facts to a downtown friend in the wholesale line, he replied: "Well, we are doing business in a corrugated iron shed over by the railroad yards. Our business before the fire was about five hundred dollars a day. Now it is over nine hundred." These things do not sound as if San Francisco were declining. As a matter of fact, the vast amount of money being expended for reconstruction is laid out again by the wage-earners as fast as it is earned.

In its number for April 21, 1906, immediately after the earthquake and fire, the *Argonaut* remarked that the disaster would solve a social problem which our street-corner orators had as yet failed to accomplish: to-wit, the dividing up of wealth in San Francisco. We said then that the very rich would be forced to part with their accumulations to the workingman in order to re-erect their vanished buildings. When we wrote those lines we did not entirely realize how true they were, nor did we have a true conception of the magnitude of the refunding. For the disaster has brought great prosperity to laboring men and artisans. While at first it looked as if it had ruined the retailer, now it seems to be bringing him prosperity too. And it is probable that the merchant and

jobber will also reap large harvests soon, although they are slower in coming than those of workingman and shop-keeper. For everything went, from a brick block to a pair of boots. And if you want a brick block built, you must wait; and if you want a pair of boots, you must wait. For everybody must be refitted with everything, and the workingman is king.

Those carping critics from abroad and from Eastern cities—correspondents of the *London Times*, consular officers, New York and Boston newspaper men—seem surprised at the "slowness" with which the city is being rebuilt. Do they stop to think that everything must be recreated, and that great buildings will come last of all? The men who erect the buildings, the men who are to do business in them when erected, must live somewhere in the meantime, hence they live in temporary buildings. Everything with which they work must be manufactured, imported, bought, and sold. Food, clothing, housing, tools, stationery, building materials—all of this vast commodity movement must precede the actual rebuilding movement. And if one of these carping critics thinks San Francisco "slow in rebuilding" let him start in here today, seven months after the disaster with a single suit of clothes, and try and build up in his own business. If he is a lawyer, let him get house room, office room, clothes, law books, documents, maps, title records, court records, red tape, and sealing wax. He may not get as far as the law books, even, and without these and all the other things he could not conduct much of a law office. If he is a newspaper-man, let him try and equip a newspaper plant. Even with unlimited funds he would find it difficult. And then let such a critic reflect on the difficulties overcome by San Francisco during the past half year. Hard as it is, the way is easier now than it was seven months ago.

How about the capitalist? How about the land-owner? Well, as yet he is not thriving as much as the others are. In many cases his land is still bare. In some cases it is still encumbered with ruins and debris. Where the land-owner has erected temporary buildings, he is reaping a large harvest in rentals. But he has the disadvantage of the man whose property is immovable. The laboring man's property is his two hands; the mechanic's, his tools; the shop-keeper has his stock. All of them can move their property; the laborer with the most mobility, the shop-keeper with the least. Even a great wholesale merchant may move. But the land-owner cannot move his land. That is one of the disadvantages of being rich, and the richer a man is in land, the more difficult it is for him to move or to liquidate his property.

Another factor which causes the land-owner to suffer most is the uncertainty of the future. It is impossible to determine exactly where the various quarters of the new city will be. Naturally all who own land in the old business district persist in saying—and perhaps in believing—that the various business districts will settle exactly where they used to be. Perhaps they will. Then again, perhaps they will not. The first emergency retail district erupted on Fillmore Street. The street was so small, so narrow, and so short that there was not room enough for the various dealers as one by one they crawled out from under the ruins. Soon a circle of excluded ones came together and determined to select their own business quarter, to make their own terms, and to determine their own rentals as far as they could—by combination. They succeeded. Van Ness Avenue—a wide and noble thoroughfare which had been passed unheeded by in the first throes of rehabilitation—was occupied by them. It speedily became the most thriving street in the new city. Will it so remain? Who

can tell? Most of the buildings there are temporary, but some of the old residents there, who had business blocks down-town, abandoned their dwellings on the avenue, and are replacing them with permanent buildings. This looks as if they believed it would be a permanent business street. But what is most significant about this emergency business quarter is that its location was dictated by the retailers. If they did this once, may they not do so again? If they decreed the site of a new business quarter outside of the burned district, may they not dictate to the land-owners where the permanent retail quarter may be in the burned district? It would seem not improbable. Yet the land-owners—with a certain tenacity of purpose which is not extraordinary—persist in thinking that their old frontages and old corners will be used for exactly the same kinds of business as before the fire. A prominent corner on Kearny Street used to be occupied by a prominent dry goods house. It is said that the land-owner has been offered five per cent. on a valuation of \$6,000 a front foot by the former tenant and has refused to accept it. This seems remarkable. In going through the burned district none of the corners look like the old corners, and all of the corners (like coons) look alike. It would seemingly make very little difference whether this dry goods house should locate on any one of the four corners of Post and Kearny, or on any one of the four corners of Sutter and Kearny, or on any one of the four corners of Post or Geary and Grant Avenue. In fact, it would today be very difficult for an old San Franciscan, dropping suddenly out of a balloon, and finding himself on any one of those corners, to tell on which corner he was standing.

It is apparent that the land-owners have suffered more than any other class by the recent calamity. It has been more difficult for them to rehabilitate themselves by reason of the great cost of labor and materials and the difficulty of obtaining both. They are also confronted with the uncertainty of the kind of business which will establish itself in each quarter of the city. Therefore, the land-owner may well be pardoned when he hesitates at erecting a costly office building, say, on a street which may take an entirely unexpected turn and become a wholesale district with a steam freight railway through it. Or for another land-owner to hesitate about putting up a wholesale store with lofts when the particular use that street will be devoted to may turn out to be for mechanics' lodgings and hotels.

But with all the delays and uncertainties, our friends and our critics elsewhere may rest assured that the stories that "San Francisco is standing still," and that "no building is going on" are without foundation. True, there is still much of the burned district that is not built upon. True, there is still much in the way of ruins and debris left in that quarter of the city. But over thirty million dollars' worth of buildings have been erected in the past few months, and the building permits applied for amount to nearly forty millions.

Rome was not built in a day; neither was Chicago; neither was Baltimore; and neither will be San Francisco. But from the way she is going ahead, there is no cause for fear.

"Don't Flinch, Don't Foul."

There was recently erected in an Eastern metropolis a monument on which was to be engraved one of President Roosevelt's apothegms. Many of these maxims are endeared to all of us by their familiarity, and it will be remembered that Thomas B. Reed, when Speaker, once said that Mr. Roosevelt had "discovered the Ten Commandments." It can not be controverted that the President has a weakness for presenting them to us in various guises.

At the last moment, before this particular maxim was engraved in imperishable stone, Mr. Jacob Riis decided to substitute for it another saying of the President. This was more up to date. Although intended primarily for the guidance of football players, he considered it also adapted for the struggle of life. It ran thus: "*Don't flinch; don't foul; hit the line hard.*"

These simple words have excited so much admiration that it may be well for their author to give us a practical application of them. Two recent opportunities present themselves. The first is that

part of the President's message in which he accuses the people of San Francisco of "excluding" Japanese from our public schools; his denunciation of this alleged act as "a wicked absurdity;" his implication that there exists in California "a low civilization;" "a low morality;" and his threat to California that "in the matter now before me affecting the Japanese, all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States Government that I may lawfully employ, will be employed." We in California think that there can be no doubt that when the President made these accusations he "hit the line hard."

Since then his Secretary, Metcalf, has made this admission: "I find the sentiment in the State very strong against Japanese young men attending the primary grades. I am frank to say that this objection seems to me a most reasonable one." As Metcalf does not endorse the President's contention that the Japanese should be admitted to the public schools, it is evident that he believes the President to be wrong, although he is afraid to say so. But an absolutely convincing proof that the President is in error is the fact that three Japanese students were graduated on December 20 from the San Francisco High Schools, which shows that *they had been through the primary, grammar, and high-school grades, this course extending over several years.* Thus the President's charge, that the Japanese are "excluded" from the San Francisco schools, falls to the ground; the ordinary routine procedure of the schools has proved it to be false.

Mr. Roosevelt ought at once to withdraw his accusation. It has been proved to be unfounded by the admission of his own Cabinet officer and by the pitiless logic of events.

"Don't flinch; don't foul."

Mr. Roosevelt has fouled already. Let him not flinch now. Let him withdraw his accusation.

Another instance is Mr. Roosevelt's controversy with Mr. Storer, who declared that at Mr. Roosevelt's direct suggestion he appealed to the Pope to promote Archbishop Ireland. Mr. Roosevelt in writing declared Mr. Storer's statement to be "not only an untruth, but an absurd untruth." Thereupon Mr. Storer published a letter from Archbishop Ireland unequivocally supporting Mr. Storer's statement, and saying that Mr. Roosevelt also told him that he had sent this message to the Pope by Storer.

No one can doubt that Mr. Roosevelt in the case of the Storers "hit the line hard." Did he do Mr. Storer an injustice? Did he accuse him of lying when both Mr. Storer and Archbishop Ireland tell the same story? In short, did he foul? If the President is the generous and high-minded gentleman that his friends say he is, then let him withdraw his charge concerning Mr. Storer's veracity.

Both of these accusations have been proved to be false. How about them?

Hit the line hard.

But don't flinch.

And don't foul.

The Fierce Thirst for Gold.

California is again finding vast riches in her old "placer diggings." Where, in the early '50's, miners toiled with pick and pan, with rocker and sluice, today giant gold-dredgers are turning over the auriferous soil and finding the gold the early miners failed to garner. Land in various parts of the Sacramento Valley, which hitherto has been slow of sale for agriculture at a hundred dollars an acre, is now selling easily at over a thousand.

What effect will this gold-dredging have on the life of the State? We think it will be bad. Since California has been occupied by white men we have been choking up our navigable rivers with mining debris and stripping the forests from our mountain slopes. Thus we are depriving the land of its perennial moisture. For the naked mountains no longer hold the snow-banks until late in the spring, the snow melts rapidly, freshets and floods occur, and vast volumes of water pour through the filled-up beds of our rivers, which water runs uselessly to the sea. The arable soil, tilled and husbanded carefully, would support unborn generations of Americans for the next five thousand years. Such has been the case with similar fertile lands like those of Italy. Yet our sometime fertile lands will soon

be turned into desert wastes of gravel and cobblestones.

But it may be a waste of time to worry over posterity. In the words of an anonymous philosopher, "Posterity never did a thing for us."

Here is a notable episode, which shows the growth of the gold-dredging business: A mining corporation, The Folsom Development Company, has secured from the Supervisors of Sacramento County the right to dredge the streets of the town of Folsom. They have thus secured twelve thousand feet of Folsom streets, amounting to more than sixteen and a half acres. State Mineralogist Aubrey estimates that the average yield of gold per acre in the district is \$8,000. At that figure the company would get \$132,000 from the streets of Folsom. Others estimate the value higher than the State Mineralogist. As the Folsom district was the richest one in the days of the old placer diggings, some think that the amount to be taken out of the Folsom streets will run close to a million.

In either event, it is a princely gift which the Supervisors have made to The Folsom Development Company. For it is indeed a gift. It is donated to the dredging company without money and without price—in consideration of love and affection, we presume.

Porto Ricans as Citizens.

In his recent message the President recommends granting citizenship to the Porto Ricans. We are told that this is merely an obvious act of justice. To whom? To the Porto Ricans, perhaps. But how about justice to the American people? They think we already have enough undesirable elements in our citizenship. According to the special census, about one-third of the inhabitants of Porto Rico are negroes or have negro blood. Never was a graver error made than when the Republican party gave the franchise to the negroes in the United States. Scarcely any intelligent man today, whatever his politics, believes that the ignorant negro citizenship in the United States is other than a danger to the country. Why then should the President strive to swell the ignorant and degraded citizenship which we already have? Possibly we have wronged the Porto Ricans by taking from them such civic rights as Spain gave them. But that is not a good reason for wronging the citizens of this country by further polluting the source from which springs our government.

The Supreme Court and Taft.

It is political gossip in Ohio that Secretary Taft has abandoned the hope of being a Presidential candidate. This gossip antedates the recent disclosures of the Bellamy Storer letters. Since that correspondence came to light, Judge Taft's chances for the nomination have utterly vanished. Even if nothing more is revealed concerning the inner workings of the McKinley-Roosevelt-Hanna-Taft intrigues to swell the Republican ranks by Roman Catholic votes, enough has developed to damage irretrievably the reputations of all concerned. By this we do not mean that it is a crime for Republican politicians to angle for Roman Catholic votes. It is merely a crime to be found out. In this particular entanglement Judge Taft will arouse resentment among both Protestant and Roman Catholic voters. The fanatical Protestants will resent any attempt at all to gather in Roman Catholic votes. The fanatical Roman Catholics will resent the fact that the McKinley-Roosevelt-Hanna-Taft syndicate endeavored to conceal their machinations. "If," they will ask, "we are not ashamed to support the Republican leaders, why should the Republican leaders be ashamed to admit that they want our support?" The question is impossible to answer.

It is probable now that Judge Taft will seriously incline toward a seat on the Supreme Bench. The only vacant one has just been filled by the induction of the President's personal and political friend, Mr. Moody, into that seat of honor. Mr. Taft's friends are said to hope for the early retirement of Chief Justice Fuller. The Chief Justice, who is now seventy-three years of age, is a Cleveland appointee, having been a member of the Supreme Court since 1888. It has been said that he intended resigning before the end of the present administration, in order that President Roosevelt may name his successor. This we very much doubt. Chief Justice

Fuller would naturally incline toward retaining his seat until the end of the present administration, in order that the post of Chief Justice might be filled by a jurist of his own political affiliations in the event of the election of a Democratic President. This is no more than ordinary usage and ordinary party loyalty would ask at the hands of the Chief Justice. But there is more than that now to be expected of him. Chief Justice Fuller is known to be opposed to the revolutionary and unconstitutional ideas entertained by President Roosevelt, who is now apparently imbued with the belief that the Executive will is the supreme law of the land. Justice Fuller's decisions on these points have always been in line with those of the great Constitutional jurists who have preceded him. Although no declaration may be expected from him, it is the belief of his friends that he will not relinquish his high post unless forced to do so by the infirmities of age. And we are glad to see that Chief Justice Fuller is in excellent health. We trust he may remain so, and that he will keep his seat on the bench until March 4, 1909.

Secretary Metcalf's Answer.

Many months ago, when President Roosevelt issued executive orders changing the workings of the Chinese Exclusion Act, and facilitating the admission of Chinese immigrants, the carrying out of these orders was part of the official duty of Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Mr. Metcalf was a Californian. We use the past tense advisedly. He had been elected to Congress from California for several terms. He was thus placed in the somewhat trying position of carrying out the statute-straining orders of his official chief, and thereby offending the people of his State, or refusing to depart from the strict letter of the law which had been passed at the earnest pressure of his State, and thereby offending his official chief. It was indeed a trying position. At the time the *Argonaut* stated briefly the facts, and asked "What will Secretary Metcalf do?"

The Secretary has answered the question. He has cast his lot and his political fortunes with those of his official chief.

At the time the *Argonaut* pointed out to Mr. Metcalf in a friendly way that other men had gone to Washington from California—and eke from other States—and had become intoxicated with the official atmosphere of the Capital City. We hinted that some of these statesmen forgot they had a State. We warned the Secretary that the States never forgot such statesmen. But we added that their recollection was of that unpleasant kind of which the poet sings when he says:

"The patient search and vigil long of him who treasures up a wrong."

We sketched briefly for the Secretary the career of Newton Booth, an eloquent and brilliant man elected to the United States Senate from California, but who—because he was a bolting Republican and had neither a party nor a State behind him—speedily became a lay figure in the Senate. We warned the Secretary that loyalty to his State was the first requisite of a statesman; that Cabinets and Secretaries come and go; that Presidents pass; that even strenuous Presidents disappear and are forgotten, but that the States endure.

What did Secretary Metcalf do? Or rather what has he done? Well, the Secretary has chosen. He has turned his back on his State, and set his face steadfastly toward the rising sun of Theodore and the rising-sun flag of the Mikado.

With a somewhat intimate knowledge of California history, extending over a number of years, we have never known of an instance where a California public man has incurred so much odium in his own State as Secretary Metcalf. The feeling against him would be less bitter were his report less strained. But it is the almost unanimous belief of the people and press that Secretary Metcalf came here with his mind made up—or perhaps came here with the President's mind made up, and his own made up to reflect his master's mind; also that the Secretary was intent on gathering facts to fit the President's preconceived and prearranged verdict.

This language may not seem agreeable, but the facts are even more disagreeable. There are three factors discussed in Secretary Metcalf's report to the President: First, the presence of the Japanese

adults and children in the public schools; second, an alleged series of boycotts by the labor unions on the Japanese; third, personal assaults on the Japanese. These factors, when examined by the cold light of reason, are found to be utterly disconnected. The labor unions have nothing whatever to do with the school question. The crisis there was brought about by the objections of parents to the presence of full-grown Japanese in the schools with their young children. The action of these parents had nothing to do with the labor unions. As for the boycott against the Japanese restaurants by the Cooks' and Waiters' Union, there were ten times as many white restaurant keepers boycotted by that union as there were Japanese restaurant keepers. If this particular boycott was called off by a bribe, we do not see how that concerns the government of the United States or of California. Neither federal, nor state courts have yet been able to declare boycotting to be criminal. A foreigner who bribes an American to keep the peace is compounding a misdemeanor and deserves little sympathy. Furthermore, if the President is going to stop boycotting, he will have the hearty approval of nine-tenths of the people of California. We would suggest, however, that he begin with the boycotts conducted by white men against white men. After he has got them straightened out, he can then take up the matter of protecting the aliens.

Further to prove that the labor unions had nothing to do with the public school question, but that it was an independent factor, we chronicle this fact: it is only *since* the President's Message and after the wide-spread discussion which it caused, that the California labor unions were generally informed of the presence of adult Japanese in the San Francisco public schools. They are just beginning to express their indignation thereat, and are writing from all over California to the San Francisco Board of Education asking for the facts. Likewise in other cities, such as Oakland, they are taking steps to demand segregation, as in San Francisco. But all this is *after* and not before the President's Message, which is apparently bringing about the very conditions which it was intended to remove.

As to Secretary Metcalf's list of assaults on the Japanese, the lamentable conditions existing in San Francisco since the great disaster brought about a disturbed condition of the social order. The criminal assaults on the Japanese have been no more numerous than the assaults on other nationalities. There have been more assaults on Americans than on people of any other race, because there are more Americans. There have been more assaults on Chinese than on Japanese, because there are more Chinese. And so it goes. The thugs, garterers, pickpockets and murderers who have been plying their cowardly trade in San Francisco during the past six months have paid little attention to the nationality, age or even sex of their victims. If any man says that the public school question, the labor union boycott question, and the assaults on the Japanese in San Francisco, indicate a general plan or movement on the part of the people or the labor unions, we can only reply in the phrase of a high personage that the statement is a "wicked absurdity." We might use some other phrases from the same personage, stronger phrases and more direct ones, but they would not sound polite.

As a whole, Secretary Metcalf's report has surprised the East by the extreme weakness, not to say triviality, of its conclusions. He succeeded in finding in San Francisco only some ninety-three Japanese pupils, and of these twenty-five were young enough to be received in the primary and grammar schools. But all of these twenty-five were born in the country, and therefore, being native-born, had a right to seats in the public schools without Secretary Metcalf's report or President Roosevelt's Big Stick. Of the sixty-eight born in Japan, the oldest was twenty-four. To claim that these "children" could not be lawfully put in a school by themselves is so ridiculous that it even struck Secretary Metcalf's official mind as absurd. We hope that Mr. Roosevelt, when he thinks it over, may conclude that to put these grown men beside ten-year-old white girls would be a wicked absurdity.

The rest of the report is devoted to a record of assaults with intent to rob and to do bodily harm. A similar wave of crime swept over Pittsburg a few weeks ago, yet we did not hear that Secretary

Metcalf was sent to the Smoky City by President Roosevelt to protect the Pittsburghers with the federal army and navy. As for the \$350 boycott bribe, this of course is a very grave matter, and calculated to endanger the peace of nations. Secretary Metcalf says the money was paid by the Japanese restaurant keepers to a man in the Cooks' and Waiters' Union named W. S. Stevenson. Mr. R. Scott, president of this union, says: "We have no man in our union named W. S. Stevenson. We know of no such man. The Japanese restaurant boycott was called off because it was found by the union to be too expensive to maintain."

On the whole, Secretary Metcalf has struggled valiantly to make some sort of a showing for his chief's intemperate, inaccurate and unjust message. We commend him for his loyalty to his chief, but when it comes to the consideration of the Secretary's wisdom, we are forced to pause. We very much doubt whether he will find that he has made a wise choice between his official chieftain and his State.

Modern Magazine Methods.

We have received the first number of the *Circle*, which bears the sub-title "A Modern Department Magazine for All People." We have also received a letter from the publishers requesting us to write and express frankly our opinion concerning the magazine. We readily comply. The first article, "A Musical Revolution," is by Mr. Henry T. Finck, a writer with whose books, whose criticisms, and whose newspaper sketches we are familiar, and whose work we much admire. We read over the first and second pages of his article, when we found the legend, "continued on page 41." We went to page 41 and read two columns, when we encountered the legend, "continued on page 63." We read two or three columns on page 63, when we encountered the legend, "continued on page 71." We read one column on page 71, when we encountered the legend, "concluded on page 74." Here our patience gave out, and although we admire Mr. Finck's writings, we flung the *Circle* aside. Before doing so, however, we looked on page 74, where the article was to be concluded and saw that it was not concluded, but that the column ended with the legend "concluded on next page." Evidently some late advertisements had come in, and Mr. Finck had been crowded over to page 75.

If the publishers of the *Circle* want a frank expression of opinion from us, we will give it to them—frank and straight. We would not have their magazine for a gift. We advise nobody to waste time in reading it. It may contain some good matter—no doubt it does; but life is too short to search for literary needles in advertising bottles of hay. Probably the publishers of this magazine are no greedier than the publishers of others. Periodicals like the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and their imitators, and even *Collier's Weekly*, which ought to be above such catch-penny business, all of them frankly subordinate their reading matter to their advertising. The reading columns are so plainly used to fit the "ads" that the readers of these periodicals must share the publisher's low opinion of their reading matter. When articles by writers of national fame are made to meander in labyrinthine convolutions through pages of advertisements, and to serve as tops, bottoms, and sides to "full position ads" of beef extracts, of condensed milk, of chocolates, of cosmetics, of cocoas, of corsets, of baby foods, of skin foods, of breakfast foods, of self-working washers, of silk petticoats, of toilet powders, of tooth pastes, of sanitary plumbing, of soap, of canned meats, and the like, we think that the pleasure of reading them does not compensate for the labor of disentangling them.

If any person reading these lines has subscribed for the *Circle*, and sent his money, we advise him not to read it. Thus he will save time and temper.

Reflecting on the President.

At the Christmas dinner of the Ninth Cavalry, at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, Sergeant Griffin shot and killed Corporal Taylor. Concerning this occurrence Major Macomb said in an interview: "If Griffin is to be tried for murder—and that is what he ought to be tried for—the case will go to the United States Court. A court-martial in time of peace cannot sentence a man to death."

But if it may not sentence a man to death, it may punish an officer for reflecting on the President of the United States. What does Major Macomb mean? Under this veiled language there is an evident insult levelled at the President. Mr. Roosevelt has said that the trial and conviction of the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Regiment is according to the Articles of War; that he will not reopen the case; that if the Senate of the United States attempts to reopen it, he will resist them. He certainly believes that the civil authorities at Brownsville have no power to try the accused, for he removed the offenders out of their jurisdiction, and then punished them by discharge from the army. From this it is evident that he thinks that civil authorities have no jurisdiction over criminal offenses committed by United States soldiers in time of peace. Major Macomb thinks they have. But if he thinks so, he ought to be careful not to say so. Furthermore, the President believes that an adequate punishment for murder is discharge from the army by executive order. Major Macomb thinks that a military murderer should be tried by the civil courts and sentenced to death. Here again he is evidently reflecting on the Executive.

In our view the situation seems imperatively to demand that the President should order the summary court-martial of Major Macomb.

Ore Stealing in the Nevada Gold Mines.

A curious condition of affairs exists in the new mining district in Nevada. It has been whispered of for some time, and is now brought to light by the suit of the Goldfield-Mohawk Mining Company in the United States Circuit Court against the Selby Smelting Company for the possession of sixty-eight sacks of high-grade ore. This ore is alleged to have been taken from the Mohawk Mine by miners, and is declared in the complaint to be worth over \$100,000. Others say that this sum is ridiculously underestimated—that there are 6,400 pounds of rock, said to be worth over \$280 a pound. For several months the mines of this company have been taking out rich ore. The miners, who are organized into a trades union, carry things with a high hand. They are said to come from the levels after their shifts with many pounds of rich ore hidden about their clothing; making no change, they go direct to dealers in the town known as "high graders;" these purchase from the miners their booty at much less than the intrinsic value. But even then some of the miners are said to have been stealing four or five thousand dollars a month in ores. George Wingfield, one of the head men of the Mohawk, says that during the past four weeks ores worth over \$300,000 have been stolen from their mines.

The causes which have led to this condition of things are peculiar. Several of the mining companies are syndicates which lease mines. Most of these leases expire the first week of 1907. As the operating lessors are taking out very rich ore they are disposed to submit to every exaction from the miners, even theft, rather than cause a strike and shut-down, and thereby cut off their own golden stream. They have therefore winked at these proceedings up to the present. But this suit in replevin and the resulting scandal caused the miners at once to strike. They refused to submit to a change of clothing on leaving the mine, and the mine owners have refused to continue operations unless they do so. The mine owners charge that the men wear garments with special pockets on the inside, and emerge at the end of their shifts loaded down with ore.

The sixty-four sacks replevined were traced and followed from the "high graders" in Goldfield, Nevada, to the Selby Smelting Works at Crockett, California. There the United States Marshal took charge of the ore, brought it to San Francisco, and placed it in a safe deposit vault, where it will wait the adjudication of the court.

Los Angeles Exposition Doubtful.

A special committee selected from the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Clearing House Association of Los Angeles, have reported adversely on the proposition to hold an international exposition in Los Angeles in 1915. The committee reported that Los Angeles is now growing as fast as it is possible for a city to grow healthily, and that any attempt in

forcing expansion would result in disaster. To use its own phrase, the committee reported that the proposed exposition is "undesirable and inexpedient." We think the action of the committee is wise, but it has not been well received by the real estate men and promoters of Los Angeles, and the agitation for the exposition still continues.

The French Separation Law.

Archbishop Ireland—recently a political worker for the Republican party in the United States—is now from his pulpit attacking the Republican Government and the Republican party in France. According to him, the people of France have no right to govern their own country through their own duly elected representatives. According to him, a foreign sovereign has a right to interfere in France, and to regulate domestic questions affecting the titles to domestic property, domestic leaseholds, domestic taxation, and other domestic matters concerning the French Republic. Archbishop Ireland, as reported, says that "anti-clericals and infidels have made the preservation of the Republic a popular battle-cry in order to get into power." If the Archbishop is sincere in this contention, it seems to demolish his argument. For if the French people, in order to preserve their republic, elected a Government which found it necessary to bring about the separation of Church and State, it is evident that both Government and people desire such separation. Furthermore, it would seem as if the French archbishops and clergy themselves desired such a separation, for they had acceded to the terms of the separation law and were preparing to carry it out when the Pope issued an order commanding them to oppose it. Thereupon, they at once withdrew their approval, and ordered their flocks to disobey the law. It would therefore seem as if the French Government, the French Legislative Chamber, the French archbishops, the French clergy, and the French people were all in favor of the French separation law of December 10, 1905, until a foreign sovereign who claims authority over French citizens and ownership in property ordered them to oppose the law. Thereupon the French legislators refused to obey this foreign sovereign, and in our opinion a majority of the French people will also refuse to obey.

If any fair-minded man examines the French separation law, the factious opposition stirred up against it by the Vatican will seem to him extraordinary. Under the separation law the Catholics can remain in undisputed possession of church buildings, clerical houses, and similar annexes by the simple process of incorporating to hold their title. They will then not only be undisturbed, but the title will vest in such religious corporations in perpetuity. As to the so-called "Church property" which the State claims to have owned and held for centuries, even that it offers to place at the disposal of religious corporations without exacting payment. But the ownership must be settled. In France, as in all civilized countries, questions of title must be settled by the courts, even when the State claims disputed property. It is usual for the courts of a country to pass upon domestic actions at law. Would we in America allow the Pope to decide lawsuits here concerning property rights between a Roman Catholic archbishop and an adjacent owner? If we would not, why may not a French court settle French lawsuits? As to the questions of faith or dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, the French separation law does not touch them.

Block Systems That Do Not Block.

Again we have to chronicle a dreadful railway wreck—this time in the outskirts of Washington, the Capital City—in which over a score of persons were killed and twice as many wounded. It is the old story of misunderstood or unobserved signals and of a collision. We are told that the "railroad men say that the block man at Silver Spring Tower should not have allowed the blind train in the block, but the fog was so thick that the signals could not be seen."

How long will this mockery of a block system be allowed to continue in the United States? This thing of relying on the vigilance of possibly overworked but certainly careless engineers in foggy or stormy weather has completely broken down. A genuine block system will not permit an intruding train within a block until the train which has a

right to the block has left it. The intruding train under a genuine block system will be automatically prevented from entering. It will be diverted from the main line onto a siding, or even derailed if need be. Under such a system the traveler may make a railway journey with comparative safety. As it is now, depending on careless engineers and fraudulent block systems, the traveler takes his life in his hands. Accidents like these at the very portals of the National Capital, and the calamity in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel in New York not many months ago, bring home to the people of the East the dangers of our slap-dash railway methods. Perhaps this accident will lead Congress to pay more attention to the necessary precautions for safeguarding railways than is the case when accidents take place in more sparsely settled portions of the country.

Soldier and Judge.

Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court has been a soldier as well as a judge. He was interrogated last week concerning the strengthening of the federal power so earnestly urged by President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, with its necessary concomitant of the use of the military arm. Justice Harlan said:

"I served in the Civil War as a colonel, and have been on the bench twenty-nine years. It has been a uniform doctrine of our court, and I have said in many judicial decisions, that the federal government has no powers except those delegated to it by express grant or by necessary implication from the express grant. Any tendency to enlarge the federal government's powers by a loose construction of the Constitution ought to be restricted. I think the preservation of the states with all just powers is essential to the preservation of our liberties."

We are continually hearing praise of Secretary Root as "a great lawyer." In the matter of the Constitutional rights of the states he seems to differ very radically from the United States supreme court. At least it would so seem from the expressions of Justice Harlan, and Justice Harlan certainly ought to know. Not unlike the difference between these two lawyers is the difference between the two colonels. Colonel Roosevelt also differs with Colonel Harlan. Possibly Colonel Roosevelt's opinion on military matters would be as valuable as that of Colonel Harlan. But in matters of law we think the people of the United States will incline to agree with Judge Harlan rather than with Colonel Roosevelt. It is, of course, to be said for Colonel Roosevelt that he has not sat on the bench for twenty-nine years and has never studied law. Therefore he approaches legal and Constitutional questions with an open mind.

Fire Limits in San Francisco.

Not long ago the Mayor began granting permits to San Francisco property-owners to erect wooden buildings within the forbidden fire limits. This was done on the plea that such property-owners did not have the necessary funds to construct their buildings of better, more durable, and more fire-resisting materials. Such infractions of the law cannot be defended. But a violated law works out its own salvation. Even if municipal officials evade their duties, private citizens can protect their rights. Already private individuals, whose interests are imperiled, are beginning suit against persons erecting wooden structures within the fire limits. These structures are dangerous not only to the adjacent property-owners, but also are against the public welfare. As their erection is against the plain letter of the law, there can be no question that the complaining property-owners will succeed in enjoining such illegal action. A "permit" from an officer of the law to perform an illegal act is a contradiction in terms.

On the old Babylonian and Persian monuments there were wedge-shaped characters, or arrow-headed or nail-headed characters as they were sometimes called, which constituted what was known as cuneiform writing. After the reign of Alexander the Great this writing became obsolete. The Persian cuneiform writing contains 60 letters, and the Assyrian 600 to 700 characters, partly alphabetic. The most celebrated inscription in cuneiform writing is that in the ancient city of Behistun, Persia, cut on the face of a rock 1700 feet high and recording part of the history of Darius.

The time for the poor man's automobile has evidently not arrived yet. The lowest-priced car in the New York show was a runabout car for \$375, and not a very practical one, either, though for \$500 was shown a four-cylinder runabout that is a real one.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, on the evening before the President's Panama message, delivered an address in which he said: "We rode roughshod over Colombia that we might take her land and dig our canal there."

The next time the President is tempted to do politics with a woman he will only have to read over his "Dear Maria" letters to be convinced that he'd better not, says the *Oakland Tribune*. Mr. Roosevelt is not the only President for whom the name "Maria" possessed an unpleasant significance.

Captain John C. (Jack) Greenway, who was in President Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders, has declined the position of Commissioner of the General Land Office soon to be vacated by Commissioner Richards. Greenway was offered the position some time ago by the President, but because of private interests was unable to accept.

Mayor Higgins, governor-elect of Rhode Island, is the first Roman Catholic elected the executive head of a New England State. Governor Edward Kavanagh, of Maine, who was chief magistrate in 1843-44, was not elected by the people, but became governor by the resignation of Governor Fairfield, who had been elected to the Senate of the United States.

President Roosevelt withdrew the original nominations of George B. Cortelyou, James R. Garfield and George von L. Meyer, named respectively to be Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Interior, and Postmaster-General, and re-nominated them, fixing the date at which they are to assume office as March 4, 1907. This was done to meet the objections raised by Senators against nominations sent without a specific date for beginning terms.

On the nomination of William H. Moody for the Supreme Court there was a very free interchange of senatorial opinion, and the trend of it was markedly complimentary. Senators expressed their belief that the appointment is not one of which President Roosevelt has reason to be proud; that Mr. Moody does not measure up to the traditional requirements of the greatest judicial tribunal in the world. This is the opinion of perhaps a majority of the lawyers in Congress.

Senator Bailey's fight for re-election has become the bitterest Texas has witnessed possibly in this generation. The charges against Mr. Bailey are very embarrassing, now that the worst is known, because he seems to be convicted of concealing a part of the truth hitherto. The most damaging fact brought out, and admitted by the Senator, is that he quickly became a heavy borrower of money from H. Clay Pierce, after the service he had rendered to Mr. Pierce's oil company. The Senator's public influence has suffered, even if he is returned to the Senate.

President Roosevelt has taken heed of the criticism in Congress of his "message habit," says a special Washington despatch to the *New York Evening Post*. There is fair promise that hereafter the Executive will not so freely communicate his views to the legislators. Mr. Roosevelt is not sorry that Senators and Representatives have criticised and found cause for laughter in his message-writing proclivities. He knows all about the sharp remarks that have been made, and has read some of the newspaper articles setting forth the Congressional comment on messages multitudinous and overlapping.

Of the nomination of Alford W. Cooley to be Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, it is remarked that "the Attorney-General of the United States and his several assistants are, or ought to be, real lawyers." Mr. Cooley is an estimable member of Mr. Roosevelt's "Tennis Cabinet," that body from which James R. Garfield is being promoted. Mr. Cooley has for several years been a member of the Civil Service Commission. His selection is popularly attributed to feminine influence which pronounced Mr. Cooley "a most charming dinner guest." This particular "five-o'clock-tea" young man has never managed a law case in his life.

Bostonians are wondering, says *Ridgway's*, whether Judge Moody's service on the Supreme Court will outlive the Roosevelt Presidential régime. He is not a rich man, and has declared he could not afford to remain in public life. To that end, he "linked up" with Everett W. Burdett, counsel for the Edison Electric Company; J. Otis Wardell, legislative counsel for various corporations, and Charles A. Snow, another corporation attorney, and the firm name of Moody, Burdett, Wardell & Snow has for more than a year decorated the glass panels of a State street office building. It has been allowed to remain there, and Mr. Moody has repeatedly declared he must return to private life and earn some money.

The appointment of Hon. James Bryce, Under Secretary of State for Ireland, to be British Ambassador to the United States, has evoked remark of the fact that a cabinet minister, at the height of a brilliant parliamentary career, is called upon to accept a diplomatic post which never before has held rank among the most important of British appointments. The entire history of that nation's diplomacy shows that Washington meant promotion only to diplomats stationed at the capitals of little countries. The first-rate men were reserved usually for Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Constantinople. Mr. Bryce is well known in this country as the author of "The American Commonwealth." He has made many visits here and has many friends among the prominent officials of the United States. He is a Scotch barrister and professor of law, notwithstanding the fact he was born in Belfast, Ireland, some 68 years ago. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, Trinity College, Oxford, and Heidelberg,

Germany. He was made regius professor of civil law at Oxford in 1870. He has been a member of Parliament many terms and was in Gladstone's Cabinet. Mr. Bryce is the author of "The Holy Roman Empire," "The Trade-marks Registration Acts" and "The American Commonwealth." He visited the United States in 1890.

OLD FAVORITES.

"What My Life Is Like."

[Lieutenant Robert Emmett Hooe, late of the United States Navy, author of the following poem, had a checkered career. Entering the service from Virginia (his native State) as midshipman, he passed through the successive grades of his profession, serving with distinction in the war with Mexico, and finally dying at sea of consumption, having attained rank as lieutenant. He was of a lofty and romantic temperament, but his life was clouded by the results of an unfortunate frolic in which he killed a messmate. Tried for his life and honorably acquitted, still this affair seems to have tinged his whole future with a melancholy which has found fit expression in these verses:]

My life is like the shattered wreck,
Cast by the waves upon the shore;
The broken mast, the rifted deck,
Tell of the shipwreck that is o'er;
Yet from the relics of the storm
The mariner his raft will form
Again to tempt the faithless sea;
But hope rebuilds no barque for me.

My life is like the blighted oak,
That lifts its sere and withered form,
Scathed by the lightning's sudden stroke,
Sternly to meet the coming storm;
Yet round that sapless trunk will twine
The curling tendrils of the vine,
And life and freshness there impart,
Not to the passion-blighted heart.

My life is like the desert rock,
In the midocean, lone and drear,
Worn by the wild waves' ceaseless shock
That round its base their surges rear;
Yet there the sea-moss still will cling,
Some flower will find a cleft to spring;
And breathe 'e'en there a sweet perfume;
For life's flowers no more will bloom.

My life is like the desert waste,
By human footsteps seldom pressed;
The eye no freshness there can trace;
No verdant spot on which to rest;
Yet 'e'en among these sands so drear
The stock will tend her young with care—
'E'en there the notes of joy impart,
But naught can cheer my lonely heart.

—Robert Emmett Hooe.

The Old Picture Dealer.

The second landing-place. Above,
Sun-pictures for a shilling each.
Below, a haunt that Teutons love—
Beer, smoke, and pretzels all in reach.
Between the two, a moldy nook,
Where loungers hunt for things of worth—
Engraving, curio, or book—
Here drifted from all over Earth.

Be the day's traffic more or less,
Old Brian seeks his Leyden chair—
Placed in the ante-room's recess,
Our connoisseur's securest lair:
Here, turning full the burner's rays,
Holds long his treasure trove in sight—
Upon a painting sets his gaze
Like some devoted hermit.

The book-worms rummage as they will,
Loud roars the wonted Broadway din,
Life runs his hackneyed round—but still
One tireless boon can Brian win—
Can picture in this modern time
A life no more the world shall know,
And dream of Beauty at her prime
In Parma, with Correggio.

Withered the dealer's face, and old,
But wearing yet the first surprise
Of him whose eyes the light behold
Of Italy and Paradise:
Forever blest, forever young,
The rapt Madonna poises there
Her praise by hovering cherubs sung,
Her robes by ether buoyed, not air.

See from the graybeard's meerschaum float
A cloud of incense! Day or night,
He needs must steal apart to note
Her grace, her consecrating light.
With less ecstatic worship lay
Before his marble goddess prone,
The crippled poet, that last day
When in the Louvre he made his moan.

Warm grows the radiant masterpiece—
The sweetness of Correggio!
The visionary hues increase,
Angelic lusters come and go,
And still, as still in Parma too—
In Rome, Bologna, Florence, all—
Goes on the outer world's ado,
Life's transitory, harsh recall.

A real Correggio? And here,
Yes, to the one impassioned heart,
Transfiguring all, the strokes appear
That mark the perfect master's art.
You question of the proof? You owe
More faith to fact than fancy? Hush!
Look with expectant eyes, and know,
With him, the hand that beld the brush!

The same wild thought that warmed from stone
The Venus of the monkish Gest,
The image of Pygmalion,
Here finds Correggio confessed.
And Art requires its votary:
The Queen of Heaven herself may pine
When these quaint rooms no longer see
The one that knew her all divine.

Ah, me! ah, me, for centuries veiled!
(The desolate Virgin then may say)
Once more my rainbow tints are paled
With that unquestioning soul away—
Whose faith compelled the sun, the stars,
To yield their halos for my sake,
And saw through Time's obscuring bars
The Parmese master's glory break!

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Pleasant Words from Subscribers.

MAVRI HILL, DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.—I have been reading with pleasure and interest the numerous letters of sympathy and appreciation you have received from all quarters since the San Francisco disaster. It is gratifying, though not surprising, to find so many people of my own opinion as to the quality of the *Argonaut*. It was in 1882 that I then on my way to California from New Zealand—read my first copy of your paper, and I think I can safely affirm that I have never missed a week since. And I have always had the same opinion of it that I have now, that it is unique in newspaper and magazine literature, and that I never want to be without it. I should like to quote articles, dating from recent clever editorials to "way back," to show the *Argonaut's* special value to its many lovers, but to do this would require no end of space. I must content myself with saying "Good old friend *Argonaut*, risen triumphant. I trust there may be no more fires and earthquakes in store for San Francisco and her best paper."

I enclose payment for next year's subscription.

THEOPH. TALBOT.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Enclosed find check for subscription. Allow me to compliment you on getting the *Argonaut* back to the old form again. I did not miss a number. Good luck and best wishes for continued success.

E. V. S.

SAN FRANCISCO.—If your paper is not on file at the Century Club, New York City, you had better have one there, if for no other reason than to educate them on the Japanese question. I have just sent one of the prominent members a copy of the December 1st issue, in reply to a blast from him accusing us of all sorts of things in the Japanese school imbroglio. If ever a community needed education, it's theirs.

A. D. C.

TACOMA, WASH.—I herewith enclose four dollars for subscription. I have been a subscriber to your paper for many years, and my home is now in Tacoma, but other members of the family in Berkeley enjoy the *Argonaut* so much that it is first read in one home, then forwarded to the other.

(Mrs.) A. R. C.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Enclosed find check for subscription. No week end seems complete without the *Argonaut*. I cannot do without it.

(Mrs.) C. H. R.

CLINTON, B. C.—The *Argonaut* is all right. Keep right on in the track you have been on ever since I knew you. Expose wrong doing every time, and uphold the right. You have an ample field in the United States, and it would do no harm to look outside, both north and south of you, when you have spare time; lots of room for improvement up here. If you do not, I am not aware of any newspaper on this Pacific Coast that will. All good wishes for the *Argonaut* and its able editor.

F. S.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Herewith find check for one year's subscription. I desire also to add my mite of commendation as to the value of your journal. I have been a subscriber almost since the first issue, and hope to remain so the remainder of my life.

A. W. W.

BERKELEY, CAL.—Enclosed find postal order for \$12, subscription for three *Argonauts*. Please send these as follows: One to Berkeley, Cal.; one to Ashland, Ky.; one to Frankfort, N. Y. I find the *Argonaut* a very instructive paper, and I order the two subscriptions for Eastern friends, as a Christmas present, because I do not know of any better way to interest them about this part of the country than by means of your paper.

A. W.

THE DALLES, OREGON.—Please send two copies of your issue of October 27th, with the historical sketch of the Vigilantes and early days in San Francisco, containing references to General Sherman and quotations from his Memoirs. I consider it a very interesting and valuable article.

(Mrs.) L. D. C.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.—I notice the numbers desired for file. As I have a good many of different years, have sorted them and will forward them. Among these are quite a number of '85, '86 and '87. Among those of 1885 is "Bret Harte's Latest Story, Snow-bound at Eagle's," of which I am very glad. I am very glad to be able to furnish these old numbers. Yours is a most excellent paper which I greatly enjoy.

E. A.

REDLANDS, CAL.—Enclosed find eight dollars for two subscriptions. Send them, (etc). I have been a constant reader for eighteen years, buying the *Argonaut* at the local news stands. Of late have had difficulty in getting it. I have always welcomed the *Argonaut* as an old friend, and have derived more pleasure from the perusal of its bright pages than from any other publication. I wish you prosperity.

A. L.

REDWOOD CITY, CAL.—Herewith find check for one year's subscription to your most excellent weekly. I have purchased and read the *Argonaut* for the past twenty years, afterwards sending it on to Boston, where it is much appreciated. As I am not living in the city now I find difficulty in getting it from country news-dealers, and have to depend on the train boys, which is very unsatisfactory. I think you may count on me as a regular subscriber as long as the *Argonaut* and myself are living.

W. K. F.

DERBY, CT.—With this find check for subscription. Allow me to say I appreciate your pluck and energy during the terrible time you passed through in San Francisco.

T. L. C.

WATERMAN, CAL.—It is with much pleasure that I renew my subscription to your interesting weekly. Where so many periodicals—including the dailies—have a style, superficial and blatant, it is a real pleasure to read sane, well-balanced accounts of current events, and intelligently written articles bearing on timely topics. I wish you every success and an ever-increasing circulation.

A. V. W.

LONDON.—Having been traveling for some weeks, we have missed your paper greatly. Please change our address from 536 Middlefield Road, Palo Alto, Cal., to 121 St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.

(Mrs.) T. J. H.

SAN FRANCISCO.—I regret to say that present circumstances of a personal nature require me to discontinue my subscription to the *Argonaut*, "guide, philosopher and friend" to me for many years. Nevertheless, please let me assure you that, until I shall have the honor to be again regularly enrolled with your host of appreciative subscribers, I shall still constantly obtain copies from the news stands. Also let me take this opportunity, although belated, to express my sympathy with you in the irreparable losses that you sustained in the great fire, my full appreciation of the great difficulties you have so courageously overcome, and my gratitude to you for so worthily maintaining, without interruption, the superior excellence of your valuable weekly, of which, as of her other admirable and celebrated resources, California may justly be proud.

S.

A floating mine which was turned loose during Japan's war with Russia drifted ashore recently near Akita, on the northwest coast of Japan. A great crowd of natives gathered about the strange object and one, more curious or more reckless than the others, struck it with a hammer. The mine exploded, killing ten persons instantly and wounding fifty-six. This mine may have been one of those with which Japan protected the Tsugaru Strait, more than a hundred miles north of Akita.

At the Capitol the first Delegate from Alaska is Frank H. Waskey, an energetic citizen of Nome, elected by the miners of the Territory to come to Washington to press their interests.

The *Kansas City Star* (Ind.) believes that if "California decides to secede from the Union it will probably not have much difficulty in inducing Arizona to go along."

THE MAN WHO STAYED BEHIND.

An Arizona Story.

"Good-bye, Len."

"Take care of yourself, old fellow."

"Let's hear from you when you get home."

"Don't forget us."

"No danger of that, boys, and if any of you ever come to old Richmond, remember I live there, and my mother will be as glad to see you as I shall." The speaker is a young man, hardly thirty, and as he sits in the buckboard, taking leave of the little crowd of men who have assembled to bid him good-bye, his handsome face and well-knit form are such as to attract attention at once. After an absence of years, Len Hawley is going home. To him, as well as to the men who surround him, the parting means a great deal, even though they strive—with that intensely American dislike of exhibiting any emotion—to conceal their adieux under an air of every-day unconcern.

"Oh, you'll be back again, Len; you can't stay away," says one of the men to whom he has been speaking, more to break the silence that is becoming uncomfortable than for any other reason.

The young man merely shakes his head. He, as well as all the rest, knows that after years spent together this parting will, for the most of them, be forever. Out of the little frontier mining-town many another comrade has gone just as he is going—never to return. Many another, who, day after day, had dreamed of going as he now is going, lay resting under the sod in the mountains around, whose crests are just beginning to be gilded with the rays of the early summer sun.

"Well, everything is on board, José, and you can drive around and pick up Mr. Dunsmier and his wife, and then turn yourself loose." It is the stage-agent giving his last commands to the driver.

As the team of four half-broken broncos swing into the street, the young man's face smartens and burns at the words he has just heard, and in the embarrassment they cause him he almost forgets to respond to the farewells shouted after him. He feels almost like jumping from the buckboard and rejoining the comrades he has left. He has hardly recovered his self-possession as José stops his team at a house in front of which are already waiting a man of his own age and a woman some years younger. The man, with much domineering, at last has the trunk, of which he seems so solicitous, placed to his satisfaction in the buckboard, and, with the lady, takes the rear of the two seats. With a crack of the whip, José turns his team into the road, and the weekly mail has begun its hundreds of miles of travel over mountains and across deserts.

In those days of Indian raids, whether or not the mass of letters and papers piled in the bottom of the vehicle would all arrive safely, or whether any of it would, was a question. While it was the boast of the contractors that they ran strictly on schedule time, they gave no guaranty assuring the safe delivery of anything, even of the passengers they carry. All they pretended to do was to run the gauntlet. If they got through, they would "bring the mail in on time"; and after waiting without avail an hour for its arrival when it was due, it was useless to expect it. Another hour would elapse, and then a new driver, driving a new team, would come in and explain just where and when the Indians "jumped and took in" the missing mail, and, in confirmation of what he said, as likely as not, he would turn over to the postmaster a mass of rifled letters, so stained and black with blood that the readers would have to puzzle long over them before they could decipher their contents. It was a standing rule, though, one that all drivers were urged to observe strictly, that, if absolutely necessary to lighten the load in order to escape from an Indian attack, the mail-bags containing papers were to be sacrificed first, and those containing letters were to be thrown off only in extreme emergencies.

Such is human nature, that constant association with danger brings at last a callousness, and while all of the passengers who took seats on this particular morning may have thought of the dangers in a general way, not one conceived it possible that his or her fate might be the same as had met those whose graves they so often encountered close by the road-side. Each of the men had prepared for a possible attack by arming himself. Two at least of the passengers—Len Hawley and Mrs. Dunsmier—were thinking how unfortunate the coincidence that had thrown them together to make this long trip in company. As for Mr. Dunsmier, he merely thought how unfortunate he was to be forced to make it at all. In the past, when Mrs. Dunsmier was simply Mamie Manning, the admitted belle of the little frontier settlement, she and Len Hawley had been lovers. That was before the man who now sat beside her had come into her life, and, as she and the man she had discarded sat together for the first time in months, neither could refrain from thinking of the past—of the quarrel, so trivial in its beginning, that had caused them to drift so wide apart that reconciliation was impossible.

As for Len Hawley, when he had heard of her engagement to another, he had determined to forget her, by gathering together the little property he had and beginning life anew elsewhere. It was hardly a year since the engagement that bound them together had been broken, and already, he thought bitterly, she had fallen into the arms of another.

Some said that when Mr. Dunsmier, the rich mine-owner, had first exhibited an interest in her, she had sought the opportunity to discard Hawley. Much as the latter may have felt his loss, outwardly he appeared indifferent. He could not believe that she had simply cast him aside for money, and when the plainer-spoken portion of the community, in referring to the marriage, intimated that, after all, it had been merely a matter of bargain and sale, he would have told them they lied, had it not been for

showing how deeply the wound still rankled. Of this woman he could never think aught but good. Strive as he would, he felt that he never could cease to love her. He would not blame her for what she had done. Who could tell what her motives had been? Might she not have loved Dunsmier, as she had in the past loved him—perhaps even more? He only wished that she would be happy.

As for Dunsmier himself, he had never liked him. In fact, there were very few who did. Selfish, overbearing, and unscrupulous, Dunsmier loved money as he loved nothing else on earth. To him it was a god, to be deified and worshipped above all else. It was his boast that with money anything could be obtained, and when he had first begun to visit Mamie Manning, during her engagement to Hawley, his arrogant display of wealth, as well as his ill-concealed contempt of those of less means, had incensed Hawley so much that the quarrel that broke the engagement ensued, and Mamie had been pleased to charge it to his jealousy. After that it was easy for her to defend Dunsmier; and then the drifting apart had commenced, until she stood at the altar as Dunsmier's bride.

From that day, Hawley had determined to leave the country. He had gone for the last time to look at the house which, during their engagement, Mamie and he had planned and of which they had superintended the building. As he went from room to room, he thought of the many times they had gone through them together, planning for the future, and dreaming dreams that were never to be realized. For the last time he had locked the door, and withdrawing the key had cast it from him. Somehow he could not bear the thought of giving it into the possession of another. That had been months ago, and the house still stood vacant. As the buckboard passed it in the early morning, he unconsciously noted how the six months had changed the place, and he wondered if the woman behind him noticed it. It was to have been their home. For nearly two years it had been the one theme of all others that pervaded their talk, and now—he could not think of it, though. After all, it might be for the best. He would leave it behind him as she was leaving it, and in his old home in the East he would strive to forget it. In the company of the dear old mother, whom he had not seen for years, the memory of the woman who had entered his life only to mar it would in time pass away. How, though, would he explain to his mother that this woman, of whom he had written so lovingly, who herself had called her "mother" in her many letters during their engagement, was now the wife of another—that, after all, she whom he had thought so true had proved false? He could hardly bear to think of it. Somehow her presence this morning—her blue eyes and brown hair, which he had so often kissed and caressed—had opened afresh wounds that he had thought healed. Try as he would, he was unable to put from him the thought of the love that had once been theirs. He strove to think of home. Would there be many changes to be seen? How glad his mother would be to see him. Thank God! After all the years of absence, he was going back with enough to make her last days ones of ease and plenty. He would never leave her. She was the one of all the world who would understand what had befallen him, and who would know how to sympathize with him in his sorrow. How good and true had this old mother been to him—so different from the woman who had given him up for the money of the man whose name she bore. Through all of his thoughts, though, ran the memory of their courtship. He could smell above the sweet scent of the pine, so heavy on the mountain air, the same faint perfume that had always been her favorite, and which he had grown to love and regard as almost a part of her existence. He wondered how, after all that had passed, it could still find favor with her. To him it brought only pain. In vain he strove to forget it all by listening to the objurgations hurled by José at his horses whenever the driver thought he detected any disposition to shirk on the part of any of them.

"*Mulas y vacas!*" (mules and cows), would José exclaim, in his most withering sarcasm at what he conceived to be the derelictions of his team; "will you not return anything for the care and love I have lavished on you?"

The mountains have been left behind and the road is now in the valleys, where the Spanish bayonet, the flat green leaves of the prickly pear, and the sage-brush have taken the place of the pines and the oaks of the higher altitudes. The travelers have stopped only twice—to change horses and to eat the noonday lunch. The sun has passed the meridian and is beginning to sink toward the west. The occasional cracking of José's whip and the muffled fall of the horses' feet in the heavy dust as they trot along are the only sounds which break the stillness of the desert. Far up in the deep blue of the heavens above a vulture floats lazily, without an apparent effort. It seems so graceful, as it circles, that one can not refrain from watching it, although the upturned eyes ache and burn with the glare of the summer sun. Heat and thirst and silence. Everything is parched and brown, and the yellow earth, where it is not covered by sand and dust, is baked and cracked in every direction, thirstily waiting for the winter rains that are yet months away. Even the rocks, rough and jagged pieces of lava, are black as if burned with the all-pervading heat.

The three passengers sit in silence, longing for the next station, Camp Date Creek, more than ten miles away. It will, at least, be a relief to reach it, if only to refill the canteens that have become so warm that the water they contain has ceased to be refreshing.

Suddenly José rises in his seat and looks long and earnestly off to the left, where half a dozen clouds of dust are rising in the air. They are so slight that he can hardly tell whether they are only the whirlwinds peculiar to the desert or men on horseback. As he looks, though, in each

of the little clouds of dust occasional glimpses disclose a group of horsemen, riding at full speed. He looks again—all are looking in the same direction—and as he drops to his seat and says, simply, "Indians," all know that he is confirming their worst fears.

He stops the horses, and handing the lines to Hawley, jumps from the wagon. Drawing his knife, he steps to the rear of the wagon, where the heavy trunk, placed there in the morning by Dunsmier, is lashed. As he starts to cut the ropes that tie it to the buckboard, Dunsmier divines his intentions and turns on him fiercely.

"No, no, you mustn't throw that off! There's bullion in it," he says, and, leaning over, he catches José's hand to prevent cutting the ropes that hold it.

"*Los Indios son Apaches!*" (the Indians are Apaches!), says José, his face growing paler as he notes how rapidly they are approaching while the buckboard delays.

"I can't help it; but you mustn't lose my trunk," says Dunsmier. "Can't you make him understand?—I can't speak Spanish," he asks, in a pleading voice, turning to Hawley.

It is the first time they have spoken since before the marriage, and, eyeing him contemptuously, Hawley interprets into Spanish what he had said; and José, thinking that he, too, is asking for the preservation of the trunk, leaves it, and, jumping into the wagon, takes the reins once more into his hands and begins to ply the whip.

Hawley looks to see that his rifle is in order, and, as he does so, he glances at the pale faces of the husband and wife behind him. As for himself, he is indifferent. Dunsmier has begun to throw into the road the mail bags. His wife looks at him as if to urge him to cut loose the trunk, but remains silent, as if afraid to ask it.

"He would sacrifice even her to save his gold," Hawley thinks bitterly.

How the horses jump under the lash! They, too, have scented the danger and seem to know that the race is one of life and death. The smooth, straight road stretches far ahead toward where it begins to climb the narrow pass through which it crosses the mountains. It is at that point that the Indians are trying to intercept them. How they ride! The cruel rawhide quirts, with which they are cutting their horses, seem to be always in the air, while the long black hair of each rider streams out far behind. They are slowly gaining. Hawley raises his rifle and fires at an Indian in the leading group. A little puff of dust marks where the bullet strikes the ground to the left. No use to waste cartridges firing from the buckboard. One can only wait until all hope of escape by flight is gone, and then fight until death comes. In flight is their only hope.

José has dropped from the seat to his knees and leans far over the dashboard that he may reach the farther with his whip. How it whistles through the air as it falls on the flanks of the horses and wheelers, leaving, wherever it falls, great welts that show plainly through the dust and sweat that cover the horses! He strives to make the lash fall where the skin is tenderest. It cuts the thin, delicate nostrils of the wheelers, and raises on the bellies of the leaders ridges that are almost as large as the largest veins, while he shouts at them with fierce Spanish curses. No wonder the horses grow wild with pain and fear and dash madly on. Fast as they go, though, they can hardly hold their own with the pursuers. It is only a question of time before they are overtaken, unless something intervenes to save them. A broken trace, a cracked spring—and then a few shots, a rush by the Indians, and all would be over; the next passer-by would find their mutilated bodies lying in the road, amid the rifled trunks and mail-bags. No one speaks. They are almost at a point where the narrow road begins to climb the mountain-pass. Behind them, less than a mile away, come the Apaches, their horses flecked with foam. Once the buckboard begins to ascend the mountains, it will be madness to drive as they have driven on the plains. To do so might throw them into the cañon hundreds of feet below, or break their vehicle against one of the many boulders that line the road-side. Already José is getting his horses in hand, as if to check their speed. Here the Indians have the advantage, and their sure-footed mustangs, unhampered by harness and wagon, will soon overtake the buckboard. There is a chance, though, and, facing Dunsmier and his wife, Hawley, whose face is white and stern says:

"Dunsmier, from the top of the mountain it is hardly three miles into the next station, Camp Date Creek, and you and I, by getting out here, can stand off the Apaches until the wagon gets away. If we only hold them back for ten minutes it will be enough, for by that time the wagon can reach the top of the mountains and there will be no chance for the Indians to overtake it."

As he faced Dunsmier, for the first time in months he again looks into the eyes of the woman he has loved. How blue they appear in the white, pale face! They look pleadingly into his, and his heart is filled with pity for this woman who sits there in silence with death so near. Her eyes never leave his face, as if longing for him to speak, if only to pardon the past. All the old love comes back to him, and he feels as if he would give his life to take her again in his arms. As he thinks it can never be, he puts the thoughts from him and in its stead comes the pain that she has brought to him.

"Can't we escape without?" asks Dunsmier, his lips ashen with fear.

"No," answers Hawley, with bitter contempt, and a new hatred, born of the man's cowardice, in his heart: "it is the only chance for your wife, and we had better do it right ahead, where the climbing begins and where we can get in among the boulders."

"Could one do it? I will be willing to pay anything if—" began Dunsmier, only to stop abruptly as he caught the stern look in Hawley's eyes.

"You coward! Are you going to come with me or not?" asked Hawley, as he rises in his seat, rifle in hand.

The horses under the close rein that José is drawing, have slightly slackened their speed, for they are already in the pass.

"Yes, yes, of course I will go with you," comes from the white lips of Dunsmer, as he sees Hawley preparing to spring into the road. Hawley reaches within his breast, and, taking from it a purse, hands it to the woman.

"Mamie, this is all I have," he says, simply; "see that my mother gets it. You know her address."

Mrs. Dunsmer reaches out her hand as if to prevent him from leaving the buckboard. There are tears in her eyes as they meet his, and her voice trembles as she implores him not to throw his life away for her sake. Almost before she can frame the words he leaps from the wagon into the road. In an instant he gathers himself together and looks toward the buckboard. Dunsmer is still seated in it, holding his wife as if to prevent her jumping from it. A wave of exaltation seems to pass over Hawley as he sees this man, who was to have stood by him in facing the Apaches while his wife escaped, thus leaving him to his fate. For an instant the buckboard almost stops, as if in response to some command from the woman; while Dunsmer, who seems beside himself with fear, has taken from the driver's hand the whip and is striving to lash the horses into greater speed. Hawley smiles to himself bitterly. He can yet overtake the buckboard, or, easier still, he can hide among the bowlders and brush that line the cañon from the Apaches, and, after they have passed, easily make his escape. No; better to let all end here than to let her know he had played the cur. She would escape and would know that it was to him she owed her life. He took off his hat and threw it into the air as a signal for José to drive on. He does not even look where it falls. He will never need it again, he thinks, as he crouches behind a bowlder.

He raises his rifle and fires at the foremost of the Indians who are galloping into the cañon. In an instant they slip from their horses, and, after firing a few shots at him, begin to climb the mountain side. This is what he expected. They will climb the mountain side and probably shoot him in the back from above; but, before they can do so and remount their horses, the buckboard and its passengers will be beyond pursuit. He had feared that they would rush in on him, and after a few shots all would have been over with him, and his life would have been thrown away in vain. It was for this he had wanted Dunsmer to come with him. Two might do what one could not.

Enraged at the escape of the buckboard through the delay he has caused them, the Indians fire volley after volley at him until the cañon echoes so with reports that he can not tell from which direction the shots are coming. He looks up toward the summit to see if any of his enemies are above him, and as he does so he catches a glimpse of the buckboard, with a woman's white face looking backward. An instant and it is gone. Thank God! He knows they are on the mesa now and she is safe.

So they are. A straight, level road is before them, and at its end they can see, against the dark side of the mountains beyond, a cluster of adobe buildings, with a flag floating high in the air over the parade ground. The horses are again running as if mad, with the stings of the whip that seems to be forever falling. The shots in the cañon die away in the distance. A mile is passed and then another. Already the wild race has been noticed at the post, and, while they are still a couple of hundred yards away, the ringing notes of the bugle are sounding above the hard breathing of the horses and the rattle of the buckboard; for to the old soldier in command such driving means that there is succor needed.

As the buckboard passes the sentinel, a few words explains all; and, while the foam-covered team still stand trembling from their mad race, a troop of cavalry dashes by at a gallop to the rescue of the man who is facing such odds in the cañon.

The woman who has come in with the buckboard watches the blue-coated men with staring eyes. How slowly they seem to go, though she knows that the troop has never ridden—even in its wildest charge—as it is riding today.

The husband approaches her and places his hand upon her arm, as if to lead her into one of the houses, out of the sun. She shakes his hand off without looking at him. The few women in the post gather around and urge her to compose herself, but she does not seem to heed them. She can only stand and watch the cloud of dust which marks the progress of the cavalry. They have crossed the mesa, and, as they disappear from the horizon beyond, all know that if the Indians are still there the cañon will soon be filled with the smoke and fire of the cavalry carabines.

An ambulance, in which is seated a hospital steward, approaches where she is standing, to receive orders from the commander of the post. When she hears that it, with its escort, is to follow the troop of cavalry, to bring back the dead and wounded, despite all that can be done she takes a seat in it, and when it returns, she is clasping to her breast the form of the man who had stayed behind.

As the ambulance stops, a little crowd gathers around it and looks into it curiously.

The sergeant of the escort, as he salutes the Colonel, says: "Captain Dillon and the troop have gone in pursuit of the Indians."

"And the man who stood them off while the buckboard got away—how is he?" asks the Colonel, nodding toward the ambulance.

"He was all shot to pieces and dead before we got there," is the sergeant's reply.

W. O. O'NEILL.

"THE NEW YORK IDEA."

Mrs. Fiske's New Play—Belasco's Latest Success a California Drama—Developments in Grand Opera.

Four especial favorites of Manhattan theatre-goers are most happily bestowed—Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams, and Blanche Bates. Of the plays in which these talented actresses appear, three are already old stories—"The Great Divide," with its star parts for Henry Miller and Miss Anglin; "Peter Pan," in which Maude Adams has created a character that will not soon be allowed to pass; "The Girl of the Golden West," with Blanche Bates in the leading rôle. Mrs. Fiske's play, "The New York Idea," was not entirely new when it came to the city, for it had been seen in Milwaukee and Chicago, but it deserves more than a paragraph in what must be a hasty review of the field.

Langdon Mitchell did very well in his dramatization of "Vanity Fair," and Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharp is a portrait that is known and praised the width of the continent; in his new play, "The New York Idea," he has developed surprising qualities of satire, wit, ingenuity, and daring. Some have found in it echoes of Gilbert and Shaw, as well as of Wilde and Pinero. To my mind it is more than a collection of echoes—a clever, audacious piece of dramatic work, which a strong, well-balanced company, headed by an inimitable comedienne, has made real, thoroughly amusing, and just a little sentimentally impressive. Its story shows an absurd tangle of divorced couples, with a reunion at the end for one of them, and little sorrow for anybody. Mrs. Fiske is really at her best in the play. One or two of the critics have said that it recalls her Cyprienne in Sardou's "Divorçons," but I go farther back to the days of Minnie Maddern, as we knew her then, and remember her joyous lightness and delicate sentiment in "Caprice." Perhaps the finished art that gives ease, assurance, and convincing appeal in every detail of Mrs. Fiske's presentation tells of the years that have gone, but nothing else does. She is as youthful, as gaily irresponsible, and as winning as in that earlier play. In her support at the Lyric Theatre are John Mason, George Arliss, Charles Harbury, Robert V. Ferguson, Emily Stevens, Ida Vernon, Blanche Weaver, and other accomplished people. Marion Lea, who has an effective rôle and is particularly effective in it, is the wife of the author of the play.

Giving the highest praise to Mrs. Fiske's company, and they earn it with studied, well-assembled art, the play itself must have much credit for the immediate laughing success the first performance established. Many of its lines are quoted in the notices it has received, and they are more than detached epigrams, for they seem to come naturally of the spirit of the piece and illuminate its field. "Marry for whim and leave the rest to the man—that is the New York idea," says Mrs. Cynthia Karslake, the divorced heroine, played by Mrs. Fiske. "The trouble with the American girl is that she is improperly brought up," says Jack Karslake, the divorced hero; "She thinks life is a joke, marriage a picnic, and her husband a shawl-strap." "What's a divorced wife or two among friends." "His first wife once removed." These are other sparkles from the wit that shines in every line. Mrs. Fiske in brisk comedy is truly a holiday season gift, and, from present appearances, the offering will not soon be taken away.

Of course, it is said generally that Belasco has revised Richard Walton Tully's play, "The Rose of the Rancho," and that to his genius is due the fact that the piece is a success—more, a worthy successor of the numerous notable productions by the great playwright and stage manager. I will grant the assumption with a reservation. The stage pictures, the scenery, the settings, the accessories, and their skillful handling are Belasco's; the play is still the work of the young Californian. It would be better if it did not so completely demonstrate the loose construction, the inevitable crudities that accompany inexperience in play writing. Fortunately, the theme and place are adapted to picturesque embellishment—in that respect hardly second to the motive and colorful possibilities of the "Darling of the Gods"—and Mr. Belasco has treated them with more realism and less of trickery, if I may use that word in referring to the impressive series of weirdly lighted curtains that precedes the opening of the first scene of the Japanese play. "The Rose of the Rancho" opens in the blossom-bowered garden of the Mission San Juan Bautista, and the rancho is on the road that leads over the San Juan hills to the Bay of Monterey. In such scenes Mr. Belasco has introduced every effect that can be drawn from the Spanish-Mexican-Indian historical mixtures of the early days in the American invasion of California, and from sombreros to spurs, from mantillas to mandolins, the pictures are perfect in tone. His stage-craft disguises the quality of the story that is told in the play, and wins for it a consideration that otherwise would not have been gained. Of the company in the piece, at least one is better than merely competent. Frances Starr as Juanita is a pretty picture, and her graceful movements are supplemented by the display of real ability in comedy and melodrama lines. Miss Starr has had good schooling and will do well in whatever follows the present opportunity at the Belasco Theatre.

Another California playwright is represented at the Majestic Theatre, where Martin V. Merle's work, "The Light Eternal," is on for a two-weeks' run. The play, which brings up recollections of "The Sign of the Cross," is built on the experiences of the early Christians under the Roman emperors, and differs only in details from the pieces of that sort which have preceded it. Mr. Merle has been ambitious to display his literary gifts in the play, and at cost to its effectiveness and the regard of the critical. The speeches of all the actors are the reverse of crisp, and

the action halts perpetually while principals and unimportant support deliver finely rounded examples of rhetoric. The young author, however, can not complain of his reception here, for though it might not have been as enthusiastic as those given to him in his Western home where the play was first produced, it was warm enough to draw him before the curtain on the opening night, where he faced for a few moments an undeniably friendly audience. Edward Mackay, James Neill, Mabel Bert, and Edythe Chapman are capable in the leading rôles.

Wilton Lackaye's play, made from "Les Misérables," is the latest of the dramatic novelties, and its production last night at the Manhattan Theatre is received as convincing evidence that Mr. Lackaye is better as an actor than as a playwright. Victor Hugo's monument of fiction can never be compressed into a theatrical tablet, and, filled as it is with intensely dramatic episodes, to take from it the most carefully selected incidents, joined with superior skill, will make what is but a fragment at best, lacking in cohesion and unity. Mr. Lackaye is to be praised for his painstaking efforts with the pen and to be admired for his triumph in presenting a satisfying portrait of Jean Valjean, even if he has not produced a great and enduring drama in "The Law and the Man." In many earlier successes he has shown himself to be an actor of imaginative force and moving power, and his Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King," and his Svengali in "Trilby," were no more impressive than is his latest creation, the wronged, stout-hearted convict. Among the members of Mr. Lackaye's company are Melbourne MacDowell, who, as Javert, the police inspector, is a striking figure, and Jefferys Lewis, who, as the wife of Thenardier, the inn-keeper, is another Mother Frochard.

Special matinee performances have been numerous during the season, and from Browning and Ibsen to Shaw and Jones many pieces of more or less dramatic worth have been presented. Perhaps the most notable of all have been those at the Princess Theatre three times a week, where Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress, has appeared as Hedda Gabler. The ability of the young woman is acknowledged, as she has no little tragic power, but her conception of the Ibsen heroine differs widely from those offered by her contemporaries of the day.

For the Christmas holidays Maude Adams and "Peter Pan" come back for a month's stay, succeeding the long run of Pinero's "His House in Order," with John Drew and Margaret Illington, at the Empire Theatre. A new scene in the wonderful fairy play is promised, and it will be difficult for all who wish to welcome Peter and his delightful adventures to find room within the four walls of a theatre. Blanche Bates, too, comes back in "The Girl of the Golden West" for a season of four weeks.

There is much to say of musical events, but this letter is already too long. Mr. Hammerstein's success is actually creating a new grand opera audience in New York. In the first place, the new Manhattan Opera House, though of equal seating capacity, is less spacious and has better acoustic properties than the old Metropolitan. It is better suited to the lighter, more intimate operas of the later Italian and French schools, and so far it has proved its superiority by offering some productions of old favorites that have seemed like revelations. Even in "Lucia," that perennial, Bonci gave us what was really a new and better Edgardo than we have heard in years. In Bizet's opera a new Carmen revealed new possibilities and realities. Mme. Bressler-Gianoli surpasses even Calvé in the rôle, and seems the real Spanish gypsy with no trace of the Paris boulevards in her caressing abandon or fierce hate. At the Metropolitan Opera House, Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust" has been produced and its worth weighed. It was magnificently mounted and the cast was eminently fitted to reach all operatic heights, but it seemed far from being an ideal composition. Giordano's "Fedora," which had its first American production at the Metropolitan earlier in the month, was remarkable principally for the debut of Lina Cavalieri, a beautiful woman well equipped vocally, and the excellent work of Caruso as Loris Ipanoff. Henry Savage's English Opera Company is just closing a record-breaking run of fifty nights in Puccini's "Madam Butterfly." The company starts on its Western tour next Monday, and, according to its published itinerary, will reach the Pacific Coast in April.

Next week Saint-Saëns, the French composer and conductor, makes his farewell appearance at a concert in which he will play some of his own compositions for the piano. And a month later or a little more the Wagner music-dramas will begin at the Metropolitan Opera House, when Mme. Galski and Mme. Schumann-Heink will be added to the long list of Manager Conried's high-priced stars of song.

New York, December 21, 1906.

FLAHEUR.

The court-martial which tried at St. Petersburg Rear-Admiral Nebogatoff and seventy-eight officers of his squadron for surrendering to the Japanese in the battle of the Sea of Japan has handed in its decision. Vice-Admiral Nebogatoff, Commander Lichino, of the coast squadron; General Aprin; Rear-Admiral Gregorieff, of the coast defense ship *Admiral Senikoff*, and Lieutenant Smirnoff, who succeeded to the command of the battleship *Nicolaï*, were sentenced to death, but in view of extenuating circumstances and the long and otherwise blameless careers of these officers, the court will petition the emperor to commute the sentences to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress. Four other officers are sentenced to short terms of imprisonment in a fortress, while the remainder are acquitted.

An idea of the immensity of the new Cunarder *Mauretania* may be gathered from the length of her cable. This is about 1,900 feet long, and weighs, with its shackles, 130 tons.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Mrs. Roosevelt Entertains the Diplomats—Lady Townley's Criticisms—The Misses Shonts at Court.

Though resident Washington maintains that its social tempo is not regulated by the official baton, it is a fact that the fugue of events does not sound militantly—in challenge to the social life of other cities—until Congress rallies under the leadership of its recognized head. The head, which is the President, depends in turn upon the hand, which is Mrs. Roosevelt, to open the official-social performance, declares a correspondent of *Ridgway's*. It was inaugurated this year in honor of the diplomatic corps, Mrs. Roosevelt's afternoon reception to that body preceding the first of the state dinners by twenty-four hours.

Precedence being a word for the honorable maintenance of which the diplomats hold themselves personally responsible, the fact that they foreran the cabinet as White House guests should have been a source of gratification to the distinguished foreigners resident in Washington. They, however, being sticklers for kid-glove etiquette—especially the comparative newcomers—were somewhat mystified over the nature of the White House summons which, proceeding from the State Department, bore the stamp of a state function, and yet, being issued in Mrs. Roosevelt's name, could hardly be regarded as such.

The diplomats, as in former years, responded *en masse* to the invitation, and went to the White House with their members-of-staff, wives and daughters. They were received by Mrs. Roosevelt in the Blue Parlor and passed on to Miss Hagner, Mrs. Roosevelt's social secretary, who presided at the tea table in the state dining-room. It was a very delightful tea. Mrs. Roosevelt wore silver gray chiffon, velvet and diamonds.

The diplomatic corps enjoyed itself apparently to an individual, but when the ambassadors and ministers reached their respective homes—and, remember, they were the latest recruits—the mystification grew to bedazzlement as to why they had not seen the President, and why invitations to Mrs. Roosevelt's tea had been issued from the State Department.

It is mistakenly supposed that the custom of receiving the diplomatic corps by the wife of the President was inaugurated by Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Cleveland held the same afternoon receptions in order to meet the individual members of the corps before their formal round-up at the White House on New Year's Day, the only difference in the method observed being the form of invitation. Mrs. Cleveland's cards were issued from the White House and not through the Department of State.

Lady Susan Townley, who is said by some to be an English Mrs. Storer, and to have been concerned in the recall of Sir Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador, was willing to be an arbiter in Washington, and it is remembered in official society that she made a good deal of progress in that direction. She was distinctly one of the women to be reckoned with during her brief stay. And, if the story be true, as social Washington inclines to believe it easily may be, that she accomplished the recall of the Durands, it must be admitted that she made herself also a factor, even after she had left.

Lady Townley, who is a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, was in Washington with her husband until last May when he retired as councillor to the British embassy. She is a woman of striking beauty and recognized as the most modish and best gowned woman in the diplomatic corps. Add to this the fact that she wielded a facile although sarcasm-pointed pen, was a wit who never considered the feelings of others and a woman who did not hesitate to speak her mind, and you have a remarkable character. She had a healthy contempt for many people in public life in Washington, and not the least of these were the President and Durands, according to the press despatches.

Oddly enough, two of her closest intimates were Mrs. Herbert Parsons, made famous by her trial marriage propaganda, and Maxine Elliott, the actress. When Maxine Elliott played in Washington she attended almost every performance and gave numerous box parties, and entertained the actress several times. She is quoted as having said to one Senator's wife:

"My goodness, I would not go to the White House if you gave it to me. A re-

ception there is the biggest circus in America."

Concerning Roosevelt, she said: "Washington society is a bear garden and Roosy the performing bear."

"There is no need for court etiquette at the White House," she remarked at another time. "The mandate that you must not speak to the king unless first addressed by him would be obsolete here, as one could not get in a word edgewise with the President if he tried. He does all the talking."

The Townleys never entertained a great deal. She was unpopular with nearly every one. Her biting criticism and flouts at the pedantry and solemnity of the Vice-President earned the everlasting antagonism of Mrs. Fairbanks, who herself is a prominent factor in Washington society. Lady Townley went on her marauding way unmolested for some time, but finally she became more and more exclusive. She went to few places and had few intimates. She openly criticised the Durands.

Many will continue to doubt that Sir Mortimer Durand's recall is due to Lady Townley. The fact is that Sir Mortimer Durand is a man who takes himself much too seriously for the present administration. He is a beefy, solemn and sombre man much impressed with his enormous personal importance and the majesty of the English service. In fact he is somewhat of a bore, and while the President treats him with punctilious politeness, the fact remains that the President dreads a half hour with the ambassador. Durand is stiff to the embarrassing point.

Interest of King Edward VII in the daughters of Theodore P. Shonts, the desire of President Roosevelt to see the two former Chicago girls shine in Washington society, and the fact that the road to social eminence is not strewn with roses, figure in a unique situation caused by an intimation by the Duc de Chaulnes of France that he had won the hand of Miss Theodora Shonts and a denial of the announcement by the young woman herself. A letter from the Washington correspondent of the *Portland Oregonian* offers a more complete explanation. The story, as told by a Chicago woman well acquainted with the family of Mr. Shonts, has it that Mrs. Shonts, Miss Marguerite Shonts and Miss Theodora visited Washington at the express desire of President Roosevelt:

"Mr. Shonts was in Washington on canal business seeing the President. The President said to him: 'By the way, before we get down to business, here is something I have been lugging around for a month. It is a letter from Ambassador Reid at London, who says the king wants to know about the Misses Shonts, who were presented at court with Mrs. Shonts.'"

"Now, Mr. Shonts, despite his prominence, is a hard-headed American citizen and doesn't care much for society. He told the President his daughters were in France with their mother, quietly completing their education, and that they would not be home for a year."

"Then President Roosevelt said: 'Well, Mr. Shonts, I have not paid enough attention to society, and neither have you. It's time for us to reform. You have your wife and daughters come to Washington this winter and let them be presented.'"

"The inquiry of King Edward, which, it is said, led to this request, grew out of a striking incident at the king's last drawing-room. The girls, fresh from school, very fair to look upon, and possessed of charming manners, approached the king and queen hand in hand and dressed precisely alike. Their Majesties thought them twins. They courtied as one person and were so graceful that the king and queen immediately made closer inquiry regarding them, with the result that they were placed upon the royal visiting list."

"A little later the Misses Shonts were invited by the queen to pass an afternoon with her at Buckingham Palace. They did so, and grew further in the royal grace. Both are musical, not sedately musical, but charmingly musical. They sang 'coon songs' for the queen, who, with all English men and women, is reported to share the taste for this variety of American accomplishment."

Speculation as to whether Miss Theodora is engaged to the Duc de Chaulnes, as he says, or "not guilty," as she laughingly asserts, was general here were among the friends whom the Shonts family had made after it moved from Iowa. The family lived at the Virginia Hotel.

MRS. BELLAMY STORER'S CAREER.

Social and Political Power—Founder of Rookwood Pottery—Patron of the Pope.

From a literary point of view "My dear Maria," who figures so conspicuously in the spirited controversy now going on between the President of the United States and the lately dismissed United States ambassador to Franz Joseph's court, may not be as brilliant as was Madame De Stael when she was *persona non grata* to the first Napoleon, yet I feel confident that could the restrictiveness, energy, and ambition of the two women be measured it would be found that the Cincinnati lady was in every respect the equal, if not superior to the illustrious daughter of the great wizard of finance, Jacques Necker. This is the declaration of a writer in the *Los Angeles Express*, who notes several incidents in the career of the lady from Cincinnati. This is not the first time that Mrs. Maria Longworth Nicholas Storer has stood in the limelight without ever blinking an eye. If she ever did experience any stage fright she has carefully kept the fact concealed. If she does not love to be talked about and discussed and portrayed, even to the point of being mildly cartooned in the newspapers, the shrinking feeling, common to most women, she has also carefully concealed.

However, without any tricks, by sheer force of her energy and talents, Mrs. Storer has earned the right to attract the world's interest. For more than twenty years she has been the best-known woman in the Queen City, where the Longworths, for nearly or quite a century have been to Ohio what the Vanderbilts have been to New York and the Adamsses have been to Massachusetts.

Mrs. Storer is a granddaughter of Nicholas Longworth, the founder of the family in Cincinnati, who came from New England early in the last century and in the Ohio metropolis built up a gigantic fortune. Major Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, was her maternal uncle. Her father, the late Joseph Longworth, became one of the earliest patrons of art in Cincinnati. Indeed, many of the rare paintings he had collected through his munificence became the nucleus of the present fine collection in the Cincinnati Art museum, an institution that has largely contributed to that city's fame as an art center. Her only brother was the late Judge Nicholas Longworth, a member of Ohio's supreme bench, and father of Nicholas III, the President's son-in-law.

Though born in affluence and therefore without the incentive to activity, she has been one of the most active of women, always having a way of thinking and doing for herself. She thought and acted for herself when, contrary to her father's wishes, she married her first husband, Colonel George Ward Nicholas, the gentleman who originated the famous Cincinnati May Musical Festivals and founded the Cincinnati College of Music, an institution which, under Colonel Nicholas, took rank not second to the rank of the famous conservatories of Brussels and Stuttgart. Both Nicholas and his wife being equipped with brains, as full of energy as an arc light, and with tastes wide apart, Nicholas worshipping at that shrine which appeals to the ear, his wife a devotee to those colors, canvas, and ceramics which appeal to the eye, they didn't gee very well and so they finally agreed to disagree. There was no scandal attached, however. They continued to live on the same street, in fact in adjoining houses, both of which were built with Mrs. Nicholas's wealth. These houses still stand back from Grandin road, one of Cincinnati's most beautiful suburbs.

Always interested in art and color, and educated to a love for the beautiful in ceramics, she began doing a little decorating of china herself, and then began a series of experiments in the matter of making her decorations permanent. These experiments began in a little dingy pottery, located in an out-of-the-way suburb of Cincinnati, and her success soon became phenomenal. Coloring under the glaze was her own, and she christened it Rookwood, the name now known the world over wherever are found the most gorgeously and at the same time the most delicately decorated china. Out of her persistent efforts grew the famous Rookwood pottery, an establishment which has done more to give Cincinnati her fame than her ancient pork packers in their wildest dreams thought possible. She was literally the founder and the finisher of the Rookwood pottery.

Colonel Nicholas died early in the '80's, and a few months after the widow Nicholas became the wife of Bellamy Storer, son of Judge Storer, one of the most distinguished jurists of Ohio, for almost a generation occupying a place on Cincinnati's superior court bench and all the while an intimate professional associate of Salmon P. Chase and of Judge Alphonso Taft, the father of the present Secretary of War. It will be readily seen, therefore, that the present mix-up is a sort of family affair, a family jar, so to say.

A woman who has indicated an ambition to go into partnership with the pope and aid him in the business of handing out to an American a cardinal's hat is not likely to be suppressed or even silenced by "My dear Theodore," even though my dear Theodore be President of the United States.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Broken Vase.

(From Sully Prudhomme.)

This vase, where the white rose dies,
By touch of a wing was cleft,
Grazing it, song-bird-wise;
No sound revealed the rift.

The slight, the secret wound
Has grown from day to day.
Stealthily creeping around,
Biting the crystal away.

Its dew no more protects
The rose, that hangs forgot,
Dying—yet none suspects.
'Tis broken—touch it not.

A hand we love may wound
By a touch in gentler guise.
Then, with no sign, no sound,
The heart breaks, and love dies.

The world sees not, nor knows;
But the heart's one wounded spot
Weeps life-blood, and deepens, and grows;
'Tis broken—touch it not.

—Curtis Hidden Page in January Metropolitan.

The Fall of the Oak.

With front majestic o'er his fellows lifted,
Three hundred years he watched the dawn come
in,
Turn its long lances on the night-mists drifted,
And slope by slope the world to daylight win.

The gaunt gray figure at his vitals striking
Seems but an infant to the ancient tree
Whose youth looked down on grandsons of the
Viking
And rough newcomers from an unknown sea.

He saw Winonah's wigwags careless cluster
Where now the corn-shocks camp in ordered
files,
And heard low thunders of the hisons' muster
Where clouds of sheep now flock the fertile
miles.

Much, much has passed him down the ages rang-
ing,
Old names of men, old towns and states and
wars—
The fields, the ways, the very earth went chang-
ing—
He only stood—he and the steadfast stars.

And now, alas! low, low behind him wheeling
Sinks the red sun he shall not see go down,
And his own crest, in strangest ruin reeling,
Droops not the slower for its long renown.

The woods look on in silent grief attending,
The winds no mourning make around his stem—
Too weak their wailing for a giant's ending—
The oak's own downfall is his requiem,

And now begins; his great heart-strings are
breaking;
His branches tremble; now his mighty head
He stoops, and then, the hillside round him shak-
ing,
With whirlwind roar falls crashing prone and
dead.

And watched afar by many a frowning column
The woodman homeward moves while shadows
run,
And leaves behind him in the twilight solemn
Three hundred years of life and work undone.
—William Hervey Woods in January Scribner's.

Among the answers to questions at a recent school examination were the following interesting examples of youthful misinformation: "Gross ignorance is 144 times as bad as just ordinary ignorance." "Anchorite, an old-fashioned hermit sort of a fellow who has anchored himself to one place." "The liver is an infernal organ." "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle—it is very hard to get."

The earldom of Airth, which has been dormant for more than 200 years, is disputed by two claimants from America. One is a former operator in Wall street, Barclay Allardice, now mayor of Lost Withiel, Cornwall, and the other is a Canadian, George Marshall Graham, who is related to the Duke of Richmond and to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the British premier.

From an extended Eastern trip, during which he has delivered many lectures, Joaquin Miller has returned to his Fruitvale home, "The Heights."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Señor Enrique Creel, the newly appointed Mexican ambassador to Washington, will leave his home at Chihuahua for Washington some time in January. He is a multi-millionaire, the son of a Kentucky father and a Mexican mother.

Ex-Governor Douglas of Massachusetts made a Christmas announcement to the 3200 employees in his shoe factory of his decision to install an emergency room in the plant with a physician and nurse in regular attendance for the free treatment of employees.

At a dinner of the Lotus Club in New York a few days ago, Dr. Henry Vandyke, of Princeton, took occasion to express his gratification that "the wonderful English language, not a creation of the moment, but a growth of years, could not be reformed as to its spelling or its construction, by the single act of any committee or institution."

Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly of the Boston Pilot, has been chosen to succeed Miss Marie Rose Collins, daughter of the late Patrick A. Collins, as a member of the State Board of Prison Commissioners in Massachusetts. Miss Collins resigned on account of the illness of her mother.

Prince Khilkoff is called in Russian society "the American," because when young he shipped to America as a fireman, and set himself to learn all he could about railways by working as conductor, brakeman and mechanic in the engine shops, without allowing his princely rank to be suspected. In the Russian railway strike last year he tried to persuade the men to return to work by an appeal to this adventurous past.

Judge Henry McGinn, of Portland, a prominent attorney of the Oregon bar, was recently fined \$150 by Judge Sears at Portland for quoting a line of Shakespeare at the court. The quotation was "Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world shall pass judgment upon me." The words were hurled at Judge Sears by the irate attorney, and the court imposed the fine for contempt. This reminds one of the Dublin beladame who had a war of words with

Daniel O'Connell, and burst into tears when the Great Liberator, after stigmatizing her as an "isosceles triangle," called her a "hypotenuse." She said he was "no gentleman."

The American colony in London recently extended congratulations to the newest American peeress, Lady Ellenborough, who is the daughter of the late E. W. H. Schenley of Pittsburg and an heiress. Lord Ellenborough is a retired commander of the royal navy and had long been considered a confirmed bachelor. He participated in naval operations in the Baltic as long ago as the Russian war of 1855. He is therefore of full age for marriage.

Thomas C. Dawson, the United States minister to Santo Domingo, walked into the office of Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to confer about matters relating to the island republic. "I wish to congratulate you on your promotion," said Mr. Bacon to the minister. "What promotion?" asked Mr. Dawson. "You were today promoted to be minister to Colombia," replied Assistant Secretary Bacon. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the surprised diplomat.

George C. Cole, the new United States consul for Dawson, is expected to make the trip over the winter road from Skagway to Dawson. Mr. Cole comes from Buenos Aires. He succeeds G. B. Ravndal, recently promoted to consul general at Beirut, Turkey. Although Dawson is in Canada, as many Americans as Canadians are there and American capital predominates in the field. The gold of the Klondike virtually all has gone to the United States.

Among the soldiers of the day there is none who has displayed more courage, independence, and thorough knowledge of his profession than General Picquart, the French Minister of War. He was a colonel when he was given charge of the secret service and discovered the document that proved the guilt of Esterhazy and brought justice to Dreyfus. Picquart hazarded his future by accepting the situation frankly and declaring that the truth should be made known. He suffered from neglect for several years, but since last summer, when he was restored to the army, has become in turn general of brigade, general of division, and now Minister of War. Gen-

eral Picquart has written essays which have been studied in all the military schools, and in addition he is an artist, a poet, and a musician.

Gutzon Borgum, the American sculptor who smashed two of his statues made for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine because there were objections to female angels, has filed a vigorous minority report against "art" along Broadway. He says the stationery shops are lined with pictures that ought to be suppressed. Sculptor Borgum declares it is the motive back of the action that must be considered when one condemns or praises illustrations in the nude. "When Comstock was raiding the Art Students' League and confiscating illustrations meant only for artists' eyes, he would better have been suppressing the public exhibitions along Broadway," Mr. Borgum says.

For nearly ten years J. Pierpont Morgan has refused to be interviewed by a newspaper reporter, but he recently answered a few questions for a representative of the New York Journal, and, among other things said: "I have never knowingly had connection with a fraudulent scheme. I have tried to do good in this world, not harm, as my enemies would have the people believe. I have helped men and have attempted in my humble way to be of some service to my country. What I want is fair play. Sometimes I despair of getting it; but, after all, my confidence in the integrity of the people almost convinces me that in the end I will be treated squarely. In times gone by I enjoyed meeting the newspaper men. Many of them I like. But it got so that I was frequently being misquoted. Then I had to refuse receiving reporters under any and all circumstances. I did not mind, nor do I now mind, what is said of me, but I have a family, and they are constantly being humiliated by some piece or other that is wholly unjustified. I would wish to be left alone for my family's sake."

The Hamburg-American steamship *Princessin Victoria Luise*, which struck a ledge of rock off Port Royal, near Kingston, Jamaica, on Sunday night, December 16, is a total wreck. Her master, Captain Bruns- wig, committed suicide immediately after the vessel's fate became apparent.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Biography of John Sherman.

There is little in the career of John Sherman to stir the imagination; but his sound judgment, common sense, and untiring industry during a public life of more than forty-three years, give him high rank with the American statesmen who labored with permanent results for their country's good. "John Sherman," a biography, by Theodore E. Burton, is the history of a lifetime of statesmanlike achievements. From 1855 to 1898, a period scarcely surpassed in importance in the history of any nation, Sherman was always a central figure in the progressive movements of the time. During the anti-slavery agitation; the Civil War; the difficult period of reconstruction; and the financial and commercial revolution of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, he was ever active, and, in the words of Garfield, "not one great, beneficent law has been placed on our statute-books, during Sherman's service, without his intelligent and powerful aid." Mr. Burton has written a very readable and valuable biography.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25 net.

A History of Venice.

The first two volumes of a monumental "History of Venice," by Pompeo Molmenti, and translated from the Italian by Horatio F. Brown, have appeared. This imposing work by the leading historical writer in Italy, will be issued in three sections of two volumes each. The present volumes are concerned with the individual growth of Venice from the earliest beginnings to the Middle Ages. The second part will be entitled "Venice in the Golden Age," and the final section, "The Decadence of Venice." The author gives a picturesque chronicle of the manners, customs and private life of the Venetians, when their country was the goal of every one in search of beauty and of splendor. There are many handsome illustrations of the dress, art and architecture of the period, as well as maps and contemporaneous documents.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$5 net per section.

Tales of the Mexican Peons.

"The Hieroglyphics of Love," stories of Sonoratown and Old Mexico, by Amanda Mathews, is a collection of tales from the *Argonaut*, *Land of Sunshine*, the *Overland Monthly*, and other publications. There is none more familiar with the Mexican peon of the old adobe quarter of Los Angeles, or in his native environment, than the author of these charming stories. In her dealings with the Mexican *peonada*, she has learned from them the simple stories of their joys and sorrows, their loves and romances, and she tells the tales with simple art. The title story is a tender little idyll of the Mexican quarter. Of the others, "The Christmas of Esperanza," "The Kidnaping of Maria Luisa," "Cupid and the First Reader," and "A Guadalupe Wooing," are the best, although the stories may all be read with interest and enjoyment. The book is artistically bound and printed.

Published by The Artemia Bindery, Los Angeles.

New Publications.

"Heroes of the Army in America," by Charles Morris, contains brief biographies of American generals, from Washington to Miles. "Heroes of Progress in America," by the same author, is an account of the achievements of notable men and women who have borne a share in the uplifting of this country. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; \$1.25 each.

Seven lectures, dealing with industrial problems of the United States, which were delivered in Berlin, in connection with the interchange of professors between Germany and America, make up a volume by J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, entitled "Industrial America." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25 net.

"When Love Speaks," by Will Payne, is a clever and vigorous novel of present-day political life. The questions of civic virtues and bribery are, however, subordinated to a strong romance. The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Ring In The New" is by Richard Whiteing, who will be remembered as the author of "No. 3 John Street," and other novels. He will also be remembered by older readers as the European correspondent for a number of years of a leading New York daily. Mr. Whiteing is an optimist, and hopes to see the world a better place for human beings to live in than it is now. Therefore, he introduces his heroine, Prue, to the reader and the world at the age of 20, with only a trifle of money between her and starvation. How she solves the problem may be learned by reading the novel. The Century Co., New York; \$1.50.

In a series of sermons, "Through Man to God," Rev. George A. Gordon, minister of the Old South Church, Boston, sums up his conception of Christianity. The sermons are variations upon the theme, "the incarnation of God in Jesus the perfect man." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50 net.

A booklet of recipes that many cooks will be glad to have is "One Hundred and One Mexican Dishes," compiled by May E. Southworth. It is a book that will stand the test of practical work. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York.

The humorous and whimsical adventures of a lady who has contributed to foreign missions for years, and who sets out on a voyage to see the heathen at close range, is the theme of Arthur Colton's new story, "The Cruise of the Violetta." The heroine collects several specimens of freak humanity during her cruise, which converts her yacht into a floating asylum. The story reminds one of Frank Stockton in his happiest mood. Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

The Macmillan Company has just published the translation of the "Hohenlohe Memoirs," which have made a sensation by revealing the causes of the break between Kaiser William and Prince Bismarck.

Three note books which formerly belonged to Shelley, the poet, containing autograph manuscript, a considerable portion of which has not been published, were sold in London several days ago for \$15,000. The purchase is said to have been made for an American. The manuscript formed part of the library of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, keeper of printed books of the British museum.

Rudyard Kipling, who dislikes the winter climate of England, will blot out the winter months from his calendar by a visit to South Africa, where he has a beautiful house near Cape Town, given to him by Cecil Rhodes. In Sussex, Eng., where he passed the summer, he has a farm of 500 acres to which he devotes his afternoons after three hours of writing in his den among the gables of his Elizabethan house. He saw the proof-sheets of his new book before sailing, but his further literary plans have not yet been divulged.

In a recent volume of literary criticism by Leon Blum, the critic looks hopefully a long way into the future: "And then, when it will be no longer possible for any one to make a living by writing novels, no one will write bad novels any longer to make a living. I confess that I long for that day. It is not that literature will then become an amusement of the wealthy. Not at all. But every one will have a business to live by, and will write, if imperious instinct urges him, in the leisure left him by his business. No one man needs to write so many books, and greater men than we have lived without doing so."

A. C. Fox-Davis, a London lawyer who has written fifty-four volumes, mainly on the peerage and law, has broken into the field of fiction with a detective story in which he warrants that the law is all right. He says he wrote the book just because he found the law all wrong in one of the best of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

Heredity sometimes counts. David Demarest Lloyd, who had begun a promising literary career, while yet a young man

wrote "The Senator," held by many critics to be the best American comedy ever produced. He did not live to see it played. His daughter, Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, has her father's talent. Her short stories are accepted by the best of the magazines.

The first volume of Zola's correspondence—for the year 1859, summing up his youth—is to appear this month. It was a peculiarly severe epoch for him.

In her "Life of Charles Godfrey Leland," Mrs. Pennell ventured a little joke about George Augustus Sala's eternal use of his initials, "G. A. S.," saying, "Surely none but an Englishman could have used such a signature in all seriousness." To this the London *Saturday Review* makes solemn reply: "It may be, we think it is, cruel to call a baby George Augustus, but when he has got his initials may he not use them? And Sala was something besides an Englishman. If we mistake not, he had much foreign blood in his veins."

Winfield S. Kerr, member of Congress during Sherman's latter days in the Senate and Cabinet, and an intimate friend of the statesman at his home in Mansfield, Ohio, has written: "The Life and Public Services of John Sherman." It gives the story of his career and also his principal speeches and letters, and will consist of two volumes of about 600 pages each. It will not be sold. The money for its publication was provided for in Mr. Sherman's will, and it will not be handled through the ordinary channels of trade. It is not brought out as a money-making enterprise, and such copies as are printed will be furnished to libraries, historical societies and institutions of that sort. A few copies will be given to Senator Sherman's friends and those who were especially interested in him and his work. The object of the biography is to present the real John Sherman and to give authentic facts about him and his connection with public life. It will tell many inside stories of Ohio politics which are not generally known, and especially in relation to the troubles between Senators Sherman and Foraker. The Garfield episode, wherein Garfield, speaking for John Sherman at the nominating convention, was chosen President in his stead will be fully dealt with. Senator Sherman had in the neighborhood of 15,000 volumes in his library and left an estate of \$2,300,000. It was composed of lands in Washington and Ohio, together with stocks and bonds of various kinds. The different properties were in excellent shape. John Sherman was a good business man, and his books were accurately kept.

The Garber homestead in Berkeley, famous locally as "Bellrose," and the adjoining Fairview property, which was long the residence property of the late James Palache, in all about twenty-five acres, has been sold to a syndicate of local capitalists for about \$325,000.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Florence Roberts is in Portland, Oregon, with her company, presenting "The Strength of the Weak," "Maria Rosa," and "Magda."

Maude Adams will come to the Pacific Coast in Barrie's fairy play, "Peter Pan," during the spring.

The press agent of the Henry W. Savage shows reports the giving of a "widow's night" in Boston by the "College Widow Company." He says all the widows of the city were invited and many accepted the invitation, and that the theatre was "crowded with the fairest audience that ever assembled in a Boston playhouse."

Edward Harrigan is playing "Old Lavender" in Boston, and in the cast is his son William.

Ellen Terry begins her American engagement in New York in January. Her repertoire will include "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "Good Hope," and "Nance Oldfield."

Lulu Glaser admits that she is engaged to marry Ralph Herz, an English actor, who formerly appeared with her in "Dolly Varden."

Paris despatches announce that the Marquise de Morny, youngest daughter of the Duc de Morny, who was instrumental in making his brother, Napoleon III. Emperor of France, is about to go on the vaudeville stage. The marquise, who is very independent, has quarreled with her family.

New York papers have printed extended accounts of the career of Sylvia Gerrish, who died recently in the famous Hilton residence, on Morris Heights, Manhattan. She was born forty-eight years ago in the little mining camp of Big Oak Flat, in Calaveras County, California. Sylvia Gerrish was her mother's maiden name. Her name was Lillian Rollins. She made her first appearance on the stage in Shiels's Opera House, on Bush street, San Francisco, and her beauty of form immediately attracted notice. She went East soon afterward, and in the old Casino, in New York, as Adolph de Valladolid in "The Brigands," not a speaking part, attracted the attention of Henry Graham Hilton. Young Hilton was the son of Judge Hilton, executor of the Astor estate, married, and very extravagant. He squandered much money on Sylvia Gerrish, deserted his wife and children for her, and was practically disinherited, but finally married her on the death of his wife in 1901. Hilton died poor, and after his death the late Mrs. Hilton grieved until the end. She was without means and had few friends at the last.

Musical Notes.

Italian opera prima donnas find San Francisco an exciting field. It was said that a Greek died here of a broken heart for Tina di Spada; the scenes from "Carmen" enacted in real life by Collamarini and Russo came a little later; Tetrassini cast off the admiring Uriburu here, and he narrowly escaped the walls of the jail. Now, Esther Adaberto, of the Lambardi Company, is persecuted by a suitor who woos with a revolver and says, "Your love or your life." The shock of this latest rude courtship is declared to have made it impossible for the prima donna to sing in "Aida" last Saturday night.

George Nesbitt Armstrong, son of Mme. Melba, the singer, was married in London, December 18, to Miss Ruby Otway, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Otway. Immediately after the wedding Mme. Melba sailed for New York to fill engagements in the United States.

Ren Shields, author of "In the Good Old Summer Time" and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," is writing a comic opera. He expects to make one character fit himself.

While the discovery of a new Carmen is reported from New York, where Mme. Bressler-Gianoli made a great success in the part at the Manhattan Opera House, the critics of London are celebrating a similar event, the meteoric rise to popular favor of Maria Gay through her appearance as Carmen at Covent Garden just before the close of the recent Italian opera season. She sang the part three times, and the *World* says of her success that such a brilliant "flight through the operatic firmament is quite unknown. Not even a Patti, a Calvé, a Jean de Reszké, a Melba, a Ter-

nina, or a Caruso became a great 'draw' within a week of their first appearance in London. They had to wait months and even years." Miss Gay goes immediately to La Scala Opera House, Milan.

"Cupidia," an American comic opera in two acts, with a score by Antonio D'Annunzio, a brother of Gabriele D'Annunzio, and book and lyrics by Charles H. Dorr and Frank L. Freeman, will soon be produced in New York. The locale of the opera is in the West and the story deals in a satirical way with a familiar phase of society. D'Annunzio, who was municipal bandmaster in his native town of Pescara, Italy, where he conducted a series of French operettas, has endeavored to write the music for a thoroughly American light opera, although the score is said, by those who have heard portions of it, to be of the modern Italian school.

Patti as Carmen.

Patti will not be remembered as a dramatic vocalist, although she sang with considerable success the rôles of Leonora in "Il Trovatore" and Valentine in "Les Huguenots." The public drew the line at her Carmen. Concerning this, the veteran critic, Joseph Bennett, writes:

"Becoming bolder with success, the public's favorite essayed (July, 1885) to play Carmen—a character part demanding a temperament which was not hers, and one, moreover, which demanded an actress rather than a singer. It is likely that the artist had some doubts as to the result of this venture, but it was necessary for her to take it up in order to share in the applause which the public were eager to bestow upon every representative of a character in part repellent, yet altogether fascinating. In her embodiment of the heroine, Mme. Patti, with singular good judgment, elected to rely more upon the fatalism in the gypsy's nature than upon more demonstrative traits. I remember being struck with the intensity of the impression she made in the card scene and in the final situation. So far, good, but Mme. Patti's Carmen, with all its merits, failed to hold the public securely, and the artist did not persevere."

Gambetta's Confidante.

The few love-letters of Gambetta, which have just been published, are but a small part of the all but daily correspondence which for ten years, absent or present, he carried on with his Egeria, the late Madame Léonie Léon. As he confided in her and consulted her about every action of his life, from health and amusement to the gravest affairs of state, with copious outpourings about the persons surrounding him, the importance of such a series to the history of the Third French Republic may be imagined. There are too many persons concerned still living for a publication of such letters to be made as they stand. The Gambetta family, on the death of Madame Léon a few weeks ago, at once took legal measures to prevent any use, without their consent, of the three thousand or more letters known to have been in her possession. The letters already printed are from copies made long ago, which had come into the possession of the ex-deputy, Francis Laur. The fate of the mass of the letters is doubtful. Madame Léon had drifted far from the free-thinking views which allowed her long liaison with Gambetta; and she has left all her papers to a Benedictine nun. It is expected that the government will make a pretext of Gambetta having possibly been in possession of public papers to lay hands on the entire correspondence—if it still exists.

The wedding of Post Wheeler, second secretary of the American Embassy and Hallie Ermine Rives, the novelist, took place at the embassy, in Tokyo, Japan, December 29, and was a brilliant affair. The attendance of invited guests was large, including many prominent Japanese and foreigners. The presents were elegant and numerous.

Carpenters' Union, No. 22, of San Francisco, has 3890 active members on its rolls, the largest of that craft in the world, and continues to grow. At a recent meeting 111 additional members were admitted.

Two wells in the rear of the San Francisco Mint, bored many years ago and about 175 feet deep, have become artesian since the earthquake of last April, flowing freely over their tops.

They Never Return.

Umbrellas strayed from clubland's halls
Come back, though not in silk;
The man who goeth out to balls
Returneth with the milk.
The swallows come again with spring,
That flit when summer's spent;
But all the seasons fail to bring
Me back the books I lent.

My senses strayed when Celia smiled,
Because her eyes were black,
But now no more by love beguiled,
I've got them safely back.
My heart I gave returned to me
As lightly as it went;
E'en hopes long lost once more I see,
But not the books I lent.

All things return; in twilight gray
Day dies to dawn anew;
The beef that's sent below today
Will make tomorrow's stew;
The bill collector cometh back
With covetous intent,
All things return—except, alack!
The books that I have lent.

They stood in "Russia" side by side,
They filled one rosewood shelf;
They're now belonging, far and wide,
To any but myself.
Oh! take my word, this world of pain
Will fizzle out and end
Before you'll ever see again
The books—the books you lend.
—Booklovers' Verse.

The Grand Opera Season.

The Lambardi Opera Company will present for their third week at the Central Theatre, on Monday and Friday evenings, Rossini's merry opera, "The Barber of Seville," with Adelina Tromben as the bewitching Rosina; Atilio Salveneschi as the young gallant, the Count Almaviva; Adolfo Pacini as the prankish barber, Figaro; Luigi Bergami as Don Bartolo, and Ugo Canetti as Don Basilio.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings will be devoted to superb productions of Puccini's dramatic opera, "La Tosca," founded upon Sardou's great play of the same name, with Esther Adaberto in her marvelous creation of Floria Tosca; D'Ottavi and Salveneschi will alternate as Mario Cavaradossi, the painter; Roberto Scifoni will be the Baron Scarpia, and Olinto Lambardi the Cesare Angelo.

This opera, and "Fedora," by Giordano, placed Adaberto on a level with Duse, in all the cities she has played the rôles, as an emotional actress of the modern quiet school. Her dresses were made by Worth and Paquin and are models of elegance.

Wednesday and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee will see the great double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," with all star casts; Russo or D'Ottavi, Scifoni or Pacini, Giorgi and Millon appearing in the former and Angelo Antolo, one of the greatest living Tonies; Martinez Patti, who has played Canio under Leoncavallo's direction; Pacini as Silvio; Bianca Nunez as Nedda, and Maria Millon as Pepe, the harlequin, in the cast.

"Iris" and "Germania" are announced as novelties to be produced before the close of the season.

The Orpheum.

There will be a new show at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon, made up of vaudeville. The eight "Vassar Girls," who have been seen here before, will head the bill. They are singers, dancers and musicians; each plays upon several instruments, and their act is full of spectacular and electrical effects. Nonette Lyle, violinist, and Jessica Cree, whistler, are soloists. Howard and Howard, "The Messenger Boy and the Thespian," promise fifteen minutes of genuine fun and good singing. The Gotham Comedy Four will also contribute to the merriment of the program. They are up-to-date in their selections and stories. Wynne Winslow is a clear-voiced soprano whose charm of manner and blonde beauty recalls Lillian Russell. The three Leightons, who made a hit with their "One Night Stand in Mistletoe," will return for one week only. They are agile dancers. Jimmie Lucas, "The Boy with the Dozen Dialects," will make his initial bow in this city. May Edouin and Fred Edwards, who have created a favorable impression with "A Bachelor's Dream," will appear for the last times, and Emelia Rose, in her novelty acrobatic act, and Orpheum motion pictures, showing many surprises, will complete a varied and interesting program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found all kinds of attractions and diversions, and the Zoo is stocked with one of the finest collections of animals in the world. Jumbo and Chiquita, the tallest and smallest horses ever exhibited, are creating a pronounced sensation.

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A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

VANITY FAIR.

The new proprietor of the Narragansett Hotel, one of the best-known of the upper Broadway apartment hotels, has disturbed the unmarried women guests by posting a notice reading:

"After December 15th single ladies will not be permitted to receive gentlemen callers in their rooms. Ladies desiring to see their gentlemen callers have the privilege of a handsome reception room on the first floor."

Dropping a bombshell in a doveote could not possibly have created more excitement than did this notice in the Narragansett. Trying to smother their indignation, and not succeeding to any great extent, a deputation of "single ladies" waited upon Mr. Bronk, who assumed the proprietorship a few weeks ago.

They pointed out to him the fact that his predecessors have never dreamed of posting such a rule. He replied that maybe his predecessors were not given to dreams. The rule, they said, was insulting and unreasonable; in short, a rule that was not enforced in any other hotel in New York. But Mr. Bronk said that the rule would stick.

Some of the women moved right out; some of the others wanted to move, but they had signed leases and could not. A part of those who remained are still indignant; that is to say, they are indignant, but not still. However, they are receiving the "gentlemen callers," even fathers and brothers and cousins in the reception room of the hotel.

The French, with the refreshing habit of being ever ready to provide a new sensation, have put the stamp of state recognition on the titles of the nobility, after having declared such titles non-existent, according to a recent cable despatch.

The Chamber has assented to such a project, on the Budget Committee's proposal, for the sake of providing further revenue. The titles are not to be re-established, or made legal, but their bearers and users are to be compelled to pay a tax, as well as those who inherit them.

The joke is that the tax is to be levied only on titles known to be authentic, so fake titles may flourish untaxed, and without interference. All mayors are to be requested to send in lists of persons bearing titles, whether they are real or false.

In a Paris letter to the London *Telegraph* is given this account, said to be by the lady herself, of the wooing of Otero, the famous Spanish dancer:

"Last August I was on a tour in Buenos Ayres. He asked to see me, and told me he had admired my photograph for four years. When he saw my person he admired me still more. What are you smiling like that for? He said he threw his fortune at my feet. I told him I loved another. Then he said he would kill himself. I begged him not to. If all my admirers were going to commit suicide it would require a big cemetery. And it would not be gay. Mr. Webb followed me with his platonic admiration. He sent me splendid jewels and followed me to Paris. He came this morning and reiterated his marriage proposals. I got vexed and told him I should make no good housekeeper. He was obstinate: begged me so earnestly that at last I reflected, and said to myself, 'Upon my word, to get married! I never tried that before; suppose I do?'

"Then I told Mr. Webb that I wanted to live in Paris, that I had no habits of economy, that, in fine, I would never give up the theatre. I told him I had not any good qualities. He said he'd have me all the same. I told him my house was not yet paid. He said he'd pay it. I told him I had to keep my sister. He gave me a large sum of money for her. He gave me a big check for myself. Well, upon my word, I was affected by his sincerity. We telephoned to a lawyer and a notary, and an hour after I signed. Now I am engaged. The banns will be published next Tuesday, and in a fortnight we are to be married. It'll make a stir in Paris, it will. I'll be married at the Madeleine. Why not?—and have all Paris at the wedding. It'll be a new sensation, won't it?"

Santa Barbara society recently gathered at Montecito, where Mr. J. W. Gillespie gave a housewarming in his Italian villa, about which volumes have been written. It is in California and the East. It had been planned to make it largely an al-

fresco affair, with the sunken gardens illuminated so that they should be as bright as day, but, unhappily, the heavens were unpropitious. There was a persistent deluge, and there was no possibility of even the most romantic during the sunken gardens or the roof garden or any of the other delightful places that all had planned to explore. But nothing could have exceeded the beauty of the splendid house, with its graceful decorations of roses and vines, notes a correspondent of the Los Angeles *Graphic*. Of course the terraces, the fountains, and pergolas were all rosy with electricity and they made a picturesque setting even viewed from the windows, and when the band struck up there were few young feet that did not turn naturally toward the ballroom, while the older ones as naturally settled to bridge. While the dancers rested between waltzes, Spanish couples in the picturesque costumes of their native land danced for the pleasure of those who filled the room, and romantic strains from a Spanish orchestra added to the charm of the occasion.

Men, generally, protest against changes of style in hats, and one of the sex has written to the New York *Mail* this complaint:

Why attack as a "collapsible, many-named pretender" the opera hat, or chapeau de claque?

I have such a hat, and also a silk hat—in which respect I think I differ from most Gothamites. Whenever I have an option I wear the opera hat rather than the other. It's more convenient.

At the theatre or opera you can carry it better on your between-the-acts promenades. If there is no rack for your hat under the seat you can tuck it in your overcoat and put it on the floor under you without destroying it, as you would do with a silk hat.

If you put your hat in the rack under your seat and then rise and stand close to it to permit a late comer to pass, an opera hat suffers no damage; a silk hat would be either ruffled or crushed.

The opera hat looks as well at all times as the silk hat, and requires much less care. Indeed, I think it looks better. The glossy surface of a silk hat, like the glossy bosom of a stiff white shirt, is an uncomfortable survival of the time when men wore polished helmets and breastsplates.

There is so much reason in the opera hat that men of discrimination will continue to wear it, the style of the moment regardless, and so will bring it into complete vogue again.

The Canadian pelagic sealing catch of 13,391 seal skins sold in London brought an average of \$3 per skin less than last year. The average price paid was \$21.56. The mild weather in the early winter in Europe, and the fact that a large amount of skins taken by Japanese sealers, who sent few skins last year, will be marketed at the January sales, are considered to have aided in reducing the prices paid.

Those who listened at the man and woman parted at the station heard this conversation: "Good-by, dear."

"Good-by. Don't forget to tell Bridget to have the chops for dinner."

"All right."

"And be sure and feed the canary."

"Sure."

"Sure."

"Lock up the silver every night."

"Very well."

"And don't forget that the gas man is coming to renew the burners. Be sure and have him put the four-foot burner in the servant's room."

"I'll remember."

"Order kindling wood on Thursday."

"All right."

"Consult the list I made out if you forget anything."

"I will."

"Better not kiss me. People will think we are just married."

"Not if they have been listening."

New York has latterly taken to reckoning time by its sensations, like the village gossip, says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. When one counts the number of murders, kidnappings, abductions, and marital scandals which have held the front of the stage in quick succession; the number of demagogues who have advertised themselves into office; the number of leaders wearing the halo of reformers who waited for the psychological moment to arrive be-

fore they espouse reform; the number of fortunes that have been piled up by the exploitation of "exposure"; when one recalls the sorry, spasmodic efforts to establish a censorship of the stage and compel Sunday observance; the society "revivals" from which sinners without invitation are excluded; the preponderant role of profanity in police reform, and of theology in maintaining race-track betting; when one recalls, further, the ease with which the public has been stampeded for mutually antagonistic men and measures; for the most unrighteous and irrational as well as the most righteous and rational causes; when one considers all this, and more, to the same general effect, it is impossible not to be indulgent to the person who affirms

that New York is suffering from one of the worst cases of extreme nervousness on record, and that, having formed the sensation habit, it can no more get along without its daily sensation than the dope fiend can get along without his daily dope. Walt Whitman's memorable query, "But say, Tom, isn't it (New York) a sort of delirium tremens?" appears almost dismayingly pertinent at this time.

"The first thing Columbus did on landing in America was to kneel and express his gratitude." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "I suppose he was thankful to get here under circumstances that did not bring him into contact with the customs officers."—*Washington Star*.

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Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

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Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

Nordhoff
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Below Van Ness Avenue

Finest and Largest Dining
Room in the City

MERCHANTS' LUNCH 11 A. M.

TO 2 P. M. DAILY

Ladies' Afternoon Teas and Dinner
Parties a Specialty

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS

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Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all the important periods of English, French and Italian arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

January Clearance Sale
now on at Gump's

Discount on everything. New goods which were too late for Christmas have just been unpacked. Open stock dinnerware, pictures, marbles, bronzes, lamps and all varieties of art goods. *This is your opportunity.*

1645 CALIFORNIA STREET

Just Below VAN NESS

CARLOADS OF

Backus Patent Steam Radiators

BACKUS GRATES A Revolution in Heating BACKUS LOGS

The Maximum of Heat, Cheerfulness, Economy, Cleanliness and Comfort with the Minimum of Cost, Labor and Attention

STEAM HEAT FROM 85-CENT GAS

"At Your Service"

The Gas & Electric Appliance Company

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A doctor forbidding a patient to drink alcoholic beverages, the patient replied, "But, doctor, you yourself drink alcohol." "Yes, my good friend, but not as a doctor. When I do drink I do so only as an ordinary man."

Mark Twain was talking to Senator Kean, of New Jersey, when he was in Washington lobbying for his copyright bill. He told the Senator he gets thirty cents a word for his writings. "By George!" said Kean, "the surplus would soon be wiped out if the government paid the President thirty cents a word for all he writes."

Recently a bashful young woman from a backwoods county in Virginia went into a local store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens, and at the same time put them on the counter. "Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied. She bit her handkerchief in embarrassment a moment and said: "No, sir; they are roosters."

At a great Christmas bargain sale a man struggled heroically a little while among the press, then, with a loud cry, he sank. "Help! help!" he shouted from the floor. "Help! help! My leg is broken." The clerk, dextrous in the handling of Christmas crowds, got him up at once. "You'll find our Christmas splints and crutches, sir," he said, "on the third floor back, fifth aisle to the left."

The Superintendent of Streets in Cleveland recently summoned to his presence an Irish officer, to whom he said: "It is reported to me that there is a dead dog in Horner street. I want you to see to its disposition." "Yis, sor," said the subordinate, who immediately set out upon his mission. In half an hour the Irishman telephoned his chief as follows: "I have made inquiries about the dog's disposition, and I find that it was a savage one."

This letter was received at the Postoffice Department and sent to the Postmaster General. The letter came from a Western postmaster at a small office and read: "In accordance with the rules of the department, I write you to inform you that on next Saturday I will close the postoffice for one day, as I am going on a bear hunt. I am not asking your permission to close up and you can discharge me if you want to. But I will advise now that I am the only damn man in the county who can read and write."

A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates of the asylum. "You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked. "I do," was the firm reply. "Why are you so sure?" "The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus." "And," said the lawyer, "you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?" "I do," "Why?" "Because," said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, "I happen to be Santa Claus myself."

A good, kind man, unfortunately married a shrewish wife, and the woman changed his nature. One morning, after his wife had called him a good-for-nothing loafer and snatched his breakfast away, he started off, hungry and sore, for work. A sour-looking woman entered the car he was on. She got into a violent dispute with the conductor over her change. Finally, red with rage, she looked about her and said: "Is there a gentleman in this car who will stand by and see a lady insulted?" The hungry man whose nature had been spoiled rose eagerly. "Yes, madam," he said, "I will."

A Washington man on a recent visit to a benighted section of a Southwestern State was riding along the banks of the river that waters that section, and although he had gone some twenty miles or so, he had not in all that distance noticed a single fisherman. Meeting a man lounging near the stream, he asked: "Why doesn't some one fish in this river?" "Ain't no fish," was the laconic response of the native. "No fish in such a beautiful river as this!" exclaimed the astonished Washingtonian. "Why not?" The native lazily shifted his

position and answered: "Stranger, ef you could git outer this country as easy as a fish can, do you reckon you'd be here?"

Dr. George Dana Boardman, the famous Baptist preacher, used to tell this story on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon at one time, and spoke longer than was my custom. The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?' 'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good sermon.' 'Yes,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection; but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time.'"

Ex-Congressman John S. Wise, formerly of Virginia, now of New York, is a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt. Being in Washington a few days ago he visited the White House, and was promptly accorded an interview. In the course of the conversation the President is said to have remarked: "Now, John, you are a very observing man, and know pretty near what is going on. Tell me what the people seem to think of my administration?" "Oh, Mr. President," Mr. Wise replied, "the opinion seems to be that you will go down to posterity with Washington." "I am delighted to hear that," the President is said to have answered interruptingly, as he grasped Mr. Wise's hand and shook it heartily. But as he released his hold, Mr. Wise continued: "But whether it will be with George or Booker T., I am not prepared to say."

W. W. Jacobs has said that it is only their surprises that make the stories take. To illustrate what he means, he told a story of a lawyer defending a man accused of housebreaking, who spoke like this: "Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, gentlemen, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed only by one of his limbs." "That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses." The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

A lawyer in the Indian Territory named McGann was the attorney for a farmer who had killed a neighbor. McGann got the man out on bail on the plea of justifiable homicide, or something of the kind, and the farmer immediately took his gun and killed the chief witness against him. Naturally, this nettled the sheriff and the judges, and they offered \$300 reward for the murderous farmer. "Say," said McGann to the sheriff, "will you give me that reward if I get him?" "Yes," the sheriff replied, and McGann rode out to the hiding place of his client. The farmer came up, and McGann shot him, took the body back to town and demanded the reward. "How about this, McGann?" asked another lawyer. "Do you think it is in accordance with the ethics of the legal profession to take advantage of your client in that manner?" "Ethics be blowed!" snorted McGann. "I killed him in another case."

Sidney Dallas of Melbourne told a group of reporters in Tremont Temple, Boston, this temperance story: "A Melbourne husband stayed out till about 3 A. M. This man, when he got home, thought that he would go boldly to the bathroom and take a bath. That would remove from his wife's mind any suspicion as to his condition. It would show her, in a word, that he was all right. So he undressed, filled the tub, and plunged in. Hot and enfevered as he was, he enjoyed the bath. As he splashed and scrubbed and puffed, he heard a slight noise, and, looking up, saw his wife in the doorway. His wife was regarding him with an expression of unspeakable contempt. He was rather amazed at that. But he said nothing. He lowered his head and went on scrubbing. 'Well, what are you doing?' she asked. 'Can't you see what I'm doing?' he answered. He rubbed

up some more lather. 'I'm taking a bath.' She sniffed and said as she turned to go: 'Why don't you take off your underclothes, then?'

William H. Berry, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, was talking in Harrisburg about graft. "Grafters seem to thrive at first," he said, "but retribution overtakes them in the end. It is like the two newsboys and the bad half dollar. Two newsboys had a counterfeit half dollar, and decided to try to pass it off on a theatre. They took their places on a cold night in the long line before the gallery door of a popular theatre, and the first one held the bad coin in his hand. It was their idea that in the hurry and confusion the ticket seller wouldn't take time to examine the money handed to him. And they were right. When the first boy reached the box office, the man accepted the half dollar without question, and in return handed out a ticket and a quarter change. The second boy, grinning with joy, then handed forth a dollar for his own ticket. He got the bad half dollar and a good quarter in change."

DIVIDEND NOTICES

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 113 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Ave. and Polk St.—For the half year ending Dec. 15th, a dividend has been declared at the rate of FOUR per cent. (4%) per annum on Savings Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, Dec. 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from Dec. 15, 1906. Also, Two per cent (2%) per annum paid on Commercial Deposits, subject to check, credited monthly. C. S. SCOTT, Cashier. Dated, San Francisco, Dec. 4, 1906.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 28, 1906.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and seven-tenths (3 7/10) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1906, free from all taxes, and payable on January 2, 1907. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1st. R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 706 Market St., opp. 3d.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

HOME MUTUAL DEPOSIT LOAN CO.

SAINT MUNGO BUILDING,
1300 Golden Gate Ave.

Dividend of five (5) per cent. per annum declared for six months ending December 31, 1906. GEO. M. MITCHELL, President.
E. B. CLARK, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

526 California Street.

For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907. GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts. For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and eight-tenths (3 8/10) per cent. on term deposits and three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42/100) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1st. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending December 31, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero St., 927 Valencia St., and 1740 Fillmore St. J. DAZELL BROWN, Manager.

MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK.

143 Montgomery St., cor. Bush. For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1st, 1907. INTEREST PAID FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT. JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal. EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

Every test that is of value in ascertaining what glasses are needed is applied here. There is no such word as "trouble" while we are testing.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

BANKING.

Checking Accounts

We invite the accounts of corporations, firms, merchants and private individuals. Accounts of ladies are especially invited. We pay

2 Per Cent Interest on Daily Balances

For greater convenience of our customers we have established branches throughout the city, at any of which you will be cordially welcomed.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Sts.

West End Branch - - 1531 Devisadero
Mission Branch - - - 927 Valencia
Up-town Branch - - - 1740 Fillmore

French-American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

Occupies offices in the same building.
OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSablé, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.
Our Branch Bank is Now Open at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy Street

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opp. Third San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000 Surplus, \$ 320,000
Paid-up Capital, 300,000 Assets, 10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.
OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, \$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906, 35,476,502.22
F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

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F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhilf, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, Pres. Gavin St. Nat. Attorneys
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y, and Grati M.
Office: CORNER MARKET AND CALIFORNIA STS.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Morton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morton, to Mr. Parker Holt. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Kerfoot Sowers, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sowers, to Major Samson Lane Faison, U. S. A., took place at noon on Wednesday, December 19, at the home of the bride's parents, in Washington, D. C. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. The matron of honor was Mrs. Charles Carroll of Baltimore and the bride's brother, Dr. William Sowers was the best man. The ushers were: General Allen, U. S. A.; Captain Clyde S. Ford, U. S. A.; Pay Director Leeds Kerr, U. S. N., and Major Joseph Crabbs, U. S. A. Major and Mrs. Faison arrived in this city on Monday evening last and will sail on the transport leaving this city today (Saturday) for the Philippines.

The wedding of Mrs. Flora Louise Clement to Captain Sydney A. Cloman, Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., Military Attaché of the American Embassy at London, took place on Tuesday afternoon, December 18, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, on Madison avenue, Lakewood, New Jersey. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie of the First Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, who went on for the occasion. The bride's attendants were Miss Betty Hammond and Miss Lillian Woodward of Salt Lake City. Captain Long, U. S. N., was the best man. Master Richard P. Hammond and Miss Natalie Hammond were pages. Captain and Mrs. Cloman sailed on December 22 for London, where Captain Cloman assumed his duties as military attaché on January 1.

The marriage of Miss Elsa Lichtenberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lichtenberg, to Mr. Harry Disbrow Johnson took place on Wednesday last at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael. The ceremony was performed at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon by the Rev. Ernest Bradley. The bride's sister, Miss Marie Lichtenberg was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Lucile Graves, Miss Cornelia McKinne, Miss Mabel Dodge, Miss Edythe Foster, Miss Varina Morrow, Miss Ethel Catton, Miss Helen Jay Du Bois and Miss Genevieve Cavanaugh. Mr. Rudolph Lichtenberg, the bride's brother, was the best man and the ushers were: Mr. Wilfred Page, Mr. Joseph Hopper, Mr. Evelyn Hall, Dr. Donald Smith, Mr. Henry Du Bois, Mr. Andrew McKinne, Mr. Harry Fassett, Mr. Harold Plummer and Mr. William Lichtenberg. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will make their home in South Bend, Indiana.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard and Miss Maude Howard have sent out cards for Friday in January, at 1760 Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a ball on Friday evening of last week at the Burlingame Club, in honor of Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker. Mrs. Scott was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Walter Martin, and by Miss Crocker. About 250 guests were present, many of whom were entertained at house parties at Burlingame and San Mateo. Mrs. Scott entertained at dinner before the ball, her guests being Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Katrina Page Brown, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Duane Hopkins, and Mr. Cyril Tobin.

Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Pacific avenue, in honor of Miss Helene Irwin and Miss Mary Keeney. The other guests were: Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Julia Langhorne,

Miss Jeannette von Schroeder, Miss Katrina Page Brown, Miss Genevieve Harvey, and Miss Louise Boyd.

The Bohemian Club's Christmas dinner will be held at the Nordhoff Cafe, Pine street, bet. Van Ness avenue and Polk street, on the 5th day of January, 1907, at 7:00 o'clock. No guests will be permitted to attend the dinner.

Mr. D. O. Mills gave an informal dinner last Wednesday night at his Fifth-avenue home in honor of his son-in-law and daughter, Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. W. Douglas Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker of California, Misses Gladys and Beatrice Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb entertained at a dinner on Christmas evening, at her home on Van Ness avenue, her guests being, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele, Dr. John A. Murtagh, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murtagh, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Shorb, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mr. Raymon Reyntiennes, Mr. John Hamilton Gilmour, Captain Carroll Buck, U. S. A., Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. Bernardo Shorb, and Mr. Norbert Shorb.

Mrs. M. P. Huntington was the hostess at a tea on New Year's Day, from 3 to 6 o'clock, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf. About two hundred guests called. Mrs. Huntington was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Adam Green of Berkeley, Mrs. George Metcalf of Berkeley, Mrs. E. H. Prentice, Mrs. E. B. Holladay, Mrs. Walter Gibbons, Mrs. J. Otis Burrage, Mrs. Lucius Allen, Mrs. Franklin Bache Harwood, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Minnie Rodgers, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Ruth Green of Berkeley, and Miss Louise Redington.

A skating club has recently been organized in San Rafael, the patronesses of which are: Mrs. R. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. James Pollis, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, and Miss Ethel Tompkins.

The largest of New York's December dances was held last week by Mrs. Charles B. Alexander at No. 4 West Fifty-eighth street, in honor of Miss Harriet Alexander, her debutante daughter. The recently remodeled house adjoining and resembling the Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion, contained 300 guests at 11 o'clock when the cotillion was danced. At 8 o'clock Mrs. Alexander entertained eighty guests at dinner. The new ballroom, in Louis XIV fashion, with pink and gold decorations, is one of the finest in New York.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart and their family went before Christmas from their home in San Mateo, to San Rafael, where they spent a week as the guests of Mrs. Hobart's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and Mr. J. W. Byrne are spending several weeks at Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Taylor (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness), who are at present visiting Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, at the home of the latter on Octavia street, will return to their home in Boston early in February.

Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler and his family were at Del Monte for the holiday week. They made up a tallyho party on Saturday.

Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and her son arrived Thursday at Del Monte and were joined on Saturday night by President Wheeler, to remain over New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear, Jr., and their children are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller went to Del Monte last Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and Miss Breeze will remain for some weeks at Del Monte. Mrs. H. C. Benson is visiting her mother and sister.

Bishop and Mrs. Nichols arrived just before Christmas from the East where they spent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase went from their country place in the Napa Valley, to Burlingame last week for the ball given by Mrs. Scott, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan.

Mrs. Joseph Hasbrouck was in Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. George W. Borrowe, nee Caroline Bosqui, arrived last week on the steamer Sonoma, from Australia. Mrs. Borrowe is spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins spent Christmas in the city as the guests of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cluff and Miss Flossie Cluff were at Del Monte for the holidays.

Miss Virginia Vassault, who arrived last month from Paris, left recently for Minne-

apolis, where she was the guest of her brothers for a few days, going thence to New York. She will sail for Paris early this month for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Ness, who have arrived during the past summer from South Africa, have taken a house in Berkeley for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have been visiting Mrs. Davis's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe, at the home of the latter in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh, who has been abroad for the past four or five years, is at present visiting in New Orleans and may possibly come later to San Francisco.

Miss Elizabeth Murison, who went abroad in the early fall, has recently left Naples, where she spent several weeks, for Rome. Miss Frances Jolliffe will sail from New York for London on January 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Miller (formerly Miss Constance Murison), have returned to their home in Berkeley from Woodland, where they spent Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney have returned from the East, and are at their ranch at Rocklin. On their way West they stopped at Cincinnati and spent Christmas as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graydon (formerly Beryl Whitney).

Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan Hill and Miss Diane Morgan Hill, who have been traveling for the past year, have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., to remain during the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins, who were travelling abroad with Mrs. Perkins's mother, Mrs. M. P. Huntington, did not return to California with Mrs. Huntington, but will remain some time longer in New York. They were in Washington, D. C., during the Christmas season.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow have gone to Paso Robles to remain during the holiday season.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne came up from Los Angeles to join his mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, at Del Monte for New Year's Day.

Mr. Herbert Jones, who was the guest here of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, during the holiday season, left last week for San Diego, where he will spend several months.

Among the guests at Del Monte last week were Mrs. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. Douglass Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Aikin. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mrs. George F. Grant, Spencer Grant, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bolton, Mr. A. W. Foster, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poett, Miss Eyre, Miss Carolan, and Miss Smedberg have a big table together.

Telegrams have been received announcing the birth of a daughter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler (formerly Miss Carol Moore), who are living at present in Chicago.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 1179 Ellis Street, between Gough and Octavia.

Korn The Hatter

Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street.

A new Southern Congressman as soon as he reached Washington, went off to a photographer's to be photographed. "I want my likeness taken," he said. "Cabinet?" the photographer asked. The Southerner reddened and looked pleased. "No," he answered, "just a plain, everyday Congressman."—Oakland Tribune.

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A RESIDENCE of thirteen rooms, bathrooms, laundry, garret and cellar; modern plumbing; cor. Dwight Way and Piedmont Avenue; address Box "G," Santa Clara, Cal.

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A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings.
Dryest marine climate known.
No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer.
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year.
Golf, Polo, Tennis.
Fishing, Boating and Bathing.
Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West.
American plan only.
All modern conveniences.
All outside rooms.
Send for illustrated booklet.

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RUINART BRUT

and

RUINART "CUVEE IMPE-
RIALE"

Champagnes as now shipped by Messrs. Ruinart Pères et Fils, Reims, to the American Market.

The excellent characteristics and bouquet possessed by these wines—the product of the best vineyards—without a doubt render the Ruinart the quintessence of high grade champagnes.

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Choice Woolens

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

Royal

Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

DISTINCTIVELY A CREAM OF
TARTAR BAKING POWDER

Royal does not contain an atom of phosphoric acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or of alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid) substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., is ordered to duty in the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Colonel William Simpson, U. S. A., Military Secretary, Department of California, has returned from a ten-days' trip to Arizona.

Colonel J. W. Duncan, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who was detained in the Philippines on court-martial duty when his regiment left for the United States, returned on the transport Sherman last week, and, on the expiration of three months leave, will join his regiment in Montana.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, Inspector-General, U. S. A., arrived here last week for duty as Inspector-General of the Pacific Division, vice Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., who was made commander of the artillery district of San Francisco and of the Presidio post.

Colonel Richard E. Thompson, Signal Corps, U. S. A., arrived here on Sunday of last week and has reported for duty as Chief Signal Officer of the Department of California. He has recently returned from Manila, where he was stationed for two years, coming back on the transport Kirkpatrick, by way of the Suez Canal, to Newport News. He is accompanied by Mrs. Thompson and the Misses Thompson.

Colonel John L. Clem, Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California, U. S. A., has returned from a month's leave of absence, most of which he spent at El Paso, Texas, although he made as well, a brief trip to Washington, D. C.

Colonel N. S. Scott, U. S. A., who has been on duty with the Philippine Constabulary, returned on the transport Sherman and will join his regiment, the First Cavalry.

Colonel Frank West, U. S. A., formerly lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, and recently promoted and assigned to the Second Cavalry, returned from the Philippines on the last transport, and will join his regiment at Fort Assiniboine, Montana.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. R. Loughborough, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who is very near his promotion, and who recently returned from the Philippines by way of Suez, arrived here last week from the East, to join Mrs. Loughborough, who has been here for some time.

Captain James H. Bull, U. S. N., who has been waiting orders at his home in Santa Barbara since he was detached from duty at the Naval War College at Washington, D. C., has been ordered to duty as commandant of the Naval Training Station at Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco Bay, and as commanding officer of the U. S. T. S. Pensacola, as relief of Captain Plummer Perkins, U. S. N.

Commander A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., is detached from command of the Dubuque and ordered home to wait orders.

Commander C. J. Badger, U. S. N., is detached from command of the U. S. S. Chicago, and ordered home.

Commander R. M. Doyle, U. S. N., is detached from command of the U. S. S. Philadelphia, and ordered to command the U. S. S. Chicago.

Captain William Elliott, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as assistant to the purchasing commissary, San Francisco, and will sail on the transport leaving this city on March 5th, for Manila. On arrival there he will report to the commanding general of the Philippines Division, for assignment to duty in the subsistence department of that division, relieving Captain Hamilton S. Hawkins, U. S. A.

The resignation of Captain Reynold Kirby-Smith, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., from his commission as an officer of the army, took effect on December 17th.

Lieutenant Frederick L. Perry, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Ninth battery, Field Artillery, stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, to the Second battery, Field Artillery, stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas. Lieutenant Daniel W. Hand, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Second battery, U. S. A., to the Ninth battery, U. S. A., and is expected to arrive shortly in this city.

Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, U. S. A., who has been relieved from duty as aide-camp to General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., and will join his regiment, the Twelfth Infantry, at Fort Niagara, was a recent visitor to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Harold W. Cowper, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from further observation and treatment at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, and will report to the commanding officer of that hospital for duty to conduct to the Presidio of San Francisco, the detachment to be transferred from Company C to Company B, Hospital Corps, and upon the completion of this duty will report to the medical superintendent of the Army Transport Service at San Francisco for duty, relieving Lieutenant Howard A. Reed, assistant sur-

geon, U. S. A., who will proceed on the first available transport sailing from San Francisco for Manila, and report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant John K. Hume, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months leave of absence to take effect about January 15th.

Lieutenant Arthur E. Boyce, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A., president of the examining board at the Presidio of San Francisco, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Bull, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has had Indio, California, designated as his station after completion of the quadrangle on which he is now engaged, while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.

Surgeon R. Spear, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station, Canacao, P. I., and ordered to the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, and thence to the naval hospital, Mare Island.

Surgeon C. P. Kindleberger, U. S. N., is detached from the Baltimore and ordered to the Naval Station, Olongapo, P. I.

Dr. Wallace Smith, U. S. N., who has been on duty at the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, sails today (Saturday) on the transport for Manila, where he is ordered for duty.

Lieutenant Herman Hering, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., is relieved from further treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and granted one month's leave of absence.

A board of officers has been appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco for examination of officers for promotion, consisting of: Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Cooke, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Major Jacob F. Kreps, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain James M. Kennedy, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.; and Captain Orrin R. Wolfe, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.

The Trial of Captain Koehler.

The trial of Captain Lewis M. Koehler, Fourth Cavalry, at Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, last month, caused a sensation in army circles in the islands. The charge against Captain Koehler was that he showed insubordination toward his commanding officer, Major-General Leonard Wood, who was then in command of the Department of Mindanao. Major-General Jesse M. Lee and other officers came forward to aid the accused officer in his defense against General Wood. The trouble is the outgrowth of a dispute between Major Hugh L. Scott, Fourteenth Cavalry, and Captain Koehler, previous to the fight at Mount Dajo last March. General Wood said on the stand that he had met Captain Koehler only once, and that he had no prejudice against him. He admitted that he had recommended Major Scott six times for appointment to brigadier within the last four years. He also said that he had repeatedly spoken to the President, urging the making of Major Scott a brigadier-general. The verdict in the case will be given out in Washington, as the verdict goes direct to the War Department instead of to the division commander, who is General Wood, the prosecutor in this case.

In commenting on the trial the Manila American says:

"Whether the defendant is acquitted or not by the Koehler court the army will be the better for the airing that certain conditions in the army administration will receive. Why should over 300 officers sit quietly by without protest while an officer of Pershing's calibre, whose career in Mindanao entailed as much if not more scandal than it offered in honorable service to the army, is jumped over their heads? There are gray-headed colonels who have more battle scars than Pershing has years. They were forced to bow to the inevitable, for the reason that no avenue is offered in the European military system we have borrowed whereby they might secure justice. Captain Koehler's protests will go a long way toward reforming the rotten system that excludes healthy, legitimate criticism where in many instances it is badly needed. In no other profession is criticism excluded."

Dr. J. J. Henderson

Specialist for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 1434 Post St., near Octavia.

A. Hirschman

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

L. J. Perivancich, a consulting engineer from Panama, arrived in San Francisco recently and reported that along the line of the canal up to December 10 there had been torrential tropical rains. So much water fell that the Chagres river overflowed its banks. For miles the railroad tracks were five feet under water. All the shops along the line of the canal were submerged in five feet of water. Work necessarily ceased. In Panama City there are now about 100,000 inhabitants. There is no more fever. The sanitary regulations and the system introduced by the United States have removed the old dangers. There is nothing to be feared now but malaria, and that affects only such persons as will not leave liquor alone and neglect the ordinary precautions.

Walter Scott Newhall, a member of the firm of Newhall Sons & Co., died Christmas day at Adler's Sanitarium, after an illness extending over many weeks. He was a brother of George A. Newhall, a prominent business man of San Francisco, at one time president of the Pacific Union Club. He was also a brother of W. Mayo and E. W. Newhall. For some years he had made his home in Los Angeles. He was 46 years of age. He leaves a widow. He will be buried in this city.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

P. Centemeri & Co.

Kid Gloves

New Location
1551 Van Ness Avenue

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

THE SEVERN

A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT

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Tables may be Reserved by Telephone
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No. 54 Geary Street, San Francisco

We are now located in our NEW OFFICE BUILDING
one-half block from Market Street, between
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Removal Notice!

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Beg to announce their removal to their permanent store

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OUR SPECIALTIES:

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Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL STREET, between Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored
SOHMER-Cecilian Player-Pianos

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—She married a worthless nobleman. *She*—How did that happen? *He*—Despondency. She was jilted by her father's coachman.—*Puck*.

Mary—I hear that the duke's marriage to the rich Miss Passay has been postponed. *Jane*—Yes, I believe his creditors have granted him a little more time.—*Life*.

"Ever try an automobile, Judge?" said a friend. "No," replied the judge; "but I've tried a lot of people who have."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Sir!" exclaimed the pompous individual, "I am a self-made man." "I accept your apology," murmured he of the patrician countenance.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Guest (studying bill of fare)—*Waiter*, I have fifty hellers (ten cents); tell me what you recommend. *Waiter*—Try another restaurant.—*Weiner Caricatures*.

He (bashfully)—May I—er—kiss your hand, Miss Dolly? *She*—Oh, I suppose so. But it would be so much easier for me to remove my veil than my glove.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"So your servant girl has left you again," said Mrs. Naybor. "Yes," replied Mrs. Sububs. "What was the matter?" "She didn't like the way I did the work."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tom (proudly)—Miss Pinkleigh has promised to be my wife. *Jack* (consoling)—Oh, don't let that worry you. Women frequently break their promises.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Polly—Did you have a good time, Dolly? *Dolly*—Did I have a good time! Well, I should say I did. I got engaged seventeen times, and one of them is permanent.—*Somerville Journal*.

Bacon—The police are very considerate of a poor, homeless tramp in New York. *Egbert*—How so? *Bacon*—Why, when one goes to sleep on a park bench the policeman raps him up.—*Evening Mail*.

"Miss Yellitt! Miss Yellitt!" exclaimed the music teacher in despair to his shrieking pupil. "Remember you are singing an 'Invitation to Summer.' You are begging it to come—not daring it!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Agent—This is the automobile you want. You never have to crawl under it to fix it. *Sparker*—You don't? *Agent*—No. If the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism, it instantly turns bottom-side up.—*Puck*.

"Here's something about the Dutch stealing one of the Philippine Islands. I wonder what Uncle Sam will do about it?" "Well, it would serve them right if he refused to take it back."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Still, there is one thing that must be said in favor of Delilah," remarked the lecturer on the 'Heroes of the Earliest Times'; "and that is, she never claimed to be a member of the Florodora sextet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Flo (chatting with small stranger)—Your teacher is a charming young lady. I suppose you love her very much? *Billy*—Steady, steady! D'you think I am going to tell you all about my love affairs?—*Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*.

De Mutt—I don't think I shall ever take part in amateur theatricals again. I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself. *Miss Hitts*—Oh, everybody knows it would be impossible for you to do that.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Well, he's a good man, an' I'm with him, said Mr. Hennessey. 'Don't ye think he's right whin he wants to put a limit on how much money a man can have?' 'I do,' said Mr. Dooley, 'but I'd rather put a limit on how little he can have.'"—*Dooley's Dissertations*.

Bess—I don't like that Mr. Cutting. *Jess*—That's unkind of you. I heard him say something awfully sweet about you yesterday. *Bess*—Oh, did he? What was it? *Jess*—He said he imagined you must have been perfectly charming as a girl.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Wh," said the traveler, "do you attach so much attention to the dragon? Don't you know there is no such creature?" "My dear sir," answered Mr. Li Lo, the eminent Chinese philosopher, "I often find the Goddess of Liberty depicted on your public emblems. Yet I have found it im-

possible to meet the lady personally."—*Washington Star*.

"We don't like the milk we get in Cannes," said the millionaire who was spending the winter abroad. "Then why not have some shipped from Cowes?" inquired the near humorist, with a hoarse laugh.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Science for the Young.

Thoughtful little Willie Frazer
Carved his name with father's razor;
Father, unaware of trouble,
Used the blade to shave his stubble.
Father cut himself severely,
Which pleased little Willie dearly—
"I have fixed my father's razor
So it cuts!" said Willie Frazer.
—*Wallace Irwin in "Ransom Rhymes."*

Double-Rhymed Limerick

There once was a certain Rt. Rev.,
Whose sermons had such a brt. elev.,
But he pitched it so strong
And preached for so long
That every one feared they mt. nev.,
—*London Chronicle*.

Gentle Jane.

Gentle Jane whizzed through the town,
Running many people down;
Still she gave her car but praise,
Said: "It has such killing ways."
—*Carolyn Wells*.

Last week, Tuesday, Gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train.
"Good afternoon," she sweetly said,
But the blamed train cut her head.
—*Yale Record*.

Scorching down the golden streets,
Jane strikes every soul she meets;
When she "honks" the spirits jump,
Thinking it is Gabriel's trump.
—*Cleveland Leader*.

A Fettered Philanthropist.

Jim never was much on Carnegie, an' said ef
he bad it t' spare
He'd buy all th' circuses goin' an' open 'em free
everywhere.
He'd give every youngster a pony an' buy every
girl a wax doll
An' ten-dollar bills would be flyin' as if they was
nothin' at all!
He'd start up a place in each city where ice-cream
an' cake would be free,
An' think nothin' more of a million than we
would think pennies would be;
He'd give away farms to his neighbors, an' show
folks such wonderful sights
Tbey'd think that Jim Smith was Aladdin, right
out of Arabian Nights!
An' alwus when Jim was a-spendin',
Hamp Hawkins, th' tinner, would say
How them as has money they keep it, an' them
as hain't give it away!
—*J. W. Foley*.

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Nurse—What are you crying about? *Child*—Because Marcel slapped me. "But why didn't you slap him back?" "Because then it would only be his turn again."—*Literary Digest*.

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JEROME A. HART - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Roosevelt on "Race Suicide."

In his recent remarkable message, President Roosevelt indulged himself in some statements concerning one of his favorite fads—what he calls "race suicide." For several years the President has occasionally delivered himself of sermons upon this phase of human life, but always in his lay capacity. One of his essays on the subject was printed as the preface to a woman's book. Now, however, he has taken his place in the national pulpit, and therefrom, like a new Boanerges, has thundered forth his views *ex cathedra*.

What is "race suicide"? Is Mr. Roosevelt right in his views of its meaning? Before we discuss them, let us listen to what he says:

"There are regions in our land and classes of our population where the birth rate has sunk below the death rate. Surely it should need no demonstration to show that

willful sterility, from the standpoint of the nation, from the standpoint of the human race, is the one sin for which the penalty is national death, race death."

Is willful sterility "race suicide"? Is willful sterility "race death"? We do not think so. We think Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy is but a shallow philosophy if he thinks so.

In the first place, is the sterility or the fertility of a race volitional? It would be impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to prove that it is so. We presume he would not attempt to prove that fertility is volitional. For ages, childless wives have yearned for children, yet never became mothers. Did not Sarah yearn for a child fruitlessly for many years? Did she not drive forth Hagar into the desert, for that she bare a male child unto Abram? How many sterile wives of royal husbands might revisit the glimpses of the moon to dispute Mr. Roosevelt's contention? The ghost of Josephine still walks the corridor of Malmaison, wringing her hands for that she did not bear a son to Napoleon. Millions of women, yearning for motherhood, have gone childless to their tombs. On the other hand, many millions have borne children when they had neither desire nor warrant for motherhood, and when it meant ruin, shame, sometimes death.

Are these conditions volitional? Mr. Roosevelt would perhaps say that at least abstention from marriage is volitional, and that abstention from marriage means a decrease in the birth rate. History does not back him up. In many lands where marriage does not exist at all, the birth rate is the largest.

Can the individuals of a race control its sterility or fertility? It is the opinion of many deeper philosophers than Mr. Roosevelt that they can not. The number and the sex of infants are determined by causes deeper in the realm of nature than anything within the control of individuals. Under normal circumstances the number of infants born is nearly equally divided. There is a slight preponderance of male infants ordinarily, because boys are bolder and run greater risks than girls. Thus, after a certain lapse of years, the greater mortality among the males—owing to the greater daring and more dangerous pursuits—leads to a readjustment by which the sexes again become about equally balanced. These facts, however, are only noticed under normal conditions. When a destructive war is waged in any country, the number of males killed brings about a marked inequality in the sexes. This is particularly true after a civil war, as in such a contest all of the fighting men come from a single country. What does Nature do? She speedily sets to work to bring about normal conditions, and for a certain number of years thereafter an abnormally large number of male infants is born until sex equilibrium is re-established. When that is accomplished, the number of male infants born falls to the normal and so continues.

In view of this well-known fact, may we ask if the individuals in this or any other country have anything to do with determining the sex of infants? No one could support such an absurdity. It is Nature who removes the abnormal condition, and Nature does it in her own way.

If Nature determines the question of the sex of new born infants during pre-natal life, even during foetal life, may it not seem probable that she also determines the number of infants to be born? If she determines the proportion of male infants to female infants, does she not also determine the number? And if she determines the number of infants born to a race, does she not determine the fertility of the race? Not that of the individuals composing the race, but of the race as a mass? To dispute this would seem an absurdity—almost a wicked absurdity.

Thus it would seem indisputable that the fertility of a race is not controlled by the individuals composing that race, but controlled by Nature. Hence, the fertility of a race is not volitional. Then how about sterility? May it be considered absolutely under the control of the individual? The potential sterility of the male may (theoretically) be regulated by abstinence; practically and absolutely it is not. Therefore the sterility of the individual male is not absolutely volitional.

Similarly the sterility of the female may be regulated by abstinence, and ages of continence, transmitted from virtuous mother to virtuous daughter—ages of selection, which impelled the males to choose virtuous females for wives, where marriage existed—have possibly led to some slight effect on race fertility by female self-control. But how infinitely small the percentage! Perhaps it is inappreciable. Perhaps it does not exist. For it means only a small part of only the unmated women in highly civilized communities. And how many would that mean out of the teeming millions of the earth, most of them not civilized?

Furthermore, the sterility of women is not volitional, for their persons have never been entirely under their own control. From the earliest history of the human race, women have been a chief part of the spoils in war. If it be indignantly said that such barbaric times no longer exist; if it be heatedly demanded what civilized country exists where women do not possess absolute control over their persons, the answer would have to be "The United States." For that such a condition exists in the Southern States, owing to the presence of grossly animal blacks, can not be denied if we believe the men and women of the South. And we do believe them.

To sum up, then, we find:

1. The fertility of a race is not volitional.
2. The sterility of a race is not volitional.
3. The fertility of an individual male is not volitional.
4. The fertility of an individual female is not volitional.
5. The sterility of an individual male is not absolutely volitional.
6. The sterility of an individual female is absolutely not volitional.

What becomes of Mr. Roosevelt's curious theory concerning "willful sterility" and "race suicide"?

High Prosperity, Small Birth Rate.

The United States is a comparatively new country, made up of streams of immigration from many peoples and many lands. We have no history running back over many centuries, from which to compile comparative tables of fertility. Tables running back one or two generations only would be based on such insufficient premises that deductions drawn from them would be misleading. Let us then look to older countries. What is the condition in Europe? For about a generation there has been but one out of all the European countries whose birth rate is not declining, or has declined. The alarm which Mr. Roosevelt experiences over the decline in this country is also felt in France, in England, and in other Occidental European countries. But the one of all the European countries whose birth rate is not declining or has not declined, is Russia, the farthest East. Why is this? Out of Asia came the great Indo-European stream from which sprang our remote ancestors in Europe. May it not be that out of Asia is still coming the strongly physical man, low in intellectuality but high in race endurance? May it not be that semi-Asiatic Russia is the source from which shall be peopled the future Europe? There

can be no doubt that we dwellers on the Far West of the American continent justly fear the racial endurance of the Asiatics who come to us. They are stronger, tougher, more enduring; they can live more easily under more adverse circumstances; they can breed more rapidly; they are more fertile than we. May it not be that the semi-Asiatic Russians partake of these same qualities? For Asia was the great cradle of mankind.

Another hypothesis—the Russian masses are the lowest intellectually of any of the peoples of Europe. They also take a high rank in the physical scale, if rank be rated as we have just put the Asiatic—high in point of endurance and fertility. Let us call it "race tenacity."

No one who has ever gazed on a mass of Russian peasants can fail to be impressed with their dull look of animalism; they are intensely physical, and those heavy faces, lighted little or not at all with the spark of intellectuality, belong to beings who are like the beasts of the field whom they so much resemble—dull, heavy, powerful, tenacious, fertile.

This would seem to show that of all the European peoples the Russian peasants are the lowest in point of intellectuality, the lowest in material well-being, and the highest in point of fertility. By parity of reasoning, those among the European peoples who are the highest in point of intellectuality, the highest in well-being, those which have accomplished the most in art, letters, and the sciences, are the least fertile. The intermediate races of Europe occupy, of course, intermediate stages between these two extremes—let us say France and England on the West and Russia on the East. Among the intermediate peoples, the higher the intellectual and spiritual sides, then the lower the birth rate; the lower the intellectual and spiritual sides, then the higher the birth rate. In Northern Italy, for example, where the thrifty, temperate, and industrious Lombards dwell, the birth rate is lower than in Southern Italy, where the hot-headed, lazy, and shiftless Sicilians, Neapolitans, and Calabrians dwell.

Latest Italian data in 1903: Highest births, Naples; lowest births, Bologna; highest deaths, Messina, Naples, Palermo; lowest deaths, Turin.

A further argument against the soundness of Mr. Roosevelt's theories is that the birth rate has declined in European countries, even where they are Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church has for ages clung steadfastly to the theories which Mr. Roosevelt has recently discovered and enunciated. It may possibly be for the same reason. The Roman Catholic Church does not like to see its numbers diminish, for it regards its followers as soldiers of the faith. The pope is not only a spiritual but a temporal sovereign, and has kingly ideas; all sovereigns have looked with an uneasy eye on the decline of the birth rate in their dominions as diminishing the number of potential soldiers. Mr. Roosevelt, although President of a republic, resembles in temperament the most dictatorial of Europe's present rulers, and he may be unconsciously affected by these imperial and royal ideas. Yet the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, its stringent laws, the fears which it impresses on its female followers of punishment here and in the hereafter, have not prevented the birth rate from declining in Italy and Spain. Still no one who has visited these countries can doubt the devotion, the profound faith of the women there, and their blind adherence to the Roman Catholic religion. If, then, the birth rate has declined there, it surely is not due to what Mr. Roosevelt calls "race suicide"; it is not due to any act within the control of the individual women of those countries. The causes are not individual, they are not volitional.

In France, also a Roman Catholic country, the birth rate is lower than in either Italy or Spain. *The prosperity of France is higher than that of either Italy or Spain.* The birth rate of France is among the lowest of all European countries. *The prosperity of France is among the highest of all European countries.*

Mr. Roosevelt will admit that the authority of the Roman Catholic Church is greater than his. That Church sternly condemns what he calls "race suicide." Yet in the face of this condemnation, why does the birth rate decline in Roman Catholic countries? Even if it were volitional in France—which can not be proved—why does it decline in

Italy and Spain? The charge of "race suicide" has never been made against the women there.

There is one country in Europe where the birth rate is not declining, and that is Ireland. It might be said that this is due to the strict laws of the Roman Catholic Church, and the devotion of the population to that religion. But this contention would be rendered valueless by the decline of the birth rate in other Roman Catholic countries where the women are equally obedient to the Church. What then is the reason for this difference? The reason is plain. The population of Ireland is declining for various reasons, partly because of insufficient and unsuitable nourishment, partly because of forced emigration. Nature, therefore, finding a declining race, comes to its rescue by either sustaining a declining birth rate or by increasing the normal birth rate.

Of four Roman Catholic countries in Europe, Ireland is the only one whose birth rate is not declining. *Ireland is the least prosperous and has the highest birth rate.*

Similarly the birth rate is larger among the poorer classes than among the well-to-do classes in this and other countries. Among the negroes in the United States the birth rate is higher than among the whites. Correspondingly the death rate is also higher. The birth rate is very high among the Indians, but the infant mortality is so great that the Indians for years have been slowly disappearing. When their material conditions improve, they slightly increase in numbers, for the death rate falls and the birth rate falls. Among the poor, ignorant, and criminal whites the birth rate is also large. Such is the ignorance and indifference of mothers in these classes that the death rate is enormous. Nature, as is her way, endeavors to repair the ravages by an increased birth rate.

Fertility Among Animals.

This question of fertility runs through the entire animal kingdom. It is probable that the female codfish must lay in a year quintillions, yes, decillions of eggs. Of these, perhaps only one in a thousand is fertilized, perhaps only one in a million reaches maturity. The danger to which fish spawn is exposed renders it necessary for Nature, in order to keep up the race of cods, to make them incredibly fertile. And so it runs through the lower order of the animal kingdom.

As we go up the scale in the animal kingdom we find the higher mammals less fertile, the period of gestation longer. A mare does not have a litter of colts as a bitch has of puppies. The mare's progeny is finer, stronger, rarer. Therefore she is not so fertile; therefore fewer of her species fall prey to accident or disease.

The cow stands high, but not so high as the mare; she sometimes bears twins, but if she does, nature punishes her—one of the twins, the "freemartin," is always worthless, and the other frequently so. Higher still in the grade of mammals we find the parent less fertile, the progeny finer, the period of gestation longer. So it is with the female elephant. Were elephants to breed as freely as rats and mice, man would be driven from the face of the globe.

It would seem to us, if Mr. Roosevelt wishes to have heart-to-heart talks with his fellow citizens, that instead of advising them to be more fertile, he should advise them to be fertile with more discretion and to breed a higher race of humans. For example, let him think of the rarity of great generals. The profession of arms, which Mr. Roosevelt honors, has had no higher representatives than Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. Yet there was an interval of nearly two thousand years between the death of the great Roman and the birth of the great Corsican. Surely great generals were needed in this long lapse of time. Yet there were but few, and those did not equal either of their famous exemplars. Had nature desired to perpetuate such strategic giants, she could have done so. Yet the Roman left no child and the Corsican only one—at least only one begotten in wedlock, and of whose paternity there could be no uncertainty. But even concerning the king of Rome, historians have had their doubts, for Count Neipperg was Chamberlain to Maria Louisa, and the ex-empress afterward married himmorganatically.

On the whole, it does not seem to us that Mr. Roosevelt has proved his case against the Ameri-

can people. He seems to be conducting a polemic against Nature in this matter of volitional fertility. It is indeed a stirring and inspiring spectacle—that of Roosevelt brandishing the Big Stick at Nature—a male Dame Partington with a mop. But Nature will probably continue her workings unmoved.

Changing Nature's Workings.

It may be asked, is it impossible to change the workings of Nature? Well, many would reply that it is possible. Others do not think so. It is perhaps possible temporarily to warp and twist the silent forces of Nature, but not to thwart them. It is not possible for a race to increase its fertility by simply attempting to do so. It is not even possible for a race to decrease its fertility by simply attempting to do so.

Here we shall have to call a spade a spade. When the President of the United States can discuss such intimate sex problems, speaking officially to eighty millions of people, his words reproduced in over twenty thousand newspapers, it is quite within bounds for any of these newspapers to comment with equal plainness. There have been and are still parts of the world where "willful sterility" has been attempted by very much more powerful measures than that poor, weak, human will-power which the President regards with so much horror. Certain classes in ancient lands have been condemned to this condition. Today, in some small, tropical islets, the elders fear a lack of food-stuffs if the birth rate be not kept down. They adopt the same means practiced in ancient times—mechanical and surgical means—infibulation, hypospadias, and similar methods. Have their drastic methods succeeded? Never for long. Nature has always differed with those who thus tinkered with her springs of life; she has asserted herself, and in time the birth rate was as before. It is like blocking a little brook with a cobble-stone—it checks it for a moment, but the stream soon ripples on.

The True "Race Suicide."

What then, is "race suicide"? What is "race death"? Is there no such thing? It is possible for a race or a nation to import peoples, plants, and animals from other parts of the globe, but it is not always advisable. We have found it so with the gipsy moth; Hawaii has found it so with the lantana. Whether such transplantations definitely or permanently change the operations of Nature, remains yet to be seen. It has been done in historic times; in new countries, such as the United States and Australia, the effects have been disastrous. For example, our original colonies imported blacks from Africa into what is now the United States. The result was national dissension for fifty years, a bloody civil war for five years, and forty years of subsequent trouble resulting from the presence of the blacks. The fact that the blacks are here, that we have made them citizens, although utterly unfitted for citizenship, and that their presence leads to continual crimes against the person, and subsequent lynching—these are some of the results of attempting to change the operations of Nature. But Africa continues as she was in the days of Shem, Ham, and Japhet; as she was in the days of Hannibal and Hamilcar; as she is today. And she will doubtless endure after what is now the United States, with its race questions and "race suicide" shall have passed away.

Australia has imported birds, rabbits, and other plagues from the little sea-girt country whence her settlers came. Some of these importations have preyed upon vast stretches of lands, with crops upon them, and turned gardens into deserts. Australia has experimented but little with the importation of other races of men, but she is already dissatisfied with her experiments. The island continent is ruled by practical men, and not by the New England idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and that their country is "an asylum for the oppressed of every nation, kindred, and tongue." Australia is looking out for her own people first. Therefore, she has for years excluded the Chinese by even a more rigid exclusion law than our own.

On the whole, the attempts to improve on Nature by transplanting races of men, races of animals, and species of plants have been unsatisfactory. While these transplantations may not thwart the opera-

tions of Nature, in so far as to destroy the original family, animal, or plant, in its original home, they frequently destroy the animals, humans, and plants in the new environment.

Professor Walter F. Willcox of Cornell University, in an analysis of Census Bulletin No. 22 (on proportion of children to population) agrees with a former superintendent of the Census, Gen. Francis A. Walker and Professor Willcox agree that the declining fecundity of native white American women is due to "the influx of foreigners and the resultant shock to the population instinct of the natives."

In the beginning of this article we asked: "What is race suicide?" "What is national death?" "What is race death?" and reproduced the language used in Mr. Roosevelt's message. Did Mr. Roosevelt ever see a line of scraggly dwarf pines, not far from the sea-shore, fighting against the threatening sea-sands? standing up stoutly against the resistless winds from the ocean?—buried in mighty sand dunes high above their boles, and sometimes completely buried and lost to sight in the sand? Further back from the sea-shore, where the drifting sands are checked by scanty lupine and Bermuda grass, stronger trees may be seen; as the uplands and foothills rise to the mountain ridges stately trees march in serried rows down the flanks of the mountains to the debated land—to the battlefield. That is the advanced post which this little community occupies on this far Western rim of the American continent. There are two millions of people in California, less than there are in New York City, between the Battery and the Harlem river—a small number, possibly in Eastern eyes, but they are the advance guard of the American people against the hordes of Asia. And if Mr. Roosevelt has ever seen such a band of sturdy little trees disputing the inroads of the ocean's sands, and endeavoring to hold down the soil around their roots, he may comprehend what kind of a stand is being made here on the Pacific Coast.

What then is race suicide? It is the permission or commission of acts which check the normal and healthy growth of a race. The most suicidal act is to encourage the admission into a Christian and Occidental country of alien and pagan races.

What is national death? It is to encourage transportation and industrial conditions by which coolies of alien, semi-servile, and degraded nations take away from the workers of a higher nation their birthright and their livelihood.

What is race death? It is so to debase a white race by miscegenation, and by the injection of yellow, brown, and black bloods into its life-stream as eventually to bring about the propagation of a debased and bastardized set of hybrids.

These are our definitions of race suicide, national death, and race death.

Apocryphal War Rumors.

In San Francisco the London *Times* maintains a special freak correspondent with a special grapevine cable line. Among newspaper freaks and fakirs this correspondent is a genuine jewel, a priceless gem. He can outfreak and outfake the freakiest fakir or the fakiest freak of all the yellow journals in the United States. There is a belief in England that the London *Times* has fallen into sere and yellow days; that its circulation is declining; that its advertising is decreasing; that it is forced to resort to atlas clubs, encyclopedia clubs, trouser clubs, and other hand-me-down devices in order to entice John Bull and Mrs. John into paying thruppence for a daily paper, instead of the 'apenny, which now is the common tariff in England. This may be true, but when it comes to freaking and faking, Granny *Times* outranks any of her American competitors.

We are not now referring to the proposterous tales told in the *Times* by its correspondent concerning rehabilitation conditions in San Francisco. What leads us to protest at present is the *Times*'s ridiculous despatches about the "war feeling" in California. According to a London cablegram, the *Times* of January 2 contains a despatch from its San Francisco correspondent in which he asserts that "the Japanese situation in California is so serious that it may develop a war with Japan." What is the "Japanese situation in California"? There is no particular "Japanese situation" here

which can be called serious. The Japanese government is said to have protested against the segregation by California of adult Japanese students from young white children in the public schools. The federal government is begging the State of California to admit these Japanese to her public schools. To suppose that Japan would go to war over such a question is preposterous. The *Times* correspondent adds that "war may be averted if California adopts President Roosevelt's plan, and agrees to ameliorate the conditions which tend to extirpate the Japanese." We can not tell what President Roosevelt's plan in that direction may be; we do not think the *Times* correspondent can tell either; we do not think that even President Roosevelt can tell. There are certainly no conditions here "which tend to extirpate the Japanese." If there be any question of possible extirpation it will be that the Japanese will extirpate the whites. Fortunately they have not done so yet.

The *Times* correspondent goes on: "*That there will be war between the United States and Japan, perhaps inside of a few months, is the opinion of the overage Californian.*"

This is clotted nonsense. The average Californian thinks nothing of the kind. Very few Californians think anything about it at all.

The *Times* correspondent continues: "*The average Californian made up his mind and has come to the conclusion that Japan desires the Philippines and Hawaii, and that only her unsatisfactory financial position prevents her from striking an immediate blow.*"

While it may be possible that Japan desires the Philippines and Hawaii, there has been almost no discussion of that desire in the California newspapers. It has scarcely been mentioned. In Hawaii the discussion has been feverish, not to say hysterical. But then, small islands are notorious for hysteria over matters which large continents take calmly. This, at times, is true of Great Britain.

What in the names of all the gods at once is the matter with these war-scare prophets in the East and abroad? They talk as if the people on the Pacific Coast were boiling over with a fever for war. As a matter of fact, the "Japanese question" has been discussed in the California newspapers purely as a matter of local school regulation, and in the most dispassionate manner. The possibility of war is either not discussed at all or only academically. Yet our contemporaries in the East and abroad are continually seeing fleets of Japanese battle-ships, cruisers, transports, and torpedo-boats crossing the Pacific. They seem to see as many hair-raising sights as Admiral Rodjstvensky. A German baron, Eberhard von Pawel, tells us that the Japanese can mobilize an army corps of twenty thousand men in two days; that she can transport them to the Philippines with a fleet of fighting ships inside of six days; that after Japan had won the Philippines in a week, it would take an American fleet twenty-one days to steam to Manila; that the American fleet could not effect a landing in the Philippines; that in case of a battle between the two ships, Japan would recklessly throw away thousands of lives rather than fail. The German baron says he is really very sorry, but America should have stationed a large fleet to hold the Philippines.

No doubt. The most disagreeable thing about holding the Philippines with fleets and armies is that the United States does not want to hold them at all. Another annoying thing is that the Filipinos do not want us to hold them. If we were to land armies on the coast to keep the Japanese from landing, the Filipinos would attack us from the rear. Still, out of regard for Mr. McKinley's diplomatists, Judge Day, Whitelaw Reid, and the other peace commissioners who paid twenty millions of dollars for the Philippines, we shall be obliged to keep those islands, even although we do not want them.

But let us assure our anxious friends, the correspondent of the London *Times*, the German baron with the long name, and our inland contemporaries of the Middle West, so safely situate so far from either ocean, that we in California are not at all afraid of war with Japan. We are not afraid of war—first, because we do not think there is going to be any war; second, if there should be, we do not see how Japan could win; third, if unfortunately there should happen to be war, we in Califor-

nia would profit enormously, because we would have the furnishing of Uncle Sam's fleets and armies with food and supplies aggregating in value many millions of dollars. Even the little Filipino troubles have caused some twenty millions of dollars to be disbursed in California. If the Eastern press want to say mean things about us, as they seem to like to do, why don't they accuse us of stirring up trouble with Japan in order to bring about a war that we may make money out of selling supplies to Uncle Sam? They have said every other mean thing they could think of, why not this? We dislike to furnish ammunition for hostile newspapers to attack our State, but when they lack the brains to make the attack in good shape, we are always glad and proud to help them out.

The Merry New Year's Carnival.

There was some uncertainty in San Francisco this year about the usual merry frolic on New Year's Eve. Hitherto Market Street has been the scene of that delightful holiday. It was at first intended to hold the pleasant revel there; as there were numerous holes in the sidewalk, it was thought that much innocent merriment might be derived from shoving holiday shoppers into these holes. It was hoped that their efforts to extricate themselves from the dangerous walls upon them. This would have caused much amusement. But a narrow-minded police force objected, and it was therefore decided to hold the merry time on Van Ness Avenue and Fillmore Street.

Being afflicted with an imperfect sense of humor, the writer never takes part in these New Year street revels. From the accounts of the daily journals, however, we learn that the celebration was a great success. To use the language of one of the San Francisco dailies:

"With laughter and song the many thousands passed the Old Year into history last night, and welcomed the New Year with the joyousness of children. It was the merriest gathering which the streets of this city ever entertained, the jolliest lot of celebrators who ever scattered confetti or tooted horns of pleasure. The sedate and steady merchant was as full of horn-blowing and noise-making as the smallest boy. Rich and poor were on the same footing. It passed off without an accident or a disagreeable fact to mar it all. The police were spectators only among the merry-makers. They had nothing whatever to do."

In the cold, gray dawn of the following morning those of the merry-makers who were able to sit up perused this paragraph in the same paper:

"As a result of the New Year celebration forty-four patients were received and treated at the emergency hospitals up to 3:00 o'clock in the morning of New Year's Day. The majority had received lacerated wounds of the scalp and contused eyes. One boy, who had been struck in the face with a horn, had both eyes so badly injured that the surgeons say he will be blind."

But let us turn from these gloomy reports of the morning after—let us again read something of the merriment and jollity of the night before. Did Oakland also have an innocent carnival, with gales of laughter? Let us look in an Oakland paper. Here we read:

"From 8:00 o'clock until after 1:00 o'clock of the New Year, Washington Street and Broadway looked like a country town on circus day. Back and forth the merry-makers surged with their horns, confetti, cow bells, and merry quips and songs. Cafés and restaurants were full, and everywhere was joyous confusion and happiness. When 12:00 o'clock rang forth it was followed by merry peals of rejoicing. So much of a good time is a credit to the people. Their thanks are due to the City Fathers and boosters. It all passed off without accident or disagreeable fact to mar it all."

How was it in Oakland the morning after? Turning to the Oakland papers of January 2 we read:

"The New Year celebration kept the attendants at the receiving hospital busy last night dressing cut scalps, broken heads, and treating other injuries caused by an excess of the holiday spirit. J. Burns went there early with a broken thumb and a broken nose; he said he had been in a fight. Fred Schmitt had a badly battered face to show; he said he had been struck without provocation. Many other victims had broken noses and lacerated scalps. The receiving hospital surgeons had quite a harvest."

But it is only the pessimist who will read these dismal narratives. The booster and the optimist will pass them unheeded by. There are not enough

holidays in our prosaic American life. The innocent revels of New Year's Eve have now become a feature of every large city. This year, in the whole country, there were probably four hundred thousand fights on New Year's Eve, assuming that only one per cent of the male population engaged in scraps. The fierce joy of battle was frequently cheered by the young ladies whose "steadies" slugged other young men for unwarrantable liberties. Ah, it is a great holiday. On with the scraps! Let joy be unconfined!

The Archbishop Ireland Disclosures.

When the Bellamy Storer letters made their appearance, with the amazing disclosures in President Roosevelt's letters to his former friends concerning his dealings with Roman Catholic prelates in this country and in Rome, the *Argonaut* remarked that further revelations were inevitable; that the intrigues of the McKinley-Hanna syndicate with Roman Catholic politicians in the United States, at the Vatican, and in the Philippine Islands could not much longer be concealed; that Archbishop Ireland was certain to suffer; that already his chances for a cardinal's hat had been irretrievably ruined by the indiscreet letters of President Roosevelt; that President Roosevelt's high reputation as a public man entirely free from sectarian intrigue and "skulduggery" was also ruined; that the present intriguing for Roman Catholic votes, furthered by Roman Catholic prelates here, at the Vatican, and in the Philippines, would also ruin the Presidential aspirations of Secretary Taft; that the War Secretary had been deeply enmeshed in underground attempts to secure the Presidential nomination by "doing politics" with the Vatican over the vexed money claims of the Roman Catholic friars in the Philippines, and thus attempting to secure the support of Roman Catholic voters in the United States.

All of these forecasts are slowly but surely coming true. One of the factors which will drag these hidden facts to the light is the resentment they will cause among the Roman Catholic voters. By such shrewd workers as Archbishop Ireland, they have been led to vote the Republican ticket ever since McKinley was a candidate and Hanna was his manager; they have also continued to rally to the Republican ticket since the incumbency of Mr. Roosevelt. It was supposed hitherto that this loyalty of the Roman Catholic voters to Roosevelt was a mixture of personal liking and of gratitude for his open appointment of certain Roman Catholics like Secretary Bonaparte to high positions. But it now seems that it was brought about by secret national and personal workings by politicians, ecclesiastical and lay, bent upon personal aggrandizement of which the masses of the Roman Catholic voters were not aware. They now see that they have been placed in the position of being "worked." They deeply resent President Roosevelt's alarm and anger over the disclosure of his secret advocacy of the promotion of Archbishop Ireland to the cardinalate. They say with much reason that they supported Roosevelt openly, and they see no reason why Roosevelt should be ashamed of supporting a Roman Catholic archbishop openly. Why, they ask, should it be clandestine? Is Mr. Roosevelt ashamed to acknowledge the support of the Roman Catholic voters?

Father Michael Walsh, former editor of the *Catholic Herald*, says that Mrs. Storer has irretrievably ruined Archbishop Ireland's chances to be a cardinal. Quoted in the *New York World*, Father Walsh says that President McKinley and Mark Hanna did everything they could "in a quiet way" to further the ambition of Archbishop Ireland to be a cardinal; that all the big Republican politicians greatly favored Archbishop Ireland for his strong influence in Republican campaigns; and Father Walsh says that one very prominent Republican politician once said to him: "Whatever Archbishop Ireland asks, McKinley will do if it is in his power."

The *Sacramento Bee*, a journal which is very friendly to the Catholic Church, thus comments on these statements in the *New York World*:

"This is undoubtedly true. There was absolutely no reason why McKinley and Mark Hanna, and the Republicans generally—who had then sacrificed principle

to money and given over the control of the party of Lincoln to Wall Street—should not do everything they possibly could to further the ambition of Ireland, the priest politician who neglected the work of Christ in his attempt to do the bidding of John Pierpont Morgan and Mark Hanna.

On October 11, 1896, Archbishop Ireland attempted to lash the Catholic voters of the United States into the McKinley ranks. On that day he published an address, full of misrepresentations and falsehoods, denouncing in the bitterest terms those who had the manhood to stand up for William Jennings Bryan, and using his power in an endeavor to force the Catholic vote to do the bidding of the Gold Ring. It was charged then, and it has never been denied, that a short time prior to that address Archbishop Ireland went to New York to save Church property from foreclosure and came back to do the work of the gold gamblers who have ever since been his friends.

Archbishop Ireland followed up his acts of that year by appeals for McKinley four years following, and at that time Archbishop Ireland, as representative of a portion of the Catholic Church in America, owed to these men who held the whip lash over him the sum of \$250,000.

It is no wonder that McKinley, and Mark Hanna, and the gold gamblers, and the National Banks wanted Ireland made a Cardinal. He had done their work for them fully and well, even if in so doing he neglected the work of the Christ he professed to serve.

The *Bee* adds that Bishop Newman of the Methodist Episcopal Church also "sacrilegiously used his pulpit to do the bidding of the gold sharks," and "from the Baptist pulpits of the United States appeals were made to vote for McKinley."

Another journal, which is an organ in San Francisco of the Roman Catholic Church, is the *Leader*. Concerning the revelations made in the Roosevelt-Storer correspondence, the *Leader* says:

There are American bishops who were appointed because of their services to the Republican party, and it is only by a fluke that the Bishop of St. Paul has not received the cardinal's hat for similar services to the same party. . . . A grave danger—which an accident discloses—is the doctrine that political services should be rewarded by ecclesiastical preferment. . . . If a bishop or a priest deserves well of a political party, and the political party is minded to reward him, his reward should be a political honor and not an ecclesiastical honor.

The *Leader* could not put a pregnant truth more strikingly. Not only would it be disastrous to religion in America to allow the Republican or any other party to effect the gift of high positions in the Roman Catholic Church, but it would also be disastrous to the Republican party. The revelations made by the Roosevelt-Storer correspondence, that certain Republican leaders have been promising or attempting to secure high positions in the Roman Catholic Church for American prelates in consideration of their secret political service in the United States, will inevitably bring disaster to the prelates in question and likewise to the Republican leaders involved.

What Started the Japanese Row?

From foreign papers just to hand, it is evident that some European authorities believe the San Francisco school question is purely a pretext on the part of Japan.

The resentment shown by the people of Japan over President Roosevelt's peace conference at Portsmouth has by no means died away. It can not already be forgotten that the signing of that treaty caused anti-American riots in Japan; that Baron Komura, one of the Peace Commissioners, was threatened with assassination; and that prominent Americans then traveling in Japan were stoned in the public streets.

Long before the teacher in the Pacific Heights Grammar school had sent Yasumaru home because the Board of Education did not want big Japanese to sit at school with little white children, Japan had been assuming a somewhat offish attitude toward the United States. Considering the way we gushed over the Japanese during the war with Russia, this attitude is not unamusing. It will be remembered that during that war the *Argonaut* frequently pointed out that our shop-keeper sympathy for Japan would profit us nothing; that as soon as Japan was again on a peace footing she would begin an industrial war on us in which the defeat of Russia would be as nothing compared to our industrial defeat. It did not take long for our predictions to come to pass. During the summer of last year the United States found out that Japan was not extending the "open door" to us in Manchuria—very much to the contrary. Despite her highly lacquered promises, when the war was over, instead of giving us the "open door" in Manchuria, she gave

us the marble heart. Washington thereupon remonstrated. Tokyo at once replied. It is not known what the reply was, but it is described as being diplomatic and disagreeable. When it comes to diplomacy the Japanese Foreign Office can give our State Departments cards and spades. Lying in the Orient is a fine art. We in the United States pride ourselves on what we call our "shirt-sleeves diplomacy." This style of diplomacy was particularly in evidence during the incumbency of the late Secretary Hay. If the United States gained any diplomatic victories by it we certainly have gained none from Japan, nor are we likely to do so. The Manchurian "open door" was one of the diplomatic victories claimed by our State Department.

The "correct" but disagreeable answer of Japan to our State Department's protests against the closed door in Manchuria was followed by the seal-poaching incident in Alaska. There, it will be remembered, a number of Japanese seal-poachers were fired upon by the United States officials, and several killed. Before Japan could protest or ask an explanation, Secretary Root indulged in the subtle expedient of at once requesting Tokyo to arrest and punish the surviving poachers. To this the Japanese also returned a diplomatically "correct" answer, but one which did not give much satisfaction to our State Department. In fact, the matter is still unsettled.

It was on the heels of this incident that Tokyo suddenly protested—through Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador to Washington—against the segregation of the Japanese from the white children in the public schools of San Francisco. Although this segregation has been denounced by President Roosevelt, his Secretary of State, Mr. Root, and his Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Metcalf, it is now the almost unanimous opinion of the press and people of the United States that the conduct of the California officials in this matter is perfectly legal and constitutional.

As the Japanese diplomats are nearly all of them graduates of foreign universities, accomplished linguists, polished men of the world, and profound students of the history and laws of the country to which they are accredited, it unthinkable that they are not familiar with the complex State and Federal relations of the United States. When, therefore, they prefer a formal diplomatic protest against a practice which they must know to be legal and constitutional, it is evident that it is preferred for a purpose. That purpose is to intensify the attitude of injury assumed by Japan—an attitude assuming that the island empire has been injured by this republic in various ways, and that therefore satisfaction or compensation must be extended. This is the way of Oriental diplomats. While they are excluding us from territory to which our traders are entitled, they obscure this issue by demanding from us as "rights" privileges which do not belong even to citizens of the United States when they are born with colored skins. Thus our State Department has entirely laid aside the just claim which we have against Japan for injury done to our trading and exporting interests, while the President and Secretary of State are engaged in making elaborate excuses and humble apologies to the Mikado's government for alleged wrongful acts committed by citizens of the United States which are not wrongs and never were committed.

Mr. Cortelyou for the Treasury.

The holding up of the nomination of George B. Cortelyou for Secretary of the Treasury has much surprised and wounded the President. Mr. Cortelyou is a close personal friend, having been private secretary to President Roosevelt, then a member of his Cabinet, then Treasurer of the National Campaign Committee, which worked for his election, and now Postmaster-General. Mr. Cortelyou's nomination for that position in the Cabinet, which ranks next to the premier, has been received with strong opposition. The *New York World* for weeks has been printing two or three columns a day denouncing the appointment and calling on the Senate to defeat it. The *World's* reason is that Mr. Cortelyou as Treasurer of the Republican National Campaign Committee accepted \$148,000 from the New York Life, the Mutual Life, and the Equitable Life Insurance companies. As the Grand Jury has

indicted two prominent financiers for paying this money to Mr. Cortelyou, and as Mr. Roosevelt when elected earnestly demanded a law forbidding the contribution of money by corporations to party campaign funds, and as Mr. Roosevelt savagely denounced Judge Parker's statement that the Republican Campaign Committee had received money from such corporations, as "atrociously false," the *World* thinks that Mr. Cortelyou's nomination should not be made. Nearly all of the Democratic journals agree with the *World* in its opposition, and there are even Republican journals which oppose Mr. Cortelyou. The *New York Press*, for example, is a stalwart Republican organ, but it savagely attacks the nomination. The *Boston Herald*—independent, with Republican leanings—speaks well of Mr. Cortelyou's ability, but thinks that public opinion is against his appointment under the circumstances. At the time of writing these lines Mr. Cortelyou's nomination has been once withdrawn by the President and has been re-submitted. It is still pending.

The newspapers and the people have a great deal more to do with the Postoffice than the Treasury Department. Badly as the Postoffice Department is usually run, it has been a great deal worse under Mr. Cortelyou than it ever was before. For that reason we earnestly hope that the Senate will at once confirm Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary of the Treasury, and thus take him out of the Postoffice.

Ungrateful Japanese.

A curious development in the Japanese imbroglio is the publication of a threat leveled at the President in a Japanese newspaper published in Berkeley, California. In its issue for December 20, 1906, this menacing sentence appears:

"Our policy is toward the removal of Mikado, king and President, and we do not hesitate as to the means. President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, censured the exclusion of the Japanese. He has nothing to lose in appearing to do the right thing by the Japanese, and thus satisfying his vanity by gaining the applause and approval of all nations, particularly our own."

While Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the white workers and white children of California has been much criticized in this State, there have been no threats made against him. It is remarkable that the first menacing word hurled at him should come from the Japanese.

"Cockaigne" Corrected by Editor Goode.

A correspondent of the *Argonaut*, writing over the signature "Cockaigne," in a recent letter gave some details of London newspaper conditions which are contradicted by William A. M. Goode, news editor of the *Standard* of London. Mr. Goode, in a good-humored communication, says, among other things, that C. Arthur Pearson was never a reporter or compositor, but that he is the son of a fairly well-to-do country clergyman, was educated at Winchester, and six months after entering the business of Sir George Newnes rose to the position of responsible manager. He declares that *M. A. P.* has always been the property of the company which Mr. Pearson controls; that the paper was started by Mr. Pearson, who arranged with Mr. T. P. O'Connor to edit it for a share of the profits. Mr. O'Connor's leaving and the beginning of a new paper, *P. T. O.*, were only at the end of the agreement with Mr. Pearson.

Mr. Goode says that the editor of the *Daily Express* is Ralph D. Blumenfeld instead of Blumenberg, and that H. A. Gwynne, the editor of the *Standard*, is a Welshman, who is a keen player of golf and tennis. Mr. Goode, himself, enlisted in the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., at the Presidio in 1893, was discharged by purchase at the end of 1894, and was acting as war correspondent of the Associated Press during the Spanish-American War. Stanhope Sprigg, it is asserted, ceased to be manager of the *New York agency of the Standard* in February, 1906.

In conclusion, Mr. Goode, declares that "Cockaigne" undoubtedly meant well, but that it seemed necessary to deny the inaccurate statements made in that correspondent's letter, and that he is still an ardent lover of San Francisco, as he was formerly a resident.

The United States Navy Department has ordered the vessels of the navy equipped with submarine signaling apparatus as fast as funds are available for the purpose. The North German Lloyd Steamship Company is equipping eight more of its ships. The Hamburg-American, the Cunard, the White Star, and the French line are all using the invention, and what with the installation of more and more submarine bells at points on the coasts, the use of the invention is now as general as the use of wireless telegraphy.

Each of the four smokestacks of the *Mauretania* will be as high as a fifteen-story building and wide enough for four teams abreast to drive through. All four will suck up from the 192 furnaces the fumes of one thousand tons of coal a day.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Representatives William Alden Smith and Charles E. Townsend of Michigan are prominent candidates for United States Senator, to succeed Senator Alger, who will not stand for reelection.

Charles M. Floyd will be chosen Governor of New Hampshire by the Legislature of that State. Mr. Floyd was the Republican candidate at the recent election, and, though he received 40,524 votes, that number was 706 short of a majority.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin surprised some members of Congress with whom he was chatting the other day by announcing that he has never taken part in a congressional junket of any kind. "I never shall undertake such a journey at government expense," he said. "There is something very objectionable to me in members of Congress going on such expeditions." For the same reason that made him sidestep a congressional junket Senator Spooner said he had never been shaved in the senate barber shop, which is maintained at Uncle Sam's expense.

William J. Bryan in a recent interview in Topeka, Kan., practically admitted that he would be a candidate for the Presidential nomination before the next Democratic National Convention. "While I have not yet announced that I would be a candidate," said Bryan, "I have not stated that I would not be a candidate, and do not intend to. Such a high honor as the Presidential nomination is something that no American citizen should decline." Bryan declared that he had never stated that President Roosevelt had stolen the thunder of the Democrats, although, he said, the President was now advocating many things favored by the Democratic party.

William Henry Moody, who has just assumed the robe of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is the youngest member of that high tribunal. He was fifty-three years of age a few days ago. His colleague from Massachusetts, Mr. Justice Holmes, has just passed the sixty-fifth milestone, and before his appointment to his present position had served twenty years on the supreme bench of Massachusetts. Justice Moody has had no judicial experience, and in this respect shares with Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan the honor of appointment to the highest court without the usual intermediary experience. The oldest member of the court is the chief justice, who will be seventy-four in February. Justice Harlan is a close second, as he will attain to his seventy-fourth year in June next. Justice Day is fifty-seven, Justice White sixty-one, Justice Brewer sixty-nine, Justice Peckham sixty-eight, and Justice McKenna sixty-three.

A special dispatch from Washington to the *New York World* declares that the Interstate Commerce Commission has been directed by the President to investigate most vigorously the Harriman merger of the Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, and Union and Southern Pacific railroads, and that the Administration is determined to bring about a dissolution of the combination. The cause of this sudden hostility is said to be some frank criticism of President Roosevelt by Mr. Harriman. During the late Congressional campaign Harriman was not even lukewarm in his support of the Republican ticket, and he supported the Hearst ticket in New York. Mr. Harriman, who is by no means an admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, not only declined to contribute to the Republican Congressional campaign fund but he went to a member of the Republican Congressional Committee and told that official exactly what he thought of President Roosevelt. This opinion was anything but complimentary. In general Harriman stated that Roosevelt was a firebrand, that he was irresponsible and that his administration of the office of President had been responsible for much trouble experienced by the business world.

It is said that there is only one member of the present Cabinet who easily lives within his salary—Secretary James Wilson of the department of agriculture. Mr. Wilson is not only a man of simple tastes, but what is of vastly more consequence in Washington, he has no family to take care of. He lives in bachelor apartments, and his daughter is abroad studying. He gives a dinner once a year to the President, and that is the extent of his entertaining. Secretary Shaw, the other Cabinet officer from Iowa, manages to squeeze along on \$18,000 a year, but he is compelled to rent a large house and to entertain extensively. He has a wife and two grown daughters. Secretary Root expends at least \$40,000 a year for the privilege of being a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet, and on particular years the amount has gone up to \$50,000. His is the most expensive cabinet position, because of the social attention which he is expected to pay to the diplomatic corps. Secretary Taft is not a rich man, and he tries hard to live on his \$8,000 a year. His smallest annual bill thus far is said to have been \$15,000. Postmaster-General Cortelyou, in spite of all he can do, expends the whole of his Cabinet salary. Attorney-General Moody, now a justice of the supreme court, is a wealthy bachelor, and has always entertained lavishly, and his total outgo in Washington has averaged \$20,000 a year. Mr. Bonaparte of Maryland is a wealthy man, and is compelled to expend a large sum each year for entertaining. The amount is around \$20,000.

In a letter to a correspondent residing in Nashville, Tenn., Secretary Shaw repudiates the suggestion that the United States Treasury ever has come to the relief of stock gamblers. "When times are good people will speculate in anything and everything that possesses a market value," says Secretary Shaw. "The proportion of speculation as compared with necessary and legitimate business is very small, however, and is probably no larger in New York than in Nashville, Tenn., where you reside, or in

Denison, Iowa, where I live. The best estimates I can get place the amount of speculative transactions in New York city at from 2½ to 5 per cent of the aggregate. The treasury has never come to the relief of stock gamblers and probably never will, though the relief which the treasury grants frequently aids those who gamble on the bull side of the stock market and the bull side of the wheat market, the cotton market, the corn market, and every other market, but it is equally harmful to those who gamble on the bear side of these respective markets. Both bulls and bears importune the secretary of the treasury, but the nature of the advice usually indicates the side of the market on which they are operating. Naturally these communications have no influence whatever."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Shepherd's Wife's Song.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown;
And then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier, too,
For kings hethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
And then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as hitherto to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither, too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
When shepherds dread no poison in their cup;
And then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder, too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill;
And then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

—Robert Greene, 1590.

Nature's Lesson.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson, which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose—
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting!
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail when man is gone.

—Matthew Arnold.

The Deserted Claim.

Up where the snow shines pure and white
On the peaks that point to the summer sky,
Up in the gulch by the evening light
I saw, as we traveled slowly by,
A claim deserted and left alone,
A shaft sunk in the mountain side,
A roofless cabin, of logs rough hewn,
Where some one had labored till hope had died.

And later on, when our camp was made,
And the white tents pitched for another night,
While the pine trees weirdly tossed and swayed
In the cheery glow of our camp firelight,
When merry voices rang on the air,
And smiling faces flashed in and out—
I thought of that cabin rude and bare,
Of its owner, who labored in hope and doubt.

He had come, perhaps, from some eastern home,
For speedy wealth, to this western clime,
And homelick and weary, and all alone,
He had faithfully toiled for some friendly sign,
Cold means the wind through the canyon deep,
And the coyote cries the night hours drear;
There are unknown footsteps that softly creep,
And the voice of the burro is kindly cheer.

Still he dreamed as others had done before—
As others shall do in the days to come—
Of finding wealth in unbounded store,
And joyfully bearing his treasure home;
But fortune is chary when all is told—
Her smiles are the hardest on earth to gain,
And where one is favored with shining gold
A thousand others may toil in vain.

Thus I sit and muse in the camp-fire glow,
While the welcome evening meal is spread,
And the sound of the river comes soft and low;
And the stars shine brilliantly overhead;
For my heart is saddened day by day
We pass in sunshine or dripping rain,
That frequent road-mark upon our way,
A deserted, desolate mining claim.

—Denver Republican.

Representative-elect Peter A. Porter, of Geneseo, New York, is in the peculiar position of a man without a party. He wants to be classed as a Republican, but the Republicans say they will not have him. He has himself repudiated the Democrats and the chances are that he will find himself a man without a party, and will not be permitted to caucus with either of the two old parties. Mr. Porter was nominated by a Democratic convention and got himself indorsed by the Independence League and circulated a petition nominating himself as Independent.

THE COWARD.

A Study in Psychology.

In society they used to speak of him as "that handsome Signolles." His title was Viscount Gontran, Joseph de Signolles.

Orphan and master of a large fortune, he made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world. He had a fine appearance, a good deportment, a facility of speech sufficient to gain him the reputation of a wit, some natural grace, an air of noble reserve, a brave mustache, and soft eyes—just what women admire.

He was in demand at receptions, a desirable partner in a waltz, and he inspired men with that sort of confidence enjoyed by men who possess energetic faces. He lived happily, quietly, in the most absolute good moral standing. It was known that he was a good swordsman and a better shot.

"When I have to fight," he would say, "I choose pistols. With that weapon I am sure of killing my man."

Now, one evening, after having accompanied to the opera two young married ladies, of his acquaintance, with their husbands, he invited the whole party after the performance to take some supper at Tortoni's. They had been there only a few moments, when he observed that a gentleman seated at a neighboring table was staring steadily at one of the ladies in the party. She seemed to feel annoyed, embarrassed, and kept her head down. At last she said to her husband:

"There is a man who keeps staring at me. I don't know him at all—do you?"

The husband who had not noticed anything, turned to look, and replied:

"No; I don't know him at all."

The young woman continued half-smiling, half-angry:

"It is very annoying. That man spoils my supper."

The husband shrugged his shoulders:

"Nonsense; pay no attention to him. If we had to worry ourselves about all the insolent people we meet, there would never be an end of it."

But the viscount had suddenly risen. He could not permit that individual to destroy the enjoyment which he had offered. The insult was to him—inasmuch as it was through his invitation the party had entered the café; therefore the affair concerned no one but him.

He approached the man, and said to him:

"Sir, you are staring at those ladies in a manner which I cannot tolerate. Will you be good enough to cease this staring at once?"

The other replied:

"You keep your mouth shut, will you?"

The viscount, setting his teeth, exclaimed:

"Take care, sir! You may compel me to violate politeness."

The stranger uttered only one word—one filthy word, that resounded from one end of the café to the other, and made every one in the house start as if they had been set in motion by a spring. All who had their backs turned, looked around; all the rest raised their heads; three waiters simultaneously whirled upon their heels like so many tops; the two women behind the counter started and twisted themselves completely about, as if they were two puppets pulled by one string.

There was a great silence. Then a sudden dry sound clacked in the air. The viscount had slapped his adversary's face. Everybody jumped up to interfere. Cards were exchanged.

After the viscount returned home that night he began to walk up and down his room with great, quick strides. He was too much excited to think about anything. One solitary idea kept hovering in his mind—a duel—although the idea itself had not yet awakened any special emotion. He had just done what he ought to have done; he had behaved as he ought to have behaved. He would be spoken of, would be approved, and would be congratulated. He repeated aloud:

"What a vulgar brute the fellow is!"

Then he sat down and began to think. He would have to procure seconds in the morning. Whom would he choose? He thought of all the most celebrated and most dignified men of his acquaintance. Finally he selected the Marquis de la Tour Noire and Colonel Bourdin; a great nobleman and a great soldier—that would be just the thing. Their names would have weight in the newspapers. He suddenly discovered that he was thirsty, and he drank three glasses of water, one after another; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt full of energy. He showed himself to be plucky, ready for anything and everything, and by insisting upon rigorous and dangerous conditions—by demanding a serious, very serious, terrible duel—his adversary would be probably scared and make apologies.

He took up the man's card, which he had drawn out of his pocket as he entered and had flung on the table, and he read it over again, as he had already read it in the café with a glance, and as he had also read it in the carriage by every passing gaslight. "GEORGE LAMIL, 51 Rue Moncey." Nothing more.

He examined the letters of this name, which seemed to him mysterious—full of vague significance. George Lamil. Who was the fellow? What did he do? What did he stare at the women in that way for? Wasn't it disgusting to think that a stranger, a man that nobody knew anything about, could worry a man's life in that way, just by taking a notion to fix his eyes insolently upon a woman's face? And the viscount repeated again aloud:

"What a vulgar brute the fellow is!"

Then he remained standing motionless, thinking, keeping his eyes still fixed upon the card. A rage arose within

him against that bit of paper—a fury of hate mingled with a strange sense of uneasiness. It was a stupid mess, all this affair! He seized an open pen knife lying beside him and jabbed it into the middle of the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he would have to fight! Should he use swords or pistols? For he considered himself to be the party insulted. With swords he would run less risk; but by choosing pistols, he might be able to frighten his adversary into withdrawing the challenge. It is very seldom that a duel with swords is fatal, as a reciprocal prudence generally prevents the combatants from fencing at such close quarters that the blades can inflict a very deep thrust. With pistols his life would be seriously endangered; but again, he might be able to extricate himself from the difficulty with honor, and yet without an actual meeting. He exclaimed:

"I must be firm. He will show the white feather."

The sound of his own voice made him start, and he looked around him. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, and began to undress in order to go to bed.

As soon as he got into bed, he blew out the light and closed his eyes.

He thought: "I have the whole day tomorrow to arrange my affairs. The best thing I can do is to take a good sleep to settle my nerves."

He felt very warm between the sheets; and still he could not sleep. He turned over and over—remained for five minutes on his back—then for five minutes on his right side—then he rolled over on his left side. He felt thirsty again. He got up for a drink. Then a new anxiety came over him.

"Is it possible that I could be afraid?"

Why did his heart start to beating so wildly at the least little familiar noise in his room? When the clock was about to strike, the click of the little spring rising up caused him a violent start, and he felt such a weight at his heart for several minutes that he had to open his mouth in order to breathe. He began to reason with himself on the possibility of the thing:

"Am I really afraid?"

No, certainly; how could he be afraid since he was firmly resolved to carry out the affair to the very end—since he was fully decided to fight, and not to tremble? But he felt so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he kept asking himself:

"Can a man become afraid in spite of himself?"

And this doubt, this suspicion, this terror grew upon him. Suppose that a force more powerful than his will, an irresistible and mastering force should overpower him, what would happen? Of course he would appear on the ground, as he had made up his mind to do so. Yes; but what would happen? What if he should be afraid? What if he should faint? And he began to think of his position, of his reputation, of his name.

And a strange desire suddenly seized him to get up and look at himself in the glass. He relit his candle. When he saw his visage reflected in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; and it seemed as if he had never seen himself before. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale—certainly he was pale, very pale indeed. He stood there in front of the mirror. He put out his tongue, as if to certify the state of his health; and all at once this thought shot through him like a bullet:

"The day after tomorrow, at this very hour, perhaps, I shall be dead!"

And his heart began to thump again furiously.

"The day after tomorrow I shall, perhaps, be dead. This person here before me—this 'I' that I see in the glass—will be no more. What! Here I am; I look at myself; I feel that I live; and in twenty-four hours I will be lying in that bed dead; with eyes closed, cold, inanimate, gone from the world of the living."

He turned to look at the bed; and he distinctly saw himself lying there, under the very same covers he had just left. His face had the hollowness of a dead face, his hands had the limpness of hands that will never move again. Then he became afraid of his bed, and, in order to escape it, he went into his smoking-room. He took a cigar, mechanically lighted it, and began to walk up and down again. He felt cold. He started to ring the bell, in order to wake up the valet-de-chambre; but stopped suddenly, even while his hand was raised to grasp the bell-cord.

"The servant would see that I am afraid." And he did not ring. He made the fire himself. His hands shook a little, with nervous tremblings, whenever they touched anything. His mind wandered; his thoughts began to fly in confusion, brusque, painful. A sort of drunkenness came upon him, as if he had been swallowing liquor. And over and over again he kept asking himself:

"What shall I do? What is going to become of me?"

His whole body shuddered with spasmodic quiverings. He rose, and going to the window, drew aside the curtains.

The dawn was breaking—a summer dawn. The rosy sky made rosy the city, the roofs, and the walls. A great glow of soft light enveloped the awakening city, like the caress of the sunrise; and with its coming there passed into the viscount's heart a ray of hope—merry, quick, brutal! What a fool he was to have allowed himself to be worried by fear before anything at all had been decided; before his seconds had seen those of George Lamil; before he so much as knew whether he would have to fight at all. He made his toilet, dressed, and walked out with a firm step.

As he went along, he kept repeating to himself:

"I must be energetic—very energetic. I must prove that I am not a bit afraid."

His witnesses, the marquis and colonel, put themselves at his disposal; and, after a hearty shake-hands, they began to discuss the conditions.

The colonel asked:

"Do you insist upon a serious duel?"

The viscount replied:

"Very serious."

The marquis asked:

"You wish pistols?"

"Yes."

Well, we leave you free to regulate the rest."

The viscount articulated in a dry, jerky voice:

Twenty paces—to fire at the word—to fire on the rise, instead of the fall; balls to be exchanged until one or the other be seriously wounded."

The colonel exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction:

"These are excellent conditions. You shoot well, and all the chances are in your favor."

And they departed on their errand. The viscount returned home to wait for their return. His excitement, temporarily appeased, now began to increase every minute. He felt all along his legs and arms, in his chest, a sort of sinking—a continual quivering; he found himself utterly unable to remain quiet in any one place, whether sitting or standing. His mouth felt dry, as if wholly devoid of saliva, and he clacked his tongue loudly every once in a while, as if trying to unfasten it from the palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then the idea came to him to take a drink, in order to give himself courage; and he ordered a decanter of brandy brought in, from which he helped himself to six small glasses, one after the other.

A heat, as of a burn, passed through him, followed almost immediately by a sort of mental numbness. He thought: "Here's the remedy. Now I am all right."

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the decanter, and his excitement became intolerable. He felt a mad wish to roll upon the floor, to scream, to bite. Evening came. A sudden pull at the door-bell gave him such a sense of suffocation that he could not find strength to rise and receive his seconds. He did not even dare speak to them not even to say "Good evening," or anything else—through fear that they might discover everything from the alteration of the voice.

The colonel said:

"Everything has been arranged according to the conditions you stipulated. Your adversary at first claimed, as the insulted party, his right to the choice of weapons, but he almost immediately waived his claim, and accepted everything as you wished it. His seconds are two military men."

The viscount said:

"Thanks."

The marquis exclaimed:

"You must excuse us for only coming and going out again, but we have still a thousand things to do. We must secure a good surgeon, since the duel is to end only on the serious wounding of one of the principals—and you know bullets are not things to joke with. Then we must settle upon a good place—near some house or other, to which we can carry the wounded party if necessary—and all that sort of thing. In short we've got two or three hours' work before us."

The viscount a second time articulated:

"Thanks."

The colonel asked:

"Well, you feel all right? you are cool?"

"Yes; very cool, thank you."

The two men retired.

When he found himself all alone again he felt as if he were going mad. When his servant had lighted the lamps he sat down at a table to write some letters. After having traced, at the head of a blank sheet of note-paper, the words: "This is my last will and testament," he rose to his feet with a sudden start and walked away, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together, of making any resolution, or deciding about anything whatsoever.

So he was going to fight. There was no getting out of it now. What was the matter with him? He wished to fight; he had the firm intention of fighting; he had resolved upon it; and nevertheless he clearly felt, in spite of his utmost determination, in spite of the utmost tension of his will, that he could not possibly find the force necessary to enable him to go as far as the place of meeting. He tried to picture the scene in his mind—his own attitude and the deportment of his adversary.

From time to time his teeth chattered with a little dry noise. He wanted to read, and took up Chateaufort's "Code du Duel." Then he asked himself:

"Does my adversary frequent the shooting-galleries? Is he known? Is his name published anywhere? How can I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on the expert pistol shots; and he went through it, from one end to the other. George Lamil's name was not mentioned in it. But still, if the man was not a good shot, he would never have been so prompt to accept a duel under such fatal conditions, with so dangerous a weapon.

As he walked up and down, he stopped before the little round table, on which lay one of Gastinne Renette's well-known pistol-cases. He took out one of the pistols, placed himself in the position of a man about to fire, and raised his arm. But he trembled from head to foot, so that the barrel of the pistol quivered and pointed in all directions.

Then he said to himself:

"It is simply impossible. I shall never be able to fight as I am now."

He looked down the muzzle of the barrel, into the little, deep, black hole which spits out death. He thought

of the dishonor, of whisperings in the salons, of laughter at the clubs, of the contempt that women can show, of allusions in the newspapers, of the open insults he would receive.

Still he stared at the weapon, and, pulling back the hammer, he suddenly observed a cap shining under it, like a tiny red flame. The pistol had remained loaded by some chance, some forgetfulness. And the discovery filled him with a confused and inexplicable joy.

If he could not maintain before the other man the cool and dignified deportment which behooved him, then he would be ruined forever. He would be stained, branded with the stamp of infamy—driven out of society! And that calm, fearless attitude he would not be able to have; he knew it; he felt certain of it. Yet he was brave enough, since he wanted to fight! He was brave, since— But the half-shaped thought never completed itself in his mind; for, suddenly opening his mouth as wide as he could, he thrust the muzzle of the pistol in, back to his very throat, and pulled the trigger.

When the valet-de-chambre—startled by the report of the pistol—ran in, he found his master lying on his back dead. A gush of blood had spattered over the white paper on the table and formed a great red blot immediately underneath the words:

"This is my last will and testament."—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

The North Wind's Mustering.

From the dark of the Boreal seas,
From the midnight morn of the pole,
To the sands of your Southland leas,
Where sweltering cities roll;
From the still of the Caves of the Cold,
To the resonant marches of men,
By the wind that runs, I summon my sons
To the arms of the North again.
To the ships of the scurrying main,
Where the stern-wheels southward thrum,
To the lands of the Sun and the Rain,
On the wings of the dark I come;
And never thy Love, nor the lure
Of thy Fame shall make thee free,
For a sail or a soul, at my rallying roll,
Must turn to the North with me.

Ye have fathomed the fines of the East
And the reach of the West ye know,
And the wilds of the Earth, as the beast,
Ye have tamed to the whip and the hoe.
But the breath of my pitiless plains
Ye have faced—Ye have failed of the goal;
And the drums of the North, they shall summon
ye forth,
Till ye win to the prize of the Pole!

—Chester Firkins.

The acousticon is the invention of K. N. Turner, of New York. It is a black disk resembling the ear-piece of a telephone and about as big around as a tomato can. The instrument is much more sensitive than the telephone and records and multiplies every sound. The sound is delivered through an ear-piece something like a telephone ear-piece. If wished, the acousticon will spout out the conversation through a horn in a tone clearly audible in a large room; by simply turning a switch the sound is muffled so that it can only be heard through the ear-piece. Elliot Woods, the architect of the Capitol, at Washington, will install an acousticon in the House of Representatives and connect it with the new office building more than a block distant. By this means members will be able to sit in their offices in the new building and hear all the debates in the House.

On the isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the country through which runs the new railroad from Salina Cruz on the Pacific to Coatzacoalcas on the Gulf of Mexico, the rapid growth of vegetation is said to be one of the most serious problems in the maintenance of the road. The engineers found, in fact, that the tropical vegetation grew faster than the force of men at their disposal could cut it down. After a number of experiments it was found that boiling water was most effective in eradicating this too-willing vegetation, and now, just as the roadbeds of northern roads are sprinkled with oil to lay the dust, the line of the Tehuantepec road is liberally scalded at frequent intervals to keep cocoanut groves and sugar plantations from springing up over night between the ties and blockading the road.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Amschel Moses Rothschild, kept a coin store at 152 Judengasse—or Jewish quarter—Frankfort-on-the-Main. Before this shop was displayed a red shield (hence the name—Rothschild). Amschel dealt also in curiosities, art goods, and old gold and silver. His son, Mayer Amschel, was born in 1743, and died in 1812. He, like his father, continued in the coin business. In the course of his coin business he met a collector, the court banker to the Landgrave of Hesse. This banker was so impressed by Mayer's business ability that he loaned him money for investment, and it was in this way that the great banking firm of Rothschild was established.

Paris "hello girls" and female clerks in the postal service now have a fine new hotel of their own, where they may live cheaply in comfort and in artistic surroundings. The hotel, which has been built by private philanthropy at a cost of \$163,000 under the patronage of the postmaster-general, has 117 bedrooms, prettily furnished, a big bright restaurant, a library, recreation rooms and work rooms. The restaurant, where wonderfully cheap meals can be had, is open to all women.

SIR HENRY DURAND'S FAREWELL.

Social Difficulties of the British Ambassador—Holiday Entertainments at the National Capitol.

There was almost a pathetic show of regrets and best wishes, and all that sort of thing, at the leave-taking of the recalled British ambassador and his family last Saturday morning, but there was more than one sigh of relief when all was over. In spite of the polite expressions of sorrow at the parting, it was certain that the Cabinet officers, and the diplomatists as well, were not inconsolable, though they had established a new precedent by their appearance at the Pennsylvania station. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, Lady Durand, Miss Durand, and Captain Durand of the Lancers, made up the party that said good-bye to the National Capitol, and they, too, were not sorry to get away. It has not been an enlivening experience for them, and one is half-disposed to sympathize, though not to the point of restraining their departure. Some have said that the effusive deputation which attended them at the train wished to have the courtesy considered a covert reflection on Lady Susan Townley, whose ridicule of many in the diplomatic and senatorial circles has been widely circulated, but more importance has been given to that aristocratic and absurdly critical lady's remarks than their influence warranted. More than that, Lady Susan is far away and not sufficiently interested in the field she left with joy to cast a backward glance.

Now that Sir Henry and his estimable lady have gone, and the coming ambassador has been chosen, it may as well be said that Lady Susan Townley was an amused and sometime irritated witness of their peculiarities, but that she made serious efforts to dislodge the worthy pair is hardly to be believed. Both Sir Henry and Lady Durand were rigidly formal and scarcely tactful. The ambassador could never unbend to be hail-fellow well met with anybody, least of all with the head of a government to which he was accredited. It undoubtedly disturbed him to see the German and French ambassadors on intimate friendly terms with the President, and he could neither understand it nor appreciate it. Now, Mr. Roosevelt and Count Speck von Sternburg have been friends since the days when the former was Civil Service Commissioner and the latter an underling in the German embassy. M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, is at one with the President on athletic sports, is a fine tennis player, and, above all, is interested in literature, which is a broad facet of Mr. Roosevelt's tastes. The British ambassador did his work well and with dignity. He may have wished for a more friendly intimacy, but it is not possible to imagine that he would have enjoyed it had it been within his reach. Lady Durand was even more inept. One of her earliest mistakes was noticeable aversion for the Countess Cassini, daughter of the late Russian ambassador and a close friend of Miss Alice Roosevelt. Lady Durand would not permit her daughter to attend functions where the countess was invited, and this, of course, seemed to reflect on the choice of friends made by the daughter of the President. There were other social complications, and all of these were remarked before Lady Susan Townley came upon the scene. And the final result is that Sir Henry, who has served his country thirty-three years as diplomatist, is now about to retire permanently.

Mr. Walter Beaupré Townley, the husband of Lady Susan, was councillor to the British embassy, and came here in June, 1905. He remained a little more than a year, went away on leave, and was subsequently detached. He had seen diplomatic service in many capitals, and, indeed, was at Teheran with Sir Henry some years ago. His wife, Lady Susan, is the daughter of the late seventh Earl of Albemarle and sister of the present earl. Her family has many distinguished members, and the name, Keppel, is well known even to Americans. Lady Susan was a bright figure in social affairs during her stay, and if she displayed annoyance at being preceded at state functions by the wife of her husband's superior, the ambassador, who, as she said, "was a country curate's daughter," she was equally candid and outspoken on all occasions where American conventions or the lack of them impressed her.

To turn from closed incidents to living topics, the dinner to be given tomorrow by President Roosevelt to Honorable Joseph Cannon is closely connected with that question of precedence. It has never been pleasing for the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the real second in power in the republic, to be preceded by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at state functions at the White House, and at this dinner "Uncle Joe" will be the guest of honor. There is something amusing in the idea that pride of rank should stir the bosom of any good American in this democracy of ours, but the question of precedence is held to be an important one, nevertheless. Just how we walk out to dinner has come to be a momentous concern.

For the holiday entertaining the White House was wonderfully furnished and changed. The Blue Room and the Red Room have new hangings and furniture, and while the one glows like a ruby, the light striking through crimson curtains on the velvet walls and brocade of the fittings, all of one shade, the other is new and deeply, darkly, beautifully azure, but not the light cerulean tint of former days. There is no handsomer room than the Red Room anywhere, and the great circular Blue Room, in its fresh but more solid tinting, is still impressive. Great fires of wood burn in the fireplaces, for Mr. Roosevelt has no admiration for gas-logs and blue flames.

Prominent among the Christmas festivities was the golden wedding of Justice and Mrs. Harlan, a brilliant affair and notable for the distinguished appearance of the happy pair as well as for the social distinction of those

who offered congratulations. Mrs. Harlan, who was Miss Melvina Shanklin, a belle of Evansville, Indiana, fifty years ago, when she was won by the young Kentuckian, preserves her classic beauty, and with her bride's bouquet of fifty golden roses made a charming picture.

Vice-President Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks are giving many dinners, and Mrs. Timmons, their daughter, an accomplished and graceful young woman, is an efficient aid to her mother.

It is now said that the Bellamy Storers are not to come to the capital this winter. The French ambassador occupies their fine house, but it was rumored that they would take an even more imposing mansion and form a social circle of their own. The gossips saw an interesting complication in this, entangling Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, as Mrs. Storer is Congressman Longworth's aunt. It was predicted that there would be two factions in society, a Roosevelt circle and a Storer circle, with the President's daughter showing her inherited independence by joining the new opposing force. But it is not to be. Mr. Roosevelt is giving more attention to society now, carrying out his intention as declared to Mr. Shonts a short time ago.

ROSBROGH.

Washington, Jan. 3, 1907.

The narrow escape of a liner from destruction by a meteor is related by Captain Anderson, of the *African Prince*, one of the vessels of the Prince Line. The *London Daily Chronicle* quotes his report. Writing to his principals, he says: "On the evening of October 17, I was on the bridge with the second officer, when suddenly the dark night was as light as day, and an immense meteor shot, comparatively slowly at first, because the direction was so very perpendicular to our position, then more rapidly, towards the earth. Its train of light was an immense broad electric-colored band, gradually turning to orange and then to the color of molten metal. When the meteor came into the denser atmosphere close to the earth it appeared, as nearly as it is possible to describe it, like a molten mass of metal being poured out. It entered the water with a hissing noise close to the ship, and the consequence, had it struck our ship, would have been total annihilation without doubt and not a soul left to tell the story of another mysterious loss of a vessel in every way fitted to undertake the voyage. I am of opinion that some such cause must be attributed to losses so mysterious that neither seamanship, engineering, nor ordinary theory can explain them."

East St. Louis now has the biggest steam whistle in the world. It is a remarkable triple machine with three voices—a three-chime whistler, whose capacity for the annihilation of peace is extraordinary. This whistle blows a ten-mile blast at 114 steam and with favorable wind has a disturbing power of twenty miles. It costs a dollar every time it is blown. But this great whistle is not all noise. It is an idea in economy, a whistle trust, a new combine. Almost all the little noises, yelps, toots and whines of smaller mechanical throats in East St. Louis are now dumb. The giant whistle trust whistles for them. The independent whistles have to whistle off time to be heard. More than 100,000 people will hear the whistle and time themselves by its automatic exactness.

Most people who find mastery of one language a fairly difficult job will be interested to read of the death recently of Prof. Carl Abel, for years, until he became *non persona grata* with Bismarck, the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*. Prof. Abel did not know himself how many languages he knew and spoke. He acknowledged to fifty-two English, German, Latin, Slavic, Swedish and oriental languages, but these languages have endless dialects, and he seemed to know them all. His familiarity with Coptic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek and Latin roots made it an easy task to master a new language over night. With the exception of one Jesuit, Herr Abel was probably the greatest linguist that ever lived.

The great scheme of underground railways for London mapped out by Charles T. Yerkes five or six years ago will be an accomplished fact within twelve months. Two of the three tube railways which were under construction at the time of Mr. Yerkes's death have been completed under the direction of Sir Edgar Speyer, and by this time next year another will be in operation, and then the Electric Railways Company of London will have finished the constructive work. Then it will be possible to travel quickly and comfortably in underground trains from almost any part of London to almost any other point without coming to the surface.

When the new State of Oklahoma is admitted into the United States next May it is estimated that it will have 6,000 miles of railroad in operation. It has 3,000 miles now, and 3,000 miles more are expected to be completed by June 1, 1907. It is believed that no other State ever came into the Union with such extensive transportation facilities.

The ever-increasing dimensions of war vessels has led the German government to conclude to widen the Kiel canal from sixty feet to 130 feet, and the width at the surface from 130 feet to 350 feet. The proposed improvements, it is estimated, will cost nearly \$50,000,000.

George Hemingway, a "steeple-jack," 66 years old, fixed the lines of electric light wires about the top of William Penn's statue in Philadelphia, 347 feet above the street level, on the day before the New Year's celebration.

MAKING OF THE FIRST CHIEF.

Earliest Tamer of Wolves, Inventor of the Bow, and Hunt Leader.

The accusation of Stanley Waterloo, author of "The Story of Ab," that Jack London, in his latest romance, "Before Adam," boldly plagiarized his story, has revived interest in Waterloo's remarkable tale of the time of the cave man. "The Story of Ab" is more than entertaining romance; it is a scientific study of the Age of Stone, and has been given the imprimatur of the Smithsonian Institution. At the opening of the tale we are introduced to our "very great grandfather Ab as a baby, laughing and cooing and kicking about in his bed of beech leaves:

He had no toys, and, being hungry, he began to yell. So far as can be learned from early data, babies, when hungry, have always yelled. And, of old, as today, when a baby yelled, the woman who had borne it was likely to appear at once upon the scene. Ab's mother came running lightly from the river bank toward where the youngster lay.

Her biceps were tremendous, as must necessarily be the case with a lady accustomed to swing from limb to limb along the treetops. Her thumb was nearly as long as her fingers, and the palms of her hands were hard. Her legs were like her arms in their degree of muscular development and hairy adornment. She had beautiful feet. It is to be admitted that her heels projected a trifle more than is counted the ideal thing at the present day, and that her big toe and all the other toes were very much in evidence, but there is not one woman in ten thousand now who could as handily pick up objects with her toes as could the mother of the baby Ab.

The woman made a dive into the little hollow and picked the babe from its nest of leaves and tossed him up lightly, and at once his crying ceased, and his little brown arms went round her neck, and he cooed and prattled in very much the same fashion as does a babe of the present time. As the woman tossed him aloft in her arms and cuddled his again there came a sound to her ears which made her leap like some wild creature of the forest up to a little vantage ground. She turned her head, and then—you should have seen the woman!

Very nearly above them swung down one of the branches of a great beech tree. The mother threw the child into the hollow of her left arm, and leaped upward a yard to catch the branch with her right hand. So she hung dangling. Then, instantly, holding him firmly by one arm in her left hand, she lowered the child between her legs and clasped them about him closely. And then, had it been your fortune to be born in those times, you might have seen some climbing. With both her strong arms free, this vigorous matron ran up the stout beech limb which depended downward from the great bole of the tree until she was twenty feet above the ground, and then, lifting herself into a comfortable place, in a moment was sitting there at ease, her legs and one arm coiled about the big branch and a smaller upstanding one, while the other arm held the brown babe close to her bosom.

This charming lady of the period had reached her perch in the beech tree top none too soon. Even as she swung herself into place upon the huge bough, there came rushing across the space beneath, snarling, smelling, and seeking, a brute as foul and dangerous as could be imagined for mother and son upon the ground. It was of a dirty dun color, mottled and striped with a lighter but still dingy hue. It had a black, hoggish nose, but there were fangs in its great jaws. It resembled a huge wolf, save as to its massiveness and club countenance. It was one of the monster hyenas of the time.

The beast scented immediately the prey above him and leaped upward ferociously and vainly. Was the woman thus beset thus holding herself aloft and with her child upon one arm in a state of sickening anxiety? Hardly! She but encircled the supporting branch the closer, and laughed aloud. She even poked one bare foot down at the leaping beast, and waved her leg in provocation. At the same time there was no doubt that she was beset. Furthermore, she was hungry, and she raised her voice, and sent out through the forest a strange call, a quavering minor wail, but something to be heard at a great distance. There was prompt reply; the voice seemed suddenly higher in the air and then came, swinging easily from branch to branch along the treetops, the father of Ab, a person who felt a natural and aggressive interest in what was going on.

The father, "a strong, hairy, heavy-jawed man," with arms as mighty as those of a gorilla, crushed the skull of the beast with a huge stone ax, and the incident was

Ab grew up to be a long-limbed, deep-chested boy, and was guarded devotedly and fed generously by One-Ear, his father, and Red-Spot, his mother, until he was able to hold his own against the wild creatures of the period. Ab it was, with his chum, Oak, who first domesticated the wolf:

It was a great night in the cave when Ab brought home two fluffy gray bundles not much larger than kittens and tied them in a corner with thongs of sinew, sinew so tough and stringy that it could not easily be severed by the sharp teeth which were at once applied to it. The fluffy gray bundles were two young wolves, and were, for Ab, a great possession. They were not even brother and sister, these cubs, and had been gallantly captured by the two courageous rangers, Ab and Oak.

Even the father and mother became interested in the antics of the young children and young wolves, and the cubs became acknowledged, if not particularly respected, members of the family. But Ab's dream was too much for sudden realization. Not all at once could the wild thing become a tame one. As the cubs grew and their teeth became longer and sharper, there was an occasional conflict and the arms of Bark and Beechleaf, the younger children, were scarred in consequence, until at last Ab, though he protested hardly, was compelled to give up his pets. Somehow, he was not in the mood for killing the half-grown beasts, so he simply turned them loose, but they did not, as he had thought they would, flee to the forest. Thenceforth they hung about the cave and retained, practically, their place in the family, oddly enough showing particular animosity to those of their own kind who ventured near the place. One day, the female was found in the cave's rear with four little whelps lying beside her, and that settled it! The family petted the young animals and they grew up tamer and more obedient than had been their father and mother. Protected by man, they were unlikely to revert to wildness. Members of the pack which grew from them were, in time, bestowed as valued gifts among the cave men of the region and much came of it. The two boys did a greater day's work than they could comprehend when they raided the dens by the river's side.

One day Beechleaf, Ab's younger brother, was playing with a string of sinew and a stiff length of twig. He accidentally made a bow, and, picking up a slender pencil of wood, found that he could make the sliver fly quite a distance:

Ab learned that force of the bent twig would throw the sliver farther than he could toss it with his hand, and he wondered what would follow were something like this plaything to be made and tried on a greater scale. "I'll make one like it, only larger," he said to himself.

The next day Ab hacked from a low-limbed tree a branch as thick as his finger and about a yard in length, and, first trimming it, bent it as Bark had bent the twig and tied a strong sinew cord across. It was not a discreditable one, considering the fact that it was the first ever made, though one end was smaller than the other, and it was rough of outline. Then Ab cut a straight willow twig, as long nearly as the bow, and began repeating the experiments of the day before. Never was man more astonished than this youth after he had drawn the twig back nearly to its head and let it go!

So, drawn by a strong arm, the shaft when released, flew faster and farther than the maker of what he thought of chiefly as a thing of sport, had imagined could be possible. He had long to search for the headless arrow, and when he found it he went away to where were bare open stretches, that he might see always where it fell. Once, as he sent it from the string, it struck fairly against an oak and, pointless as it was, forced itself deeply into the hard, brown bark and hung there quavering. Then came to the youth a flash of thought which had its effect upon the ages: "What if there had been a point to the flying thing and it had struck a reindeer or any of the hunted animals?"

With the assistance of Old Mok, a crippled worker in stone, a better bow was made, and Ab experimented with the new weapon on a herd of deer:

The deer were just beyond a spear's cast from the watcher, but this was a test, not of the spear, but of the bow, and the most inexperienced of archers, shooting from where Ab was hidden, must strike some one of the beasts in that broad herd. Ab sprang to his feet and drew his arrow to the head. The deer gathered for a second in affright, crowding each other before the wild bursting away together, and then the bowstring twanged, and the arrow sang hungrily, and there was the swift thud of hundreds of light feet, and the little glade was almost silent. It was not quite silent, for, floundering in its death struggles, was a single deer, through which had passed an arrow so fiercely driven that its flint head

projected from the side opposite that which it had entered.

Half wild with triumph was the youth who bore home the arrow-stricken quarry, and not much more elated was he than Old Mok, who heard the story of the hunt, and who recognized, at once far more clearly than the younger one, the quality of the new weapon which had been discovered; the thing destined to become the greatest implement both of chase and warfare for thousands of years to come, and which was to be gradually improved, even by these two, until it became more to them than they could yet understand. But the lips of the two makers of the bow were sealed for the time. Ab and Old Mok cherished together their mighty secret.

When the news was shouted from cave to cave that a drove of mammoths were approaching the woods, Ab joined in the hunt. But these immense animals could be killed only by tormenting them with fire and driving them over precipices. A huge bull was singled out for destruction by the hunting party:

The mammoth rushed out clear of the trees and stood looming up, a magnificent creature of unrivaled size and majesty. His huge tusks shone out whitely against the mountain of dark shaggy hair. His small eyes blazed viciously as he raised his trunk and trumpeted out what seemed either a hoarse call to his herd or a roar of agony over his strait. He seemed for a moment as if about to rush upon the dense line of his tormentors, but the flaming faggots, dashed almost in his face by the reckless and excited hunters, daunted him, and, as a spear lodged in his trunk, he turned with almost a shriek of pain and dashed into the grove again. Close at his heels bounded the hundred men, yelling like demons and forgetting all danger in the madness of the chase. Right through the grove the great beast crashed, and then half turned as he came to the open slope beyond. Running beside him was a daring youth trying in vain to pierce him in the belly with his flint-headed spear, and, as the mammoth came for the moment to a half halt, his keen eyes noted the pygmy, his great trunk shot downward and backward, picked up the man and hurled him yards away against the base of a great tree, the body as it struck being crushed out of all semblance to man and dropping to the earth a shapeless lump. But the fire behind and about the desperate mammoth seemed all one flame now, countless spears thrown with all the force of strong arms were piercing his tough hide, and out upon the slope toward the precipice the great beast plunged. Upon his very flanks was the fire and about him all the stinging danger from the half-crazed hunters. He lunged forward, slipped upon the smooth glacial floor beneath him, tried to turn again to meet his thronging foes and face the ring of flame, and then, wavering, floundering, moving wonderfully for a creature of his vast size, but uncertain as to foothold, he was driven to the very crest of the ledge, and, scrambling vainly, carrying away an avalanche of ice, snow, and shrubs, went crashing to his death, a hundred feet below!

At the Feast of the Mammoth that followed, Ab became enamored of Lightfoot, the buxom daughter of Hiltop. Following is a picture of the young lady in a playful mood:

The girl, all unconscious, was sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree which lay close beside a creek. There was an abundance of small pebbles upon the little strand, and the young lady was absent-mindedly engaged in an occupation in which, to the observer, she took some interest, while she, no doubt, was really thinking of something else. She sat there, slender, beautiful, merely amusing herself. Her toes were charming toes. There could be no debate on that point, for, while long and strong and flexible, they had a certain evenness and symmetry. They were being idly employed just now. At the creek's edge, half embedded in the ground, uprose the crest of a granite stone. Picking up pebble after pebble in her admirable toes, Lightfoot was engaged in throwing them, one after another, at the outstanding point of granite, utilizing in the performance only those toes and the brown leg below the knee. She did exceedingly well and hit the red-brown target often. Ab, hot-headed and fierce lover in the tree top, looked on admiringly. How perfect of form was she; how bright the face! and then, forgetting himself, he cried aloud and slid from the branch as easily and swiftly as any serpent and started running toward the girl. He must have her!

As the doe leaps, scarcely touching the ground, ran Lightfoot. As the wolf or hound runs, less swift for the moment, but tireless, ran the man behind her. Yet of all the men in the cave region, this flying girl wanted most this man to take her! It was the maidenly force-dreading instinct alone which made her run.

As the fleet Lightfoot raced through the forest, followed closely by Ab, a new pur-

suer entered the contest. It was Oak, who gained steadily, and finally came up to her:

A moment later Ab rushed in upon them with a shout. Instinctively Oak released the girl, for in the cry he heard that which meant menace and immediate danger. As Lightfoot felt herself free she stood for a moment or two without a movement, with wide-open eyes, looking upon what was happening before her. Then she bounded away, not looking backward as she ran.

The two men stood there glaring at each other. Oak perched, and yet not perched, so broad and perfect was his foothold, on the crest of a slight shelf of the downward slope. There stood the two men, poised the one above, the other below, two who had been as close together from childhood as all the attributes of mind and body might allow, and yet now as far apart as human beings may be. They were beautiful in a way, each in his murderous, unconscious posing for the leap. The sun hit the blue ax of Oak and made it look a gray. The raised ax of Ab, which was of a lighter colored stone, was in the shade and its yellowness was darkened into brown. The spectacle lasted but a second. As Oak leaped Ab bounded aside and they stood upon a level, a tiny plateau, and there was fierce, strong fencing. One could not note its methods; even the keen-eyed wolverine, crouching low upon an adjacent monster limb, could never have followed the swift movements of those stone axes. The dreadful play was brief. The clash of stone together ceased as there came a duller sound, which told that stone had bitten bone. Oak, slightly the higher of the two, as they stood thus in the fray, leaned forward suddenly, his arms aloft, while from his hand dropped the blue ax.

Ab won the fair Lightfoot, and took his bride to the Fire Valley, where volcanic flames perpetually shot forth, and where the wild creatures dared not follow. He was not satisfied with the rude cave of his ancestors, and set about preparing a new dwelling place:

At first the home of all in Fire Valley was in caves dug in the soft rock of the ledge; for, among those who came to the novel refuge there was, for a season, none who could sleep in the bright light from the never-waning flames. There came a time, though, when, in midsummer, Ab grumbled at the heat within his cave and he and Lightfoot built for themselves an outside refuge, made of a bark-covered "lean-to" of long branches propped against the rock. This was the first house made. The habitation proved so comfortable that others in the valley imitated it, and soon there was a hive of similar huts along the foot of the overhanging precipice. When the short, sharp winter came, all did not seek their caves again, but the huts were made warmer by the addition to their walls of bark and skins, and cave-dwelling in the valley was finally abandoned.

There came, also, as recruits young men, friends of the young men of the valley, and the band waxed and waned, for nothing could at once change the roving and independent habits of the cave men. But there came children to the mothers, and a fine group of youngsters played and straggled up and down the creek and fought valiantly together, as cave children should. The heads of families were friendly, though independent. Usually they lived each without any reference to any one else, but when a great hunt was on, or any emergency called, the band came together and fought, for the time, under Ab's tacitly admitted leadership. And the young men brought wives from the country round.

The area of improvement widened. Around the Fire Village the zone of safety spread. The roar of the great cave tiger was less often heard within miles of the flaming torches of the valley so inhabited. They grew into existence something almost like a system of traffic, for, from distant parts, hitherto unknown, came other cave men, bringing skins, or flints, or tusks for carving, which they were eager to exchange for the new weapon and for instruction in its uses. Ab was the first chieftain, the first to draw about him a clan of followers. The cave men were taking their first lesson in a slight, half-unconfessed obedience, that first essential of community life where there is yet no law, not even the unwritten law of custom.

Mr. Waterloo's story is the result of fifteen years' study and investigation of the life history of prehistoric times. Throughout the book he keeps close to the theories and established facts of scientific research. It is a remarkable piece of work.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The Spanish Government has simply acknowledged the receipt of the papal protest on the subject of the expulsion from France of Mgr. Montagnini and the seizure of the archives of the Nunciature at Paris.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

An American woman, Mrs. John Leslie, who was Leonie Blanche Jerome of New York, is unofficial adviser in fashion and dress of the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, to the former of whom she is lady in waiting.

At the recent annual dinner of the National Geographic Society, Commander Robert E. Peary was presented a gold medal for having reached "farthest north." President Roosevelt was the guest of honor and made the presentation.

Queen Victoria had twenty-one granddaughters, and of this number only four remain single. They are Princess Victoria of England, Princess Beatrice of Sax-Coburg, Princess Patricia of Connaught, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

The first salesroom for the blind under State auspices in this country was opened in Boston a short time ago. Miss Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who is one of those in charge, is enthusiastic over the undertaking. The salesroom displays a variety of articles, all of them made by the sightless.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago & Northwestern railway, have accepted President Roosevelt's offer to make them members of the board of trustees to whom he will convey the amount of the Nobel Peace Prize for the establishment of a board to settle industrial disputes. According to the President's plan, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor will be the other members.

For the purpose of studying American industrial and commercial methods, the Kaiser's fourth son, Prince Augustus Wilhelm, whose engagement has just been announced to Princess Alexandria Schleswig-Holstein, will visit the United States after his honeymoon next year. The Kaiser has planned the itinerary, and it is his desire that the prince study American methods. The prince is to travel incognito, accepting no official hospitality or entertainments. He is in delicate health and it is unlikely

that he will occupy in the future any important naval or military position. He will be the first Prussian prince to remain a civilian.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, now almost four score years of age, a grand-nephew of the Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, and who has been made a Count of the Order of St. Gregory by the Pope, is an authority on questions of Irish history, and has distinguished himself, during a long and honored life, in the field of literature and historical research.

It is asserted in St. Petersburg that the book written by General Kuropatkin on the Russo-Japanese war, which has just been published, has been confiscated by the authorities. General Kuropatkin's work is understood to discuss frankly the faults of the Russian system and to set forth the general's troubles with the war office and his subordinates during the campaign.

A recent magazine article described Frederick Weyerhaeuser as a richer man than John D. Rockefeller, and credited him with the possession of "billions in vast forest tracts." Mr. Weyerhaeuser, with his partners, controls a large extent of timber land, but good authorities in the lumber trade deny his acquisition of enough property to make him a serious rival of the Standard Oil capitalist. Mr. Weyerhaeuser came to America in 1852 at the age of 18, and lived for a time in Erie, Penn., and in Rock Island, Ill. His first investments in timber land was in the Chippewa tracts of Northwestern Wisconsin.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven, who has gone from the national capital with her talented husband to reside in New York, possesses one of the finest collections of unique jewelry in this country. In one of her searches after novelties in gems and settings she is said to have practically swept bare an oriental store in Washington. She has red sunbursts, pale moonstones and sapphire stars that are marvels of beauty. Like her sister, Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, of Chicago, who binds books for a fad, Mrs. De Koven likes to dabble in the arts and crafts and also has a fancy for heirlooms.

The Shah of Persia died at Teheran, January 8.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Swimmer.

A sinewy youth, bull-necked, bold-eyed,
Was cleaving crystal Seine.
Ere yet its unpolluted tide
Had caught the city's stain.
Swiftly the limpid current flowed,
And sweet with hawthorn bowers,
Where dark against the sunset showed
A ring of fortress towers.

Thereat the swimmer, half in sport,
A furious gesture made;
"A curse upon the dingy fort
That casts so dark a shade!
By every stone in yonder walls
And Louis's heart I swear
The day that old rat's-castle falls
I'll be the foremost there."

He spake, and from the rapid stream,
A dripping athlete, rose,
And glittering in the western gleam
Did on his threadbare clothes;
One careless, scornful pebble cast
At the grim sentinel;
Laughed as the fellow scowled; and passed
Ere the first shadows fell.

And that was Danton. Many a May
The hawthorn thickets stirred,
Till on a certain summer day
He kept his boyish word.
Then with all Paris at his heel
The burly tribune came,
And tower by tower the tall Bastille
Sank in a sea of flame.

Enough! his triumphs and his crimes
Our children's primers tell.
For, thrown by Fate on violent times,
He learned their ways too well.
Five years his meteor spirit blazed
Those darkened heavens through;
Then perished in the storm he raised,
And by the sword he drew.

For "Blighted be the name," he cried,
"If only France be free!"
So let the land for which he died,
His constant mourner be.
And should her graceless sons forget
The sacred trust they hold,
God send she find a Danton yet
As stubborn and as bold.

—Edward Sydney Tylec.

President Alexander J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died suddenly December 28, at his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Cassatt was born in Pittsburgh in 1839 and was educated in Germany and at the Troy Polytechnic Institute. He entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1861 as a rod man. His rise through the various departments was rapid, and in 1889 he was made the official head of the road.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs.

Unhappy Wilhelm II! Imaginative, spectacular, and—in his own mind, at least—an emperor whose reign should have been signalized by victorious wars—with the soldier-Kaiser ever in the van—he has had to be content with adventures no more picturesque than encounters with Cupid, when royal youth would wed morganatically, or the no less exciting occupation of defending himself from the disgraceful disclosures in the memoirs of dead statesmen. Like our own martial head of government, he has been wounded grievously by "indiscreet" publication of correspondence, but he has not even the glories of a minor war for the exploitation of the future historian. Unhappy Wilhelm II!

The latest posthumous document to distress his imperial majesty is the "Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst," published with the authorization of the prince's son, and edited by Friedrich Curtius. A storm, which has not yet abated, followed the publication in Germany of this voluminous collection of State papers, speeches, and diaries. Prince Hohenlohe's comments are not the carefully worded expressions of a diplomat, nor the spiteful disclosures of a disgruntled statesman with old scores to settle; they are the naive chronicle of a worthy old gentleman who was, by the accident of birth, a participant in a great drama. The world knows much, and suspects more, of the intrigues, double-dealing, and violence that attended the birth of the German Empire, and the later days of Bismarck's chancellorship. The memoirs add greatly to public knowledge on these points. We are told the full history of Bismarck's treacherous attempt to crush France in 1874-5; of the miserable conspiracy of the imperial court against Capri; of the collisions between the young Kaiser and Bismarck; of secret hostility to Great Britain; of Germany's desire for a fleet for defensive war; and a host of details discreditable to German diplomacy, to Emperor Wilhelm, and to Prince Bismarck.

As the weeks pass Prince Hohenlohe's "indiscreet" revelations will more and more cease to be discussed. But in a strong box in the vaults of the Bank of England, safe from the eager hands of Germany's anxious ruler, is the MS. of the concluding volume of Prince Bismarck's memoirs. It is believed that Hohenlohe's strictures on the "iron chancellor" will bring these papers to light, and we will have another chapter of the story of German policy in the last sixteen years. Unhappy Wilhelm II!

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$6 net.

A Life of Hawthorne.

In the judgment of Frank Preston Stearns, author of "The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne," the author of "The Scarlet Letter" is the romance writer, par excellence, of the English language. Mr. Stearns states that he has been able to discover but few great writers of all times and languages who are superior to Hawthorne. Aside from the extravagant estimate of Hawthorne's genius, the biography is an entertaining and profitable one. The author's researches have resulted in correcting a number of mistakes and adding new information concerning Hawthorne's ancestry. He has gone to great pains to make known the true character of so brilliant a personality, whose "wells of English undefiled" were but as a synonym for the clear current of his daily existence. The beauty of diction that characterizes all of Hawthorne's work insures immortality for his romances, and makes it a pleasure to read him simply for his form of expression. A well-arranged index and bibliography is appended to the volume.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$2 net.

New Publications.

The latest volume in the Heroes of the Nations series is a 450 page "Life of George Washington," by James A. Harrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

An interesting study of animals in captivity, with photographs from life is "Behind the Scenes With Wild Animals," by Ellen Velvin. Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$2.00 net.

A new volume of poems which relate to music either directly or symbolically is "A Book of Music," by Richard Watson Gilder. Century Co.; \$1.00 net.

The winning and using of wealth is the theme of a little volume, "Great Fortunes," by Jeremiah W. Finks of Cornell University. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Voice Production," by Wesley Mills, M. D.,

is for the singers and speakers who are interested in vocal, physiology, and hygiene. J. B. Lippincott Co.; \$2.00 net.

"The Rise of Man," by William Marabell, is a dialogue 562 pages in length, wherein the author counsels us on the proper way to outgrow "theological falsehood" and "scientific fakery."

"In the Fire of the Heart," by Ralph Waldo Trine, deals with the awakening of the "common people," and other phenomena of our national and social life. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"The Religion of All Good Men," by H. W. Garrod, is a study in Christian ethics. McClure, Phillips & Co.

A book that was twenty-five years in the making is "A History of Higher Education in America," by Charles F. Thwing. The work is an exhaustive study of the progress of the colleges of the country, their ideals, and how they are serving the government and people. D. Appleton & Co.; \$5.00 net.

Very entertaining are the stories of women toilers in M. B. Francis's "Simple Annals." There are fourteen tales of "the homely joys and destiny obscure" of lowly breadwinners. Longmans, Green & Co.

A story of the time of Christ of intense interest is "Under Pontius Pilate," by William Schuyler. The tale is constructed along original lines, and is full of colorful word-pictures. Funk & Wagnalls Co.; \$1.50.

"A History of the Earthquake and Fire in San Francisco," an account of the disaster of April 18, 1906, and its immediate results, by Frank W. Aitken and Edward Hilton, merits the highest praise. The story of the calamity is told interestingly, and with painstaking attention to detail. Scores of half-tone engravings of the stricken city before and after the earthquake, during the progress of the fire, and of the ruins illustrate the handsome little volume. The Edward Hilton Company, San Francisco.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is spending the winter in Munich and has a long novel under way. In answer to a recent suggestion by the manager of the London *Times's* Book Club that her novel "Rezanov" be published under the auspices of the paper at two shillings, instead of six, Mrs. Atherton replied: "With my publisher, Murray, I will remain so long as he will have me, and I hereby invite you and all your subordinates, in my second best Californiaese, to go to the devil."

Gwendolyn Overton will have a story in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*.

There are three of the Bensons prominent in English literary life: E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo"; A. C. Benson, who has published many works anonymously, and whose volume of sketches, "The Thread of Gold," has gone through several editions; Father Robert Hugh Benson, who also writes novels of sentiment.

A new edition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Dred," a tale of the Dismal Swamp, is to be brought out in England. The book has been practically out of print for a long time in America, as well as across the Atlantic.

Maxim Gorky's impressions of New York have been published in St. Petersburg as a story entitled "The City of the Yellow Devil." A reviewer hastens to explain that the yellow imp referred to is "not journalism of a certain kind, but gold."

Ernest Ingersoll, the naturalist-author, has searched the Rocky Mountains carefully, with surveying parties and on lonely trips, and knows the region as perhaps few others do.

A new volume of essays by the noted Belgian writer, Maurice Maeterlinck, will be brought out soon.

Miss Agnes Repplier, the brilliant essayist and critic, is now the literary editor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

The recent death of Lady Murray in England has brought to mind her benevolent plan for a Home for Tired and Imppecunious Authors. The Home was a memorial of Lady Murray's son, a promising writer, who died young, and took the form of a beautiful villa on the Riviera. Strangely enough, though, remarks the *New York Times*, the tired authors did not seem enthusiastic in flocking to the Home and the plan never prospered.

The Best Books of 1906.

The book output of the past twelvemonth was more notable for its list of appalling length of mediocre new volumes than for its high literary quality. More new books were published in 1906, probably, than in any year since the invention of the printing press, but few were of pronounced merit. Among the serious works that will continue to have readers are Winston Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill; Lord Rosebery's volume on the same statesman; Frederick Harrison's "Memories and Thoughts," Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore's "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," A. V. Williams Jackson's "Persia, Past and Present," and the Hohenlohe Memoirs. James Ford Rhodes's seven-volume history of the United States was completed during the year, and John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" reached its sixth volume. Historical books of value by Southern writers are John W. Headley's "Confederate Operations in New York and Canada," Myrta Lockett Avery's "Dixie, After the War," and "Memoirs of John H. Reagan." Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" was the most widely read and discussed of the year's novels; other entertaining stories by American novelists were Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan," Winston Churchill's "Coniston," Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," Robert W. Chambers's "The Fighting Chance," F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Tides of Barnegat," and Thomas Nelson Page's "On Newfound River." Kipling, Hope, Hichens, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward contributed books of more than passing interest to the flood of fiction, and, of all the volumes by the newer English authors, E. V. Lucas's choice books have been eagerly sought by discriminating buyers. A number of books by Californians were among the most popular of the year, among them "The Plow Woman" by Eleanor Gates, "Rich Men's Children" by Geraldine Bonner, "White Fang" by Jack London, "Whispering Smith" by Frank Spearman, "Anthony Overman" by Miriam Michelson, "Montlivet" by Alice Prescott Smith, "The Flock" by Mary Austin, and "Reminiscences of a Sportsman" by J. Parker Whitney. Clever and interesting as these books are, a little brochure by Will Irwin, "The City That Was," may continue to have readers when they shall have been long forgotten.

Lectures on Literature.

Miss Hamlin announces two new courses of lectures on "Great Topics in Literature," by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, at 2230 Pacific avenue, San Francisco, on Thursday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, during January, February, and March.

The first course will be as follows. January 10—Rudyard Kipling as a representative poet; 17—Other recent poets: Watson, Thompson, Davidson, etc.; 24—Keynotes of Browning's poetry; 31—The Champion of Mankind: Prometheus in Æschylus and Shelley; February 7—The Master Spirits. Ticket for each course, \$3.00; for single lecture, 75 cents.

The Lucchesi Manuscripts.

People holding manuscript-compositions of Richard A. Lucchesi—a victim of the disaster—would confer a favor by forwarding them to Miss Sadie A. Wafer, No. 2515 Van Ness Avenue. To his recollection the following ladies and gentlemen should kindly answer to this call: Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, Mrs. Lizzie Chamot, Mrs. Emilia Tojetti, Miss Mary Withrow, Miss Mabel Vanderhoof, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Mr. Wm. F. McCarthy, Mr. Kopta, and Mayor Schmitz.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

One of the noteworthy presentations that will be seen at the new Van Ness Theatre will begin a two weeks' engagement there on January 21st, when the American comedienne, Miss Isabel Irving, and a supporting company composed of well-known players will give a production of the recent New York success, "Susan in Search of a Husband."

Olga Nethersole, for the first time in her professional career, is playing in the cities of the Pacific Coast, and is completing a season in repertoire at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland.

Maud Fealy recently played an engagement at Denver in "The Illusions of Beatrice" with remarkable success, and was welcomed as a stage favorite returning to her home town.

Blanche Bates arranged and managed a benefit vaudeville performance at the Lyric Theatre in Philadelphia a few days ago, the proceeds going to St. Luke's Hospital in that city, and it was a notable success in many respects. William Faversham made the opening address, Miss Frances Keenan made her debut in a playlet called "The Outcast," Miss Marie Dressler gave one of her inimitable song-and-dance monologues, Chauncey Olcott made his usual hit with the ballads commemorative of the Emerald Isle, Frank Keenan gave an interpretation of the dagger scene of "Macbeth," Miss Julie Opp gave two plaintive recitations and the perennially young Lillian Russell sang two little French songs. The "piece de resistance" was the one-act play given by Miss Bates; her leading man, Charles Millward, and Miss Russell's leading man, Eugene Ormonde, called "My Aunt's Advice."

The Ben Greet Shakespearean Company appeared in Milwaukee this week in its Elizabethan production of four plays.

Musical Notes.

A new organization, to be known as the San Francisco Opera Company, and in which many former members of the Tivoli Opera House Company will be prominent, will open an engagement at the new American Theatre, January 21st, in "The Strollers."

"The Student King," Reginald De Koven's new romantic opera, was produced at the Garden Theatre in New York Christmas night, and is said to be a success. The libretto, by Stanislaus Stange and the late Frederic Ranken, is remarkably well done, and there is no buffoonery in the lines. Lina Arbanell, the prima donna, was most pleasing in the rôle of the princess, and Henry Coote, the king for twelve hours, was excellent as singer and as actor.

Puccini's "La Bohème" was sung in Italian by the San Carlo Opera Company at New Orleans, and Alice Neilsen's Mimi is said to have been exquisitely done. Constantino, the tenor, was a fine Rodolfo.

Mme. Sembrich is cited as saying about Strauss's "Salomé": "There are more than one hundred in the orchestra playing as loud as they can, and through this volume of tone the singers must speak or declaim as loud as their lungs will let them. One cannot call it singing, for Strauss gives them no chance to do that. I assure you that Wagner is a perfect Bellini when compared with Strauss."

The famous composer, Giacomo Puccini, is on his way from France to New York, to attend the performances of his four operas, "Manon Lescaut," "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca" and "La Bohème," at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Orpheum.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, two of the greatest favorites on the vaudeville stage, will appear at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. This season they are offering a farcette entitled "All the World Loves a Lover," and it is said to be a veritable whirlwind of laughter. Searl and Violet Allen come with a most ambitious production, "The Traveling Man." With very competent support they have been making a phenomenal hit all over the East with the skit, which is in two scenes. Miss Willa Holt Wakefield, who will be new to San Francisco in her artistic vaudeville innovation, song readings, is one of the most accomplished of artists. Black and Jones, dancing comedians, bid fair

to create a sensation. The eight Vassar Girls, who have made a phenomenal hit, will change their selections; Wynne Winslow, the delightful soprano, will be heard in new numbers; Howard and Howard, "The Messenger Boy and the Thespian," and Jimmie Lucas, the "Boy with the Dozen Dialects," with Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied program.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto and interpreter of the song classics, will give three concerts in this vicinity under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first will be the dedication performance at the new American Theatre, a Class A fire-proof playhouse, located at Market and Seventh streets. This theatre was almost ready for occupancy at the time of the disaster and escaped the ravages of the flames but was injured by the falling on top of it of the Odd Fellow's Building, which adjoined it. The building was erected by Senator Charles Felton at an outlay of over \$300,000 and is a model fire-proof edifice.

The date of this concert is Sunday afternoon, January 20th, and the sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning, January 16th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness avenue, above California street, the prices being \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00. The program will be a most interesting one, and includes the arias from Mozart's "Titus," and Wagner's "Rienzi," songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz Liszt, and Brahms, a special feature being the cycle of six "Hungarian Gypsy Songs," among the greatest of the Brahms works. By special request the artist has added the "Sapphic Ode" to this group.

The only evening concert will be at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Monday evening, January 21st. At the Oakland concert the special features will be the complete song cycle, "Frauen Liebe und Leben" (eight numbers by Schumann), and a group of three songs with organ accompaniment, besides which, works of Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, and Richard Strauss will enrich the offering. Seats for this concert will be ready at the box office of the theatre Wednesday, Jan. 16.

Mr. Greenbaum is also endeavoring to arrange a return concert a week later.

McIntyre and Heath.

Klaw & Erlanger's production of George V. Hobart's new musical vaudeville, "The Ham Tree," in which they will present the famous black-face comedians, McIntyre and Heath, is an innovation in musical plays. This attraction will be the bill at the Novelty Theatre for one week beginning Monday, January 14th, with matinee on Saturday.

McIntyre and Heath have been before the public in negro acts for more than twenty-five years, and they are regarded by all authorities of the stage as the two ablest men in their line of impersonation. They are surrounded by an excellent company of over 100 people, which includes a great chorus of dancing girls and boys. A dancing team of thirty appear in one feature of the performance. "The Ham Tree" is a notable play, not only because of its departure from beaten paths in musical productions, but also from the standpoint of scenery, costumes and equipment. The cast of principals includes David Torrence, Alfred Fisher, Jeanne Towler, Belle Gold, Frederick V. Bowers, and Carolyn Gordon.

Minstrels at the Novelty Theatre.

Gorton's Big Minstrel Jubilee will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre, commencing Sunday afternoon. The engagement is limited to Sunday afternoon and night, as McIntyre and Heath are booked for Monday.

Gorton's Minstrels are especially strong this season. The company includes a long list of comedians, singers, dancers and musicians. The first part is especially elaborate, and the scenery and effects utilized in this portion of the programme are strikingly original. The musical contingent of the organization will be found better than any heard here with a minstrel company for some seasons. The olio includes several big acts, and, taken as a whole, the entertainment will not be found wanting. Popular prices will prevail. The comedy portion of the company includes Jake Welby, Sam Lee, Ralph Kintner, Harry Toledo, and others.

The Opera Season.

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company will repeat their successful performances of the great double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" at the matinee today (Saturday) and Sunday evening performance of this week, with the superb all-star casts.

"La Tosca," with Esther Adaberto in her splendid rendition of the celebrated singer, and Salveneschi, Scifoni, and Canetti in congenial rôles will be sung tonight. At the Sunday matinee, "Rigoletto" will be given for the last time.

Next week's offering will be, on Monday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, Verdi's historic opera, "The Masked Ball," whose scenes are laid in America in the days of the Puritans. It will be given with three prima donnas in the cast—Giorgi, Nunez, and Campiolo, Sig. Cicotti, a new tenor that Lambardi has just secured, and who has a fine voice and scored a great hit at the San Carlos Opera House, will make his debut as Count Richard. Antola, Olinto Lombardi, Canetti, and Marina will all be suitably cast. Tuesday evening "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be repeated.

Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings for the first time in this city will be heard Giordano's musical setting of Sardou's famous play, "Fedora." This opera has been the greatest success of the past two seasons in Milan, Paris, London, and New York. "Fedora" is said by all who have seen her play the rôle in Italy and Mexico to be Adaberto's greatest triumph, both in acting and singing, and to excel her superb performance of "La Tosca." Martinez Patti was one of the originals of the famous rôle of Loris, and to his success in this rôle he owes much of his fame in Italy and Russia. The cast will include the full strength of the company, including Scifoni, Lombardi, Canetti, Bianca Nunez, and Eduardo Lebegott, the musical director, who will play the rôle of Boleslas Lazinski, the Polish pianist.

On Saturday evening and at the Sunday matinee, by public demand, Puccini's famous story of artist life in Paris, "La Bohème," will be repeated, with its superb cast, excellent scenery, and elaborate accessories.

The recent official inauguration of the Theatre Rejane brought together the most noted gathering seen at a Paris theatre in a long while. M. Clemenceau and M. Briand were there, and directly opposite sat the Grand Duke Vladimir and the duchess.



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VANITY FAIR.

There are, perhaps, more curious trades in Paris than in any other city in the world. Men and women earn bread and wine by ways that would be accounted ridiculous on the other side of the Channel.

Recent statistics bearing on these strange professions show that quite a number of people earn money in posing as "poets for marriages," declares a correspondent of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. For a few francs these poets will manufacture quatrains and acrostics to order.

Where do they exercise their trade? Stand in front of some of the mayoral offices in the city when weddings are taking place, and you may behold them. When the bride and bridegroom leave the presence of monsieur le maire they are accosted by these poets, who, with courteous gestures, offer their services.

The works of these poets are not, of course, masterpieces. But it must be remembered that the price they put upon their effusions is modest. Those who are experts at the business value their poetic genius at ten francs. There are some, however, who, greatly daring, demand twenty francs.

Newspaper humorists are managing to extract lots of fun out of a New York cablegram, published a few days ago, which stated that a man in Brooklyn was getting rich by selling labels for trunks that would make them look as though they had made all the grand tours of the world.

One paper publishes what purports to be a conversation between an American girl and a clerk in the Brooklyn trunk labeler's establishment. The clerk offers the girl a label of the Hotel Ritz, Jerusalem, for \$2, a Teheran railway label for \$1, a nice set of Indian labels for \$5, and a pretty assortment of Japanese railway and hotel labels for \$4. The girl reflects for a moment. Then she says: "I guess what I want is just one label that will cover everything. If you can label my trunk, Around the World—Wanted in Cabin, for \$1, fire ahead."

The following experience is from *Punch*. It is humorous, but that it is real is not to be denied by those who have been observers in English ball-rooms:

The band began to play the "Blue Danube" and my partner bowed before me.

"This," he said, "is ours, I think. It is a waltz."

I murmured my thanks for the information.

"You Boston, of course?" said he.

I admitted that I Bostoned.

"Good!" said my partner. "I think it is a charming dance. I learned the step from some very nice Americans that I met this summer at Caux. Are you ready?" A look of tremendous determination came into his face as he gripped me, and we moved off.

"I fancy," said I, "that I am not doing it very well."

"You only need a little practice," he observed, stopping and leaning me up against the wall. "Take more of a long sliding step, bringing up the second foot behind the first, as in the two-step, only with more of a glide. As the step is in two-four to three-four time, you want also to watch your time carefully. It isn't *one two three, one two three, one two three*, but *one two three one, two three one two, three one two three*."

"I see," said I. "Shall we go somewhere where it is cooler?"

My second partner wasted no words. He assumed that I Bostoned as a matter of course. I gathered this from the fact that when, after an uneasy half-circuit of the floor, I disengaged my hand from his arm and stepped aside out of danger, he remarked: "You Boston rather differently from some Americans who taught me the step in Nova Zembla last August."

I asked if they were aboriginals. He looked doubtfully at me for a second and then (after assuring me that they were very nice) began to explain how it should be done.

"You begin," he said, "with the right foot, as in the military two-step, but you bring your left foot a little in advance at the second step, and then start off with it for the next half-turn. The time is a little difficult to keep, but that is only a matter of practice. You want to come in more on the second of the bar, thus: *one*

two three, four one two, three four one, two three four."

I said I would certainly do so, but just now I must have a glass, a full glass, of champagne.

My third partner took the opportunity of giving me some instruction before we began to dance.

"When you Boston," he said, "you count one two three four five six seven eight nine, one two three four five six seven eight nine making one half-turn at four and another at seven. The step itself is a sort of half-sliding polka, half-running sweet-step. It is quite easy. Now—OFF we go. One two three four five six seven eight," he counted loudly, his voice rising high above the music.

At "nine" I made a second half-turn, which brought me up sitting on a divan.

"Don't you like the Boston?" he asked.

I said I loved it, but I was so tired this evening.

"I am glad," he said, "that it is to be popular this winter, because some very nice Americans, that were staying in the same hotel with me at Batoum in September, taught it to me, and I feel rather ahead of the other Johnnies, you know."

"What I like about this Boston," said my fourth partner, "is that you don't need to worry about the rotten time or tune, but just go as you please."

With these words he placed me carefully in front of him and ran me backwards violently into a man, whose eyeglass shot out of his eye and crashed to atoms against the unnatural teeth of a lady in black some yards away, who screamed loudly and dragged her partner on to the floor, there to become the nucleus of a pile of bodies which was still increasing when I darted through the door.

"You don't care about it, evidently," said my partner, as he joined me on a sofa. "You should learn it. It's lots of fun."

He explained its attractions to me for the next five minutes, mentioning incidentally that they had danced nothing else all October up at Strathpeffer, where some very nice Americans had introduced it at a shooting lodge.

In a recent issue of a Paris magazine, Paul Bourget, the novelist, has the following on American girls:

"That which first strikes the traveler who has heard so much of the American girl is the utter impossibility of distinguishing her from the married woman. The fact that is so often commented on in Europe, that she goes about alone and unattended, is not the whole cause of this confusion. The similarity goes much further. They wear the same jewels and the same toilettes; they enjoy the same liberty of laughing and talking; they read the same books; they have the same gestures, the same full-blown beauty and, thanks to the invention of the chaperon, there is not a theatre or restaurant party nor tea to which they do not go alone and at the invitation of any man of their acquaintance.

"The younger the chaperon is the better she is liked. The young widow or the 'grass widow,' that is, the young wife away from her husband, fills the conditions of the rôle to perfection. That is to say, three young girls, sitting in company with three young men and the said chaperon at Delmonico's, or taking tea with another young man, are as free as if they had no one to answer for them except themselves. This habit of governing themselves without control is responsible for their remarkable self-assurance.

"Most of them do not seek to hide this. 'We must amuse ourselves before marriage,' one of them gayly said to me, 'for who knows what will come after it?'

"The divorce suits which the newspapers publish in full prove that this young person had as much good sense as she had beauty."

A Lynn manufacturer recently received a large order for women's low-cut shoes, to be delivered in November. This may or may not be unusual for the present period, but it would have been regarded as a strange proceeding a few years ago.

The oxford originally was intended to be a distinctively summer shoe, but apparently it is becoming an all-the-year article, more particularly with women, although there are many men who wear low shoes from January to December, except during the most inclement days of the winter months.



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Total Liabilities	\$34,275,571.65

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1907.

(Signed) E. B. POND, President.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

E. B. POND and LOVELL WHITE, being each separately and duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. B. POND is President, and said LOVELL WHITE is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

(Signed) E. B. POND.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1907.

(SEAL)

(Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Oliver Herford, who is equally famous as a poet, illustrator, and brilliant wit, was entertaining four magazine editors at luncheon when the bell rang, and a maid entered with the mail.

"Ah," said an editor, "an epistle."

"No," said Mr. Herford, tearing open the envelope—"not an epistle, a collect."

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?" "Certainly," said the judge. "And hear all the handwriting experts?" "Of course." "And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?" "Very probably," said the judge. "Well, then, judge, I will enter my plea." "What is it?" asked the judge. "Guilty!"

Henry Arthur Jones, the noted English playwright, was giving the students of Yale an address on the drama. "Your American vernacular is picturesque," he said, "and it should help your playwrights to build strong, racy plays. But neither vernacular nor anything else is of moment if perseverance is lacking. No playwright can succeed who is like a man I know. I said to this man, one New Year's Day: 'Do you keep a diary, Philip?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'I've kept one for the first two weeks in January for the last seven years.'"

"At the famous St. Andrew's links," said Andrew Carnegie, "the Sabbath is respected. Indeed all over Scotland, the Sabbath is respected in a remarkable way. Golfing one day in the autumn on the St. Andrews links, I said to my caddie: 'Angus, man, the leaves are falling. The green is turning red and brown. Winter will soon be upon us. And do you get much caddying to do in the winter, Angus?' Angus frowned gloomily. 'Na, na,' said he, blowing his nose. 'There's nae muckle caddying in winter. If it's no snow it's frost, if it's no frost it's snaw; if it's neither frost nor snow it's rain, an' if it's fine it's sure to be the Sawbath.'"

Miss Elizabeth Magie, the pretty and talented Chicago girl who recently jumped into distinction by offering herself for sale, said the other day in an address before a girl's club: "I advise all of you to be new women. I urge you to pay no heed to the gibes about new women that are continually being uttered by men. It isn't a fine type of man that gibes at the new woman. You know the story of the man in the county jail? 'What brought you here, my poor fellow?' a missionary asked. 'I married a new woman, sir,' the prisoner groaned. 'Aha,' said the missionary. 'And she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?' 'No,' said the prisoner. 'The old woman turned up.'"

Alphonse Mucha, the French artist, whose posters of graceful American women are no less popular in America than in Paris, was recently making a tour of the United States. "What pleases me in America," M. Mucha said, "is the intelligence of the people. The American public is far ahead of the English. On my way over here I stopped a few days in London, and in the British Museum one afternoon I overheard a remark that showed well how benighted the English public is. Two men were looking at some old Egyptian coins. 'Them there,' said the first man, 'must be three hundred or four hundred years old, eh, Bill?' 'They're three thousand years old,' the second man returned. 'Ah, garn, Bill. What do ye take me for?' said the first man. 'Why, we're only in 1906 now.'"

"It is whispered," said a magazine editor, "that Mark Twain will tell in his autobiography a story about a famous novelist. This novelist loves praise when he is sure of its sincerity. Sincere praise, indeed, is dearer to him than untold gold. And sometimes, in the hope of getting a little of it, he hides his identity and talks to people in book stores and libraries about his own works. One day he went into Brentano's to get some novels for summer reading. The salesman, who didn't know him, after bringing forth Howells's latest, and Conrad's and Tarkington's and George Moore's threw down one of the man's own books. 'Will you try this, sir?' he said.

The novelist, eager for praise, threw up his hands before his own book, exclaiming: 'Dear me! I can't stand that man's stuff.' 'Can't you, sir,' said the salesman. 'Well, to tell the truth, I can't either.'"

Mr. Dooley on Japanese Friendship.

Mr. Dooley's latest essay discusses the Japanese question, under the title, "A Broken Friendship." It is in the philosopher's richest vein of wit and humor, as the following extracts prove:

"We're sure to have war with th' Japs inside iv two years," said Mr. Dooley. "Hogan says we've got to fight fr th' supremacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do fr an ocean, but havin' taken th' Philippiens, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an' th' Sandwich Islands, that're about as vallyble as a toy balloon to a horseshoer, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surroundin' dampness to protect thim. That's wan reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to sind their little forty-five-year-old childer to be iddyicated in th' San Francisco public schools.

"Wud ye iver have thought 'twas possible that any wan in this country cud even talk iv war with thim delightful, cunning little Oryentals? Why, 'tis less than two years since we hollered with joy whin a Rooshyan admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war an' sunk it. An' how we cheered in th' theayter to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoo mowin' down th' brutal Rooshyan moojiks with masheen guns. An' fin'ly whin th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' were about busted an' ayether had to stop fightin' or not have car fare home, our worthy President jumped to th' front an' cried: 'Boys, stop it. It's gone far enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.'"

"Day after day th' pa-pers come out an' declared that th' defeat iv Rooshyia was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' czar. Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wondherful little people. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thin anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundred miles a day fr eight days with nawthin' to eat but a gumdrop. They were highly civvylized. It was an old civvylization but not tainted be age.

"Their treatment iv women put thim on a higher plane thin ours. Cinchies ago, befure th' higher iddyication iv women was dhreamed iv in this country, th' poorest man in Japan cud sind his daughter to a tea house, which is th' same as our female siminaries, where she remained till she graduated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv the old Samuri push. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that westhern civvylization is supposed to excel in they had us beat miles. They were th' gr-reatest liars in th' wurld an' formerly friends iv th' Prisdint.

"That was the beginnin' iv th' end iv th' frinship between th' two gr-reat nations. A well-known fi-nancier who travell'd to Tokeo with a letter iv intraduction to th' Mickydoo fr'm th' Prisdint beginnin', 'Dear Mick,' got a brick put through his hat.' A little later a number iv Americans in private life who wint over to rayceive in person th' thanks iv th' impr'r fr what they'd done, were forced be th' warmth iv their raycipation to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan counsel.

"Last month th' Jap'nese government wrote to th' Prisdint: 'Most gracious an' bewilderin' Majesty, Impror iv th' Sun, austere an' patient Father iv th' Stars, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with ye'er hivenly binivolence we wud've shook Rooshyia down fr much iv her hateful money. Now we must prove our affection with acts. It is our intintion to sind a fleet to visit ye'er shores, partickly San Francisco, where we understand th' school system is well worth studyin'."

"An there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' frindship ceminted two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether anything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' Prisdint has announced that rather thin see wan octogin-aryan Jap prevented fr'm larnin' his a-bee-ahs he will divastate San Francisco with fire, flood, dinnymite, an' personalities. But San Francisco has had a pretty good bump lately an' wud hardly tur-rn over in its sleep fr an invasion, and if th' Prisdint wants thim to enter th' schools he'll have to load thim in a cannon an' shoot thim in. "Wudden't it be th' grand thing though if they licked us an' we handed thim th' Philippiens!"

STATEMENT

of the Condition and the Value of the Assets and Liabilities of The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

and where said assets are situated
Dated December 31, 1906

Assets

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	\$29,933,006.78
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.	
2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	2,590,040.00
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-public Corporations.	
3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is.....	13,354,270.37
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 (\$2,100,000.00), 4 per cent of 1925 (\$2,285,000.00) United States Bonds, and District of Columbia (\$15,000.00) 3.5 per cent Bonds" guaranteed by the United States Government—and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.	
4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	9,451,975.60
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are:	
"Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent Bonds".....\$ 655,000.00	
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....455,000.00	
"Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds".....400,000.00	
"Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds".....334,000.00	
"San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....238,000.00	
"Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds".....240,000.00	
"Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....50,000.00	
"Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds".....29,000.00	
"Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds".....1,126,000.00	
"Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds".....503,000.00	
"The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds".....167,000.00	
"Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds".....165,000.00	
"Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds".....150,000.00	
"Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds".....15,000.00	
"Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds".....6,000.00	
"City and County of San Francisco 3½ per cent Bonds".....1,941,100.00	
"California State Depot 4 per cent Bonds".....250,000.00	
"City of Vallejo 5 per cent Bonds".....62,000.00	
"County of San Mateo Court House 4 per cent Bonds".....50,000.00	
"Court House School District Sonoma County 4½ per cent Bonds".....23,000.00	
"City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds".....11,250.15	
"The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds".....1,500,000.00	
"San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds".....495,000.00	
5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds, Balance accrued to January 1, 1907.....	54,795.66
6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$97,695.53) and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$38,650.44), Alameda (\$40,056.46) and San Mateo (\$3,075.72) in this State, the actual value of which is.....	179,478.15
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said Office, the actual value of which is.....	
The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.	
7—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year 1906-1907 chargeable to next year.....	50,454.66
8—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said Office, actual value.....	2,579,809.49
Total Assets.....	\$58,779,995.76

Liabilities

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$55,196,670.16
The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.	
2—Reserve Fund, actual value.....	3,583,325.60
Total Liabilities.....	\$58,779,995.76

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.

City and County of San Francisco, }
JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1907.

GEO. T. KNOX.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THE SEVERN

A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT

Opened Saturday, January 5, 1907

1050 GEARY STREET, NEAR VAN NESS AVE.

Concert Afternoons and Evenings

Tables may be Reserved by Telephone

Phone Franklin 2165

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. William Kohl will entertain at a large ball at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, January 18, in honor of Miss Lydia Hopkins.

Miss Carrie Gwin will entertain at a bridge party at the Town and Country Club, on Tuesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will entertain at a tea this (Saturday) afternoon at their home on Washington and Laguna Streets, in honor of the formal debut of their daughter, Miss Helene Irwin.

Mrs. Easton and Miss Jennie Crocker were the hostesses at a ball at Miss Crocker's home, "Uplands," at San Mateo, on Wednesday evening of last week, at which about two hundred and fifty guests were entertained. A special train carried many guests from this city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained at a cotillion on Tuesday evening last at their home on California Street. The cotillion was led by Mr. Edward M. Greenway and Miss Helen de Young, assisted by Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Cyril Tobin and Mr. Percy King. Eighty guests were present.

The Saturday Evening Dancing Class gave the third of their series of dances on Saturday evening last at the Paris Tea Garden. The patronesses of this club are: Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague, Mrs. George Ashton, and Mrs. George Moore.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Major Samson L. Faison, U. S. N., and Mrs. Faison, followed by a small reception. The guests at the dinner were: Major and Mrs. Faison, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Elsie Sperry, Consul-General Lanel, Colonel Frank Winn, U. S. A., Captain Carroll Buck, U. S. A., and Mr. S. G. Murphy.

Mr. A. D. Shepard was the host at a dinner on New Year's eve at Del Monte. His guests were: President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgewick Aiken, Lieutenant Hawes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hawes, Miss Snell, Miss Hoffman, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Dr. Wallace Smith, U. S. N. The other guests were: Mrs. M. P. Huntington, Mrs. Shirley, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin entertained at a dinner at the Burlingame Club on New Year's eve.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills held an informal reception at their home on Pacific Avenue on New Year's day.

Miss Ethel Olney will entertain at a luncheon on Tuesday next at her home in Oakland in honor of Miss Grace Baldwin.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond was the hostess at informal bridge parties on Thursday and Friday afternoons of last week, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

At Mrs. J. Downey Harvey's dinner, given in honor of Miss Jennie Crocker, twelve guests were present, among whom were Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Oscar Cooper.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, who has spent the holiday season in New York, has returned to Paris, where she has made her home for the past year. She sailed Wednesday last, accompanied by Miss Helen Wheeler, who will remain in Europe about six months.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, who are at their Bakersfield ranch, Los Portales, for the winter, expect to go to Coronado shortly for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Wiltsee are at present in New York City.

Miss Edith Pillsbury, who has been in Europe for the past year, is spending the winter in Dresden.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle have returned from a six months' sojourn in the Eastern States and are at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Collier, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt spent the New Year holidays as the guests of friends at Burlingame.

Mr. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle, Miss Hess Pringle, who have recently

returned from abroad, have taken a house in Oakland for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain have returned from six months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman spent the New Year holidays in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have returned from a brief sojourn at Del Monte.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has returned from an Eastern trip of some weeks' duration and is again at Burlingame.

The Rev. Burr M. Weeden and Mrs. Weeden have returned to town after a stay of two months in Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Bessie Ashton have returned from a stay at Monterey as the guests of Captain and Mrs. Smedberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Richardson (formerly Miss Gladys Postley of Santa Barbara) are spending the winter here and have taken a house on Walnut Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have returned from a brief trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tallant have returned to the city after spending several months in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild and their son are at the St. Regis, New York, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mrs. George W. Borrowe (formerly Miss Caroline Bosqui) arrived in this city on steamer *Sonoma* from Australia. Mrs. Borrowe will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui of Ross Valley.

Mrs. William Leahy has returned from a week's visit to Santa Barbara, where Lieutenant Leahy, U. S. N., was on the *Boston*.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin will leave shortly for a six months' trip to Europe.

Mrs. Mary H. Smyth, Mr. E. Hunn Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb, and Mr. D. Hansen Grubb are at Santa Barbara for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Smyth's beautiful new residence, southwest corner Jackson and Scott Streets will not be ready for occupancy upon her return to San Francisco, as originally intended, but will probably be completed about April first.

Mr. Athol McBean and Professor Allerdice of Stanford have been enjoying golf and tennis at Del Monte.

Mrs. H. Schmeidel and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton will remain throughout the winter at Del Monte.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander and Miss Marie Berger sailed a fortnight since from New York for Naples.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale spent the holidays at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, who have made their home in Berkeley since the fire, returned on New Year's eve to their residence in this city.

Miss Minnie Houghton will spend the rest of the winter in Washington, D. C., as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Brockway Metcalf (formerly Miss Elizabeth Huntington), who have been the guests of Mrs. M. P. Huntington in this city for some time, have gone to their new home in Berkeley.

Miss Bessie Palmer of Oakland is spending some time as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Bryant in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney spent the New Year holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugenie de Sabla have recently been the guests of friends in Ross Valley.

Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn has returned from New York and has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Morrison Woods in Sausalito.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman spent the first days of the New Year at Del Monte.

Mr. J. W. Stoddard of Baltimore and Mr. James Mitchell of Boston came out to California in a private car, and are now at Del Monte for a week or so.

The Viscount and Viscountess de Tristan, Miss de Guigne, Miss Douglas-Dick, and the Misses Parrott have been spending a week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, who have been visiting here for several weeks past, have returned to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have sailed from New York for Europe, to remain abroad for several months.

Miss Amy Porter left on Sunday last for Florida, where she will spend the rest of the winter with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne, now in the East, have written to engage rooms at Del Monte for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives will leave early in February for Coronado for a sojourn of some weeks duration at the Coronado Beach Hotel.

Dr. Harold N. Cowper, U. S. A., will sail from this port as surgeon of the transport *Logan*, on February 5.

Pears'

"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.



SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. 1808 Market St., San Francisco, or 837 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, \$2,578,695.11
Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1906, 38,531,917.28
F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Vm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinbart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Ave. and Polk St.—For the half year ending Dec. 15th, a dividend has been declared at the rate of FOUR per cent. (4%) per annum on Savings Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, Dec. 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from Dec. 15, 1906.
Also, Two per cent. (2%) per annum paid on Commercial Deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.
C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.
Dated, San Francisco, Dec. 4, 1906.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.
For the six months ending December 31, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero St., 927 Valencia St., and 1740 Fillmore St.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.
EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

Is reading an effort? We can make it a pleasure for you.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St.

Opticians.

BANKING.

The California Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cordially invites you to open a checking account and will pay you

Two Per Cent Interest on Daily Balances

Your account will be welcomed at the Home Office, or the Branch that is most convenient for you.

Home Office

California and Montgomery

Branches

West End - 1531 Devisadero
Up-town - 1740 Fillmore
Mission - 927 Valencia

French-American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

Occupies offices in the same building.

OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—J. E. Aragues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSaba, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belanecy, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy Street

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opp. Third San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital, \$1,000,000 Surplus, \$320,000

Paid-up Capital, 300,000 Assets, 10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, Pres. Gavin McNab, Attorney

Wm. Corbin, Sec'y, and Gen'l. Mgr.

Office: CORNER MARKET AND CHURCH STS.

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No. 54 Geary Street, San Francisco

Telephone Temporary 1642

We are now located in our NEW OFFICE BUILDING one-half block from Market Street, between Kearny and Grant Avenue

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral F. J. Drake, U. S. N., has been retired from active service upon his own application, after forty years of service.

Major John R. Lynch, paymaster, U. S. A., Department of California, has recently been granted ten days leave of absence.

Rear-Admiral Henry Lyon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lyon, who have been sojourning at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, have returned to Mare Island.

Commander F. W. Coffin, U. S. N., discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, has been ordered home and granted sick leave for two months.

Commander A. W. Dodd, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as assistant of the commandant of the Pacific Naval district, and ordered to command of the Princeton.

General Francis A. Moore, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Jessie Moore, who have been abroad for several months, have returned to America and taken a house in Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Captain Charles P. Perkins, U. S. N., who has been relieved from duty as commandant of the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, and as commanding officer of the Pensacola, by Captain J. H. Bull, U. S. N., has been ordered home to wait orders.

Pay Inspector R. T. M. Ball, U. S. N., who has been in charge of the Navy Pay Office in this city for the past three years, has been ordered to Philadelphia as purchasing and disbursing officer for the Navy. He will leave San Francisco early in February.

Captain Julius N. Kilian, commissary, U. S. A., upon the expiration of his present leave, will proceed from San Francisco to Fort Riley, and report to the commandant, School of Application for Cavalry and Field Artillery, for temporary duty, for the purpose of taking a course in the School for Bakers and Cooks at that post.

Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Tucker, deputy paymaster-general, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as chief paymaster of the Philippines Division, to take effect on or about March 1st, and will then proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as chief paymaster of that department.

Captain Amos W. Kimball, quartermaster, U. S. A., having reported his arrival at San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to St. Paul, Minnesota, and resume his duties in charge of construction of public buildings at Fort Snelling, relieving Captain William D. Davis, quartermaster, U. S. A., temporarily assigned to those duties.

Captain William F. Lewis, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters of the Department of California, has been assigned to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Earl P. Jessop, U. S. N., has an article on "The U. S. S. Milwaukee—Description and Official Trial," in the November number of The Journal of the American Society of Naval Engineers.

Lieutenant C. A. Abele, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the Charleston and ordered to the Princeton as executive and navigator.

Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Washington Barracks, D. C., and report in person to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that post for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Christian A. Bach, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco and will join his regiment.

Lieutenant Omar W. Pinkston, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Sherman* on Saturday last, for Manila.

Surgeon V. C. B. Mearns, U. S. N., is detached from the navy yard, Mare Island, and discharged from treatment at the naval hospital at that yard, and ordered to the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, for treatment.

The flagship *Charleston*, the cruisers *Boston* and *Chicago*, and the gunboat *Yorktown* sailed from Santa Barbara on January 3 for Magdalena Bay, where target practice will be held. The cruiser *Princeton* and the collier *Saturn* sailed on the Sunday before for the target range, and the destroyer *Paul Jones* left Santa Barbara for the same destination about the end of the week. After a month's stay at Magdalena Bay the squadron will return to San Diego and then Santa Barbara.

Major Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., and Mrs. Faison sailed on the transport *Sherman* on Saturday last for Manila, where Major Faison goes to join his regiment.

New Telephone and Telegraph Company.

A transaction of vast importance and interest to the financial world, and the public generally, was the recent merging of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company into a greater corporation—the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. A vigorous policy of improvement will at once be inaugurated, involving the outlay of millions of dollars. Although the territory in which the new company will operate—Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, and Arizona—shows a greater number of telephones in use per capita than any other section of equal population, the demand for telephones is increasing in a remarkable ratio. When the contemplated improvements are completed, it is confidently expected that there will be an increase of 10,000 telephone stations per month. The new company has but one aim: to equip and maintain so nearly perfect a system that it will merit the good will and commendation of its hundreds of thousands of subscribers. Of course, a great deal of telephonic appliances and apparatus has to be specially constructed, and there will be some delay in the complete installation of the immense equipment. Manufacturers are, however, giving preference to orders from the Pacific Coast, since the San Francisco disaster, and in a comparatively short time every city, town, and hamlet in the territory of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company will be assured a service second to none in the world. The development of rural service will receive special attention, and as there are over 150,000 farms in California, the possibilities are apparent.

Few enterprises met with greater losses in the April fire than the telephone company: in the main office the installation of the largest multiple switchboard in the world had been practically completed, and the costly and intricate apparatus of an exchange for 52,000 subscribers was actually swept from existence. But the management, with unbounded energy, set about the work of rehabilitation, and, despite astonishing difficulties, are bringing order out of chaos. Under the direction of an added force of construction and electrical engineers, multiple switchboards of the latest type will be installed. Not the least of the matters which will receive consideration from the new company will be the welfare of its employees. The plans for the care and comfort of employees will no doubt be an investment that will be returned tenfold in increased loyalty and interest.

The capital of the new corporation has been fixed at \$50,000,000, of which \$32,000,000 is preferred and \$18,000,000 common stock. It is the intention of the company to issue, as required, \$35,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds, the proceeds of the sale of which are to be devoted entirely to improvements and extensions of the company's service. This vast sum will no doubt be available almost immediately by reason of the character of the properties pledged for the payment of these obligations, as the standing of the directorate assures the most efficient management, and especially as the recent disaster in San Francisco, involving such tremendous losses, has so emphatically brought home to investors the wisdom of diversified assets as a basis of mortgage security.

Stockholders of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company are notified by the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco that their certificates may be deposited with the latter company not later than January 20, 1907, to be exchanged for stock of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company on the basis of one share of preferred stock (6 per cent cumulative) and one share of common stock for each share deposited. Negotiable certificates will be issued by the Mercantile Trust Company for stock deposited.

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The Severn, which opened last Saturday, at 1050 Geary Street, near Van Ness Avenue, is under the management of Mr. Zander, formerly of the Hotel Rafael, Del Monte Hotel, and the St. Nicholas, and offers all the attractions of a first-class restaurant.

The Lyceum Theatre in London, made famous by the occupancy and management of Henry Irving, was sold at auction a few days ago for \$597,500.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"And what is your new little brother's name?" "They haven't found out yet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Aunt—I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie. *Young Hopeful*—Ah, but you should hear me gargle!—*Punch.*

"Here is an article which says that family jars eventually kill love." "Family jugs kill it sooner than that."—*Houston Post.*

"Clerker seems to be actually jealous of his chauffeur." "No wonder; he has to pay the man more than he earns himself."—*Puck.*

"That new reporter fell down on his first assignment." "What was it?" "City Sidewalks in Winter."—*Baltimore American.*

"Ma, what's a silhouette?" "It's one of them pert, silly girls that dances and sings in the pieces they play on the stage."—*Baltimore American.*

Fat woman (to cabman)—How much do you charge a mile? *Cabby*—In your case, madam, I'll have to charge by the pound.—*Watsonville Register.*

Gyer—I have the most knowing dog you ever saw. *Myer*—Most knowing? *Gyer*—Yes. Why, every time he sees a tailor he pants.—*Chicago News.*

"What is the greatest danger encountered in running an automobile? And without hesitation the chauffeur answered, "The police."—*Washington Star.*

"Mr. Jingle's writings show a great deal of imagination, don't you think?" "Yes, they show that he imagines he can write poetry."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Our cooks—we always have three, you know—" "Three cooks?" "Oh, yes! The one that's going, the one that's coming, and the one that's here—*Puck.*

She—Would you rather walk or ride there? *He*—Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change.—*Puck.*

"I hope this time you've brought me matches that will light, my son." "Yes, mother," said the little lad. "I've tried them, every one."—*Boston Transcript.*

Church—What do you think of your wife's voice since she took music lessons? *Gotham*—It's no better; but there seems to be more of it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Muggins—I hear you are having your daughter's voice cultivated." *Buggins*—Yes, I'm afraid it can't be cured, so I am doing the next best thing.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"When the people of your town out West discovered that the mayor had been misappropriating the public money, did they suspend him from office?" "No; from a tree."—*Baltimore American.*

Mr. Younghub—Did you bake this bread, darling? *Mrs. Younghub*—Yes, dear. *Mr. Younghub*—Well, please don't do anything like that again. You are entirely too light for such heavy work.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Fluffy Young Thing (at the play)—I believe this man in front of us is trying to hear what we're saying! *Man in Front (turning around)*—You do me an injustice, my dear young lady. I am trying not to hear it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"If you are going to Paris to see some fun, you'll require at the very least \$15 a day." "As much as that? It's pretty heavy, especially seeing that I'm taking my wife with me." "Oh, you're taking your wife? In that case, about \$3 a day will be ample."—*Gil Blas.*

The curtain went up on the Siberian scene. "Those howls sound very real," commented the critic. "That's the real thing in howls. Best I've ever heard." "Ought to be," responded the stage manager. "That's our angel. He's busted."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"What became of that man you arrested as a horse-thief?" "Lynched," answered Piute Pete. "I suppose that ends the matter." "No. Some of the boys had their doubts, so we're goin' to call some witnesses at, git evidence that he really were the guilty party."—*Washington Star.*

"Harld," she exclaimed after she had rested for a moment against his manly breast, "I believe you have heart trouble." "C'm yourself, darling," he replied; "I've

agreed to help Prof. Lightfinger with his sleight-of-hand performance tonight. That's a rabbit."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I had such a beautiful dream last night," said Mrs. Gettinrich. "I dreamed that I had died and gone to heaven." "And was it anything like the poets and painters have pictured it?" "Not a bit. It was just like New York, with endless rows of theatres and restaurants."—*Chicago Record Herald.*

Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatmen that there are none at the river's mouth)—By Jove, this is ripping! But, I say, how do you know there are no alligators here? *Boatman*—Well, you see, sah, de alligator am so turr'ble feared ob de shark."—*Punch.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

We Do.

Though for some lofty reason,
Backed up by some pet view,
We hate to take the money—
You notice that we do.
—*Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.*

So They Said.

"I guess that I am thru,"
Roosevelt said.
"My spelling will not du,"
Roosevelt said.
"Tho why my skeme to spel
Shud hav raised such merry hullabaloo,
Is more than I can tel,"
Roosevelt said.

Goosebones.

Si Perkins takes his goosebone down
An' frowns a most portentous frown.
"Good land!" says he, "I never see
No winter sech as this will be.
The rain will fall, the wind will blow,
An' we shall have a power of snow."

Hi Whiffes picks his goosebone up
An' looks as playful as a pup.
Says he, "Well, well, my gay gazelle,
We're in fer jest the nicest spell
Of weather that ye've ever seen—
The winter will be warm and green."

Now here's two tales as much unlike
As any you will chancet to strike.
You kin believe Hi, or side with Si—
They both are men no coin would buy.
But take both bones an' guess midway,
An' you won't go far wrong, I say.
—*Courier-Journal.*

An Awful Warning.

There was a bum basso named Young.
Unpleasantly strong in the lounge.
One day in Wyoming
He sang in the gloaming,
And when he had sung they hounge Young.
—*Sphinx.*

Isn't It?

Just once in a while—of course under our breath—
Now isn't it really so?
There comes a dull day, when we're tired to death
Of all the nice people we know.

And, indeed—it must be—as such things always go,
That without the least malice or fuss,
Now and then all the clever, nice people we know
Get awfully tired of us.
—*Brooklyn Life.*

The Census Taker—Your name, mum?
"I don't know." "Beg pardon, mum?" "I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this State. In several States it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three States it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name." "This your residence, mum?" "I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighboring State, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband." "Then you're married at present?" "I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts; divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma, and California; a bigamist in three other States, and a single woman in eight others."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"The Rev. Mr. Sixthly has a good deal of nerve." "How so?" "Why, he bought a barrel of old sermons and had them charged to the church."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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Vol. LX. No. 1558.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 19, 1907.

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JEROME A. HART - - - EDITOR

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Our Troublesome Tropical Islands.

Recently the *Argonaut* has been receiving so many agitated letters, hysterical editorials, and feverish newspaper clippings from the Hawaiian Islands that it makes us think the people down there really believe there will be war with Japan. We are not inclined to think they are right, and even if there were danger of war, it is not in the near future. But we can not refrain from saying that our friends in the islands are suffering a greater nervous strain than they would have experienced had they not brought about annexation. For if the United States had not annexed them, all of the great powers interested would have maintained the integrity of the islands. The United States, for example, would have insisted on their independence. Great Britain would not have permitted Japan to

seize them. Germany, which has territorial interests in the Samoan group, would never have permitted the Hawaiian Islands to pass unchallenged under the Mikado's flag.

Now, however, all is different. The islanders think they are in imminent danger from Japanese fleets and armies. They also seem to think that Uncle Sam is affording them inadequate protection. One correspondent writes to deny the reports that organized bodies of Japanese soldiery are in the islands; but he adds that there are many thousands of veteran soldiers of the Manchurian campaign in the islands, and that other thousands are arriving every month. Furthermore, he adds, the police find that the Japanese, when arrested, are invariably armed, and domiciliary visits show that they all have weapons at their dwellings.

These conditions fill the white dwellers in the islands with not unwarrantable apprehension. There are only ten or twelve thousand whites there, while there are between sixty and seventy thousand Japanese. We are also told that the demeanor of the Japanese there has changed. Quite a quarrel recently arose over the refusal of the white physicians to allow the Japanese mediceos certain privileges. Japanese children have been freely admitted to the public schools with the whites, as a matter of course, for in Hawaii all the races are equal, and there is no color line. But the Japanese residents, while they demand equality, do not consider it requires suavity of demeanor. According to the whites, the Japanese are on the contrary rather "cocky" in their manner. They do not hesitate to show their overweening confidence in case of trouble. There is nothing to prevent a Japanese fleet (writes one correspondent) taking the islands, for there could be no resistance. There is no heavy artillery on the islands; in fact, there are no guns larger than machine guns. There is only a nominal garrison at Camp McKinley. There are only two American battle-ships in the entire Pacific, and both of them have been laid up for repairs. The harbor of Honolulu is guarded by a dangerous reef, once within which the Japanese fleet could hold the harbor against a very powerful naval force. It would be easy to mine the entrance to the harbor in such a way as to render its passage impossible. Pearl Harbor, not far from Honolulu, the United States purchased some twenty years ago. Ever since that time our government has been talking about fortifying it, but nothing has yet been done. The frequent cable messages between Washington and the American legation in Japan have also excited the apprehensions of the islanders. A correspondent writes us that recently the cable time was taken up for an entire day transmitting cipher messages between Tokyo and Washington, while hours have been so monopolized on many other days. The islanders also fear an alliance between the resident Japanese and Chinese. There are about 150,000 people in Hawaii, nearly 70,000 of whom are Japanese, about 30,000 Chinese, and only 12,000 whites. If Mr. Roosevelt carries out his expressed desire, and confers the franchise on the Japanese, they would outnumber the white voters five to one.

Strategic Frontiers and Naval Bases.

This is the troubled tale brought to us every few days by the mails from Hawaii. It carries us back to nine or ten years ago, when the stubborn *Argonaut* could not be convinced by its Pacific Coast contemporaries of the urgent necessity of Hawaii as a "strategic frontier," a "coaling station," and a "naval base." We admitted freely the merits these military arguments possessed on paper, but we hinted that some other power in case of war might take Hawaii and make of it a "strategic frontier," a "coaling station," and a "naval base." Inasmuch

as Uncle Sam up to that time had neglected to fortify his own coast line, we suggested that he might fail to fortify his "strategic frontier" when he got it. This, it would seem, is what he has done. According to all our correspondents, he has done nothing at all in the way of fortifying his "strategic frontier." Instead of making it a "naval base," with many powerful battle-ships there, they have all been taken around to the other side of the continent, to act as escort to Mr. Roosevelt on his naval maneuvering processions and Panama Canal excursions. There is, we believe, a coal pile at Honolulu, although no correspondent has told us so. We assume there is, because there ought to be. But if Japan were to come and take our coal pile just before war broke out—as she did with Russia—it would not be of much use to us for fuel.

On March 10, 1897, the *Argonaut*, in replying to numerous interrogatories as to why it opposed annexation, said:

The policy of this nation has always been opposed to the annexation of non-contiguous territory. We have enough race problems in the United States at present. There is every reason why we should not add to them. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, with their motley population of Kanakas, Chino-Kanakas, Japanese-Kanakas, half whites, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and other mixtures, would dilute our citizenship. Further, a large fleet would be required for the protection of these islands alone.

We see that we were in error when we wrote this last sentence. Under the present administration's policy it is quite evident that not only is a large fleet not required to protect the islands, but they do not need any fleet at all. The battle-ships are all needed in the Atlantic. So with the coaling station at Pearl Harbor granted to the United States by Hawaii in 1875. As it is protected by a coral reef, we need no guns there. The reef will protect the coal pile. We are glad to see by the *Congressional Record* that Congressman Cannon, now Speaker, while in debate in May, 1897, thought the same way. He objected to improving the harbor, and said:

"United States vessels have always been able to coal at Honolulu harbor and can continue to do so. Why spend money there? If improvements were begun on Pearl Harbor, the people would raise the price of land."

The debate continued until the question was settled by Congressman Hilborn of California (now dead), who said:

When the United States is so badly off for naval stations at home, it is folly to build them abroad. In case of war all the power of the navy would be required to protect Pearl Harbor, and in case of annexation the harbor would be unnecessary.

Evidently the War Department agreed with Congressman Hilborn, for the islands have been annexed and the harbor has not been improved or fortified. The argument of Mr. Hilborn was indeed incontrovertible. Why should the government of the United States lay out its money in fortifying a shallow hole inside a coral reef on a volcanic island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean when it leaves cities like San Francisco and New York almost unfortified? We believe that is sound sense; so, apparently, does Congress and the country. But if everybody believes that, what becomes of the theories concerning the "strategic frontier," the "coaling station," and the "naval base"?

Island Annexation Meant Coolie Labor.

These reminiscences recall to us the fact that the *Argonaut*, which did not like Hawaiian annexation, vigorously opposed Philippine annexation. We said at the time that sub-tropical island annexation would inevitably lead to coolie labor importation. At first our Coast contemporaries ignored this burning question; then they sneered at it as being "sensational"; then they denounced this journal for attempting "needlessly to alarm the wage earners."

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Chronicle*, for example, in 1900, denounced our warnings to the laboring classes as a mere chimera, and insisted that the labor question would not be affected by territorial expansion. We retorted that the migration of Asiatics from the Philippines, and Hawaii, to the mainland of the United States could not be prevented under our laws. The *Chronicle* in 1900 stigmatized our warnings as "lugubrious nonsense." Yet the *Chronicle* today is sounding the alarm over the thousands of Japanese who are pouring into California from the Hawaiian Islands.

In 1899 the *Argonaut* warned the American people that Philippine annexation meant the extension of our exclusion laws to the Philippines; that these laws would prevent the Chinese from traveling freely thither, a privilege which for centuries they had enjoyed; that they would resent their exclusion from the Philippines much more bitterly than their exclusion from the United States; that they would certainly put their resentment into some practical form, and that it would probably take the shape of a boycott on American trade; that this would so gravely alarm the manufacturers and traders of the East that they would attempt to repeal the Chinese exclusion law. Here, we pointed out, would be a natural and inevitable sequence of events that would mean grave danger to the wage earners on the Pacific Coast.

It did not take long for this prophecy to reach its first stage of verification. On January 27, 1900, there took place in New York a banquet by the American Asiatic Association. Among the guests were Senators and Representatives of the United States; ex-Cabinet ministers; several foreign ministers, including the Chinese Minister, Wu Ting Fang; John Barrett, then Minister to Siam; Colonel Denby, Philippine Commissioner, and Baron Komura, Japanese Minister. Wu Ting Fang in a speech told of the magnitude of the China trade. He said:

But you must be more civil and polite in your dealings with us if you want to secure a share of the China trade. It will depend upon your treatment of my countrymen, not only in this country, but especially in your newly acquired islands. Your efforts to get our trade will be frustrated by unjust treatment of the Chinese, either here or in the Philippines. If the United States wants the Chinese trade, this country must not preclude the Chinese from coming here or there. If it does, the Chinese government will take retaliative measures for any such treatment. In view of the severe enforcement of the exclusion law the Chinese may boycott American goods.

This open threat from the Chinese Minister seems to have been forgotten in a very short time. It was not talked of last year, when the Chinese boycott prevailed and when Mr. Roosevelt modified the operation of the exclusion law by executive order in order to propitiate the offended Chinese and lift the boycott. When the *Argonaut* gave the annexation of the Philippines and the exclusion of the Chinese from those islands as one of the reasons of the boycott, it was laughed at. But from the foregoing bit of reminiscence it will be seen that the assertion was beyond question true. The boycott was threatened by Wu Ting Fang in 1900. It was put into effect five years later. It is still going on.

Philippine Exclusion Evokes Boycott.

But the economic forces of nations with diverse interests may not be set aside by banquets or by speeches. The United States was forced to extend its tariff laws, its contract labor laws, and its exclusion laws to both the Philippine and the Hawaiian Islands. As a result the ardent annexationist planters in Hawaii found themselves unable to get labor to work their plantations. And they have been ever since endeavoring to have the labor laws of the United States set aside. Correspondingly, the Chinese have resented the exclusion laws applying to them in the Philippines, whither they have freely gone for centuries. And the trading nations of the world, including Japan, resented the attitude of the McKinley administration, and Secretary Hay, in demanding the "open door" in Manchuria while they presented a firmly closed door in the Philippines. From these conflicting forces sprang the Chinese boycott on American industries, which speedily became an Asiatic boycott, for it was concocted under the tutelage of Japan and the astute Wu Ting Fang. This Asiatic boycott on American trade so alarmed our

American traders of the Atlantic Coast that the exclusion law, which now protects the Pacific Coast, at once became exposed to grave danger of repeal. So terrified are the American commercial classes over this boycott that the law is still in danger. The President indulged in open threats against China, although he has not threatened Japan, which is the power behind China in this Asiatic boycott. These threats resulted only in the Chinese government making excuses, and accomplished nothing more. The boycott is now again assuming a menacing aspect. The despatches of the past week show that the Chinese are again being stirred to activity by the Japanese, as is evidenced by the renewal of the boycott against this country.

But suppose that the President were to follow his "modifying" the exclusion act by executive order, and suppose the traders of the East should effect its repeal. If the law is wrong, it should have been repealed long ago; if it is right, it should stand. What would the Japanese and Chinese think of this great republic were it to repeal any of its immigration laws in terror over a threatened loss of trade? What would the Japanese think if we repealed a school law in fear of a threatened war? What can they think? What ought they to think?

However much we might humble ourselves, such a course now would be useless. Korea and Manchuria have practically been gobbled up by Japan; China is under the overmastering influence of Japan. In a few years the Japanese, with American machinery and Asiatic labor, will be supplying to the swarming millions of Asia the goods now being supplied by American industry. Already vast quantities of American machinery are installed in Japan. Soon the cotton mills of Japan will be doing the work of the American cotton mills. Already the despatches tell us that Japanese flour mills are doing the work which so long has been done by the flour mills of the Pacific Coast.

Thus we find one of the many evils caused by our Asiatic annexation coming to pass. When the McKinley administration bought the Philippines for twenty millions of dollars, this journal warned the country and the Pacific Coast of the evils that would surely spring from that annexation. One of our first warnings was of an inevitable Chinese boycott on American goods, resulting from our new Philippine boycott on Chinese immigration. This we predicted would be followed by an attack on the exclusion law. The first has come to pass; the second is already coming.

Our Pro-Japanese Folly.

The blindness of this country in its Oriental policy is difficult to understand. When war broke out between Russia and Japan there was no obvious reason for this country to side with the Oriental power. Yet all the Eastern and most of the American press were persistently unfriendly to the Christian nation and friendly to the pagan power. Russia for more than a century had been a friend to this nation, and during the Civil War had sent its fleets to New York and to San Francisco when the English threatened to attack us at the time of the capture of Mason and Slidell. In the face of this friendship of a century our government, our press, and our people persistently testified their sympathy for Japan and applauded her successes on land and sea.

When, at the battle of Tsushima, the Russian fleet was annihilated in the Sea of Japan we said in these columns that it was one of the gravest conflicts to the white race since Charles Martel checked the Saracen host at the battle of Tours. That naval battle was more than a blow at the prestige of Russia. It was a menace to the entire white race. It was a warning to all the Western world. Yet how was it received in the United States? It was met with almost universal satisfaction. The victory was generally accepted by the American government, the American press, and the American people as "a victory for right." What ethical question of "right" was involved it would be difficult to say. Whether Russia or Japan had the better right to steal Manchuria from China is a question for casuists. The god of battles and the sympathy of the United States sided with Japan. She is occupying Manchuria and has practically wiped out Korea, which spectacle the United States contemplates in silence, although we are in honor bound,

if not treaty bound, to protect the helpless little Hermit Kingdom.

And what has been the result of American sympathy with Japanese arms? When the war was brought to an end by the efforts of President Roosevelt, and when, at the Portsmouth conference, Japan was not accorded all the fruits of the war which she thought she should have had, wild rioting broke out in Tokyo; the Japanese peace commissioners feared to return lest they be assassinated; Americans in the streets of Japanese cities were stoned, and fled to the consulates and legations for their lives; the Japanese press spouted obscene abuse of the country which so lately was gushing with praises over them. This outburst was only the beginning of Japanese "gratitude" for America's sympathy and of Japanese appreciation for the President's termination of the war. The Portsmouth conference made the Japanese hate us, where before they had only disliked us. It inspired the Japanese to renewed efforts in stirring up the Chinese boycott. It inspired them with renewed ardor in monopolizing our markets on the Asiatic Coast. Had Russia seized all of Manchuria and Korea she would have made there a market instead of a menace for our shopkeeper statesmen. As it is now, the whole Asiatic Coast will before long be under the open suzerainty of Japan. The Japanese are pre-eminently a commercial people. Prior to the boycott they were selling American goods under forged brands in China and Manchuria. Now they have ceased selling the goods under forged American brands and are replacing them with Japanese brands throughout Eastern Asia. Thus the United States is losing the "open door" and the "open market," which our statesmen crawled through so much indirection to obtain.

To sum up, our kindergarten diplomacy seems to have brought us to this pass. We had an exclusion law a quarter of a century old. Under it, Chinese laborers were excluded from our continent. The Chinese had grown to accept it as a settled thing. But by extending it to the Philippines we have deeply offended China, which had become reconciled to the old law as operated on the Pacific Coast. In this mood China has been egged on by Japan to boycott American trade. Our warlike President at first threatens China with physical constraint in case the boycott be not removed. When, however, he learns that Japan is behind China, he moderates his tone. This does not have a favorable effect on either Japan or China—on the contrary, it inspires them with the belief that the United States is so wedded to gain that we fear even the contingency of war where our Oriental trade is concerned. So Japan proceeds to take over our market in Manchuria and Korea, and when our State Department feebly protests that the "open door" was promised to us there, Japan retorts that we are excluding the Japanese from the public schools in California and hints at war. And the United States swallows the threat, and is still apologizing, while the President is threatening California with the same physical coercion with which he threatened China not many months ago.

Well, perhaps he will not carry out his threats with California any more than he did with China.

An Editorial Lucifer.

Among the various editors who, during the merry midsummer, figured as guests at the hospitable board of Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, was Mr. George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review* and *Harper's Weekly*. It was natural to suppose that Mr. Harvey—having broken bread under the roof-tree at Oyster Bay—would have been included in that hypnotized editorial circle which, like the four and twenty elders around the Great White Throne, sits gazing at the White House, saying: "Holy! Holy! Holy!" night and day. The leaders of the band are Dr. Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews* and Dr. Lyman Abbott of the *Outlook*. We may call them the seraphim. Our knowledge of angelology is limited. We only know that the cherubim have been described as those little angels who can not sit down. Therefore, as these sedentary gentlemen occupy editorial tripods, they can not be cherubim—they must be seraphim. Furthermore, Dr. Shaw and Dr. Abbott swing censers whence ever rise fumes of frankincense to the Great White House. Poe, or some other sacred writer, certainly speaks somewhere of unseen censers swung

by seraphim. So seraphim the two angelic doctors are.

From recent pieces in the *North American Review*, however, it is evident that Mr. George Harvey has been obliged to leave the sacred circle and to go out into outer darkness where there is wailing and smashing of teeth. It is not known what he has done. It must have been something terrible. Perhaps he disagreed with a High Personage. He has certainly been flung from the battlements of the White House, and is still falling, falling, falling, like a shooting star. For in the last two numbers of the *North American Review* there are pieces on the President, his Japanese policy, his plan of running the country entirely without the aid of Congress, his belief that State lines must be effaced, and his attempt to regulate the public schools in California. The language used in some of these articles is more heated than we have seen even in the degraded commonwealth of California, a State which the President says has "a low civilization, a low morality."

In one of his pieces Editor Harvey says that "Theodore Roosevelt has excellent intentions, despite the calculating quality of his methods." The fallen editor then comments on the President's "latest impatient demand for the privilege of regarding all officers of the army and navy in time of peace as in a class with his household servants, and subject to a dishonorable discharge without trial or cause, but from caprice and personal displeasure." Editor Harvey also remarks on the President's Secretary of State, and his having "almost royal honors rendered and accepted" in South America; this was followed—says the fallen editor—by the American people receiving from Mr. Root's lips "the pronouncement—insulting to a free people—of Empire." Editor Harvey then reminds the American people that Mr. Roosevelt got his Secretary of State to declare that a "constructive recess" intervened in a continuous session of the Senate; that he got him to "violate the treaty-making prerogative vested in the Senate by his will in San Domingo;" that he made a "verbal declaration of war by inciting the insurrection against Colombia;" that he instructed his Secretary of State in a public address to declare that "constructions of the Constitution will be found sooner or later" to bring about the effacement and enslavement of the States.

With these things confronting him, Editor Harvey is impelled to "sound the alarm." As the *North American Review* is a high-priced periodical, doubtless appealing only to an exclusive circle of critical readers. Editor Harvey concluded to reproduce his warnings in his more widely circulated journal, *Harper's Weekly*. Thus he gave to his statements the authority of the most venerable of American reviews, and, at the same time, the wider publicity of one of the most venerable of American weeklies. He has also supplemented the utterances of the *Review*—which do not lack heat—with some independent pronouncements in the *Weekly* itself. In this periodical for January 5, 1907, Editor Harvey says:

There now seems to be no doubt that President Roosevelt authorized the views put forth in the extraordinary speech made by the titular head of his Cabinet. If Mr. Root did speak for the President, and if he did mean to advocate the gradual introduction of centralization, through legal fictions or strained interpretations of our federal constitution, established by a supreme federal tribunal packed for the purpose, the extreme severity of the reprobation in the *North American Review* was amply warranted. There were those who . . . assumed that the Secretary's suggestions were academic rather than revolutionary . . . A careful consideration of the speech, however, convinces most readers that Secretary Root . . . was deputed to find out whether a typical audience . . . would sanction a proposal to use the United States Supreme Court to convert by warped decisions the present restricted union of the States into a unified republic.

The more one reflects upon the moral significance of such a proposal the more shocking it appears. For the obvious implication is that the President, forgetful of his oath, would conceive it permissible to nominate to seats on the highest federal tribunal, men willing and obligated to construe the federal organic law in pursuance of a preconceived centralizing purpose. . . . Never before did a President or Secretary of State practically avow, by unavoidable implication, a deliberate intention to commit a flagrant breach of duty, and violate a solemn promise to "uphold the Constitution."

The tide of public sentiment has begun to turn against the President. The weapon of ridicule is more deadly than any that Theodore Roosevelt encountered at San Juan. . . . Mr. Roosevelt's day will be over when he can no longer persuade any considerable section of the American

people to take him seriously. The total collapse of his silly attempt to revolutionize the orthography hitherto accepted by his countrymen excited at first satisfaction, then amusement, and, at last, contempt. If anybody really read his voluminous Panama message he must have noted, partly with mirth and partly with disgust, the strange and unsavory uses to which Mr. Roosevelt's conception of Presidential duty led him to apply the Presidential nose. The notion that a battle-ship and armored cruiser were needed to convey to Panama the federal Chief Magistrate in order that he there might make a conscientious employment of his olfactory, has provoked considerable hilarity.

Not even in this degraded and barbarous State of California, where various labor unions, the labor leagues, and the mass-meetings have been engaged in criticising President Roosevelt, have we heard anything so severe as the language used by Editor Harvey in the *North American Review* and *Harper's Weekly*.

How art thou fallen from the high heaven of Oyster Bay, O Harvey, son of the House of Harper!—fallen, never to hope again. For never again will the editorial legs be stretched beneath the Presidential mahogany.

Woe, woe!

Passive Resistance.

Down in Hawaii the people and the press are excited over the Japanese question—much more excited than we are here. That is natural—there already are so many thousand Japanese males in Hawaii that in case of war the whites could offer little or no resistance. Although we do not believe there is danger of war, we sympathize with our compatriots on those little islands out in the ocean, surrounded by yellow and brown men of alien races, Polynesian and Oriental. In Hawaii, as in the Philippines, in case of trouble with Japan, the native allegiance will go where God wills, but probably not with the United States.

Our contemporary, the *Commercial Advertiser*, in its heat accuses the *Argonaut* of being heated—which is an error. It copies these words from our columns:

The reason that we in California are calm in the presence of this crisis is, first, because we know we are right; second, because we hope to convince our countrymen that we are right; and, third, if we fail so to convince them, we will, whatever they do or say, do what we know to be right.

The *Commercial Advertiser* is shocked at these calm statements, and says:

Of the third point, it ought to be answered that such a veiled threat is unbecoming in the discussion of a pure point of law. If the final statement means anything it means that the execution of a process from the Circuit Court would be resisted with force.

No, the statement means nothing of the kind. It means simply that in this public school question we in California will do what we know to be right. By that we mean that we will educate our own children in our own way. We will not permit adult males—whether white, yellow, black, or brown—to be intimately associated with white girls of tender age in the school-room. We will not permit the federal government, the Japanese government, Theodore Roosevelt, the Mikado, or anybody else to dictate to us in this regard.

But our friends of the *Commercial Advertiser* must not think that this means revolution. It means merely passive resistance. We do not suppose that President Roosevelt will order United States troops into the public schools of San Francisco to force white girls to sit side by side with adult Japanese.

Crooked Sauerkraut Companies Must Settle.

With great gratification the *Argonaut* informs its readers that a Hamburg court has decided that the North German Fire Insurance Company must pay its losses in the San Francisco fire of last April. The court held that the earthquake clause in the policy did not justify the company in disclaiming liability. The Transatlantic Fire Insurance Company, another German concern, was also ordered by the Hamburg court to settle some reinsurance risks: this company had claimed that the reinsuring companies had been too generous with the San Francisco policy-holders; had not shaved down their claims sufficiently; had not taken advantage of their legal limitations; and had settled claims too rapidly. The court held against the Transatlantic, and

ordered them to pay their debts. The only regrettable fact in this instance is that the North German Company carried about \$4,500,000 in San Francisco risks, and that its assets will pay only fifty per cent. of this amount. The North German is reinsured, however, to a certain extent in other companies, and if they are German companies this decision of the Hamburg court will probably force them to reimburse the North German Company. It is probable that the case will be appealed, but we think the prompt and direct action of the Hamburg court shows that the equities of the matter are clear. The appellate tribunal will probably sustain the lower court.

We congratulate the policy-holders of the North German Company for their stalwart stand, and their refusal to be buncoed. We congratulate Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, who went to Germany to help them as representative of the Policy-holders' Association. We congratulate Attorneys W. J. Herrin, William Thomas, and Oscar Sutro for the success which has crowned their efforts in the first skirmish. And we congratulate the policy-holders in the crooked cockney companies, and in the other crooked sauerkraut companies, for a case is now pending in San Francisco against a crooked cockney company which can not fail to be affected by this decision. In fact, the decision will strengthen the cases of all the unfortunate policy-holders who are now awaiting pocket-picking in more or less perturbation. The decision is one which ought to gratify all honest men, and alarm all crooks and crooked companies.

Revival of the Chinese Boycott.

According to late despatches, there is a marked recurrence of the Asiatic boycott on American commerce. The American consul at Canton cables to the State Department at Washington that there has been a renewal of the anti-American boycott there. He adds that the government officials at Canton are much opposed to the boycott, and that they have the city placarded with warnings against encouraging it under severe penalties. The State Department informs us that the viceroy of the two Kwang provinces is also taking strong measures against the boycott, and hopes to stamp it out, as the Chinese government is most friendly to the United States. We have no doubt that the viceroy of Kwang had his tongue in his cheek when he handed this out to the American consul. The government of China is an absolutism. Men there are almost as much afraid of speaking out openly as are the officers of our army. If the Chinese government did not encourage the anti-American boycott it would at once die an unnatural death. It will be observed that the anti-American boycott in China dies away whenever Japan so wills. But whenever Japan has some urgent little demand to press against our government she blows on the smoldering embers and again the anti-American boycott in China blazes up rapidly.

The Ananias Club Portrayed.

In a recent number of *Ridgway's Magazine* are printed the portraits of the seven gentlemen making up the charter members of what has been called "Mr. Roosevelt's Ananias Club." These are Mr. Bellamy Storer, described by Mr. Roosevelt as a "perfidious" liar; Judge Alton B. Parker, whom Mr. Roosevelt has stigmatized as an "atrocious" liar; Mr. William E. Chandler, once Secretary of the Navy and a former United States Senator, whom Mr. Roosevelt dubs an "unqualified" liar; Mr. Henry M. Whitney, who when Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in 1905 was called by the President a "deliberate" liar; Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, whom the President removed as Minister to Venezuela, describing him as a "disingenuous" liar; Mr. G. O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, whom the President classified as an "inventive" liar; and Chief Engineer Wallace of the Panama Canal, whom the President has held up to shame as an "utter" liar.

It is really remarkable, when one gazes at this gallery of gentlemen, to think that they should bear so seemingly an exterior and be at heart so depraved. With most of their faces we are not familiar. Many of us remember the counterfeit presentment

of Judge Parker (who thought he was running for the Presidency two years ago), but his is the only familiar face. Therefore we examine with interest the others, in order to see if we may find some outward and visible manifestation of their inward and invisible guile. But none is patent. Mr. Shiels conceals under a handsome, clear-eyed, and dignified face his loathsome inward gift of falsification. Mr. Whitney looks like a prosperous American business man with a kindly face—so frank and open is his countenance that he would deceive almost any one; it is not strange that he should have won and betrayed the confidence of our impulsive President. Of the others, Mr. Bowen is probably the most dignified and stately in appearance, Mr. Wallace the most handsome and most ingenuous. Yet all are personable men, and it is painful to reflect that they are not what they seem. In fact, they would impose on almost any one.

Dear, dear! How this world is given to lying!

A Part Greater than the Whole.

In a lengthy editorial the Hawaiian *Commercial Advertiser* reviews the *Argonaut's* attitude on the Japanese question. It does not agree with us. It declares that when the Constitution calls treaties "the supreme law of the land," that passage gives the President the power to over-ride the laws of California by means of a treaty with Japan. This is equivalent to saying that the President and a part of Congress possess more power than the President and the whole of Congress; that the Constitutional rights of a State may be set aside by the President by and with the consent of the Senate and a foreign power; that an unconstitutional treaty negotiated by the President and Senate has more force and effect than a federal statute passed and signed by the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives!

If our Hawaiian contemporary can believe that, we will leave it to struggle with its very curious belief.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Editor Ordained.

Letters of all sorts, including offers to sell counterfeit money, used to be sent on letter paper headed "American Bible House." It used to be an old game of the confidence men to locate themselves in New York in that business building. Therefore, we were not surprised on receiving a letter with the heading "American Bible Society." But we were somewhat startled at the title applied to our modest and non-religious self.

American Bible Society, Bible House, Astor Place,
New York.

SECRETARIES' OFFICE, Dec. 31, 1906.

REV. JEROME A. HART—MY DEAR FRIEND: Just before my colleague, Rev. John Fox, started on his trip around the world in the interest of our work, he handed me your letter, dated April 27, 1901, which by some vicissitudes of fortune had been held for the action of a Committee, and I see no mark on it to indicate its answer in any way. I fear that you have been all this time wondering what has become of that letter. I have looked up the English-Italian Testament to which you refer, and find that you are quite correct in your criticism, and we have made note of it, and will change the plate, and when we get out a new edition it will be corrected. Please pardon this delay.

With kind regards, I am, cordially yours,
WILLIAM INGRAM HAVEN,
Cor. Secretary.

At first the "American Bible House" letter-head made us think of offers of green goods and gold bricks. But when our eyes fell on the title "Reverend," and the date "April 27," in conjunction, for one mad moment we feared that the shock had shaken us into holy orders. The writer has had many undeserved titles applied to him in his life, even including "Honorable," which latter seems hard, as he has always led a blameless life. But the title "Reverend" was new. It impelled us to read the letter at once, and we found that "April" was not the cataclysmal month we all remember so well, but one five years earlier.

Out of the vast deep of the recollections of the past five years, including those which tumbled upon each other so rapidly during the past seven months, it was difficult at first to recall what our friend was writing about. But after a diligent searching of memory we recalled the fact that about that time we had, while traveling, purchased an English-Italian Testament. In this volume, although printed by the American Bible Society, we found an error of so curious a nature that we at once wrote to the editor suggesting that, before he printed a new edition, he should correct the error in the electro plates. It was the substitution of one name for another in the sixteenth verse of sixth St. Luke, where it speaks of "And Judas, the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot which also was the traitor." This substitution was, of course, perfectly apparent, owing to the parallel columns in the two languages, reading in the Italian: "Giuda, frate di Giacomo, e Giuda Iscariot, il quale ancora fu traditore." Only those who are familiar with the ways of printers, and who know the demoniac subtlety with which they make errors involving subsequent reams of paper and consequent gallons of ink explain, can appreciate such an error as this. For do

many unless devoted Bible readers recall that James had a brother who bore the same name as the traitor Judas? And if they know there was a Judas who was the brother of James, of which James was he the brother?—for in the enumeration of the apostles in this chapter Jesus called unto Him "Simon (whom he also named Peter), and Andrew, his brother, James and John," etc.

Did the reader ever have any uncertainty about the relationships of the James and John who were so close to the Saviour?

According to some ecclesiastical writers, James the Less was the son of Alpheus (otherwise called Cleophas) and of Mary, sister of the Virgin, Mother of Jesus. He was called "brother" to Jesus, which in Jewish usage meant "cousin." Jewish tradition calls him "James the Just." Christian tradition regards him as first bishop of Jerusalem. But the Jesuit hagiographers who call themselves Bollandists, believe that Alpheus and Cleophas were not the same; that Alpheus had a son, St. James the Less, the apostle; that Cleophas had a son, St. James the Just, brother of Jesus and Bishop of Jerusalem. John the Evangelist was, of course, the son of Zebediah and Salome, and brother of James the Greater. John the Baptist, of course, was the son of Elizabeth, to whose husband, Zacharias, the angel predicted that she should become a mother, although he was "an old man and his wife well stricken in years." Mary, the friend and cousin of Elizabeth, also became the mother of a son, Jesus. But who is the James whom we see so often in the old religious pictures and who is mentioned continually in the sacred writings as being with the Saviour? Some have believed that he was the child by a former marriage of Joseph, Mary's husband. Some traditions say that Mary had other and earthly children by Joseph. Are these questions clear in the minds of most Bible readers? There is little in the Scriptures to make the answer plain. The term applied throughout as to the relation existing between Jesus and James is "brother" or "brethren," yet this term is also applied to the relations existing between Jesus and others who could not be his blood brothers. It is not an uncertainty peculiar to the English language, for the same ambiguity is found in Latin and Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, and in the Douay and King James versions in English. In short, it would seem to be an unsolved problem.

And yet this question, which has for nearly two thousand years defied theologians and philologists, is settled in a minute by a compositor to whom the American Bible Society probably pays about \$20 a week. He ought to get a raise.

Our compliments to our reverend and dear friend, William Ingram Haven. Over the lapse of the five years which have passed since we wrote our letter to him we extend to him greetings, and our thanks that even at this late day the American Bible Society should have stopped the press and executed this little correction in the plate in the interest of the eternal verities.

Efficiency of the United States Post Office.

Newspaper publishers probably have more to do with the Postoffice Department than other business men, and very much more than private individuals, hence their interest in the department is keen. But it is evident that citizens generally share that interest, as is betokened by the communications we receive. In one of these just to hand, the writer says:

The *Argonaut* gives government ownership of railroads a knock in discussing the question of postage now before the country. Whatever the shortcomings of the postoffice may be, we must certainly admit that it is a very efficient institution, and the opponents of government ownership of public utilities are welcome to all the solace their souls can draw by pointing the finger of scorn at the postoffice's inefficiency.

The *Argonaut* certainly will not "admit that the Postoffice is a very efficient institution." We think that the United States Postoffice Department, as at present conducted, is probably the most inefficient department of this government. Compared with those of other leading nations, it is the most inefficient of which we have any knowledge. There is nothing in Europe to compare with it in point of inefficiency, unless it be the Turkish Postoffice. And that is so bad that the European embassies in Constantinople are forced to maintain postoffices of their own.

The foregoing is not said intemperately, and we trust our readers will not consider we are indulging in loose talk or exaggeration. We mean exactly what we say. With the Postoffice departments of most of Western Europe we are familiar. We have had some experience with the Russian Postoffice, but very little. We are told it is poor. The postoffice service of Great Britain, of France, and of the German empire is superior to that of the United States. While in Spain and Italy we have noted no very bad workings of the postoffice, although in these two countries they do not compare with the ones we have mentioned. But in our great republic the postoffice service is abnormally bad.

To state that those who oppose government ownership of public utilities could be changed in their point of view by contemplating the workings of the United States Postoffice Department sounds like a joke. If this government could not operate telegraph lines, railways, and steamship lines better than it does the Postoffice Department, its attempt at governmental operation would render this country impossible to do business in.

One point I have never seen mentioned in this whole discussion of postage rates, which is this: Take any of the weekly or monthly publications that Mr. Madden says are not entitled to second class rates, or any of those that he claims should pay a higher rate: they cause much use of the letter mails.

That Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden should be entitled to say that any particular weekly or

any particular monthly should or should not be entitled to second-class rates, or that any particular weekly or any particular monthly should be obligated to pay a higher rate than now, is proposterous. Even if Mr. Madden were a broad-minded and fair-minded man, to clothe him with such arbitrary power, *without court review*, is unseemly in a republic. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Madden is a narrow-minded bureaucrat. Furthermore, he has for years been "construing" the regulations of the Postoffice Department in ways which are incomprehensible to newspaper publishers, incomprehensible to his superiors, incomprehensible to the department attorneys, and incomprehensible to Mr. Madden. In private life Mr. Madden may be, and doubtless is, an estimable and agreeable citizen, but as Third Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States he is an oligarchic bureaucrat.

No—on second thoughts, he is a bureaucratic oligarch.

Thousands of replies to ads. pass through the mails. A Los Angeles dealer in novelties told me that he had received over 800 replies from a two-inch ad. in a rather obscure monthly magazine. He told me that over 500 of them contained small sums of money, ordering some of his novelties, on which, of course, he had to pay postage back to the one who sent the order; to the others he simply sent his catalogue. Now figure this out: 800 letters at 2 cents equals \$16 in Uncle Sam's pocket. It takes 2 cents to mail the novelty, and on 500 that would be \$10, and 1 cent each for mailing catalogues to the other 300, which makes \$29, and doubtless that will not be the end of the mailing business either.

There can be no question that the circulation of large quantities of second-class matter at a low rate adds immeasurably to the receipts coming to the postoffice from first-class matter. Postmaster-General Cortelyou admits as much in his annual report, dated December 9, 1906, when he says:

"The financial returns from certain branches are so interwoven with and dependent upon others that there is much force in the contention that it is unreasonable to charge any one of them with the responsibility for the deficit."

This is not a solitary example. I am personally acquainted with others in the mail order business who have had practically the same experience. Now if the ads. in all the magazines swell the postal revenues in this fashion, do you not think it would be good business policy of Uncle Sam to extend rather than curtail postal privileges?

Yes, it certainly would be good business policy. The *Argonaut* expresses no opinion as to the respective equities involved in the carrying of a half-ounce sealed confidential writing for two cents; of two ounces of unsealed printed matter for one cent; or sixteen ounces of periodical matter, produced by wholesale dealers, to be shipped in bulk for one cent. These strike us as being questions of detail. Other countries seem to arrange them without continual friction with the publishers, and we see no reason why our postoffice should not be able to do so. Our department might at least prepare and publish its laws, ordinances, and regulations, statutes, or whatever it chooses to call them, in such a way that they may be comprehended by an ordinary layman, or if not by him by his attorney. But they are so prepared that neither layman nor attorney can understand them. The department, in its long controversy with George P. Rowell, publisher of *Printers' Ink*, over its construing of its own ordinances, was practically fought to a standstill. Rowell got his back up, retained the most able attorneys in New York City, and enlisted on his side United States Senators and Representatives. The bureaucrats of the postoffice were finally forced to back down, and to admit that they did not know what their own regulations meant, or what their own rulings as to their own regulations meant, or what their own construction of their own rulings of their own regulations meant. In view of this official, universal, and bureaucratic ignorance of the Postoffice Department, how could it be expected that non-official persons could cope with their concoctions?

Yes, we think it would be good business policy for Uncle Sam to extend rather than curtail postal privileges, but he does not do so. His postoffice bureaucrats try all they can to curtail rather than to extend. Every possible stumbling block is thrown in the way of an old publisher when he wishes to extend his business. Every imaginable obstacle is piled up before a new publisher when he wishes to begin a publishing business. No matter how high may be the standing of a publisher who wishes to start a new journal, it may be weeks, months, or years before he is "admitted to registration as second-class matter." We are aware that there are crooked individuals who attempt to operate under cover of the United States mails—to circulate as legitimate publications those which are illegitimate, to send out advertising "house organs" as genuine publications, to obtain the money of the ignorant or heedless on fraudulent pretenses. But it does not follow that every publisher who wishes to use the postoffice is a rascal. The fact that there have been so many rascals and so many defalcations in the United States Postoffice Department since its foundation should not impel its officials to believe that all the men outside of it are rascals too.

Why should not a big mail order house have the privilege of publishing and mailing at publishers' rates their advertising matter (within reasonable limits) to their bona fide customers? Probably this latter proposition is a little too advanced, but I think the *Argonaut* is fair enough to see the reasonableness of the first proposition. The Southern Pacific Company have a rather able monthly, and its only *raison d'être* is to praise the beauties of California and bring traffic to the S. P. road. And who shall say that this is not perfectly legitimate, and not within the bounds of good public policy? Other railroads have similar publications, as, for instance, the *Four Track News*. If a railroad, why not a merchant?

We scarcely think that a mail order house should have "the privilege of publishing and mailing at publisher's rates their advertising matter." The reason is plain. The law gives the publisher a lower rate for circulating his publication, because it is intended to disseminate general information and literature, and thereby to educate and improve the

people; the advertising is incidental. But in the mail order journal the advertising is the primary element. Hence the law makes a lower rate for the circulation of the legitimate news or literary journal. Still, we see no reason why a prohibitory rate should be placed on the circulation of mail order journals or advertising matter coming from large houses. This, again, as we said, is a question of detail, and it should be arranged purely with an eye to the best interests of the people of the United States. As it is now, the Postoffice Department acts in a way which seems to assume that any one desiring to do business through the United States Postoffice Department is to be treated with suspicion and hampered in every way.

As for the Southern Pacific magazine, the *Four Track News*, and similar publications, their postal status is purely a question of administrative detail. If the Southern Pacific magazine partakes more largely of a literary than of an advertising character, it should be classed by the postoffice with literary periodicals. If otherwise, otherwise. Personally, we think the Southern Pacific monthly is a good magazine, of general interest, and well worth the price which is charged for it, and that to prohibit its circulation through the mails as second-class matter would not benefit the United States postoffice, would do harm to the magazine, and would annoy its readers. But this again is a question for the postoffice to decide.

Speaking generally of the "efficiency" of the United States Postoffice Department, which our correspondent praises, to recapitulate all of its short-comings as compared with the postoffices in Europe, would take too much space, and would doubtless annoy the American reader, for we none of us like to find our national institutions compared unfavorably with those of other countries. However, two or three illustrations may suffice. Recently there came from London addressed to the *Argonaut* in San Francisco a large bundle of manuscript. It came by "book post registered" and was sent with the same care as a registered letter in the United States. It came under a ninepenny stamp—eighteen cents. This same package was remailed from San Francisco to a point an hour and a half away by rail; the United States Postoffice immediately classified this as "first-class matter," although it was unsealed and was not a letter, and for sending it the exorbitant sum of seventy-two cents was charged. In short, it came three thousand miles across the Atlantic ocean for eighteen cents. It then crossed the thirty-three hundred miles of the American continent under the same stamp, because the United States Postal Department was obliged to honor the English stamp. But when it reached its destination in San Francisco, and had to be reforwarded, the United States Postoffice immediately penalized it, put upon it an exorbitant tax, and sent it some forty miles for the sum of seventy-two cents.

It is possible in European postoffices to purchase everywhere at shops postoffice orders of about the value of twenty-five cents, and from that up to \$1, \$2, \$5, or \$10. It is then possible to make up any ordinary sum by adding the lesser orders to a larger one, with stamps for odd sums. These orders are non-negotiable when bought, and if lost are of no value to the finder. But the sender can make them negotiable by simply writing on them the name of the party to whom they are addressed, who is then the only one who can negotiate them. You can go to the postoffice and buy a stack of shilling orders anywhere in Great Britain, and you can send them to any point there for books, periodicals, or merchandise. Compare this with the elaborate nonsense required to be gone through with on purchasing a postal order in the United States Postoffice Department. It is like collecting on an insurance policy. It is so much work and involves so much loss of time that in the United States no one ever goes to the postoffice and buys a money order unless it is absolutely necessary. Merchants can readily estimate how much that means in loss of trade.

Under the postal laws of most European countries it is possible to send a package weighing eleven pounds by mail. Under the regulations of the United States Postal Department no more than four pounds may be sent by mail, and there is a maze of regulations as to size, shape, thickness, etc., which so discourage and weary most people that after trying to send a package by mail, they give it up and send it by express. One would imagine that the United States Postoffice Department would attempt to improve its present rules concerning parcel carrying. Does it do so? No. What does it do? Well, the United States Postoffice Department for some years has been sedulously trying to force foreign governments to stop sending eleven-pound packages and to compel them to comply with our present ridiculous limit of four pounds only for packages by mail. And we are sorry to say that it seems to be succeeding.

Here is an object lesson for those who believe that the United States Postoffice Department "is a very efficient institution." The writer once saw a man ride up to the door of a Swiss postoffice on a bicycle. He purchased at the window a stamp, was given a tag gratis, stuck the stamp on the tag, tied the tag to the handle bars, trundled his bicycle into the postoffice, and went away. He had shipped it some fifty miles with no more trouble than that. A man could not ship the handle-bars alone in the United States by post, and even if he could, it would take him half a day to do it.

The writer once wrote from a town in France to a town in Italy for some photographs on approval. In a few days a post carrier knocked, entered, opened the package of photographs, they were examined, approved, paid for by the accompanying bill, the carrier received it, sent the money over the French post routes to the frontier, whence it went over Italian post routes to Turin, where it was delivered to the dealer. Cost—about twenty cents in postage stamps.

In the United States you can have a small package so

sent C. O. D. by express. But not by the highly efficient United States Postoffice Department.

A Courteous Chicagoan.

We have received the following communication concerning a recent article in these columns on the Japanese question:

CHICAGO, Jan. 9, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I read with a great deal of interest your editorial in a recent issue on "Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard!" and take exceptions to your position on both issues. It is not necessary to say much in answer to your assertions on the Japanese question, as the position taken by you in the article in question means (if it means anything) that Japanese children are admitted to your schools on equality with white children, while all the world knows that exactly the opposite is the case.

We are glad to learn that "all the world knows" what is the exact truth about the Japanese and the San Francisco schools. We presume this means the Chicago world, Mr. King's universe apparently consisting of Cook County. As the President of the United States, the State Department, the Department of Justice, the Attorney-General, the State of California, and the Japanese government are attempting to find out the truth about this matter in the courts, it would save much time and money if Mr. King told them exactly what it is.

As far as the Bellamy Storer incident is concerned, you seem to entirely miss the point at issue between the President and Mr. Storer. The President, like thousands of other intelligent Americans, would have been glad to see Archbishop Ireland made a cardinal, but he certainly did not mean to have the United States Government mix up in a matter that did not concern it in the least. I might illustrate the matter in this way: We all know that the President is deeply interested in the election of a Republican to succeed himself, but what would we think of him if he should use his official power, through the ambassador to Italy, for instance, to have that government bring pressure upon the Italian voters in this country to vote the Republican ticket?

What indeed! But the Italian vote here is very small. What would we think of him if he should use his power to get the Vatican government to bring pressure on the Irish-American voters in this country to vote the Republican ticket? Eh, Mr. King?

There is a wide distance between the President's private wishes and his official actions that the *Argonaut* seems to be utterly unable to realize, accounted for no doubt by the fact that San Francisco is 3000 miles from Washington. However, the American spirit is in the air today, and will no doubt some time penetrate California—even the Native Sons of the Golden West.

J. R. KING,
356 W. Congress Street.

Right you are, Mr. King! The American spirit is indeed in the air today, and it is found not only in California, but in the West, the Southwest, and the South. It has not only penetrated the native sons of the Golden West, but the native sons of the South, the Southwest, and the West. And that American spirit means that the right of the States to regulate their own schools shall be maintained as that right handed down to us by the forefathers who made the American spirit possible.

Encouraging Words from Subscribers.

OREGON CITY, OREGON.—Enclosed herewith please find check, for although now a loyal Oregonian, I acquired the *Argonaut* habit many years ago while residing in California, and, while I also subscribe for many other publications, yet it is to the arrival of the *Argonaut* that I look forward with greatest pleasure. I am much interested in your defense of the school authorities of San Francisco in the present controversy with the President, and hope that you will "hit the line hard" until our great Executive realizes the error of his position. My best wishes for the prosperity of the old *Argonaut*.

FRANKLIN T. GRIFFITH.

GALVESTON, TEX.—For the enclosed stamps please send me three copies of the *Argonaut* of December 29. In all the years I have taken the *Argonaut*—more than fifteen—I have never found the editorials of one number so completely satisfying as this. They are admirable in fact and substance. What pity that Hearn's translations from Flaubert and De Maupassant have not been published. I trust they will be.

S. O. HOWES.

SAN FRANCISCO.—It is difficult to obtain your interesting paper here now at the news stands. Hence I desire to subscribe for a year. Kindly inform me the cost, and whom I can pay for it here, or where to mail the price to.

SIGMUND SCHWABACHER.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I have just learned that it is through a friend's courtesy I am enjoying my present subscription to the *Argonaut*. The *Argonaut* has been for some time past one of the pleasures of the week to which I have always looked forward. I therefore want to thank you most kindly for the pleasure the coming number will add to those of the past.

KATHERINE MCGUFFIN.

A. G. C.—You ask "which is correct" of the two sentences you cite, "None of us were looking for this kind of investment," or "None of us was looking, etc." The second sentence is correct. The word "none" is a coalescence of the phrase "no one," and is in the singular number and therefore requires that its verb should be in the singular. It is more frequently, however, used in the incorrect than in the correct form. The reason, probably, is because the ear is slightly shocked by the singular verb following the plural pronoun. Although the second form is the correct one, the editor rarely uses it, owing to this apparent incorrectness in sound. He obviates this difficulty by inversion, and would write the sentence in question thus: "We were none of us looking for this kind of investment." This form expresses the idea with precision, grammatically, and yet without the too close conjunction of a plural pronoun and a singular verb.

SANDY HILL, NEW YORK.—The committee of our Kingsbury Club here in Sandy Hill have added the *Argonaut* to their list of papers for 1907, so instead of your having three or four readers here in Sandy Hill, there will be one to two hundred. With Pacific Coast interests looming large as at present, and as they will, increasingly in the future, a reading room can not be well equipped nowadays without a Pacific Coast paper, and from my viewpoint the *Argonaut* is that paper par excellence.

GRENVILLE M. INGALSBIE.

Congressman Charles Curtis, of Topeka, Kansas, who has been nominated for United States Senator to succeed Senator Burton, and will be elected, is a Republican now serving his seventh term in the House of Representatives.

An obelisk of black Labrador rock, with the hammer of Thor graved upon it, has been erected over Ibsen's grave, at Christiania. At the base of the shaft is a laurel wreath in copper, presented by the Italian Author's Club.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, is reported to have declared himself as a candidate for the Presidency, claiming his own State, Iowa, and possibly part of the Minnesota delegation.

Senator Culberson, of Texas, during the course of his speech on the discharge of the negro soldiers, said: "I do not care for the President. My relations with him are about as cordial as those of the Senator from Ohio, Mr. Foraker."

Postmaster-General Cortelyou has been said to have one of the finest collections of political scrapbooks in the United States. They are indexed under various heads, such as "truth," "nearly truth," "almost lies," and there is one upon which appears this label, "Just lies."

Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri, is said to be an aspirant for the position of Democratic leader in the House of Representatives. John Sharp Williams, the present minority leader, expects to be elected Senator at the quadrennial meeting of the Mississippi Legislature next summer, but he will have to wait until 1911 for his seat in the upper house.

Colorado's new governor, Henry A. Buchtel, was a Methodist minister. He has just sent to three Denver newspapers an ultimatum, saying he will not receive representatives of those papers until proper apologies have been made to him by them for their utterances concerning him during the campaign. And the governor stipulates that the apologies be made on the first page and in large type, and, what is more, in red ink!

The army appropriation bill was passed by the House of Representatives on January 10, after providing that the grade of lieutenant-general should be abolished when it shall have become vacant. While it was stated that this provision was not intended to affect any officer, it is generally understood that the House had in mind the case of Major-General Leonard Wood, now in the Philippines, who was likely to be appointed lieutenant-general to succeed General MacArthur.

In the caucus of the Republican members of the Colorado General Assembly the vote on the candidacy of Simon Guggenheim for the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Patterson, was sixty-eight in favor and only one opposing. Mr. Guggenheim will be the sixth Jew to sit as a member in the United States Senate. The first Jew chosen to that honor was David Yulee, who represented Florida from March, 1840, to March, 1853. He was born in the West Indies and his name was David Levy, by which he was known when he was elected as a member of the House of Representatives in 1841. The second Jew in the Senate was Judah P. Benjamin, who served from 1852 to 1857. He also was born in the West Indies. He represented Louisiana. Benjamin F. Jonas was born in Kentucky, and represented Louisiana in the Senate. Joseph Simon was a Senator from Oregon from 1898 to 1903. Isidor Rayner was chosen as a Senator from Maryland in 1904.

Robert McCormick, ambassador at Paris, who will leave the diplomatic service within two months, will do so because his conduct at St. Petersburg during the Russian-Japanese War met with the disapproval of President Roosevelt, and not because of any activity on his part in marrying Miss Patterson, his niece, to a Polish nobleman. Miss Patterson is the daughter of the owner of a Chicago newspaper, and her marriage three years ago to Count Gyzitski, was approved by her parents. This match had nothing to do with the retirement of Ambassador McCormick. While stationed at St. Petersburg, Ambassador McCormick espoused the cause of Russia in its war with Japan. During the hostilities he was granted leave of absence and returned to the United States. Upon landing at New York he found the sympathy of the country was with Japan. This displeased the ambassador, and in an interview he reprimanded the American people, who, he declared, were ungrateful. This interview was disapproved by President Roosevelt.

Some of the new men who have taken seats as Representatives in the House of Representatives are notable. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, who succeeds R. R. Hitt, for many years chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, is a notable man. He is a man of affairs and wealth himself, and married Florence, the daughter of the founder of the Pullman Car Company. Lowden was a prominent candidate for Governor of Illinois against Deneen. He is a lawyer, banker, and farmer, and has himself registered as a "farmer." But he does not look it. Judge Saunders, of Virginia, is also in the House to fill a vacancy. He is the author of the Virginia law which compels a railroad to pay for every horse, cow, hog, chicken, or other domestic animal killed on its line, entirely regardless of whether the animal committed suicide or the railroad murder. Judge Saunders is also credited with having done more than any other man in the Virginia Legislature to place the employers' liability law on the State statutes, and with having led the fight which resulted in the enactment of the corporation commission bill. People from the Old Dominion describe Judge Saunders as a forceful and finished orator. By the election of W. F. Englebright, Representative of the First District of California, succeeding Mr. Gillett, there has been added to the Republican majority a man whose services will doubtless prove valuable to the nation, as well as to his own State and district. Mr. Englebright is a successful mining and irrigation engineer, who is needed now that the subject is before Congress.

A BRAGGART IN LOVE.

Why Private Leighton's Record Ended with "Deserted."

The women had gone to the drawing-room, and we had finished first cigars, when the conversation struck on matrimony. We were all married men explaining how it happened. The other guests had told in turn their little story in the free confidence one easily feels at the end of a perfect dinner. I had related my romance, and we now turned to our host.

"Narlin, how did you win your wife?"

"It's a long story—began on hunting pass in the Arizona desert, crossed the water, and ended in Colorado. Light fresh cigars. No; I'll take Mexican. Butler, bring the Chartreuse—green for me, if you please."

I think it was the summer of '86. Geronimo was not yet taken, and we had been chasing in our turn until, for lack of backs and feet, our horses were lagging in the race, and we were set to watch water-holes in San Simon, so polluted with alkali and arsenic a sensible savage would have shunned it, as my dyspepsia, which dates from that campaign, tells me I failed to do.

Somehow the Geronimo campaign always reminded me of a fox-chase: the Indian scouts keeping their noses close to the scent like dogs too slow to force the bush into the open, while the various troops, like hunters in different wind, held and lost the place which promised first at the finish. If you know Arizona at all, you will recall how sharp and rocky are the crests of the divides; being lines of most resistance in this land of deep erosion, they retain the sharp, jagged profile often seen in the snow-ice of mountain drifts as it disappears in early summer. Below these scoops lie a colony of rounded foot-hills, receding and growing less, until they end in broken boulder mesa, which, with numerous arroyos, fades into the soft, level adobe plain, and blends as unsuspected as the canvas walls of a cyclorama join the rocks and logs in the pit below you.

The Indians preferred these sharp crests, which were for them both watch-towers and impregnable bastions. Occasionally they would strike across the valley, kill a rancher, and steal fresh ponies, and some troop would cut in and crowd them in the open till they took the next divide and met some barrier that balked the pursuers and forced on them a detour, while some other troop, through accident of locality, would tack and take the chosen place on the trail, giving for a few days its dust to the other pursuing columns. It was a weary, stern-chase, performed under burning skies of cloudless blue, in a thirsty land of heat intolerable. And it was best expressed by our lieutenant, who, on being informed by a certain captain of the "Nubian Horse" that he was after Geronimo, replied: "Yes, captain, a long way after." It was like calling cards for an ace or calling the turn at roulette or faro to tell which one of twenty-five troops would be in at the death.

We had had our little spurt; had brushed them off the divide, and for three days led in the open across the valley to the Sierra Madra, where fresher horseflesh cut in from our right and took from us the place of honor and left us, foot-sore and back-sore and winded, at the base of the mountains, where we were ordered a day's march back into the valley near the border, to guard water-holes of the San Simon in the sullen month of August. The nights were getting bearable, but the day heat still held on the stubborn insistence of a southern summer. Our camp was not happy—the water was bad; our shelter-halves, but little thicker than cheese-cloth, proved leaky sun-shades, and we reinforced them with our saddle-blankets; we had no amusement except to growl, wish we were in the chase, and wonder whose blooming intellect had squatted us down among Gila monsters and sand-flies to watch water so foul neither soil nor sun would drink it.

The local sports of the cantonment were disgusted. A week before they were giving odds—ten to three—on us in the race, and now used pool-checks to light cigarettes from the candles about the cook-fire. There was not a drop of anything in camp. The tobacco was running low. The only pack of cards was a "monte lay-out" our packer had scraped from horse-hide with a piece of broken glass.

Something was going to happen, for the strain was telling on men's nerves. The weather was too hot for camp idleness, and we were near the "line." I was first sergeant of L troop then, and, next to a coward or thief, I think I loathed a deserter. We were near the border of Mexico, where one must not cross, but where smuggling is permitted and vice possible.

The men were getting irritable—I knew the signs, the tension was reaching snapping point. I had been thinking of it all day. That evening John Leighton and I were working under the orderly fly at the "records"—were posting Vaughn and Murray's "finals" in the clothing and descriptive books. Vaughn was a corporal and Murray our blacksmith, who had been killed the week before on the day we pushed the Apaches off the divide. We were crowding them too closely in the lower pass, when a few bucks slipped off into the cañon and nipped our pack-train in rear. We had to quit pressing in front to save our train. It was a clever bit of work, and five bucks did it, killing two men for us, losing us our game just as we were bagging it.

Leighton was company clerk, a talented, handsome fellow; had served out in India. He had a cheering freshness and facility of expression, and spoke with the quick, falling inflection and directness of the English in speech one so quickly learns to love. He was mechanically ruling double red-ink lines in a book where a life's account of services had been credited and closed, much as a bank-book is filled when a statement is rendered from the balance sheet. The words "Died" or "Deserted," placed

in red ink in the space below showed the cause of closing for service abruptly terminated. The usual remark was "Discharged by expiration of term of service" in black ink. "Sergeant, and whose will be the next bloody 'D'?" asked Leighton, without a ring of feeling.

"There'll be plenty of 'em, if this blooming heat continues and we remain in this camp," I replied.

"And do you suppose the devil would ever want a transcript from Murray's court-martial record?" Murray had been an excellent troop blacksmith, but a most constant drunkard, so his record was a full one.

"If he does, Murray won't draw brimstone liquor for a year," I replied.

"The lad will be none the worse for that—for surely here he had a most consuming thirst."

We were working at this official funeral in the sultry summer night by the unsteady light of lantern-candles, and were not feeling impressed or reverent. Leighton was in his under-shirt, open at his handsome brown throat. As he leaned over the books at work, a locket from his bosom fell the slack of its gold chain and struck the desk.

I noticed it and he took it off, handing it to me with indifference. He had opened the locket, revealed the portrait, which was that of a fresh young girl—one of those sweet English faces, whose charm is complexion and expression of confidence complete. The eyes arrested you—pathetic, soft-brown eyes, so tender they seemed to reproach and, as you changed your point of view of the miniature, followed you with their full, warm light. I have seen such affectionate light only in the brown eyes of faithful dogs watching those they love.

Seeing my more than casual notice of the portrait, Leighton added: "It's an old story; not worth the telling; I don't know why I keep it."

He spoke with the same absent interest we were feeling over this work for the dead. It struck me as peculiar that in a romance accomplished there should be no trace either of the bitterness or romance, only weary indifference. I was so quickly fascinated by the face that Leighton's manner annoyed me, and I did not ask him for the story. Possibly overhear makes me irritable, for sometime I resented this careless fellow wearing about him a face like that, with less interest than he wore his spurs. I did not then notice the resemblance of the face to Leighton's.

I stopped abruptly and thought of desertion, changing the conversation to this, the subject of my day's musing.

"Leighton, something's got to be done to relieve the pressure. I know the lieutenant would like to do so. He feels the pulse of the camp and knows the symptoms. But what can he do?—his orders to remain here are imperative, and he can't 'pass' us across the line."

"Huntin' leave," laughed Leighton.

"Hunting leave, then, let it be," I replied, "with no questions asked as to game or preserve, though I can tell what yours will be, you young devil! Tomorrow make out a hunting pass for six." Leighton was humming a catchy service ballad that had appeared in London music-halls the year before, and did not reply.

Next morning I presented, with the report, four-days' hunting pass for six men. The lieutenant dipped his pen in the ink and held it in contemplation for a moment above the place for signature, looking thoughtfully across the level plain. Then, with quick decision: "I wish, sergeant, you and Leighton would take hunting pass, and let no complications arise." He signed the pass, adding our names to the text.

The following evening found us all in Correlitos. After dinner, while smoking fragrant Vuelta Abajo of the "Zona Libra," I strolled through the narrow streets of this old Spanish town, watching the wealth of a western sunset, where the after-glow was fast fading. High above the mountain-tops lay great billows of russet flame, with crest like the mane of a wind-fanned prairie fire. Lower in the madre spread the pure deep purple of southern twilight, while from the foot-hills came the soft evening breeze born after the heat of day. Even sounds fell on the ear so gently you thought that before reaching you they must have loitered to bathe in the acequia and caught some of its murmur.

On the plaza I passed two groups of comrades, one seeking solace in brandy, the other, fortune in roulette—pleasant pastimes that might lead to "complications" while money lasted, and would bear light watching.

I walked on to the Jardin de Ore, a small public park, where serenaders are inspired and listeners stroll or seat themselves on benches or the grass.

Only those who have suffered the heat and glare of a campaign in the desert can form any idea of the physical luxury of green trees and of water. I was seated listening to the soft Indian Spanish as it fell about me in slow chatter. From afar it mingled with the murmur of the fountain.

What a contrast this scene to the hot camp I had just left, where were heard only the whirr of the rattlesnake or the insistent cooing of the lonely trutle-dove—mournful sounds which seem to add to the vibrant heat. Above the mountains lay a zone of trouble white, from which the moon had now risen into the full, upper blue, causing the leaves overhead to cast shadows in arabesque on the grass at my feet, where, as the night breeze stirred the foliage, it wore marvelous figures in trefoil and tracery for fancy to play with as with those made by flames in a grate. Now it was the lines of a Gothic window, seen in an old cathedral and almost forgotten, and now, on grander scale, the design of delicate drawn-work recalled from my lady's chamber.

Leighton was there, a mantilla beside him. I could only half see the revealed oval of the face, but the figure was slight and pretty, for I caught its graceful outline later when they passed me.

Next evening, at a baile, Leighton presented me to Panchita. Together they were dancing—he and his pretty animal, with eyes for him alone. In the desert so rapid is love's kindling, so quick and full its flame, no charred or half-burned brands are here left on love's altar.

All is consumed, and what survives must spring, phoenix-like, from fire, or else descend from heaven.

After the danza ended, Leighton was standing in shirt-sleeves near Panchita, with the collar of his jersey open at the throat—a trick of his that made me suspect that he had seen service in the navy. As he leaned over her, Panchita's eye caught sight of the locket chain, and he removed the locket, opened it, and handed it to her; this time not indifferently, but with all the pride of prized conquest.

I was watching Panchita closely as she gazed, fascinated by the portrait, and I saw her tremble. Only as I read her face then by what I now know, can I tell how well it expressed all that hopeless sense of loss which comes with the abandonment of things loved or desired. For an instant her eyes showed the rage a child sometimes feels for an inanimate object, when that object has hurt it. And I thought she would break the locket; then the woman conquered, and she smiled as she returned it.

"Ella es muy hermosa, señor!"

From that moment her abandonment toward Leighton was complete; her gayety and grace became exquisite, while a look from him would lead her.

"Oh, you Eastern dervish of hearts!" I exclaimed to myself, as Panchita left him and skipped to get a handful of cascarones and then returned crushing the pretty tinsel spangles in a shower over his brown head and throat. She flitted about him with grace of a bird, and her eyes never left him. She was becoming intoxicated with her own movements, her cheeks were flushed with bright fever-spots, and her eyes shone like stars. On and on they danced, seeing only each other, and she looked as if she could dance forever.

At length Leighton proposed they go, and she obeyed his wish as if hypnotized or impelled to do it; and, ignoring her duenna, they left together.

The next week I ruled Leighton's official epitaph in the L troop record thus: "Deserted from hunting pass August 18, 1886."

Your see, the case was an awkward one. The night of the baile he had been stabbed in the park. I found his body there, and my comrades were about to string up Morales, Panchita's local admirer, for the stabbing, when I stopped them.

"Hold on, boys," I said; "remember I promised the lieutenant no 'complications.'"

So Leighton became officially a "deserter," and I kept my word.

Besides, I doubt if stringing up would have been fair to Morales, for when I found Leighton's body, the locket was lying on the ground beside it. The clasp was open and the portrait blood-stained and mutilated, as if by the point of a dagger.

I think Leighton half knew what he was doing when he flaunted that portrait at Panchita—he was a careless devil, and loved danger in a way to win any woman's heart. But you see it was his first affair in this land, and he was mistaken in their temper.

How could I let his record remain so? Well, what could I do? Besides, Leighton was not his right name, as I found out afterward when reading his home letters to get his relatives' address. His name was Jack Langhorn, and that locket the rascal showed me contained a portrait of his youngest sister. I found that out in writing to his family, whom I told that Langhorn was killed by the Apaches in the fight at Chirachuca Pass—that occurred two weeks before his death.

Three years later Jack's sister came to the States, where I met her in Colorado, the year after I left the service and made the strike at Harqua Hala. She is Mrs. Narlin now, and you met her at dinner. But, remember, she knows only half the story of her portrait, and Jack Langhorn was killed by the Apaches. Let us join the ladies.

C. O.

A start was recently made toward doing something to keep green the memory of W. H. H. ("Adirondack") Murray, preacher, author, and lecturer, and a notable apostle of the simple life in the open air. All middle-aged Americans know about Murray, and how his records of his incursions, forty-odd years ago, into what was then the wild region of the Adirondacks, did more to bring that great tract into public notice and public use than anything said or done about it before or since. He was not absolutely the pioneer, but he was the first of the pioneers that region to bring his discoveries home to the knowledge of the American people. A writer in *Harper's Week* recalls that in his day Murray had as wide a reputation as any writer of his time. For a while he was minister of the Park Street Church, in Boston, but his fame rested chiefly on his labors as a writer, a lecturer, a horseman and a woodsman. He died in March, 1904, in the farmhouse near Guilford, Connecticut, in which he was born in 1840, and named after William Henry Harris: the hero of that momentous Hard-cider and Log-cabin Presidential year. In the later years of his life his powers diminished and he died in circumstances less prosperous than they should have been, leaving a widow, and four daughters whose education is not yet complete.

The report of Secretary Hanihara, of the Japanese Embassy at Washington, on the killing of Japanese seal poachers at St. Paul Island, has been made public in Japan. Mr. Hanihara's conclusion, after summing up all the obtainable facts, is that "both sides were to blame."

GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Advancement of Lady Susan Townley—The Durands and Count Cassini—Holiday Entertainments.

In spite of the fact that the departure of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand and Lady Durand was expected to end the discussion of rumors and events that preceded and foretold the recall of the British ambassador, the topic persists, and the aftermath supplies many interesting and suggestive details. From Buenos Ayres, and from old Madrid even, come whispers of what were intended to be closed pages, and it seems that until the certain effects of feminine rivalries and activities in recent diplomatic complications are completely collated and understood, there will be many reviewings of the scenes set in Washington.

Walter Beaupré Townley, for little more than a year counsellor of the British embassy here, under Sir Henry Durand at a salary of \$4000 a year, has been made British minister to Buenos Ayres, and his pay is now \$20,000 a year, with a furnished house and other advantages additional. It is easy to believe that Lady Susan Townley is now more than ever disposed to look back with satisfaction upon her somewhat picturesque visit in our national capital and its numerous diverting incidents. Even among those who feared her wit, her want of reverence for our American ideals, her freedom of comment, the advancement of her talented husband is regarded with pleasure. More than that, those who writhed under reports of her caustic criticism of themselves, secretly found enjoyment in her ridicule of others, and wish her joy at a distance.

It is now remembered that Sir Henry Durand, before he came to Washington, was for many years at the head of the British Foreign Office and of the Secret Service in India, and was well acquainted with Count Cassini, who was connected with the Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office before he became Russian Minister to the United States and dean of the diplomatic corps here. Sir Henry knew that the count's lawful wife, the Countess Cassini, was separated but not divorced from her husband, and had been living in retirement for some time at Dresden. He also knew that the daughter of the count and countess, Mme. de Mengden, whose husband was master of the household of the late Grand Duke Sergius, did not keep up any show of friendly relations with her father. Consequently, when the family of the British ambassador displayed a lack of favor for "Countess" Cassini, who had been introduced to Washington society by the Russian ambassador as his niece, it is probable that his knowledge and his motives were not wholly understood. Lady Durand discouraged any intimacy between her daughter and Mlle. Cassini, notwithstanding the fact that this was in opposition to the attitude of the White House at that time. Miss Alice Roosevelt had been attracted by the originality and sparkling good humor of Mlle. Cassini, and was vigorously outspoken in her defense for a time, but not at the end.

A party of Russians of rank visited Washington and soon afterward Mlle. Cassini was observed to be no longer on intimate terms with the White House, and, in fact, during the last weeks of her stay here her appearances in society were noticeably few. She went abroad before Count Cassini was transferred to Madrid, and is now in Paris, where, a short time ago, her conversion to the Roman Catholic Church attracted attention. The Count Cassini, now British ambassador to Spain, has never introduced Mlle. Cassini to the court at Madrid, which is undoubtedly the most strait-laced of any of the European royal circles.

There is little reason to doubt that President Roosevelt was not pleased with the stand of the Durands in the matter, as it led to the discussion of a subject that might have been ignored. Miss Roosevelt, before her marriage, and Mrs. Longworth more recently, continued to keep away from the Durands, and it was plainly apparent that the situation could hardly improve with age. Mrs. Longworth is independent in her views, and not easily influenced. The outcome of the strained relations between her distinguished father and Mrs. Bellamy Storer, the aunt of her husband, so far as it may affect the cordial regard the elder lady has had for her niece by marriage, is still a matter for speculation with the gossips.

The difficulties which have appeared in diplomatic circles through the personality and efforts of Lady Susan Townley, Lady Durand, Mlle. Cassini, and Mrs. Bellamy Storer, do not complete the list of recent complications. The transfer of Ambassador Henry White from Rome to Paris is the result of another entanglement that came of feminine influence. It is declared that Mrs. White attempted to exercise official discrimination among the ladies of Roman society, and in particular against one in whom Prince Victor of Italy was interested. The lady was not received at the American embassy, and this action is said to have caused something more than opposing comment. One of Mrs. White's entertainments is reported to have taken place at the same time that the obsequies of the Princess Del Drago were taking place, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the husband and son of the princess owned the palace in which the American embassy was situated. Mrs. White will undoubtedly be much more comfortable in Paris, if for no other reason than the fact that she will be nearer to England, where the Whites have a beautiful home.

Few past seasons have been more brilliant than the present in a social way. There have been changes in the order and importance of the ladies of the Cabinet, and one notable addition—Mrs. Oscar Straus. At the receptions of Mrs. Straus she is assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Schafer and Mrs. Hoekstadter, of New York. Miss "Polly" Morton, daughter of ex-Secretary of the Navy, Paul Morton, visited here during the holidays, the guest of Senator and Mrs. Elkins. The marriage of Miss Morton,

soon to take place in New York, will be a society feature there. Miss Elkins will be one of her bridesmaids.

Major Charles McCawley, chief military aid to the President, is still a member of the "Bachelors," in spite of his marriage, and Mrs. McCawley, formerly Mrs. John Davis, widow of Judge Davis, is the official hostess of the organization. At the first cotillion of the "Bachelors," at the Willard, Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of Senator Perkins, was one of the dancers most favored.

Washington, Jan. 8, 1907.

ROSEBROGH.

OLD FAVORITES.

Regret.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout.
It makes me sad to think or ill—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord a mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

—Jean Ingelow.

While We May.

The hands are such dear hands,
They are so full they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about.
So many times; they do
So very many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute.
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours;
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
We may be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—George Klinge.

Sometime, Somewhere.

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not wholly done;
The work began when your first prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun,
If you keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence hath heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

—Robert Browning.

President Roosevelt sent five messages to Congress in three days. Most of the leading papers were from one to three messages behind in their editorial comments. The venerable Springfield Republican threw up its hands in despair and begged its faithful readers' forgiveness for violating the traditions of eighty years by not printing a President's message in full.

The word "anachronism" means an error in assigning the date of an event, or the time when a person or thing existed, or any misplacing in time of historic scenes, events, persons, objects, and language. The use of cannon in Shakespeare's "King John" is an anachronism, as cannon were not employed in England until a hundred years or more after his reign.

To meet a great public demand for the recent message of the President telling of his trip to the Isthmus of Panama, the government printing office has prepared an edition, with seven appendices and twenty-six full-page illustrations, making a text-book on the subject of the canal. This will be sold to the public, upon application, for fifty cents a copy.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Career of a Remarkable Englishwoman, Whose Wealth and Benefactions Were Monumental.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who died on the last Sunday of the old year in London, was not only the richest woman in England, but the most remarkable as well as the best beloved. She was 92 years of age when she expired, and during her long life had seen four different English sovereigns on the throne. King Edward said of her that outside of his mother, Queen Victoria, the baroness was the most remarkable woman in England.

Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts was born on April 25, 1814, at Foremark, Derbyshire, England. She was a daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, baronet. Her mother was the daughter of Thomas Coutts, head of the banking house second only in importance and resources to the Bank of England. The banker's widow married the Duke of St. Albans and when she died, in 1837, she made Miss Burdett sole heir to the banker's fortune. The girl thereupon attached his name to her own surname.

It was on account of her good deeds that Queen Victoria in 1871 created Miss Burdett-Coutts a baroness in her own right. Thirteen months afterward the baroness was admitted to the freedom of the city of London, being the first of her sex to receive that honor. Marriage came to her late in life, for it was not until she was within two months of her sixty-seventh birthday that she astounded the world by marrying Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who had acted as administrator of her Turkish compassionate fund and who was thirty-seven years her junior. William Ashmead Bartlett was a Massachusetts man, the son of a Plymouth clergyman. He was graduated from Oxford, entered the diplomatic service and served the baroness as secretary before his marriage to her, when he was 30 years old, took place. He assumed the surname of Burdett-Coutts, has sat 21 years in the House of Commons, and is presumed to be her principal beneficiary. The oddly matched couple stood high in the esteem of London society and made their home at Holly lodge, on the northern heights of London. The house has the appearance of a bungalow. It is approached by a steep hill and stands back in its own grounds in perfect seclusion.

The house is the one the baroness' grandfather purchased as a home for his second wife. The neighbors did much to annoy Mrs. Coutts, but she proved more than a match for them. Whenever she had company her next door neighbors went to great pains to do annoying things, so she had a hundred feet of high wall built along her grounds, thus cutting off the view. The owner finally sold out to her and the additional ground made a fine estate. A horse-shoe still nailed over the entrance is a reminiscence of Mrs. Coutts.

Après of the many offers of marriage of which the baroness was recipient after she inherited her enormous fortune it may be interesting to recall the now almost forgotten incident of Richard Dunn, a member of the Irish bar, who for many years persecuted her with his attentions. Dunn, who was probably near the verge of lunacy, began to declare his passion for Miss Angela Coutts soon after she came into the Coutts fortune, and after more than one term of imprisonment he was arrested for swearing in a bankruptcy affidavit that Miss Coutts owed him \$500,000. The result was eighteen months' imprisonment, and he had further to find sureties for good behavior. The counsel for the prosecution in this *cause celebre* was Henry Hawkins, the present Lord Brampton.

The strong rooms of the Coutts bank were looked upon as one of the wonders of London. They were of vast extent and arranged in cloister-like avenues, and contain not merely the securities and title deeds, but in many instances the plate and the family jewels of the oldest and grandest houses of the European aristocracy. More than this, there were many papers containing great state secrets that have been lying for years in the vaults of the bank.

The partners of the banking firm consisted of Lady Burdett-Coutts, whose interests in the concern stood in the name of the "trustees under the will of Harriott," late duchess of St. Albans, while the others were Lord Archibald Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Harrowby, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Ruthven, Sir Edmund Antrobus, and Sir George Colthurst. The business was founded in 1692 by a couple of goldsmiths named Middleton and Campbell, who kept a shop near St. Martin's Church and who set up at the sign of the Three Crowns in the Strand. The sign has never been changed and is now known all over the world in connection with those wonderful circular notes which carry the credit of Coutts & Co. to the end of the earth.

To the baroness Londoners owe the beautiful Church of St. Stephen's at Westminster, with its three schools and parsonages, on which she spent \$500,000. At an outlay of \$250,000 the baroness also endowed the three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia, and afterward built a church at Carlisle. During the Russo-Turkish war in 1877 she organized the Turkish compassionate fund to help the peasantry, the outcome of which was that a sum of \$150,000 was raised and sent to Turkey to assist those who were driven from house to house by the Russian soldiery. To enumerate more than a few of the charitable actions of the baroness, however, is an impossibility.

In the presence of a congregation representative of all classes the body of Baroness Burdett-Coutts was interred in Westminster abbey on January 5, under the shadow of the memorial to her fellow philanthropist and friend, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The streets along the route of the procession and in the vicinity of the abbey were lined with spectators, who included many of the poorest inhabitants of the East End.

HUMOR OF THE COURTROOM.

Women as Witnesses, Typical Jurymen, and the Prisoner at the Bar.

A book that will be read with entertainment and instruction by lawyer and layman alike, is "The Prisoner at the Bar," by Arthur Train. The ordinary citizen has little practical experience, happily, with the administration of criminal justice, and the only information available to most people is the press reports of sensational arrests. Mr. Train, who is an assistant district attorney of New York, corrects many false and distorted conceptions of what a criminal trial is like. He gives numerous dramatic and humorous illustrations to assist the reader. The author has not a flattering opinion of the average jury, grand or petty. He believes that want of intelligence, and the satisfaction of their emotions at the expense of their honesty, often make jurors worse law-breakers than the defendants. He gives several amusing instances of successful appeals to the race or religious prejudices of jurymen. Following is a case in point:

Not long ago a celebrated case of murder was moved for trial after the defendant's lawyer had urged him in vain to offer a plea of murder in the second degree. A jury was summoned and, as is the usual custom in such cases, examined separately on the *voir dire* as to their fitness to serve. The defendant was a German and the prosecutor succeeded in keeping all Germans off the jury until the eleventh seat was to be filled, when he found his peremptory challenge exhausted. Then the lawyer for the prisoner managed to slip in a stout old Teuton, who replied, in answer to a question as to his place of nativity, "Schleswig-Holstein." The lawyer made a note of it, and, the box filled, the trial proceeded with unwonted expedition.

The defendant was charged with having murdered a woman with whom he had been intimate, and his guilt of murder in the first degree had been demonstrated upon the evidence beyond peradventure. At the conclusion of the case, the defendant, not having dared to take the stand, the lawyer arose to address the jury in behalf of what appeared to be a hopeless cause. Even the old German in the back row seemed plunged in sporadic inattention. After a few introductory remarks, the lawyer raised his voice and in heart-rending tones began:

"In the beautiful county of Schleswig-Holstein sits a woman old and gray, waiting the message of your verdict from beyond the seas." (Number 11 opened his eyes and looked at the lawyer as if not quite sure of what he had heard.) "There she sits" (continued the attorney) "in Schleswig-Holstein, by her cottage window, waiting, waiting to learn whether her boy is to be returned to her outstretched arms." (Number 11 sat up and rubbed his forehead.) "Had the woman, who so unhappily met her death at the hands of my unfortunate client, been like those women of Schleswig-Holstein—noble, sweet, pure, lovely women of Schleswig-Holstein—I should have naught to say to you in his behalf." (Number 11 leaned forward and gazed searchingly into the lawyer's face.) "But alas, no! Schleswig-Holstein produces a virtue, a loveliness, a nobility of its own." (Number 11 sat up and proudly expanded his chest.)

When, after about an hour or more of Schleswig-Holstein the defendant's counsel surrendered the floor to the district attorney, the latter found it quite impossible to secure the slightest attention from the eleventh juror, who seemed to be spending his time in casting compassionate glances in the direction of the prisoner. In due course the jury retired, but had no sooner reached their room and closed the door than the old Teuton cried, "Dot man iss not guilty!" The other eleven wrestled with him in vain. He remained impervious to argument for seventeen hours, declining to discuss the evidence and muttering at intervals, "Dot man iss not guilty!" The other eleven stood unanimously for murder in the first degree, which was the only logical verdict that could possibly have been returned upon the evidence.

At last, worn out with their efforts, they finally induced the old Teuton to compromise with them on a verdict of manslaughter. Wearily they straggled in, the old native of Schleswig-Holstein bringing up the rear, bursting with exultation and with victory in his eye.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

"We have," replied the foreman.

"How say you, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty—of manslaughter," returned the foreman feebly.

The district attorney was aghast at such a miscarriage of justice, and the judge showed plain by his demeanor his opinion of such a verdict. But the old inhabitant of Schleswig-Holstein cared for this not a

whit. The old mother in Schleswig-Holstein might still clasp her child in her arms before she died! The defendant was arraigned at the bar. Then for the first time, and to the surprise and disgust of Number 11, he admitted in answer to the questions of the clerk, that his parents were both dead and that he was born in Homburg, a town for whose inhabitants the old jurymen had, like others of his compatriots, a constitutional antipathy.

A somewhat similar story is told by a frankly unscrupulous member of the bar at his own expense:

His client was indicted for murder, and on the evidence, apparently guilty. The lawyer's only chance, as he thought, lay in trying to "work it down" to manslaughter, which would get his client off with twenty years' imprisonment. Accordingly he told his clerk to become friendly with the jurymen, treat them to drinks, and see what he could do. The clerk reported that he had become very thick with the twelfth juror, an old Irishman, who had promised to "hold out for manslaughter." The lawyer told his client, and both ceased to worry about the result, as death no longer stared the prisoner in the face. The jury returned and remained out twenty-three hours. At the end of that time, tired, disheveled, exasperated, they filed into court and returned a verdict of manslaughter. The lawyer warmly congratulated his client. As the jury were separating the old Irishman leaned over to the lawyer and exultantly whispered:

"Bedad, I had th' divil av a time av it! Elivin' o' thim were for lettin' him go entirely!"

The author has even less regard for the average witness than he has for the ordinary jurymen:

Most witnesses in the general run of criminal cases have no comprehension of the meaning of words of more than three syllables. It is hopeless to make use of even such modest members of our national vocabulary as "preceding," "subsequent," "various," etc. A negro, when asked if certain shots were simultaneous, replied: "Yas, boss. Dat's it! 'Zactly simultaneous! One right after de odder."

In a chapter headed "Women in the Courts," he tells a personal experience with a lady client who accused an agent of defrauding her:

During the preparation for the trial the writer had both ladies in his office and remembers making the remark:

"Now, Mrs. —, don't forget that the charge here is that you gave Mr. Hackett the money to put into real estate. Nothing else is comparatively of much importance." "Be sure and remember that, mother," the daughter had admonished her.

In the course of a month the case came on for trial before Recorder Goff, in Part II of the General Sessions. Mrs. — gave her testimony with great positiveness. Then Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler arose to cross-examine her.

"Madam," he began courteously, "you say you gave the defendant money?" "I told him to put it into real estate, and he said he would," replied Mrs. — firmly.

"I did not ask you that, Mrs. —," politely interjected Mr. Chanler. "How much did you give him?"

"I told him to put it into real estate, and he said he would!" repeated the old lady wearily.

"But, madam, you do not answer my question!" exclaimed Chanler. "How much did you give him?"

"I told him to put it into real—!" began the old lady again.

"Yes, yes!" cried the lawyer; "we know that! Answer the question."

"—estate, and he said he would!" finished the old woman innocently.

"If your Honor please, I will excuse the witness. And I move that her answers be stricken out!" cried Chanler savagely.

The old lady was assisted from the stand, but as she made her way with difficulty toward the door of the court-room she could be heard repeating stubbornly:

"I told him to put it into real estate, and he said he would!"

Almost needless to say, Hackett was convicted and sentenced to seven years in State's prison.

Francis L. Wellman, the noted cross-examiner, in his book advises his lawyer readers to encourage loquacious witnesses and lead them by degrees into exaggerations. Mr. Train tells the following sequel:

Not long ago, shortly after the publication of his book, the lawyer had occasion to cross-examine a modest-looking young woman as to the speed of an electric car. The witness seemed conscious that she was about to undergo a severe ordeal, and Mr. Wellman, feeling himself complete master of the situation, began in his most winsome and deprecating manner:

"And how fast, Miss —, would you say the car was going?"

"I really could not tell exactly, Mr. Wellman."

"Would you say that it was going at ten miles an hour?"

"Oh, fully that!"

"Twenty miles an hour?"

"Yes, I should say it was going twenty miles an hour."

"Will you say it was going thirty miles an hour?" inquired Wellman with a glance at the jury.

"Why, yes, I will say that it was."

"Will you say it was going forty?"

"Yes."

"Fifty?"

"Yes, I will say so."

"Seventy?"

"Yes."

"Eighty?"

"Yes," responded the young lady with a countenance absolutely devoid of expression. "A hundred?" inquired the lawyer with a thrill of eager triumph in his voice.

There was a significant hush in the courtroom. Then the witness, with a patient smile and a slight lifting of her pretty eyebrows, remarked quietly:

"Mr. Wellman, don't you think we have carried our little joke for enough?"

The minor officials contribute their share to the daily fun of the criminal court:

There used to be an old court officer in one of the parts of the General Sessions a few years ago who was a loyal son of Old Erin and a devout member of the Roman Church.

On one occasion, a defendant having been found guilty he was arraigned at the bar for the purpose of having his pedigree taken, old Flaherty officiating. The conversation which ensued may be worth preservation.

Flaherty to defendant: "Say, me friend, where was ye born?"

Defendant to Flaherty: "Lowell, Mass."

Flaherty to clerk: "Lowell, Moss."

Flaherty to defendant: "Where do yez hang out?"

Defendant: "Nowhere."

Flaherty to clerk: "Ain't got none."

Flaherty to defendant: "Phat do yez do fer a livin'?"

Defendant: "Nothin'."

Flaherty to clerk: "Ain't got none."

Flaherty to defendant: "Are ye married?"

Defendant: "No—thank God."

Flaherty to clerk: "He says, 'No, thank God!'"

Flaherty to defendant: "Ever receive any previous religious instructions?"

Defendant: "How's that?"

Flaherty to defendant: "Phat's yer religion?"

Defendant: "Don't believe in nothin'."

Flaherty to clerk (loudly): "Protestant."

"The sentence," the beginning of the final chapter in the convict's history, is often the occasion of pathetic and also humorous episodes:

There is a true story of an incident which, however, did not occur in the General Sessions of New York County, where a prisoner who had been convicted was arraigned with a slight twinkle in his eye. "Have judge was an aged man, with a great reputation for his bitter wit and sarcasm. The convict, who had been convicted of being a common gambler and who was described by the court officers as a "fly guy," appeared in a loudly checked yellow and black suit with a red necktie and a large paste diamond horseshoe pin. The judge from under his beetling brows looked fiercely down upon him from the bench and remarked with intense scorn:

"I sentence you to pay a fine of fifty dollars—"

"That's all right, judge," interrupted the "fly guy" nonchalantly thrusting his hand into his trousers. "Got it in my pants pocket."

"—and to three years and six months in State's prison," continued his Honor, with a slight twinkle in his eye. "Harr, you got that in your pants pocket?"

The author does not discuss the increase or decrease of crime, or kindred subjects, but confines himself to a chronicle of courtroom happenings. He proves his assertion that the ordinary citizen who expresses pronounced opinions on the administration of criminal justice has little knowledge of the subject.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The house on the campus of the University of California, which was built a few years ago as a residence for President Wheeler, will be finished. When completed the building will have cost about \$50,000. The house will not be occupied by the head of the university, but will be used for classrooms. The mansion was refused by President Wheeler on the ground that his salary of \$10,000 would not permit him to furnish it in proper style.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Spirit of Dream.

A dream is like a ghost that walks
In lands of lost delight;
We lean to it across the bars
Of velvet-footed night.
With pleading bands held out to it,
We follow its dim feet
Into the valleys of the bloom
Where youth and gladness meet.

The little pathways of the bill,
The ladders to the sky,
With golden rungs to tread upon,
Up these it passes by;
And when we lean and when we call,
And when we feel it near,
Lo, in the little window peeps
The sun, and morn is here!

—Baltimore Sun.

Solitude of the City.

Not to some bleak and long-forgotten wilderness
My feet would turn, had I desire to be alone;
Not of the hills would I seek respite from distress,
Nor let the silent desert bear my sorrow and my moan.
Nay, here where chaos reigns, where din and noise are rife,
The soul can find its solitude, its surcease from the strife.
The myriad throngs that seem to ceaseless come and go
And, moving on, forget that other men have life—
Forget the simple handclaps and forget that they should know
Each other, in the battle of pain and ruthless strife—
Here where the tide of life rolls on with an incessant moan,
Here on the city's throbbing breast I feel the most alone.

—The Argosy.

Drudgery.

Dull drudgery: "gray angel of success;"
Enduring purpose, waiting long and long.
Headache or heartache, blent with sigh or song;
Forever delving 'mid the strife and stress;
Within the bleak confines of your duress
Are laid the firm foundations, deep and strong
Whereon men build the right against the wrong.
The toil-wrought monuments that lift and bless.
The coral reefs, the bee's o'erflowing cells;
The pyramids; all things that shall endure;
The books on books wherein all wisdom dwells,
Are formed with plodding patience, slow and sure.
Yours the time-tempered fashioning that spells
Of chaos, order, perfect and secure.
—Nixon Waterman in Appleton's Monthly.

The Tyrant.

I made a covenant with Time. He spake:
"O braggart brain, presumptuous heart of dust,
Brief energy, dost fret at moth and rust?
Think'st thou to mend the laggard pace I take?
Behold, the hills—the baubles that I make—
Bow down before me: verily thou must!
Then grudge not, stint not, brave the world's distrust,
Wait and stand steadfast while I make and break;
Then see how generous old Time can be!
Then rest, and be his darling! Ho, the scavees
These basty folk snatch from my granary,
Then, startled at my shadow, drop like thieves!
I chuckle as I lay them by for thee,
Mellow as sunlight in autumnal eves!"
—Charlotte Wilson in Atlantic Monthly.

There are some persons who scoff at the "musical atmosphere" of Europe, and declare it to be a nebulous mist, full of will-o'-the-wispy misleadings for the young talent of America. Maybe, says the *Musical Courier*. Somewhere, however, we read that when Safonoff was director of the Moscow Conservatory, four of the students there were Scriabine, Rachmaninoff, Petchnikoff and Lhévinne. Moscow is in the heart of darkest Russia, where every second person is a Tartar, and laws are written in blood and destroyed with bombs. Poland, a mere dot on the map has produced Chopin, Wieniawski, Moszkowski, Paderewski, Sembrich, De Reszke, Lipinski. England and America are the most liberally governed countries in the world, but they produce no great musicians. Why is it that freedom and music do not seem to go together? The sweetest songsters among the birds are those in captivity. Even the nightingale shuns the light.

A. W. Foster has retired from the presidency of the California Northwestern Railway Company and the North Shore Railroad Company and will give his time to the A. W. Foster Company, of which he is the head. When Mr. Foster became president of the road now known as the California Northwestern, in 1893, it then bore the corporate name San Francisco and North Pacific, but was best known in the railroad world as the Donohue road. A reorganization was effected by Mr. Foster and the California Northwestern Railway Company took over the property, acting, in fact, as the holding corporation by virtue of a lease. In like manner the North Shore Railroad Company was taken over.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the critic and essayist, has just celebrated his eighty-third birthday anniversary.

Jacques Lebaudy, the self-styled emperor of Sahara, is said to be quietly making a tour of the United States. He was seen in Boston a short time ago. According to one of his concierges, M. Lebaudy, prior to his departure, collected five years' rent in advance on many of his Paris properties.

Under the guidance of Signor Casciaro, the artist, Queen Helena of Italy has perfected herself in the execution of water colors and pastels. Some of her pictures will be sent to an exhibition at Venice, but under an assumed name, as Her Majesty wishes to keep her identity secret.

Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the new British ambassador to the United States, was Miss Marion Ashton before she married Mr. Bryce, in 1889. Her social success has been notable in London, and she has fine charm of manner and is famous as a hostess. Mrs. Bryce is likely to become an important figure in the social life of Washington.

Judge Neelen of the district court established a precedent in Milwaukee, January 2, when he fined two newsboys each \$1 and costs for crying out "extra" which did not contain the news heralded by them. The boys said they were acting under instructions. The papers they sold were a Chicago publication. Judge Neelen said he hoped that similar movements of justice will occur in other cities.

The *Petit Parisien* has just completed a very interesting plebiscite, the object of which was to ascertain who, in the opinion of its readers, were the ten greatest Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. More than fifteen million votes were given, and the result was that Pasteur came out at the head of the poll with 1,338,425 votes. The next were Victor Hugo, who received 1,227,103 votes; Gambetta, 1,155,672; Napoleon, 1,118,034; Thiers, 1,039,453; Lazare Carnot, 950,772; Curie, 851,107; A. Dumas, pere, 850,602; Doctor Roux, 603,941, and Parmentier, 498,863. Immediately following were Ampere, the electrician, Brazza, the

explorer, Zola, Lamartine and Arago. There is material here for endless philosophizing on the popular estimate of greatness and the enduring qualities in reputations.

Senator Tillman probably earns more money every year on the lecture platform than any other American who talks to the public for pay. From an authoritative source the statement comes that the South Carolinian's net proceeds thus far this year from his lecture tour are \$25,000. Senator Tillman is paid from \$250 to \$500 a lecture, and he is constantly in demand. His season is not confined to the summer Chautauqua course, and he fills nearly as many dates in the winter as at any other time of the year. In the last four years it is said that he has laid aside over \$60,000 from his lecture receipts.

Dr. Penna, the recently elected President of Brazil, possesses in a high degree those rare qualities which inspire the confidence of men. He has always been a hard worker. From the days of his college life he has set high ideals for himself and striven ever to do well whatever came to his hand. Modesty is characteristic of the man. He enters upon his duties better known by the people from north to south than any President who has ever preceded him. In fact, he is the only President of Brazil who has deemed it worth while to visit the different States and speak directly to the people on the issues of the day.

Sir Henry Echlin has just become the eighth baronet of that name. He has been landlord of the Rose and Crown, a public house and bar on Wycombe Road, Wooburn Green, England, and has been a trooper in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and a non-commissioned officer in the Second Life Guards. He was born in August, 1846, and is descended from the Rt. Rev. Henry Echlin, Bishop of Down and Connor in 1613, and Sir Henry Echlin, second baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. His family once owned magnificent estates in Scotland and in Ireland, but these were dissipated by the third owner of the title.

Ambassador Henry White and family have taken a villa outside of Florence, where they will stay. Their having this villa for the winter, the most important season in Roman society, bears out what has been said of their failure to commend

themselves to the Italian aristocracy. This is all the more surprising since Mrs. White was particularly anxious to come to Rome because she is a bosom friend of the Duchess of Aosta, and is specially friendly also with Queen Helena. According to current rumor, the Whites not only want to move to Paris because it is a promotion, but also because they can be in close touch with London, and Mrs. and Miss White can pass the greater part of the season at their house on Whitehall Gardens, which Mrs. White always speaks of as "a hallowed spot."

Emperor William has now arranged the betrothal of his fourth son, Prince Augustus William, and one of the cleverest, most masterful young royalties in Germany, Princess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. While he was studying in Bonn University the prince allied himself with the most advanced set of students, joining their weekly discussions, in which the existing order of things in Germany was criticised with all the audacity of youth. Augustus is extremely like his father in temperament, and every attempt to repress him results in his asserting himself with more vigor than before. Princess Alexandra is a fairly good-looking young blonde, highly accomplished, energetic and ambitious. The alliance is regarded as a somewhat daring experiment, for bringing two such fiery spirits together may spell catastrophe.

Mme. Sembrich, one of the principal singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is one of the three Polish musical people known to this country. The other two are Jean de Reszke and Paderewski. She is a loyal Pole, although she does not spend much time in her native country. There is a little story told which shows her loyalty better than any assurances on her part ever could. She was singing in the first Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig. By mistake it was announced in a paper that one of the concerts in which she was to sing was to be given in honor of Bismarck. "I had no desire to join in any memorial to honor Bismarck," Mme. Sembrich said, "and I knew that my own people would never forgive me if my name appeared on the program of the Gewandhaus as a soloist of a concert given in his memory. I immediately sent word that it would be out

of the question for me to appear, and begged them to engage another soloist. The end of it was that, after all, the concert was not to be given in Bismarck's honor, with the exception of one number, Beethoven's 'Eroica' symphony. The remainder of the program had nothing to do with Bismarck, and I felt that my countrymen would feel that I had acted just as a loyal Pole should."

"We take it not merely as a convincing token of the sane judgment underlying the editorial policy of the American press," says the *Army and Navy Journal*, "but as a manifestation also of its unflinching confidence in the integrity of the officers of the United States navy, that not one representative journal, so far as we are aware, has given its approval to the President's request that he be vested with authority to dismiss summarily an officer of the navy whom he considers unworthy of the service. On the contrary, every reputable journal, which has discussed the matter at all, has condemned the proposal as unwise or as something decidedly worse."

The *Osservatore Romano* published the following communication from the Vatican a few days ago: "It is stated that the French government intends to publish the text of some of the documents which were seized at the papal nunciature in Paris, December 11. The Holy See declares that it declines any responsibility for the publication, leaving it to the persons who may themselves be injured by the publication of the documents to use the means which they judge best to protect their rights."

Pasadena, the California city, held its annual tournament of roses on New Year's day. The city was decorated and festooned with flowers and foliage of every description, and the mountains, half encircling the city, covered with a white mantle of snow and ice, made a scene wonderfully beautiful in its contrast.

It is stated that the German government has authorized Governor Solf of German Samoa to purchase the former home of Robert Louis Stevenson, at Vailima, for a government residence.



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LITERARY NOTES.

An Uncalled-for Sacrifice.

To the disinterested observer there is something exasperating in the spectacle of a determinedly self-sacrificing woman who, in spite of incurring suspicion and obloquy, conceals the cause of her sacrifice. Such a woman is the heroine of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "The Man in the Case." The novelist has invested Joan Dare with dignity, sweetness, and charm, yet the matter-of-fact reader can not resist the conviction that her sacrifice is foolish and uncalled for. In the end, however, he will probably be mastered by the art of the novelist, who has constructed a situation that would be apt to rally every fighting instinct for the defense of one she loves in the breast of an unselfish woman. It is noticeable, by the way, that those who are most loyal to their faith in the purity and integrity of motive of the suspected woman are of the opposite sex. Can it be that Mrs. Phelps wishes her readers to infer that woman is the first to cast a stone at a suspected sister?

Published by Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

First a Novel, Next a Play.

Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peples, having each gained a reputation singly, are now collaborators in a novel, "Richard the Brazen." Their joint production is a rattling good story, and will make a rattling good play. That it is written with an eye to future dramatization is evident from the start. This, it would seem, is an established policy with Mr. Peples, for his "Prince Chap," one of the most successful of recent New York plays, was first brought out as a novel. The cowboy element in "Richard the Brazen," it is safe to presume, is the work of Mr. Brady, and the really thrilling adventure among the stampeding cowboys is doubtless also his inspiration. Mr. Peples possesses much constructive ability, and he has a positive genius for gathering together old materials and refurbishing them up into freshness and piquancy. "Richard the Brazen" abounds in well-worn dramatic situations, yet it never lacks in interest.

Published by Moffat Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A Story of Nova Scotia.

Because of the now historic episode of threatened libel suits that almost resulted from the recognition of certain characters in "Cape Cod Folks," Mrs. Sarah P. McLean Greene has wisely abstained from definitely locating the entourage of her new story, "Power Lot." But the coast of Nova Scotia is without doubt the precipitous and windswept habitat of those dryly humorous characters who people Mrs. Greene's latest novel. The author has acquired the same intimate knowledge and understanding of Nova Scotians as of the New Englanders, and her acute appreciation of, and unabated skill in presenting the rich and racy types that spring out of conditions of isolation, toil, and struggle will, no doubt, be greatly enjoyed by an increased circle of readers.

Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York; \$1.50.

A Georgia Tragedy.

In "Ann Boyd," Will N. Harben, who has come to be regarded as a faithful and sympathetic interpreter of Georgian character, tells the most dramatic story he has yet written. In spite of its homely setting of farm-life simplicity, "Ann Boyd" is the recital of a social tragedy; one that wrought prolonged suffering in the life of a victim of a rival's jealousy, lasting from youth to middle age. There are inconsistencies in Mr. Harben's story; his country yokels do not always express themselves in character; but in large part it is simple, natural, and human. Occasionally the author, with an effect of unconsciousness, causes his characters to strike the note of Southern exaggeration of sentiment, and the atmosphere of rural life in the farming sections of Georgia is excellently preserved.

Published by Harper Bros., New York; \$1.50.

A Handsome Edition of "Romola."

Guido Biagi, librarian of the Laurentian Library, Florence, has edited an "historically illustrated edition" of "Romola," by George Eliot. The edition, which is in two volumes, is made notable by one hundred and sixty engravings of scenes and charac-

ters, selected by Dr. Biagi. In his introduction the editor traces the Italian journey of the author during which she was fired with the idea of writing her wonderful historical romance. Dr. Biagi discovered several documents of interest in connection with her stay in Florence, among them receipts for books consulted at the libraries when the romance of Savonarola was shaping in the mind and imagination of the author.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$3 net.

Books by Southern Authors.

A number of notable recent books mark the awakening of a new literary spirit in the South. "The Memoirs of John H. Reagan" is the record of a many-sided, active, honored and useful life. (\$3.00.) "A Kentucky Chronicle" is a romance of old Southern days, by John Thompson Gray, who for nearly ninety years was identified with the life of Louisville. (\$1.50.) "A History of Southern Literature," by Carl Holliday, is the first effort to give the connected story of the development of the literature of the South, from the earliest days to the present. (\$2.50.) "The Women of the Confederacy," by the Rev. J. L. Underwood, presents the heroism of the Southern ladies during the war, and the period of reconstruction. (\$2.00.) "Roger of Fairfield," by Virginia Carter Castleman, is a delightful Virginia story in which is pictured the now historic towns of the Old Dominion. (\$1.25.)

The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

New Publications.

"Early Italian Piano Music," a collection of pieces written for the harpsichord and clavichord, edited by M. Esposito, is the latest volume in the Musician's Library series. The selections have been chosen from the earliest Italian composers down to Clementi. The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston; \$2.50.

A new edition of the "Poems of Victor Hugo" has been prepared by Arthur Graves Canfield, of the University of Michigan. Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.00.

The first volume of a valuable and beautifully illustrated "History of Architecture," by Russell Sturgis, has appeared. In the present volume Mr. Sturgis discusses the architectural remains of antiquity. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

"What Marjorie Saw Abroad," by Mrs. David Gamble Murrell, is an interesting narrative that is intended for prospective tourists who do not relish dry-as-dust guide books. The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

"A Cheerful Year Book," with blank calendar pages for the recording of social engagements, contains an introduction and conclusion by Carolyn Wells, verses and aphorisms by F. M. Knowles, and humorous pictures by C. F. Lester. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"The Religion of Cheerfulness," by Sara A. Hubbard, is a plea for optimism in everyday life. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Investments of Life Insurance Companies," by Lester W. Zartman, of Yale University, is an academic discussion of the problems of insurance. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Pierre Barlow Cornwall," by Bruce Cornwall, is a finely bound, well-printed life sketch of a pioneer, for fifty-six years a resident of the Pacific Coast. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

A well-told story of an interesting cynic and a woman who would reform him is "The Man From London Town," by Sarah Stone Williams. The Neale Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

"The Humor of Love," in two volumes, the first in verse, the second in prose, contains excerpts from the wittiest passages in literature that deal with courtship. Tom Masson, the compiler, has chosen selections from authors as far removed as Ben Jonson and "Billy" Baxter, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and "Mr. Dooley." Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"The Wisdom of Benjamin Franklin" is a handsome book made up of reflections on men and events, not included in Poor Richard's Almanac. The selections from Franklin's collected papers were made by John J. Murphy. Brentano's, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Outlook* says Wallace Irwin is "a sort of poetic Dooley."

A recent French writer has taken the idea of Frank R. Stockton's problem story, "The Lady or the Tiger," and added a more or less satisfactory ending. He allows the princess to give an almost imperceptible sign to her lover in the arena, which he interprets as a signal to choose the left door and life; but he turns to the right and when the door swings at his touch, out steps a Christian maiden. Then the lover, realizing Poppaea's treachery, scornfully waves her farewell and folds the new love to his breast. The French author would have received more commendation had he frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to Stockton for his plot.

Mrs. Langtry is busy at work on her "Memoirs," which promise to create a sensation when published.

Harper's Weekly for January 5 was a jubilee number, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its birth. Henry Mills Alden and William Dean Howells gave some reminiscences of early volumes that had much interest, and especially for those whose memory of the paper reaches back to the years of the Civil War.

A wealthy Parisian, impressed by reading "Paul and Virginia," has bequeathed \$10,000 to the state for a statue of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. The commission was given to Sculptor Holwood, whose cast has been made.

Parentage of Wagner.

In view of the many conflicting stories current regarding Richard Wagner's parentage, recent statements contained in the "Letters of the Wagner Family," just issued by the biographer Glasenapp, are of extraordinary interest.

Among the letters are some addressed by Wagner to his step-sister Cäcilie Avenarius, née Geyer. She was a daughter of Wagner's mother by the latter's second marriage, with Ludwig Geyer. In one of these, acknowledging the receipt of some letters written by her father to his mother, Wagner says:

"I was enabled to understand keenly from these written pages the relation of the two during those pressing times. I believe I see quite clearly now, even though it is extremely difficult for me to express myself on the subject of how I interpret that relation. It seems to me as though our father Geyer, through his self-sacrifice for the whole family, endeavored to atone for a wrong done."

In order to understand the last sentence of the foregoing quotation, it should be remembered that Wagner was born on May 22, 1813 (shortly after the death of his father, who was a police clerk at Leipsic), and that almost immediately his mother married the actor and painter, Ludwig Geyer, in Dresden. Wagner always regarded him as his father and also called him by that name. As early as 1840, Wagner wrote to his wife from Dresden, that he had gone for a walk via Loschwitz to the cemetery at Blasewitz, "where I made arrangements for the restoration of the grave of my father." The grave of Geyer is the one referred to.

What is most incomprehensible about this whole matter (remarks the New York *Musical Courier*) is the apparent naïveté of Glasenapp in giving to the world this information, particularly as he is supposed to have an appanage from Cosima Wagner, and to submit for her revision everything he publishes about the composer.

The letters to Cäcilie look like a confession from Richard that it was his father Geyer who did penance for a wrong he had committed against his supposed or reputed father, and this confession apparently reflecting on Wagner's birth is given to the world by his biographer and his widow!

What does all this publicity of domestic secrets mean? Is Cosima seeking a revenge for the purpose of getting righted on some unknown wrong which Richard was certainly capable of having committed against her? Her children, with the exception of Siegfried (who was born in wedlock) have not been able to inherit under the laws of Bavaria—that is, the girls have had no part in Richard Wagner's estate, copyrights, performing privileges; only Cosima and Siegfried have benefited, the latter being the final heir. Of course, Mme. Wagner can make the girls beneficiaries of her personal estate—savings, and anything Liszt may have left to her.



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STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Theatrical circles have learned with surprise that Aubrey Boucicault, actor and playwright, has been secretly wedded for some time to Miss Ruth Holt, a young actress of note.

Ernest Hastings, well known in San Francisco, where for several seasons he was leading man at the Alcazar Theatre, was killed in a railroad collision in Nebraska, January 2, while on his way to the East. He was accompanied by his wife. Mr. Hastings had just completed a short engagement in Portland. He was about 40 years of age and had been on the stage since his youth. Mrs. Hastings was formerly Miss Madge Chapman of Portland.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be seen here in the near future.

Truly Shattuck has been replaced in Anna Held's company by Eleanor Kent, who takes the prima donna part in "The Parisian Model."

Eleanora Duse, the famous actress, has been seriously ill from pneumonia. Duse, who is called Italy's greatest actress, is in her 26th year on the stage. Many critics have declared that she is the greatest living actress of any country. Only recently there was a persistent rumor that she was to wed Jean P. North, the celebrated designer of gowns. This finally brought an authoritative denial that there was any engagement.

Beerbohm Tree announces that he has completed arrangements by which he will visit America next autumn with his "Anthony and Cleopatra" company.

The musical comedy production of "Buster Brown" is coming to the Coast and has been playing to big business.

Jane Oaker, leading lady for Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit," is now an heiress, having a share in an estate worth about a million.

A burlesque that is so humorous that it attracts attention more than any light theatrical performance has done in months is that of Bonita and her company in "Wine, Woman, and Song," including Alex Carr in a satire, "Going into Vaudeville," now playing at the New Circle Theatre, in New York. This performance raises the ordinary little playhouse, which has heretofore been harboring only ordinary plays, above the commonplace. The entertainment, which from the first night has been much discussed in theatrical circles as well as by the public, comprises a burlesque on a number of well-known players on the New York stage. Among those impersonated, in the majority of instances by good comedy, if not by good imitation, are David Warfield, Robert Mantell, Maude Adams, Signor Caruso, Madame Sembrich, Blanche Bates, George Cohan, Maxine Elliott, Fay Templeton, Chauncey Olcott, and La Domino Rouge.

McIntyre and Heath will give their farewell performance of "The Ham Tree" at the Novelty Theatre on Sunday night.

Musical Notes.

Melba made her first appearance in New York in opera for six years at the new Manhattan Opera House, on January 2, as Violetta in "La Traviata," and was received with enthusiasm. Her voice is said to be better than ever.

"Peter Pan" is undergoing another revival at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, and an American girl, Pauline Chase—"Polly" Chase of pink pajama fame—has the title-role. Nina Boucicault and Cissie (now Cecilia) Loftus preceded Miss Chase in the English production of Barrie's fairy play.

Philadelphia has a weekly visit of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company from New York, and heard Cavalieri for the first time and Caruso for the first time this season in Giordano's "Fedora." The success of the opera and the singers was unmistakable.

George Ade, the playwright, newspaper writer, and novelist, is to spend some time in Colorado Springs this summer. It is understood that Mr. Ade will write a comic opera, laying the foundation in Colorado, during his stay. A character patterned after General Sherman Bell is to be one of the strong features of the proposed piece.

Oscar Hammerstein won a victory when

the United States Circuit Court denied an application for a permanent injunction prohibiting him from producing "La Bohème," brought by Director Conried and Ricordi & Co., the publishers. The decision was most important to Hammerstein, because the rôle of Mimi is Melba's favorite. Her repertoire is not extensive, and to have been unable to produce "La Bohème" with her and Bonci would have been a heavy handicap in the competition with Herr Conried.

"The Snow Man," a musical play by Stange and De Koven, will be brought out in the spring in New York.

The Grand Opera Season.

The Lambardi Grand Opera company will sing Rossini's most popular light opera, "The Barber of Seville," at the Central Theatre for the matinee this afternoon, by special request. In the music lesson scene Adelina Tromben will introduce a new waltz, especially composed for her by the musical director, Chevalier Fulgencio Guerrieri, and the popular ballad "Violets," by Ellen Wright, in English. The cast will also include Russo, Pacini, Bergami, Cannetti, and Marina. Tonight and tomorrow matinee "La Bohème" will be repeated with its superb cast, exquisite scenery, and complete accessories. Tomorrow night the success of the season, Giordano's lyric drama, "Fedora," will be sung. Monday, Thursday, Sunday nights and Saturday matinee the tragic opera, "Ernani," will be heard. Wednesday and Friday nights and Sunday matinee Thomas's opera comique, "Mignon," will be presented. "Fedora" will be repeated on Tuesday night, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" on Saturday night, with Ester Adaberto as Nedda. She will also sing in "Ernani" and "Fedora." Antola will be heard in "Ernani," and Campiofere and Tromben in "Mignon." A special feature of this opera will be the harp solos by Mme. Louisa Camini, the great harp soloist.

Great preparations are being made for the first production in America of Orefice's romantic opera, "Chopin," founded upon the life of the celebrated composer, which will be the novelty of the next week. This work has been the great success of the time in Italy, and has raised its composer to a high pinnacle of fame. Mascagni's Japanese opera, "Iris," is also underlined for an early production, as is Baron Franchetti's prize work, "Germania."

The Central Theatre can now be reached by all cars direct or by transferring, and is warm, clean, and well ventilated.

The Strollers at the American Theatre.

It will be pleasant news to the general public to know of the advent of a modern up-to-date Class "A" Theatre in the theatrical field. This is the new American Theatre, located at Market and Seventh Streets. It is built of reinforced concrete and steel and is absolutely fireproof. It is an eloquent proof of this assertion when it is realized that it was almost completed at the time of the fire, and stood as the one building left in that location after the fire. The interior decorations are by Signor A. Benvenuti, who decorated the leading New York theatres, and was brought here specially for the purpose. The furnishings, drapings, etc., are from W. J. Sloane & Co., and are said to be elaborate and beautiful.

The opening attraction will be the San Francisco Opera company. This organization would seem to make a peculiarly strong bid for patronage, as it is composed of members of the late Tivoli Opera House company, who were appearing here at the time of the fire. After that, the company went on tour under the management of Mr. Frank W. Healy, also of the Tivoli, and has since been upholding San Francisco's high standard as a comic opera centre. The principal members are Aida Henmi, prima donna soprano; Teddy Webb, comedian; Joseph Smith, tenor; Maud Beatty, soprano; Francis Carrier, baritone; Aimee Leicester, contralto; George Kunkel, character comedian; Charles Morgan, Frieda Wisner, Ruby Norton, and Frank Bertrand.

The opening bill will be the New York Knickerbocker Theatre musical comedy success, "The Strollers," book by Harry B. Smith, music by Ludwig Engländer. This comedy, when produced in New York City, scored a season's run. It is full of tuneful music and funny situations. The musical director is Edward Buechner, the

last conductor at the Tivoli, and the female portion contains many California beauties, while the male chorus is reckoned by some to be the best since the days of the old Bostonian Opera company. The production will be given with adequate scenery, elaborate costumes, and properties. Large audiences will welcome back these old favorites, it is assured.

Isabel Irving at the Novelty.

Isabel Irving, the captivating American actress who was seen for two seasons at the head of the company presenting "The Crisis," is to be seen at the Novelty Theatre commencing next Monday, under the management of Liebler & Co. in the new Jerome K. Jerome play, "Susan in Search of a Husband," by Eugene W. Presbrey. She will be supported by a peculiarly excellent cast of players, who are members of Miss Eleanor Robson's New York company, for whom, owing to the character of Miss Robson's new play, by Paul Armstrong, there are no parts. Miss Irving herself was especially engaged to support Miss Robson in this present vehicle, which achieved an undeniable success at the Liberty Theatre a few weeks ago, and which is a part of Miss Robson's repertoire, and the members of the present company will all be seen in their old parts in which they achieved such success.

The cast includes such excellent players as Hassard Short, Herbert Standing, A. G. Andrews, Ernest Mainwaring, Marie Wainwright, Jessie Izett, and E. W. Lyons, who have all firmly established themselves in New York as artists of more than ordinary ability. Liebler & Co. have never yet sent an inadequate company, or an unsuccessful play, in this direction, and from all accounts they have outdone themselves in the present instance, for the reports of "Susan in Search of a Husband" stamp it as one of the most artistic, delicate, charming little comedies that has yet been given to the American public.

The Orpheum.

Ned Nye and his "Six Rollicking Girls" will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. They have a singing and dancing specialty that has completely captured Eastern audiences and they bid fair to create a vocal and terpsichorean sensation here. Warren and Blanchard, "the comedian and the singer," are old favorites, and their reappearance will be hailed with delight. Fred Warren is, without doubt, one of the best impersonators of negro character in the country. Edgar Atchison-Ely, England's greatest comique and late leading comedian with May Irwin, promises a unique act. He was here four years ago and had San Francisco in a spasm of laughter for two weeks. Marzelo and Millay, whose hilarious performances on the horizontal bars and burlesque wrestling exhibitions have won them fame on two continents, will complete the list of newcomers. John C. Rice and Nelly Cohen will continue their hilarious farcette, "All the World Loves a Lover," the Pearl and Violet Allen company, presenting "The Traveling Man," promise new laughs, and Willie Holt Wakefield, the drawing-room entertainer, Black and Jones, the dancing comedians, and Orpheum motion pictures will complete a varied program.

The will of W. S. Keyes, who died of apoplexy in the Union League Club on December 27, has been filed for probate. His estate, valued at \$500,000, consists of mines in Mexico, realty, stocks, bonds, and cash. To his brother, Alexander D. Keyes, an attorney of this city, the testator leaves \$5000; to his sisters, Mrs. E. F. Chesterwood, of New York, and Mrs. F. A. Gibson, of Washington, an annuity of \$600 each. The remainder of the estate he leaves to his daughter, Azalea C. Keyes, 26 years old, who has lived in Paris for some years. She is named as executrix without bonds.

Willard Zibbell, a racehorse driver, has been awarded a verdict of \$100,000 damages against the Southern Pacific company by a jury in the superior court at Fresno, Cal., on account of injuries sustained by being run over by a railroad train. Zibbell lost both arms and a leg by the accident. Before Zibbell was maimed by the cars he was engaged to a young woman of Fresno, who, after the accident, devoted herself to nursing him back to life, and as soon as he became convalescent she became his bride.

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Sunday night—Last time—McIntyre and Heath in

"THE HAM TREE"

Beginning Monday, January 21st—Matinee Saturday

The Comedienne Isabel Irving in Jerome K. Jerome's

comedy

"Susan in Search of a Husband"

Adapted by Eugene W. Presbrey—Direction of Liebler & Co.

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VANITY FAIR.

"I often wonder what the dinner-goers of Washington eat when they are in the fastnesses of their own homes, if they ever get a chance to retire that far. When they go out to dinner they always get the same thing," declares a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose experiences are detailed from the point of view of a Senator's secretary.

"Night after night they dine, with the same people at table, mostly, and on the same food: some oysters, a clear soup, some fish, a filet, some game (generally duck), an ice and a bit of cheese. Occasionally some daring innovator will put in some terrapin—generally it's slider—or the soaring genius of the caterer is made manifest by shaping the ices as potatoes or lemons or something novel and original like that. It is a lovely diversion, and the table talk would send you gasping to a Patent Office report to get a taste of the light and frivolous.

"In a small city like Washington the dinner lists are more or less restricted. Of course, there is always the residential society, people who live here because they like the official glamour and the diplomatic savor, and because it is easier to make a show with money than it is elsewhere. Then there are the Army and Navy sets and the official society and the Congress. When you sort out of all these the people who do not mingle and those who can't mingle, there is left but a comparatively small list to choose from, and you may be certain of seeing half a dozen, at least, of the same persons at every dinner. The most deadly functions of the lot were the Cabinet dinners where the President solemnly dined his advisers, and the advisers took turns in dining him, with the result that there were ten dinners with the same guests and the same food, practically. That was enough to make even an indurated dinner-goer screech, and the President, a year or two ago, vetoed the whole proposition."

"I took out a twittering young thing at my Senator's dinner—I always do have to take out twittering young things—and she twittered to me for three hours. The first thing on her mind was to get all the food that was coming, although she assured me that dinners bored her terribly, and the second was to impress me with the idea that any dinner that was not honored by her presence was a mere collation, a sort of a hasty egg sandwich and mug of milk affair. I listened to some of the others talking. They were impressing one another with the same idea, varied occasionally with statements of their intimacy with all the leading families, and with hints that the social secretaries would lose their jobs if their names were not kept always at the head of the permanent lists. To hear them tell it, they were the mainstays of every event that got into the social columns of the newspapers, and to my personal knowledge every social event at which they appear does get into the newspapers, for they see to that themselves.

"Some of the younger diplomats were there. Some of the younger diplomats are always at every dinner. The town is full of younger diplomats who know how to play the game so they are at no expense for food, unless they desire some coffee and rolls in the morning, and, at a pinch, they can go without that refreshment and make up at tea. All a younger diplomat needs is a frock coat, a suit of evening clothes and credit at a laundry."

Seven young Americans who will grace classic Harvard's halls have been astonishing Paris by their too effervescent spirits. It is a pity that the names of five should be lost to fame, but the despatches say merely that one is "Saunders of Chicago," another "White of West Virginia."

The boat train from Calais pulled into the Gard du Nord when the seven jumped from a first-class coupe. Each carried a suitcase plastered with labels, which proved the party had traveled far. Following the seven came two elderly men, who looked careworn and who had reason to be, as it proved.

The seven youths, all fresh-complexioned and broad-shouldered, suddenly dropped their suitcases, lined up, and while some did athletic stunts others performed jugglers' tricks with hats, purses and coins. Then, while two whistled a negro melody, the other five did a breakdown so well

that any Parisian music hall manager would engage them instantly.

The other passengers, the luggage-laden porters, the loungers in the station surrounded the amateur performers, who only bowed most solemnly to the enthusiastic applause. In vain the two elderly gentlemen, who are tutors at Harvard it appears, scolded and prayed; the youths ended their impromptu performance only when they were weary of it. Then they packed their suitcases and marched off in single file. Not one of them as much as smiled.

They are on an "educating tour" of Europe before entering Harvard from a preparatory school. Certainly they are gaining educational experience.

All seven and the unhappy tutors were at a variety show one night. During the show a professional wrestler as usual invited any one in the audience to come on the stage and try a fall with him. Up jumped one of the seven—not the biggest either—but the tutors by main force thrust him back into his chair.

A pointed reference to the many bogus users of the title of baronet is made in the preface of Whitaker's Peerage for 1907.

"There are possibly a few among the aspirants to the dignity of a baronetcy," says the editor, "who are genuinely entitled to the style, but taking them in the bulk, it is evidently safe to say that those who are not downright impostors are the deluded victims of an impractical idea.

"The modus operandi of these latter is apparently this. They become aware of a lapsed baronetcy of their own surname, the last holder of which was either certainly or possibly a relative. No one else has assumed the title, so why should not they?

"The other class, believing that a baronet's title will give them a standing or secure them longer credit from tradesmen, hunt up some name in Burke's 'Extinct Baronetcies' (if it does not happen to be their own, what is easier than to make it such?) give it out that the latest holder left a son or brother whose name was never registered, and that from that son or brother themselves are descended.

"Servants and shopkeepers have, perforce, to give them their title, and thus a fictitious local position is secured which probably suffices for the main purpose of most of them."

The reappearance in Paris society of the American Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, youngest daughter of the late John H. Mitchell, Senator from Oregon, is a feature of the season. The spirited duchess went to Paris from her husband's Chateau de Montmiral, determined to play a conspicuous part in the social gayety.

She will be far away the most richly dressed woman in Paris this winter, if what all the dressmakers say is true. Every morning her automobile whizzes around the city while she inspects and accepts, or rejects, fashion's newest creations. The duchess even laughingly invites artists of greatest fame to discuss the aesthetic aspect of a modern woman's draperies. She notes every hint they lightly let fall and puts it to use in designing her raiment, but disguises it so deftly that even its author can not recognize it.

The duchess, who is very popular, passes every hour of the afternoon and night at social gatherings of some kind. She is an intimate of the Infanta Eulalia, has made many friends among the Spanish colony and occasionally is seized with the desire to learn the Castilian tongue.

Of all the Americans there, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld is the most Parisian. She takes the greatest interest in the study of French literature and frequently attends conferences held by the academics. For lighter, if more exciting, diversion she plays bridge whist, and often takes a hand at the bridge parties given by Mrs. Marshall and her daughter.

This is the season of the Kaiser's big battue among the game preserves of the great German landowners. As the guest of some sporting nobleman, his Majesty loves to kill as many head of game as he can with as little trouble as possible.

The Kaiser sits in ambush, attended by three or four keepers, who hand him loaded repeating rifles in rapid succession. He pots at the game as it is driven past him within easy range by beaters, and his only object is to kill as many living things as possible.

Minute records are kept of the numbers of birds, boars or deer shot by his Majesty.

The spot where he kills his one thousandth hare or his ten thousandth pheasant is marked with a memorial stone, inscribed with the fact and date.

According to the Court chroniclers the Kaiser is a "perfect shot."

The great increase in the importation of diamonds is perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the official record of extravagant spending, says a special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*. It is quite a jump from the 1896 figures of \$7,944,032 to the 1906 tabulation of \$42,120,715 worth of these and other precious stones and jewelry. This ten years' record has been one of great variation. When England became embroiled with the South African burghers over the audacious commercial plans of the Uitlanders and the disastrous Boer war ensued, diamond importation into this country fell off immensely. After this big slump there was only a slight delay before the trade began to mount up again. It can be safely assumed that the largest proportion by far of the total of forty-odd millions worth of diamonds and jewelry brought in last year represents diamonds imported direct from South Africa or else forwarded from there through French or English houses.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the diamond trade is limited to so few

American ports of entry. As compared with New York's importations of nearly twenty-four millions of dollars, Chicago imported direct only \$132,583 worth in this class, San Francisco slightly less, and the only other port which showed figures of appreciable interest was Newport, with \$11,728. Similarly with uncut and unset stones, which come in free, New York's total of over ten millions finds Boston and Baltimore pressing close for second place with less than \$5000 apiece. Philadelphia's direct importations are only one-fourth of this latter total, and Chicago's only half of Philadelphia's. The only other place in the whole list of ports of entry which reported uncut diamonds for free entry was the little border town of Paso del Norte, Texas, which owned up to \$34 worth of stones on which free entry was claimed because of being uncut.

At the exhibition in Brussels there are many examples of royal art showing talent and finish in execution. The landscapes of Queen Amelia of Portugal are distinguished by their firmness of touch. The statuette portraits in ivory of Bourget, Pierre Loti, Ibsen and Maeterlinck sculptured by the Queen of Roumania are remarkable for their fidelity to the persons modelled. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has beautifully illustrated an edition of "The Arabian Nights." The young Spanish queen Italy prefers to paint sailors.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Frederick Schoff, at a meeting of a mothers' club in Philadelphia, talked of the training of children. "Just as small-pox and yellow fever are quite rare diseases," she said, "so will bad children be rare when proper attention is given to the cause of badness. Men will not take any part in correcting or training children, though when the children turn out well, they are willing enough to take the credit. They remind me in this of a certain landlord. He called on a tenant one day and said: 'Jones, I'm going to raise your rent.' 'What for?' Jones asked, anxiously. 'Have taxes gone up?' 'No, not at all,' the landlord answered; 'but I see you've painted the house and put in a new range and bath. That, of course, ought to make it bring more.'"

Last Christmas a middle-aged tinplate-worker married a widow whose acquaintance he made but a few weeks before while working some little distance away from home. "Sarrah," he said nervously, after the guests had departed, "I 'ave a weddin' present for ye." "What is it, John?" said Sarrah, with a smirk. "I 'ope ye won't be fended, Sarrah," said John, more agitated than ever, "but it is—er—er—it is five of 'em." "Five of w'at?" asked Sarrah. "Five children!" blurted out John desperately, anticipating a scene. "I didn't tell ye I 'ad children—five of 'em." Sarrah took the news quite calmly; in fact she appeared relieved. "Oh, well, John," she said, "that do make it easier for me to tell ye. Five is not so bad as me, whatever. Seven I 'ave got." "W'at!" howled John. "Seven," repeated Sarrah composedly. "That is my weddin' present to ye, John."

Recently a prominent member of the Metropolitan Club, at Washington, drove around to the First Assistant Secretary of State's office in the afternoon to take Mr. Bacon for a ride behind a spirited horse he had just purchased. The assistant secretary always uses an automobile when out himself, but he was "delighted" to go with his friend. They had not gone very far when the horse became exceedingly restive, and Mr. Bacon became nervous. "Gently, Harry," said the assistant secretary. "Don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Harry. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Harry?" Once on terra firma, Mr. Bacon's views underwent a remarkable change. "Now, Harry, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up; conquer him; don't spare him—and now I'll leave you to manage him," energetically remarked the assistant secretary. "I'll walk back."

J. Hayden-Clarendon, who plays the part of Lord Shrimpton in Henry W. Savage's "Prince of Pilsen" company, has had experience in newspaper work. While a reporter, an incident occurred which Clarendon frequently relates with great relish. "I was sent out," he observes, "to do a society wedding. The bridegroom owned an old-fashioned house, of which he was particularly proud. He told me particularly to mention that after the honeymoon he and his bride would go to live at the 'Olde Manse,' as the house in question was named. Imagine my horror when, next morning, I was called up before the city editor. The idiot of a compositor had set up my carefully written sentence to read: 'The happy pair will reside at the Old Man's.'"

A Russian grand duke, finding himself with a few days to spare in Paris, went one evening to the theatre, and being a person of some importance, thought himself bound to send a bouquet to the principal actress. A month afterward, being in the same apartments, his servant announced that a lady wished to see him, and going into the room found an unknown lady before him. "I am afraid your highness does not recognize me," she said. "I am Mariquita, an actress, and I have come to thank you for your numerous kind attentions." "I recognize you now, madame," replied the duke. "But I think you are mistaken. I only sent you one bouquet." "But it was your servant who brought them each evening," she said. Accordingly the servant was called, and eventually, with much confusion, he said to his master: "When I took the first bouquet, your highness, the lady gave me

a tip of five francs, and, as the bouquet only cost forty sous, I made three francs over it. So I repeated the performance with the same result each time. I pray your highness's pardon."

Mr. Bryan some times makes jokes at the expense of himself and of the issues on which he has met defeat. Recently, in New York, he told the newspaper men this tale: "My former campaigns and the results that came of them remind me of a man who came out to Nebraska to take up a farm," he said. "This man was a greenhorn, and he did not know much about the cyclones that sometimes visit our prairies. But he had some sort of wisdom. He put a strange-looking wooden fence about his place that looked like a chicken coop. It was built in a triangular shape. A farmer drove by when this greenhorn was putting up his fence and commented upon its apparent instability. 'Why, the first good wind that comes along,' he said, 'will blow your fence over like jackstraws.' 'Oh, all right,' said the greenhorn, who was also an optimist. 'My fence is five feet broad at the bottom and four feet high. If it blows over, it will be a foot higher than it is now.' That's what I hope my political fence is like," said Bryan, with a laugh.

Henry J. Brown, a campaign manager of Denver, said the other day of a canvasser who, through tactlessness, had offended a voter irreparably: "The tactless man reminds me of an office boy old Gobsa Golde used to have. Gobsa, with his millions, his fine clothes and motor cars, believed himself a great heartbreaker. There was a little milliner on the next street, a beautiful little woman, Mrs. John L. Hackett by name, upon whom he thought he had made a considerable impression. And one morning he gave his office boy a sealed note to take to Mrs. John L. Hackett at once. The boy set out promptly, reached the millinery shop, entered—found no one there but a very fat, ugly man, reading a newspaper. 'Well, son?' the man said. 'I have a note,' said the boy, 'for Mrs. John L. Hackett.' 'She's out,' said the man. 'But give the note to me. I am Mr. John L. Hackett, her husband.' 'Oh, no,' said the boy. 'I was told not to give it to the husband on any account.'"

Dr. John H. Girdner, the alienist of New York, was visiting an insane asylum. He met a man in the hall. "Who are you?" asked Girdner. "Me?" said the man. "Why, I'm here, but I ain't crazy. Not on your life. All the rest of them are crazy, but not me. I'm an inventor. I have got an invention that will make me so rich that John D. Rockefeller will look like a poor man beside me." "What is it?" asked Girdner. "A patent fly-catcher. Greatest thing in the world. Here, I'll show you how it works." The man took a sheet of paper and drew a bird-cage. "That," he said, "is a parrot's cage—just a common cage—but you observe that on this side there is a door with a heavy iron knob, and that there is another door on the other side, also with a heavy iron knob. Now, you see, you take this parrot's cage and put it on a pedestal fourteen feet high, the pedestal standing on a marble slab. Then I place a ladder on this side, reaching up to one door, and a ladder on the other side, leading to the other door. This is how it works. The unsuspecting fly comes along and climbs up the ladder on this side. It opens the door by means of the iron knob, walks through the cage and opens the door on the other side. Then it starts down the other ladder. That's where we catch him!" the inventor continued excitedly. "That's where the invention is. That's where I shall get my money. You see, the fourth rung is missing in this second ladder, but the fly doesn't know it, and he falls on the marble slab and breaks his neck."

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

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F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Lundborg, daughter of the late Dr. Lundborg, to Dr. Percy Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a tea on Saturday last at their home, on Washington and Laguna Streets, in honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Helene Irwin, at which several hundred guests were present. Assisting in receiving were: Miss Katrina Page-Brown, Miss Mary Langhorne, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, and Miss Jeannette von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening last in honor of Miss Lydia Hopkins. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Hopkins, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Miss Cora Jane Flood, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Dr. H. L. Tevis, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Charles Felton, Mr. Samuel Hopkins, and Mr. Cadawalader.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon of last week at her home, on Pacific Avenue. Those present were: Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Carrie Gwin, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Horace Davis was the hostess at a bridge party on Saturday last at which twelve tables of players were present.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening of last week in honor of Miss Emma Mullen of Washington, D. C. Those present, besides the guest of honor, were: Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Lieutenant-Commander Halstead, U. S. N., Mr. Samuel Buckbee, and Dr. Beverly MacMonagle.

Mrs. J. LeRoy Nickel was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday last at which she entertained Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Frances Coon, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Emma Kenyon, Miss Anna Kenyon, Miss Edith Page, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Margaret Hayne, and Miss Mary Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained at a dinner at their home on Broadway on Friday evening of last week. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week, the entire party going afterward to the De Young cotillon. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. Samuel Buckbee.

Miss Edith Metcalfe entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, afterwards going to the Friday Cotillon Club dance, with her guests. Those present were: Miss Frances Coon, Miss Roma Paxton, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Miss Emile Kehrlein, and Mr. Oliver Kehrlein.

Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. N., was the host at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week on board the U. S. S. *Pensacola*, at Yerba Buena Island.

Miss Jeannette Hooper entertained at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. George Somers, Mrs. Hunter Harrison, Mrs. William Starr, Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Joseph Thomas, Mrs. Covode, Mrs. Safford Colby, Miss Harvey Anthony, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Evelyn Norwood, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Annette Edwards, Miss Edythe Foster, and Miss Anita Meyer.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday of last week at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Dr. Pressley, and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Mrs. Harry Francis Davis (formerly Miss Helen Murison), will entertain at a party (Saturday) in honor of Miss Rose Redington, whose engagement to

Dr. Albion W. Hewlett was recently announced.

Miss Alice Sullivan will entertain at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Thursday next.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and Miss Myra Josselyn will leave about the first of next month for Europe where they will remain for six months or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin spent several days last week in town, but have returned to their home at San Mateo.

Mrs. William B. Collier has returned to her country home in Lake County, after spending the holiday season in town.

Colonel Douglas-Dick and Miss Isabel Douglas-Dick, who have spent several months in San Mateo as the guests of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, left on Sunday last for their home in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin and Miss Frances Moffatt are at Del Monte, to remain through the winter.

Mr. J. W. Byrne has gone East for a couple of weeks, and Callaghan Byrne has returned to Los Angeles. Their mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, is staying on at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hogan, whose home will be in Boston, are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. Mrs. Hogan was, until last Thursday, Miss Marcella Fitzgibbons, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald J. Fitzgibbons.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, who have had a house on Clay Street during the winter, will return to their country place at Woodside, February 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who arrived recently from a six months' tour of Europe, have gone to Santa Barbara for the benefit of Mr. Chamberlain's health.

Mr. Henry Ashe Tilghman, who has been engaged in mining in South Africa for the past ten years and who has recently been traveling in Europe, has arrived in California and is the guest of relatives here. It is possible that Mr. Tilghman may remain in California permanently. Mrs. Tilghman (formerly Miss Alice Merry) is at present in Switzerland, but will join Mr. Tilghman here, should he decide to make his home in this State.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton will leave shortly for an Eastern trip, returning by way of New Orleans, in time for the Mardi Gras.

Miss Ethel Beaver will leave this week for the East, where she will spend two or three months as the guest of friends.

Mrs. Jessie Patton Berry and Miss Edith Berry, who have been in San Rafael for the past six months, have returned to town and have apartments at the Gainsborough on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Edith Simpson left early in the week for the East, where she will make an indefinite stay.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., has arrived from the East and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pickering, the parents of his fiancée, Miss Marie Pickering.

Miss Margaret Stow has arrived from her home in Santa Barbara and is the guest of Miss Helen Thomas.

Miss Olga Atherton has returned to her home in San Mateo after visiting friends here for a week.

Miss Ethel Melone has been spending some days in this city as the guest of Mrs. M. P. Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle left recently for a trip of several weeks' duration in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, who have been in Honolulu for the past few months, are expected to arrive here before the end of the month and will remain indefinitely, having abandoned their trip around the world for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler are at Del Monte.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Trilley are spending the winter at their Pacific Grove home, "Shawmut Lodge."

Professor Jacques Loeb and family, who spent the holidays in Pacific Grove, have returned to Berkeley.

Miss Edith Williams was the guest of Professor and Mrs. Stringham in their Pacific Grove home during the University of California vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitmore, of Berkeley, will remain some time in Pacific Grove.

Among the recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. Max Schwabacher and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Silverberg, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Phelps and Mr. W. W. Phelps, of Meteeke, Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Jenkins, of Hollister; Mrs. M. C. Crowell, of Portland, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. John Gilson, of Pasadena; Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Beryl Vicary, Mrs. F. Feldkamp, Mr. Ar-

thur Pillsbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knoblauch, of San Francisco.

Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. Storer.

A complication that as yet has not been widely discussed is thus referred to by a contributor to the *Los Angeles Graphic*:

The only consoling fact in connection with the discussion between President Roosevelt and his relatives-by-marriage—the Bellamy Storer—lies in the so-far keeping of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth out of the matter. It can not be very pleasant for Congressman Nick Longworth to come down to breakfast and, instead of being received with a wifely kiss and smile and a word of cheer, to be greeted with the remark: "Well, Nicholas, I see by the morning paper that your aunt Maria has been calling my father a prevaricator again. The cat!" And if the former Alice Roosevelt can only be kept in the background during the stormy days of diplomatic discussion that are bound to follow the publishing of the letters from the President and the Storers, the public will at least have something to be thankful for.

Just what the next move of Mrs. Storer will be remains to be seen. Persons who know her lean to the belief that she has some of President Roosevelt's letters in her possession that are still unpublished and which, when they are given to the public, will complicate matters even worse than at present. Bellamy Storer's friends are all saying, "Poor Bellamy, his experience in the troubled sea of politics has ever been unpleasant and disappointing." Storer, it will be recalled, once served a term in the lower house at Washington, and might have been returned for a second term if he had agreed to further the social ambitions of boss George Cox, of Cincinnati—one time a barkeeper, but now a power in Ohio politics and financial circles. When Storer refused point blank to invite Cox and his family to a social function, the big boss retaliated by turning down Storer for a renomination and sent Charles P. Taft, the editor of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* and a brother of Secretary William H. Taft, to Congress.

The White Star line has issued an official statement to the effect that it has decided to transfer its service from Liverpool to Southampton, beginning June 6 with the sailing of the new 25,000-ton steamer *Adriatic*. The other vessels involved in the change are the *Oceanic*, *Majestic*, and *Teutonic*. West-bound, the steamers will call at Cherbourg and proceed to Queens-town, where, in order to carry out the company's obligations with the government, they will embark mails as well as passengers, sailing without delay for New York. East-bound they will call at Plymouth, and thence go to Cherbourg, ending the trip at Southampton. The reason for this important step is not due to any shortcomings of the Liverpool docks, or the approachings thereto, but is simply to meet the growing demand of travelers for facilities enabling them to embark and disembark at a continental port, and obviating the necessity of crossing the channel.

Copies of President Roosevelt's proclamation setting aside 30 sections of land and the "petrified forests" of Gila and Apache Counties, Arizona, as the "Petrified Forest National Monument," have been received at towns near that region. The proclamation, which is based upon act of Congress of June 8, 1906, declares that the "Mesozoic forests, commonly known as 'the petrified forest,' in the Territory of Arizona, situated upon public lands owned and controlled by the United States, are of the greatest scientific interest and value and it appears that the public good would be promoted by reserving these deposits of fossilized wood as a national monument with as much land as may be necessary for the proper protection thereof."

A peculiar hacking, dry cough during the past season has been epidemic among the young people. Doctors have puzzled over the singular prevalence of this malady and wondered what caused it. It seemed to be the result of impure or dust-laden air. All those afflicted, however, state that they are outdoor people and athletic in their tastes. It suddenly occurred to a young physician that the cough is the result of roller-skating, now the rage. On the floors of the rinks a great deal of dust gathers, and as the skaters roll around it arises, fills the atmosphere and is inhaled by the skaters.

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear Admiral Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Drake have recently arrived at the Hotel Seville, New York City.

Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., and Mrs. Goodrich are at the Grafton, Washington, D. C., where they will be joined shortly by their daughter, Miss Goodrich.

Colonel John J. Crittenden, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., who was granted two months' leave of absence, has had that leave extended sixteen days.

Colonel Joseph B. Girard, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., returned from the Philippines on the transport *Logan*, which reached here on Tuesday last.

Lieutenant-Commander N. E. Irwin, U. S. N., is discharged from treatment at the naval hospital, Mare Island, ordered home and granted sick leave for two months.

Major Eugene O. Fechet, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is announced as chief signal officer of the Philippines Division.

Major Robert S. Smith, paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and report to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that post for observation and treatment.

Major Zerah W. Torrey, U. S. A., assistant inspector general, Pacific Division, has returned from a tour of inspection of Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, and of the disbursing and recruiting offices in Los Angeles.

Major Robert Van Vliet, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., Honolulu, is designated to make the annual inspection of the organized militia of the Territory of Hawaii.

Captain John A. Murtagh, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Fort Mason, has been granted one month leave of absence, which he is spending in Los Angeles.

Pay Inspector Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval training station, San Francisco, and ordered to duty as purchasing pay officer, navy pay office, San Francisco, relieving Pay Inspector R. T. M. Ball, U. S. N.

Lieutenant E. B. Larimer, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and ordered to command the *Paul Jones*.

Lieutenant J. F. Marshall, Jr., U. S. N., has had his resignation accepted, which took effect on January 8, has been detached from command of the *Paul Jones* and ordered home.

Lieutenant Henry H. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now in San Francisco, has been granted ten days' additional leave of absence, dating from January 12, and at the expiration of that leave will rejoin his company at Fort Hamilton, New York.

Lieutenant Elisha G. Abbott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived here last week, en route to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, where he has been ordered to proceed and report in person to the commanding officer of the Army General Hospital for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant James R. Goodale, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Alcatraz Island and ordered to Fort Whipple, Arizona.

Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty at Fort Bliss, Texas, and will proceed to Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and report to the commanding officer at that post for assignment for duty.

Lieutenant Fred L. Perry, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

Lieutenant John B. Huggins, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., having reported his arrival at San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Washington Barracks and report to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that post for assignment for duty with Company C, Hospital Corps.

Ensign K. B. Crittenden, U. S. N., is discharged from treatment at the naval medical school hospital, Washington, D. C., and ordered to the *Milwaukee*.

Assistant Paymaster G. A. Helmicks, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as general storekeeper, purchasing pay-officer, and pay-officer, naval training station, San Francisco.

The following cavalry regiments are designated for service in the Philippine Islands: the Tenth Cavalry, to relieve the Eighth Cavalry; the Ninth Cavalry, to relieve the Seventh Cavalry; and the Sixth Cavalry, to relieve the Fourth Cavalry. The Tenth Cavalry will sail from this port for Manila on March 5, except two troops, which will sail on June 5. The Ninth Cavalry will sail from San Francisco on May 5, except two troops, which will leave this port for Manila on August 5. The Sixth Cavalry will sail for Manila on September 5, except two troops, which will sail on January 5, 1908. The Eighth Cavalry will sail from Manila for the

United States on April 15, headquarters' band, and two squadrons going to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and one squadron to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. The Seventh Cavalry will sail from Manila on June 15, headquarters' band, and one squadron to Fort Riley, Kansas, one squadron to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and one squadron to Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Two troops of the Fourth Cavalry will sail from the Philippines for San Francisco on July 15, and will proceed to Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, and the rest of the regiment will leave Manila on October 15, headquarters' band, and two squadrons going to Fort Meade, South Dakota, and the remaining two troops to Fort Keogh, Montana.

The following named infantry regiments are designated for service in the Philippine Islands: the Twenty-fifth Infantry, to relieve the Nineteenth Infantry; the Twenty-sixth Infantry, to relieve the Ninth Infantry; the Thirtieth Infantry, to relieve the Sixteenth Infantry; the Twenty-ninth Infantry, to relieve the Thirteenth Infantry; and the Eighteenth Infantry, to relieve the Fifteenth Infantry. The outgoing organizations will proceed to San Francisco in time to sail for Manila as follows: the Twenty-fifth Infantry, on April 5; the Twenty-sixth Infantry, on June 5; the Thirtieth Infantry, on July 5; the Twenty-ninth Infantry, on August 5; and the Eighteenth Infantry, on October 5. The infantry regiments relieved from duty in the Philippine Islands will sail from Manila on the dates indicated below, and on arrival at San Francisco will proceed to stations as follows: the Nineteenth Infantry, on May 15, headquarters' band, and one battalion going to Fort Bliss, Texas, one battalion to Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and one battalion to Fort McIntosh, Texas. The Ninth Infantry, on July 15, to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. The Sixteenth Infantry, on August 15, headquarters' band, and two battalions going to Fort Crook, Nebraska, two companies to Fort Logan, Arkansas, and two companies to Fort Reno, Oklahoma. The Thirtieth Infantry, on September 15, to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The Fifteenth Infantry, on November 15, to Fort Douglas, Utah.

"Apples breed optimism, energy, cheerfulness, and ambition," says Charles Edmund Tomlinson, of Chicago, founder of the Apple Club of America. He is a worthy successor and complement of "Appleseed Johnny." The latter traveled about the country half a century ago planting apple seed wherever he went. Now Mr. Tomlinson is going about urging people to eat the fruit of the trees, thus propagated, or any other trees, at the rate of at least one apple a day. Life would be but a scurvy proposition, especially on shipboard and in the arctic regions, were it not for the gift of the apple, says an editorial writer in the *New York Globe*. It is the most universal of fruits, and the cheapest. North America produces annually about a hundred million barrels. Every week this country sends to Europe 250,000 barrels. The apple is decorative in color and outline, delicious to the palate, salubrious to the liver. Its juices prolong youth and retard the onset of older years by dissolving the mineral deposits that form along the blood channels. On the average every American eats a barrel of apples in a year. The conditions of membership in the Apple Club of America are too low. Every one should eat at least three apples a day.

Nora Breckenridge, night telegraph operator at Arlington, Kansas, prevented a wreck of two Rock Island freight trains a few nights ago. Through a confusion of orders a west-bound freight cleared from Arlington just as an east-bound freight left Turon, two stations west. A moment later Miss Breckenridge was ordered to hold the west-bound train. Langdon station, which was between the two trains, is not a night telegraph office. After Miss Breckenridge had tried in vain to reach Langdon, she resorted to the telephone and located John Spence, a farmer, who lived near the railroad track. She told Spence the situation, and begged him to get a lantern, wrap it with a red cloth and hurry to the track.

The Most Reverend George Montgomery, coadjutor archbishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of San Francisco, died in this city Thursday, January 11. He was born in Kentucky in 1847, and came to California in 1879. During these 26 years he had been actively identified with temperance, educational, and charitable movements. The loss of few clergymen has been felt more keenly by persons of every shade of belief.

The Press Agent at His Best.

Lillian Vera Smithereen, in the chorus of the "Boulevardier Burlesquers," at the Magnifique Theatre this week, is the only woman proprietor of a unicorn farm in the world, announces the *Kansas City Times*.

Before Miss Smithereen ever thought of going before the footlights she had built up a great institution for the propagation of unicorns, which is the only institution of its kind ever organized.

"I was led to invest in this peculiar enterprise," said Miss Smithereen yesterday in her dressing-room, "through a chance remark of my old friend and schoolmate, King Edward. The emperor of Abyssinia had just presented the king with a magnificent lion, and Edward remarked in my presence that if he only had a unicorn to go with it he would have a fine living emblem of the British nation."

"Let me supply the missing member of the happy family," I said, for I happened to have a pet unicorn which I had raised on my estates in Australia.

"The king readily assented, and I gave him the unicorn. The two animals made a great hit at Buckingham Palace, and there was immediately a demand among the nobility for pet unicorns. I thereupon turned my estates over to the business of breeding unicorns, and I now produce more than 1,000 annually. The demand keeps up because of the fact that the lion eats the unicorn on an average of every seventeen days, and the unicorn has to be 'renewed.' A unicorn brings on the market from \$2,000 to \$8,000, according to the specimen. So you see the business is a profitable one."

Miss Smithereen has adopted the stage as a career purely through choice, the \$15 a week which she receives as a chorus girl being a mere bagatelle, as it were and so to speak.

Argonauts for Our Files.

With many thanks for their kindness we acknowledge the receipt of numbers for our files from the subscribers whose names follow:

Mr. Robert Bruce, San Francisco.
Mrs. Allen Knight, 3030 Jackson St., S. F.
Mr. E. Kelly, Veterans' Home, Calif.
Mr. W. J. Stockton, Los Banos, Calif.
Mr. S. K. Ballard.
Mrs. R. H. Chase, Hopkinton, N. H.
Mr. J. D. Gallowsay, 604 Mission St., San Francisco.
Mr. Jesse Walker, Patroia, Calif.
Stanford University Library.

Index for Volume LIX.

With the issue of the *Argonaut* for January 12, 1907, was included an index for the preceding volume. Any reader who failed to secure a copy of the index, or any library or reading-room not possessing a copy, will be supplied on request.

The immense "baghouse" erected by the Selby Smelting and Lead company at a cost of \$85,000 as a last attempt to minimize the damage caused by the lead fumes from its plant at Vallejo Junction, was tested for a few days recently and found to be a complete failure. It was hoped to eradicate the fumes by passing them through a series of jute bags. For the first few days the trial was all that could be expected, but on the fifth the noxious vapors poured from the chimneys as bad as ever, and upon investigation it was found that the fumes had completely eaten away the sacking.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When you are in Rome, be done by the Romans.—*Life*.

He—Are you musical? She—I play the piano. He—Well, that's not an absolute denial.—*Meggendorfer Blatter*.

"Mrs. Brown says her baby can say all sorts of things." "But I can trust she teaches it not to do so."—*Puck*.

She—Oh! it must be fine to be a poet? He—It ought to be more! It ought to be fine and imprisonment.—*Springfield Union*.

Bacon—Is that a popular song your daughter is playing? Egbert—It was before she began playing it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"What day was I born on, mother?" "Thursday, child." "Wasn't that fortunate? It's your day 'at home.'"—*Harper's Weekly*.

"What did the judge say when he found out that the man you ran down was the eighth your auto had struck?" "He wanted to buy the machine."—*Denver Post*.

Knicker—What is the difference between a flat and an apartment? Bocker—A flat has no elevator, while an apartment has one that doesn't run.—*New York Sun*.

Freddie—What's the difference between being sick and an invalid? Cobwigger—An invalid, my boy, is one who makes those around him sick.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

He—Yes; that's my wife crossing the road. We hadn't been married more than a year before we separated. She—What caused the delay?—*Illustrated Bits*.

The Artist—I maintain, sir, that I ought to paint nature as I see it. The Critic—That's all right. Only I hope you'll never see it as you paint it!—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Cholly wants to enter his father's banking-house." "Doing what?" "Oh, I don't know. I suppose making himself generally useless."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Do you read the fashion magazines?" asked the visitor. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "They often give such valuable hints on what not to wear."—*Washington Star*.

Lawyer—Your honor, I want an interpreter for my client. Judge—What language does he speak? Lawyer—He's a railroad brakeman.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Professor Hommers—Why do you suppose the dog howls so when I play the piano, Mr. Knox? Mr. Knox—A dog can not be taught to conceal his feelings.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

Lawyer—What is your full name? Witness—K. K. Karl Benson. Lawyer—What do all the K's stand for? Witness—Nothing—the minister who christened me stuttered.—*Boston Transcript*.

She (sentimentally)—What a glorious view from this mountain top! How one's ideas seem to expand. He—Yes. The innkeeper charged a dollar for these two sandwiches.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Ethel—So you want to break the engagement? Well, that is easy enough—just send back the ring. Gladys—Easy enough! Why, I can't for the life of me remember which of these rings is his.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The Fiancee—Yes, Percy placed it on my finger last night. Isn't it a beauty? Her Dearest Friend—Yes, but in about a fortnight you'll find it will make a funny black mark on your finger. It did on mine.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now; haven't you been burning the midnight oil?" "Why, yes, Auntie. But—but, not much; we turned the lamp down very low, indeed."—*Detroit News*.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the pretty girl, as she returned to the parlor. "Papa says he has been sitting in one position so long waiting to see when you left that his foot has gone to sleep." "Thank goodness," breathed the late-staying suitor. "Let us hope it is his right one."—*Chicago News*.

Patient (to pretty nurse)—Will you be my wife when I recover? Pretty Nurse—Certainly. Patient—Then you love me? Pretty Nurse—Oh, no; that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run

away with a married man who had lost both his legs.—*Manila American*.

"I think Jones is one of the worst bores that ever lived." "Why so?" "He broke right in and began talking about himself while I was telling about a thrilling experience I once had out West."—*Indianapolis Star*.

Wife—But, my dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday. Husband—Listen, dearie, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago.—*Le Journal pour Tous*.

Merchant—So you want a job as office boy, eh? Any previous experience? Boy—No, sir; I don't know how to do anything in an office. Merchant—I guess you won't do. Boy—I don't even know how to whistle. Merchant—Hang up your hat.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Here's a wireless message," announced the business manager, "from a man who desires to take our entire 'Help Wanted' department for today's issue." "Where is he?" inquired the managing editor. "On a capsized boat about four miles out in the Atlantic Ocean."—*Pittsburg Post*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Not Bent Long.

On matrimony he was bent,
But ere the honeymoon
Was o'er he'd spent his final cent—
Oh, he was straitened soon.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The Exception.

"The more you have, the more you want."
The phrase approval wins;
Save when the nurse knocks at your door
And, tittering, says: "Twins."
—*Boston Transcript*.

Right in the Eye.

A city sportsman hunting went,
With confidence sublime;
He said, "Watch me, for I can hit
A bull's eye every time."
He shot at rabbits and at birds
And missed—but hearken now—
His bull's eye boast was not far wrong
He killed six and a cow.
—*Kansas City Times*.

Ursae Theodoranae.

Teddy bears—a lovely theme for odes
(I have seen a verse on Belgian hares)
They are made in ninety different modes—
Teddy bears.

Bruins of the toyshops and the fairs
Crowd the city's avenues and roads—
Little beasts from artificial lairs.

Phoebus! Contemplation of its goads
Me into a thousand new despair! *

Then I think of Storer and the loads
Teddy bears.
—*New York Evening Mail*.

A Cursory Courtship.

The curfew's peal long since had ceased,
The dog star shone above;
A melancholy collic sang
To his curly lady love.

His love he chanted doggedly
In plaintive barcarole;
Yet from her kennel, curtained close,
No courtesy cheered his soul.

At last, his uncurbed zeal incurred
Her wrath. This canine bud
Howled out dogmatic curses deep
That curdled all his blood.

"Don't hound me so!" she curtly cried,
"Curtail your doggerel. Sure,
Unless you do, ere next curfew
There will be one cur fewer!"
—*Boston Traveler*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"Don't you love me?" "Yes, dear, but I'm already engaged." "Break your engagement." "Oh, George! That wouldn't be honorable. An engagement is a sacred thing, not lightly to be entered into or broken off. Besides—" "Well?" "Well, I'm engaged to two men, and that makes it even worse."—*Cleveland Leader*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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Saturday	1:45P	4:30P	Saturday
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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1559.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 26, 1907.

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Published at 915 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN

EDITOR

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Announcement!

All the capital stock of the *Argonaut* Publishing Company has passed by sale and purchase from Mr. Jerome A. Hart to Mr. Alfred Holman. With the last issue of the paper Mr. Hart retired from the editorship, and with this issue Mr. Holman assumes that responsibility. Though retiring from the editorship, Mr. Hart remains in cordial association with the *Argonaut* and will be a regular contributor to its columns, writing over his signature.

Concurrently with this change the editorial and publication offices of the *Argonaut* have been re-established in San Francisco, whence they were driven by the disaster of last April. The paper is now at home in the Countryman Building, 915 Van Ness Avenue, corner of Ellis.

California's New Governor.

The new Governor of California enters upon his official life under circumstances calculated to test his good nature and his powers of self-control. He has found in the State Capitol an atmosphere rather more than less colored by the sentiment which

caused ex-Governor Pardee to sulk in his tent during the recent campaign. Ex-Governor Pardee has done his best to make Governor Gillett's road as rocky as possible. Wherever throughout the Capitol his personal influence has been effective he has inspired the notion that he and through him his friends have been badly used by the Republican party, and that Gillett has been made Governor not by virtue of the public choice but through sinister instrumentalities. He has filled, or attempted to fill, with persons prejudiced against Gillett for periods extending far into the latter's term, various official positions where sympathy and co-operation are important factors in administrative success. He has, too, gone as far as he could, without positive scandal, in creating an unfriendly local atmosphere at Sacramento, where Governor Gillett is to live during the coming four years.

Beyond a doubt Governor Gillett both sees and feels the situation in its full significance, but it stands to his credit that he has made no sign. If he has any resentments they have not as yet asserted themselves; in fact, he has not since he came to Sacramento appeared to notice conditions which, being obtrusively obvious to everybody else, must have impressed themselves upon him. In a very quiet, and yet in a very emphatic way, he has made it manifest that he knows how to take care of himself in the political game. Some time before going to Sacramento he remarked that while he should never seek to revenge himself directly upon his enemies, if he had any, he should nevertheless endeavor to make it manifest to his friends that he was a man with capacity for appreciation. "I shall," he said, "not seek to discomfort my enemies," and—after a significant pause—he added, "I shall not facilitate those who proclaim themselves my enemies." This sentiment will, no doubt, find critics among certain anæmic mugwumps, removed by fixed incomes from the ordinary motives and strifes of life, but we suspect that the red-blooded work-a-day world will regard Governor Gillett with none the less respect because he is the sort of man who loves his friends more than his enemies, and is sufficiently honest to say so.

In a political sense the most important act of Governor Gillett up to date is the withdrawal of a group of death-bed nominations made by Governor Pardee. The theory of this act is that the executive office is a continuing one, independent of persons and that the authority which makes a nomination may withdraw it at any time prior to its consideration by the Senate. At the same time and in the same connection Governor Gillett has put his foot down hard on a proposal to legislate out of office certain of Pardee's more active, not to say offensive, partisans. "I will not," he declared, "play at politics with men regularly appointed to office. I am not in favor of that kind of legislation, and I will veto any bill passed for that purpose." Here is another sentiment calculated to commend the new governor to those who combine red-bloodedness with right-mindedness.

At another point Governor Gillett has exhibited a propensity for decency and honesty by an outspoken condemnation of the practice which loads up each legislature with a useless and costly accompaniment of "attachés," made up for the most part of political followers, family connections, dependents, and lady friends of members of the legislature. In the immediate instance the fault lay directly with the caucus of Gillett's own party. It comes, therefore, with all the greater force and with a fuller measure of moral credit that the Governor denounces this outrageous practice in terms of unqualified censure.

While approving heartily the Governor's sentiment in this connection, the *Argonaut* does

not find it easy to be hopeful of the remedy which he proposes, namely, the imposition of a constitutional restriction. We have never observed that men—even members of the legislature—lacking in honesty and decency, can be rendered honest and decent by enactment. The way to stop the abuse which the Governor so roundly and justly condemns is to work toward the end of creating higher political and personal moral standards. The job is big and difficult, and the process will be slow, but, in our opinion, there is no other way. We will stop graft when we want honesty in the legislature seriously enough to take the trouble to send only honest men to Sacramento.

Remarks on the Governorship.

The governorship of California is a bigger office than the governorship of most American States, not so much by the terms of our constitution and of our statutes, as by a curious practice which has grown up here, very unwisely and dangerously, we think, of indirectly referring every point in administrative practice to the "old man at Sacramento." Nominally the administrative affairs of California are mostly in the hands of special commissions appointed by the Governor. In theory, each of our many State institutions, from the university at Berkeley down, is administered by a special board of commissioners. In practice—excepting only the University—the commissioners do precisely what the Governor wants them to do, taking no important action until his purposes and wishes are known. Governor Pardee has been absolutely the autocrat of State institutional affairs, partly through the moral influence of his position, largely through the rather cheap device of permitting the official terms of commissioners to lapse but allowing the incumbents to hold over pending the naming of successors. The administrative board, say of a State insane asylum, or the State library, or the State Agricultural Association is in a fix to be "handled" from the Governor's office with ease and certainty, when by a turn of his wrist the Governor may put its hold-over members out of official life.

Again, in most States it is the practice of legislative bodies to scrutinize closely every bill appropriating money for any purpose. In California the practice is far more liberal. The spirit of mutual good will among members of the legislature has here attained a development so extreme that any and every bill appropriating money for any purpose under the sun is certain to pass, provided any member shall take the pains to make it a personal matter with his colleagues. The solitary member from Alpine County may, if he chooses, get a bill through the legislature appropriating any sum it may please him to name for the winter housing of grizzly bears if he will only ask his colleagues to vote for it as a personal favor. The theory is that by getting his bill through the member will be able to make a "good showing" before his constituents without injury to the State Treasury since—the "old man down stairs" is certain to throw it out. Thus it is that at the close of each legislative session the Governor finds himself with a hatful—or two or three hatfuls—of money bills duly passed by the legislature calling in the aggregate for anywhere from two to five times the available resource of the State. The executive practice, under the veto power, is to trim down some appropriations, to cast out others, and so bring the general demands upon the State purse to something like conformity with the internal contents thereof.

Under this practice the Governor is practically the sole dispenser of State moneys. He may divide the State purse as he will among the various institutions and purposes which go into the make-

up of the State budget. He may be lavish here and niggardly there: he may reward where it pleases him; he may punish where his resentments lie; and no power can stop him. It will readily be seen how tremendous are the opportunities and responsibilities of an official endowed practically on the one hand with the power to levy taxes and on the other to pass out the people's money at his pleasure. It gives him all but overwhelming authority with legislators whose pet measures must come finally to his hand—in short, it makes him an unquestioned autocrat, if his tastes lie in that line, in all State affairs.

It would be superfluous to point out the danger which lies in this practical concentration of the power of the purse and of overweening influence upon legislation. If, mayhap, as mayhap it one day will, this power shall fall into the hands of a man grossly dishonest and self-seeking, it would be bad for California. While Governor Gillett is thinking about constitutional reforms in connection with legislative practice, he would do well to study out some plan to make the legislature perform its normal functions and accept its proper responsibilities. But here again the *Argonaut* does not find it easy to be hopeful. We will get legislatures competent by character to take their due and proper share in the business of the State when we shall develop a sufficient measure of political morality and common sense to send responsible men to the legislature.

Pardee and the Senatorship.

Before we pass on from consideration of State affairs perhaps some notice should be taken of the very manifest ambition of our late Governor, Dr. Pardee, to succeed Mr. Perkins in the Senate of the United States. A whole lot of nice things might be said about Pardee. He is an honest man, an amiable man, and sometimes he is well mannered. The trouble with Governor Pardee is that he lacks the virtue of good faith. In politics he is just independent enough to go a little way with the reformers, only in the end to yield the point and knuckle under to party authority. His unflinching vice is to run part way with the hare, and chase part way with the hounds, and to gain the resentment of both. He always earnestly wants to do the right thing, and he pretty much always ends by doing the wrong thing. He distinctly lacks the qualities which command and retain respect in the world of masculine ideas and ideals. In the judgment of the *Argonaut* Governor Pardee is a Senatorial impossibility. If, in spite of his faults of political character, he had commanding talents he might rise by them; but commanding talents he has not. The governorship gave him power, but he gave no power to the governorship—although we gladly bear witness that he gave to it a measure of personal credit which for a long time it had lacked. Out of the governorship, out of the respect of those who next to a good winner admire a good loser, out of sympathy with his own party, excepting only a little local faction, Governor Pardee is now permanently established as a member of the down-and-out club. Hereafter his ex-excellency may be found near the old stand—A. M. to P. M., Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat.

The Power of Work in the Senate.

The *Argonaut* is not in position to hold any opinion as to the means and the methods by which Mr. Simon Guggenheim has been chosen to represent the State of Colorado in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Guggenheim is a very rich man, and the politics of Colorado is notoriously rotten. Under these conditions we are hardly prepared to sign Senator Guggenheim's bill of moral health, but at the same time we have no first-hand and unquestionable information which justifies us in joining in the chorus of reproach which has greeted his election.

But in one respect we are able to speak with entire approval of the Senator-to-be. He announces that between now and the time when he shall assume his seat at Washington he will divest himself of all active connection with the great interests identified with his name. He will, he says, get completely out of commercial harness before he puts on the toga of a Senator. He will so adjust

his affairs, he says, that they shall make no claim either upon his time or upon his personal or political policies. He will give to his Senatorial duties the same full measure of devotion that he has hitherto given to the affairs of the great Guggenheim company. This is well spoken, and we shall hope that the act will match and confirm the brag. There is no question about Mr. Guggenheim's personal talents, and from ability, youth, health and fortune allied with the working habit very much may reasonably be expected.

It is, after all, the working habit which counts for most in the United States Senate—for more there than almost anywhere else. In these days devotion to hard work is the ladder by which most men of Senatorial distinction have risen. Among the leading names of the Senate, if we except the single case of Mr. Spooner, there is not a man of really striking powers. Mr. Allison of Iowa. Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Mr. Daniel of Virginia—these and others of the group of really effective Senators are all men of moderate and even commonplace native gifts. The secret of their potentiality in the Senate lies in the fact that they are consistent and persistent workers. They make up for the lack of brilliant intellect by readiness to work, by acceptance of those tasks which fall to them through the indifference and negligence of others.

In the selecting of Senators the country has fallen into all sorts of bad practices. It has sent Clark of Montana to the Senate because he is vastly rich. It has sent Depew of New York to the Senate because he is a great after-dinner jollier and has the pleasing gift of tongues. And for one and another similar reason it has sent from one-half to two-thirds of those who make up the Senatorial body men, for the most part past the working period of life, who regard the Senatorship as a crown of their personal careers to be worn as a sort of feather in their personal caps. Or, they have gone to Washington, not because they have any vocation there, but under the urgency of the women of their families who wish to exploit themselves in the gay social life of the capital upon the basis of high official rank. They have in large part abandoned occupations and habits incapacitating them for serious work of the detailed sort demanded by the operations of legislation. They do not so much wish to work as to enjoy the dignities of the Senatorship and play with the politics which Senatorial authority puts in their way.

All this makes a situation highly favorable to the man who, so to speak, is willing to roll up his sleeves and go earnestly at the tasks which press upon Senatorial attention. Whoever in the Senate, be his powers great or small, is willing to accept great tasks, finds a situation to his hand, for the incapable, the outworn, and the shirk will allow him to do so much as he will. And in the Senate, as elsewhere, the man who really does the work is the man of real power.

Merely a Political Novelty.

There is making before the legislature at Sacramento a very active and, in truth, a very effective campaign for a direct primary law similar to laws recently enacted in Wisconsin, Illinois, Oregon, and elsewhere. The State conventions of both political parties without knowing or caring anything about the matter, complacently approved the direct primary principle, and, now urged by the same influences, the legislature seems rather more than likely to cook up a scheme which not even its own members will be able to interpret or even faintly comprehend. The direct primary, under the seductive power of its own phraseology, is a thing difficult for your political legislator to combat. He can not frankly admit that he does not understand it without seeming dull-witted; and if understanding it he ventures to combat it he is involved in apology. For that reason, because the sound of it is good, because there is practically none who openly opposes it, and because there are those who noisily urge it, we are likely to get on our statute book a revolutionary enactment.

Wisconsin has tried the direct primary, but her experience has not tended to inspire confidence in it. Even its warmest supporters in that State confess with apologies that the "system needs amend-

ment." Illinois has not found any advantage to her political life through it, for here again we are told the new system calls for "careful study for correction and for development." In Oregon the system has been more disappointing. It has given a State overwhelmingly Republican a Democratic Governor, and has put in the way of Senatorial election a young man eminent for good fellowship and distinguished for a lavish way of spending his money but wholly unacquainted with affairs and lacking absolutely in representative character. Under the Oregon law, and this, we believe, is the basis of the proposed California law—industry in campaigning with lavish expense in advertising are the essentials of success. A worthy man too scrupulous to accept campaign help, found himself impoverished at the end of the campaign for governorship. Clean down the line from the state house to the township, candidates for nomination and candidates for election found themselves involved in irresistible demands for money—legitimate in a narrow sense but grossly illegitimate in the broad sense that no man has a moral right to buy an election.

The secret—the real inside—of the urgency at Sacramento is the relationship of the new system to newspaper profits. The main hope of nomination and election under the direct primary system is in newspaper exploitation. Whoever wants to be nominated, or whoever being nominated seeks election, goes straightway to his favorite newspaper and advertises himself. He presents his portrait in the middle of a big page and devotes the margins thereof to a recital of his talents and virtues, the leading events of his life with unfailingly a statement of the happiness of his domestic relations. All this costs the candidate a good deal of money but—it enriches the newspaper. Then every other newspaper throughout the district little and big—Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart—comes swooping down upon the candidate and, having opened his purse to one, he must open it to all. It is a case where there is positively no getting away from an enormous so-called legitimate, but essentially vicious and demoralizing expenditure.

But, it pays the newspapers, and so they are all—or mostly all—for it. As the system stands today the direct primary is a promising thing, but as yet it is a mere innovation, an experiment, a thing undeveloped and uncalculated. There may be in it the germ of something practically good—of something that will really help our politics—but as yet it has no development which in the judgment of the *Argonaut* would justify our legislature in making it the law of California.

Virtue by Enactment.

Mr. Grove L. Johnson, lawyer, assemblyman, and moral purist, has presented to the legislature a measure which we may summarize as forbidding anybody to do anything on the holy sabbath day. Mr. Johnson, as everybody knows, devotes the whole of every Sunday to meditation and prayer; and now he seeks, like the kindly man he is, to enforce upon others a rule which in his own case has worked out such admirable moral results. Let us hasten to say that whatever method of life has given us so pleasing and inspiring a figure as Mr. Johnson ought to be good for all of us. This is, no doubt, our good brother's idea, and it is a thought purely beneficent. Our only criticism of Mr. Johnson's scheme is that it does not go far enough. Why limit the practice of all the virtues to a single day of the week? Why not a law making us truly good after the Johnsonian model every day of the week—and why not include the nights which fall between the days? If by enactment we are to be virtuous on Sunday why not be virtuous all the time? Still another suggestion: Since we are going at this thing, let us go at it full and plenty. Good Mr. Johnson, give us a law prohibiting all the moral vices and cutting out the more serious infirmities that humanity is heir to!

A Trifling Incident.

The press despatches have been making much—much too much—of an unpleasant incident at Jamaica, based upon the informal but humanely intended action of the American Admiral Davis and the rebuff of the British Governor Swettenham. It was a case where American sympathy and

promptness at a time of distress did not meet with the appreciation which it deserved, although it must be admitted that Admiral Davis would have done better to ask permission before landing his blue-jackets. The government at Washington, with excellent sense, has paid no official attention to the matter, regarding the affront of Governor Swettenham as the act of a stiff-necked bureaucrat—in other words, a blarsted chump. The relationship between the governments of Great Britain and the United States is too firmly established on the basis of mutual sympathy and cordiality to be marred in the least degree by an incident so trifling. Let us add that it would be well for British practice if it could borrow something of the spirit of that "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" which it loves to satirize. An officialism which can not drop its stiff-necked punctiliousness in the face of a situation like that at Jamaica belongs to a time long since past. In the modern world there is little use and no respect at all for that sort of thing.

Now, the Law.

The period of hysterics respecting the Japanese school question inaugurated by President Roosevelt's intemperate—not to say wickedly absurd—Message of early December is past, and the issue is now to be tested in its legal phases. Attorneys representing the Government on one hand and the San Francisco Board of Education on the other have agreed upon a procedure under which the opposing contentions will be put fairly before the courts. In pursuance of this arrangement there occurred a quietly dramatic incident in the Redding School of San Francisco on the 17th inst. when Keikichi Aoki, a Japanese lad of 10, accompanied by his father, appeared and made formal application for admission as a student. The principal of the school, Miss Deane, in the presence of four members of the Board of Education, and by their authority, formally declined to accept the boy, on the ground that a law of the State requires pupils of Mongolian descent to attend a special school established for Oriental children. The father of the lad, Aoki, joined by the United States Government, immediately filed a petition in the State Supreme Court asking that the principal of the Redding School be cited to appear and show cause why she should not admit the Japanese pupil. A third step in the procedure was the filing of a suit in equity in the United States Court in which the Government names as defendants the members of the San Francisco Board of Education and the principals of the primary and grammar schools of the city. In this suit, as in the other, the Government alleges that under our treaty with Japan San Francisco has not the right to establish separate schools for Japanese.

The Government's case rests upon the provision of the treaty providing that "in whatever relates to the rights of residence and travel" the subjects of each party to the treaty shall enjoy in the territories of the other "the same privileges, liberties and rights as citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." In the procedure to determine this question there will be no quibbling on either side, the lawyers having agreed to put the matter through upon its merits with the idea of reaching a judicial determination upon a fair presentation of all the considerations and at the earliest practicable time.

The *Argonaut* believes and hopes that the contention of the San Francisco Board of Education that it has made adequate provision for Japanese pupils by maintaining for them a school in which the course of instruction and the general facilities are equal to those of the schools in which the white children are taught, will be sustained. Further, that the schools of San Francisco, maintained under the State law and supported by special taxation, are not subject to the treaty-making authority of the United States Government. But if the event shall be otherwise—if the courts shall declare our schools open to Orientals—then we shall have to find some other way of protecting our children against an association which we believe to be bad for them, mentally, physically, and morally. And if there shall be no other remedy, it may come to the point of a radical recast of our educational practice. Deeply attached as our people are to the public school system, we believe they would rather, if pushed to extremes, suspend its operations than sub-

mit to an intrusion resented by their instinct, their taste, and their judgment.

Dr. Jordan and the Japanese Issue.

The most notable contributions of the week to the Japanese discussion have come from a single source—none other than Dr. David Starr Jordan, the distinguished President of Stanford University. In one of those off-handed and rather too free-hand addresses which the good doctor is in the habit of making—this time to a group of socialists—he spoke his mind without reserve with respect to the proposal to apply to Japanese coolies the principle of restriction now and for many years enforced against the Chinese. He said:

"No Congress will ever conceive of passing a Japanese exclusion act, and no President would ever sign such an act because it would be a hoodlum act. If we want to exclude Japanese laborers let the President intimate to the Japanese Government that such is the wish of the people of the United States * * * they must know we do not want them in our front yards. It is not necessary, however, to set the dogs on them. I am assured by Japanese Government sources that they are willing to keep the laborers from this country and from Hawaii. If we do not want the Japanese laborers in this country—and I do not believe we do—let us quietly and diplomatically allow the Japanese to do the excluding. It always pays for a nation to be a gentleman." Further on in his remarks Dr. Jordan said: "The people of San Francisco pay for their schools and it appears to me that they have a perfect right to control them as they see fit. * * * If the people of this city choose to exclude the children of any race from the schools they may do so. * * * Now, whether the State has the right to segregate Japanese school children on the ground that they are Mongolians is a question for the Supreme Court to decide, but there is no reason to get excited over the school problem. * * * The economic argument is in favor of the immigration of the Japanese. The Japanese are needed in the orchards. * * * Then there is the social objection to the Japanese. If we bring in servile labor we have an element in the body politic that is always a danger. * * * It is right for Californians to seek to make this an Anglo-Saxon State. We have the right to tell that we do not want to be swamped by the influx of cheap labor. It is legitimate to seek means to check this influx, but the remedy is not to be found in lawlessness or intimidation. It is not to be found in mass meetings denouncing the Japanese as a whole; it is not to be found in exclusion acts. Exclusion acts are not feasible where the people concerned are backed by a stable government. I wish to repeat that if the Japanese are asked to keep out their laborers they will do so. An exclusion law would be an insult to the Japanese that they would never forget."

We have been at the pains to quote the significant phrases in the first and chief of Dr. Jordan's utterances, because the matter within the week has been so made a football of misrepresentation and prejudice—to put it mildly—that a sober statement of just what he did say seems worth while.

Now the *Argonaut* finds itself, with one or two exceptions, fairly in approval of Dr. Jordan's utterances as above quoted. We can not admit that an exclusion act would be a "hoodlum act," but, whoever has been at the least pains to get at the temper of the East knows that there is not the slightest prospect—indeed, hardly the possibility—of a Japanese exclusion law. Furthermore, it may be said that if the law excluding Chinese were not already a fixed fact its enactment now as a piece of original legislation would be a practical impossibility. There is no use in denying the plain facts of a situation because we would have it otherwise. The East is largely engaged in the business of manufacture and trade. The East wants to do business with the Orient, with China, and Japan. It is believed at the East that we can not do business successfully with the Orient in competition with Europe and at the same time maintain the closed-door in the matter of immigration. It would be the sheerest stupidity to shut our eyes to the facts.

Dr. Jordan's eyes are not shut, and being by temperament and habit a man of plain speech, not wanting to get into public office, and having no favors to ask either of the politicians or of the trades unions, he has said precisely what he thinks. It is striking only because it is unusual in California for a man in public station to stand before the public without a gag in his mouth or to speak his mind without concession, evasion, or quibble.

In a second utterance before the Unitarian Club of San Francisco within the week Dr. Jordan was equally outspoken but less considerate and less fortunate in his expressions. He is quoted as say-

ing with reference to the Japanese school issue that the foreign policy of our government would better be guided by a gentleman (meaning the President) than "from the shadow of San Quentin"—here implying that Abe Ruef, the discredited manipulator of our local politics is the real dictator of the policy of the Board of Education in the matter of enforcing the rule excluding Japanese from the San Francisco schools. Here Dr. Jordan's foot unquestionably slipped. He was distinctly wrong in seeking by an ill-considered sneer to emphasize opinions which, however, he has a perfect right to hold. The San Francisco Board of Education may or may not be the instrument of Abe Ruef; we very much fear that it is. But in establishing a special school for Oriental children and in excluding them from the ordinary schools the Board of Education has obeyed literally a law of the State which it is bound to respect. Its action in this matter has been purely ministerial—that is, it has done a thing which belonged to the integrity of its official obligation, a thing which it could not have evaded without dereliction involving contempt of the official oath taken by its members.

The *Argonaut* welcomes Dr. Jordan to the ranks of those who regard it as the privilege and the duty of California to protect its integrity as an Anglo-Saxon community. It hopes he is right in his assurances that the Japanese authorities if properly approached will restrain coolie immigration to the American continent and Hawaii. Practically we regard this as our only hope—for the present at least—in preventing such influx of Japanese as will endanger those standards and practices, social and commercial, which we style American, and which we are united in the wish to cherish and sustain.

The President's Naval Suggestion.

In all the pother stirred up over our school question and the President's ungracious attitude towards us, nothing, perhaps, has been more absurd and more mischievous than the constant talk of the possibilities of war between the United States and Japan. As pointed out by the most competent authorities on both sides of the Pacific, nothing should be more unlikely than such a war. Neither nation would have anything to gain from it, apart from which, Japan has been too impoverished in money and in men to stand the drain of a serious war for nearly a generation to come. In case of a conflict with such a financial giant as Uncle Sam, little Japan could scarcely raise the sinews of war even from her official ally—Great Britain. The money lenders of Paris and Berlin, who would not advance a farthing to Japan for her war with Russia, would certainly not consider an anti-American war loan as a good investment.

Nevertheless, the sensational press of America and Japan continues to harp on the possibilities of war. Few things are so well calculated to bring forth a *casus belli* as a persistent fanning of ugly international feelings on the part of a jingo press. Some modern wars that fell like thunderbolts from an apparently clear sky, have arisen from just such a state of truculent tension. Thus the Crimean War, which is supposed to have arisen over a question of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, or again the Franco-Prussian War, the immediate *casus belli* of which was the pretended designs of the House of Hohenzollern on the Spanish throne, after the Hohenzollerns had emphatically renounced all such pretensions. Even now the official organs of Russia, like the *Novoe Vremya* of St. Petersburg, are exclaiming: "Who would have thought that a mighty world war could arise from a little timber felling in Korea!"

Anybody who takes the time to think, of course, knows that none of these wars arose from such trivial causes. These were at best but pretexts. The wars arose from the fact that both parties to the fray were simply spoiling for a fight. Long before the Spanish throne succession became a *casus belli* Count Von Moltke had completely worked out his plans for mobilization and for invading France. As for Japan, she had been preparing for war against Russia throughout ten ardent years. Her people were bound to have it out with Russia many long years before any Rus-

sian axe sounded among the timber tracts along the Yalu.

Such a state of feeling is directly engendered and fomented by the persistent nagging of the newspapers. There are many Americans, even now, who believe that Mr. William R. Hearst was directly responsible for the Spanish-American War. Hence, it may not be so amiss, after all, to give passing consideration to the actual present state of the military and naval situation between the United States and Japan. Most people on the Pacific Coast who have read President Roosevelt's recent strong plea for an increase in the battle-ship strength of our navy, we venture to say, will have pondered his arguments with a special view toward possible emergencies in case of a war with Japan.

In our last issue it was clearly brought out once more that, strategically speaking, most of our Pacific Coast and our outlying Pacific possessions, such as the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Guam are practically defenseless. In case of a war with Japan, according to competent military and naval authorities, we should probably lose all these colonial possessions out of hand. With no adequate American fleet in Pacific waters, as is the case now, our coast might easily be harried and all our Pacific Coast sea trade stopped by a Japanese flying squadron dispatched across the Pacific. It would take at least two months for us to get our Atlantic squadrons into Asiatic waters. The sequel of this hypothetical war would probably resolve itself into a persistent effort on our part to recapture our lost colonial possessions and to gain command of the sea. With such command once gained, and the coasts of Japan thoroughly blockaded, it could only be a question of time when Japan would be starved into submission. Such a game, so most thinking men must concede, is scarcely worth while. All it means is heavy losses on both sides, with no real gains to anybody.

One of our surest guaranties of peace, as the President justly insists, is a strong navy—that is to say, a superior navy as regards Japan. Real naval superiority, now as always, must rest in the battle-ships—the ships of the line. President Roosevelt's insistence on this point will be indorsed by all naval authorities, whether of this or of any other country. So much can be said for the President's suggestions on naval matters, that he knows whereof he speaks. Long before he served as Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, in the days of its greatest activity, he had made a reputation for himself by his "History of the United States Navy."

President Roosevelt, in his recent letter, urged the construction in the future of big battleships with 12-inch batteries no less formidable than the British *Dreadnought*. Only recently the Japanese have launched two such battle-ships, the *Satsuna* and the *Aki*, both actually more formidable than the *Dreadnought*. The *Satsuna* opposes 12 10-inch guns to the 6 12-inch guns on the *Dreadnought*. In length and width of beam she exceeds the *Dreadnought*. Like the *Aki* and the recent *Tsukuba*, *Ikoma*, and *Ibuki*, she has been built in Japan entirely by Japanese experts, in about one-half the time and for one-half the cost that would have been the case in America.

Such things are worth considering, as the President points out. Happily, however, it can not be disputed that our navy is still superior to that of the Island Empire. We have 25 battle-ships as against the 18 of Japan, and 11 armored cruisers as against the 9 of Japan. Our net gun superiority is also unchallenged. Our cruisers have the advantage of being more homogeneous in speed. When it comes to downright defense—not the defense that relies on offensive tactics—Japan is in a far better position than we are. She has no vulnerable outlying possessions, excepting only Korea and Formosa, which we do not want, while her coast lines are not only more difficult of approach but better protected by fortifications and mines than ours. Japan's fleet for defense is far stronger than ours. While we have but 16 destroyers, 36 torpedo-boats, and 8 sub-marines, Japan has no less than 44 destroyers, 67 torpedo-boats, and over a dozen sub-marines. If it came to landing operations—a highly unlikely military folly—Japan could oppose an army of nearly a

million trained soldiers to our regular army of 60,000.

As one of our highest military authorities recently stated: A war between the United States and Japan is not to be thought of on either side. The mere talk of it, if persisted in on both sides, may result in utterly stifling and ruining America's trade with the Orient.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

This Boy Will Make His Way.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

BERKELEY, January 17, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I send you herewith a letter I have just received from a student of the university. The writer has just completed the first term of his freshman year, and with good results, as his reports show. I think the report worthy of being given to the public. I guarantee that the young man, if he maintains his health, will make a success in the world. Here follows the letter:

"Thinking that possibly the story of my first semester at U. C. might be of use to some one, I give it to you. I arrived almost without money, due to unforeseen events, a week before the registration in August. I worked in the ditch in Frisco, the hardest work I ever did, and got money to pay for the gymnasium fee, and for two weeks lodging on a third-story stair landing. With the remaining money I lived for some time on less than twenty cents a day; skim milk and old bread, balanced with a little fruit and meat, was my main diet.

"I tried to raise a loan. I knew no one here. I wrote, but my friends, though willing, were most of them unable to help me. Finally, just before college began, I got a loan which enabled me to get books and a cadet suit; though I had to give my note to repay in two months. I was counting on getting night work soon. Troubles arose such that I feared that I would not get it at all. But just before my money gave out, I got the work. I worked eight hours, the entire night; my studies were massed in the morning; and I slept in the afternoon, except that on Fridays, military and hygiene kept me from sleeping but a short time.

"I got my own meals, saving time and money. Most of the time I slept on a wooden bench on the stair landing, but later I got the note paid (by a close margin), and then secured a partly furnished room. From August 20 to December 31, 1906, my food cost averaged \$1.44 a week. It would have been lower if I had not added luxuries such as honey, figs, cakes, etc., as I became able to afford them. My rent averaged about \$3.50 a month. I never went up against such a combination of the simple and the strenuous life before, but I enjoyed it, gained several pounds, and was in better health than usual. In my studies, I completed 17½ units without failure. I do not advise any one to live as I did, but a person can get a start this way, and that is the important thing.

"You may use the facts, but not my name, in any way that would be useful."

There are many cases like this. We ought to have more loan funds. I am sure that if people of means knew the situation here as it is, help would be forthcoming. Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. IDE WHEELER.

Immigration and Race Suicide.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: May I contribute a thought to the very interesting editorial discussion of your last issue? To be candid, my contribution is only a development of your point that our falling birth-rate has for many years been traceable largely, if not wholly, to the enormous volume of foreign immigration. You state that General Francis Walker pointed out this impressive fact years ago, and that Professor Wilcox, of Cornell, quite agrees with him.

I had occasion to investigate this matter some time ago, and I could find no apparent attempt anywhere to refute Walker's reasoning or conclusions. Mr. E. Dana Durand, expert of the United States Industrial Commission for 1902, in Volume XV of the commission's reports, expressly refers to Walker's views, and says that to think immigration increased our population during the nineteenth century is but a "hasty assumption," because of the corresponding decrease in the birth rate.

My reason for enlarging a little on this subject is its supreme importance, and the supreme indifference to it by those who keep talking about race suicide, or they who refer to the many million foreign additions to our population. To a very large extent these "additions" are in effect substitutions of foreign-born for domestic unborn. In view of this fact, does it not behoove us and our statesmen to consider:

First—How much longer we are to add to our population so largely on the principle that Europe, or Asia breeds children more suitable for us than we can breed for ourselves?

Second—What is the use of discussing race suicide while we ignore this question?

Third—Whether the voluntary sterility of a comparatively few wealthy or well-to-do people, from motives of selfishness or self-indulgence, is anything like as important or as menacing as the lowering of the whole national birth-rate from the great and ever-growing pressure of immigration?

Fourth—If this lowering of the national birth-rate does not stamp our wholesale immigration policy as extremely short-sighted and unpatriotic, if not suicidal? Whether there is any question, foreign or domestic, so vital and fundamental, or so misunderstood and misstated, as this same one of immigration?

JOHN CHETWOOD.

San Francisco, January 16.

William R. Hearst is said to have expressed a preference for William R. Becker as his running mate in case of his own nomination by the Democracy for President of the United States. Becker is the "boy mayor" of Milwaukee.

In Persia bells ring for prayers five times a day, and merchants, clerks, and customers rush off to the mosques, leaving all business at a standstill.

INTAGLIOS.

The Sea's Irony.

One day I saw a ship upon the sands
Careden upon beam ends, her tilted deck
Swept clear of rubbish of her long-past wreck;
Her colors struck, but not by human hands;
Her masts the driftwood of what distant strands!
Her frowning ports, where at the admiral's beck
Grim-visaged cannon held the foe in check,
Gaped for the frolic of the minnow bands.
The seaweed banners in her fo'ks'le waved,
A turtle basked upon her capstan head;
Her cabin's pomp the clownish sculpin braved,
And on her prow, where the lost figurehead
Once scorned the brine, a name forgot was graved.
It was "The Irresistible" I read!
—John Langdon Heaton.

The Gentle Ghost.

Ah, Love! if tonight, in the long dark hours—
The desert that leads from dusk to dawn—
You came, through the tumult of winds and showers,
To the lonely house and the shadowy lawn,
In the hour of release for your gentle ghost,
In the hour when we hope and believe the most—
Though your feet, as they always were, be light,
I should hear you come through the storm tonight.

A clear space breaks in the windy sky,
And cruelly bright the moon looks through!
The tempest ends in its deepest sigh;
The fields are silver with frosty dew.
Now, now, when the day is a sleeping child,
And the tortured world again takes breath,
Come out of your Eden undefiled,
With a gift in your hand of life or death!
—Edward Sydney Tylee.

Of Myself.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have.
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.
Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage mere
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasure yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today.
—Abraham Cowley.

Immortality.

Foiled by our fellow men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the hrutal world to take its way;
And, Patience! in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne.
And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength, advancing—only he,
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
—Matthew Arnold.

Carpe Diem.

When you are very old, at dusk by candle light,
Talking beside the fire the while you spin your wool,
Singing my verse, you'll say, as something wonderful,
Thus Ronsard, long ago, for love of me did write.
Then not a serving maid, grown drowsy with the night
And slumbering o'er the task she plies beneath your rule,
But startled at my name will quit her spinning stool,
To hless your name with praise the years shall never blight.

I shall be in my grave, a disembodied ghost,
Resting where myrtles bloom along the shadowy coast;
You crouching o'er the hearth will be an aged crone,
Regretting all the love you proudly put away.
Wait for no morrow. Ah! believe me, snatch today
The roses of your life, that shall so soon be gone.
—George Wyndham's translation of Ronsard.

It is probable that the oldest and most compact book of reference in the world—certainly the one most consulted by the great ones of the earth—is the "Almanach de Gotha," of which the publishers have just issued the 144th annual edition, consisting of just 1200 closely packed pages. Its pictorial honors are this time accorded to the kings and queens of Denmark and Norway, and admirable portraits they are. From this authentic publication we learn, says the *London Chronicle*, that the British people are living—not under a Guelph dynasty, but a "maison de Saxe-Coburg-Gotha," which is a delicate question for the genealogists. But the editor of the omniscient red-bound "Almanach" rarely makes a mistake.

To the modern world a "calendar" is merely a harmless necessary reminder of weeks and days, to be hung up on New Year's day, and consulted in dating letters throughout the year. It has no such mournful sound as "calendarium" had for the ancient Romans. The original "calendar" of their time was the money-lender's account book, so called because interest was due from the debtor on the calends, or first day of each month. That is why Seneca speaks of "calendar" as a word invented outside the course of nature on account of human greed. It is a word which may help to persuade us that the world has grown kinder.

SACRAMENTO LEGISLATIVE TOPICS.

Ability and Inclinations of Senators and Assemblymen—
Influence of the Press.

The legislature now in session at Redmen's Hall in this city is chiefly interesting because it possesses in a marked degree two features which are more or less conspicuous in every body of the same character. I may, with Shakespearean precision, express these features in two words—mediocrity and levity. Whenever a body of men, assembled to deliberate on what shall or shall not be done to promote the public interest, indulge extensively in jokes and pranks, you may look to see little that is useful emanate from them. I can not say whether levity in a legislative body is the mother of mediocrity, but it seems to me there must be some relationship between them, since they invariably travel together, like mother and son, or father, and daughter.

In the Senate the other day I heard one of the honorable Senators refer to the chaplain as "our sky pilot." This struck me as hopelessly irreverent, and yet I am unable to declare positively that the designation fails to describe Chaplain Darling with accuracy. Since his appointment, two weeks ago, this reverend gentleman has occupied more of his time in lobbying to secure an increase of salary than in offering prayers for the redemption of his patrons, the Senators. As one measure to effect the former purpose, Dr. Darling has announced that in his future supplications he will omit the name of Jesus Christ, since its sound seems to be offensive to Senators Eddie Wolfe and Gus Hartman, who are Jews. There is reason to believe that this is a joke and that Hartman, who is an inveterate buffoon, is the author of it. The story related in the lobby is that Hartman told Darling he would vote to increase his salary only on condition that he cut the Saviour's name out of his morning prayers. "It is possible," Hartman is reported as having said, "that the Jews crucified Jesus; but that was two thousand years ago, and we, their descendants, object to having the story thrown into our faces every morning." If Hartman ever said this he said it to victimize Dr. Darling, and with no expectation whatever that the latter would do anything more about it than discuss it with the other Senators and thus make himself a butt of ridicule. But evidently the doctor is a man of action. He immediately announced, as I have related, that he will not during the remainder of the session refer to Jesus in his invocations. To me all this—joke or no joke—is shockingly irreverent. Yet by the entire legislature, as well as by the newspaper correspondents who have written it up in various forms, it is regarded as highly amusing. I entertain serious doubts, however, whether any legislature but one dominated by levity and mediocrity would thus make a sacred personality a subject of laughter.

Moreover, I think you may discover in the feature to which I have referred the source of what the newspaper correspondents call the "patronage grab." This "grab" consists in placing upon the pay roll of the Senate and Assembly between three and four hundred needless employees. Probably \$500 a day, or less, would pay for all the assistance either house requires in the transaction of its business; some authorities, indeed, affirm that that sum would more than pay for all the assistance required by both houses. Yet the legislature has appropriated more than \$2000 a day. This it has done by "allotting" in patronage \$25 to each Senator and \$13 to each Assemblyman. Two years ago a similar allotment gave each Senator \$20 and each Assemblyman \$10. But it was discovered toward the end of the session that in both houses these limits had been exceeded. The Senators had secured \$23 and the Assemblymen \$12.50. So at the end of the present session it will probably be found that instead of \$25 and \$13 the figures will be \$27 and \$15, or, perhaps, more. The total amount that will be required to meet the "patronage grab" of the present session will approximate \$120,000, two-thirds of which may truthfully be said to have been wasted. Could any legislature, numbering among its members a majority of intelligent men accustomed to take themselves and the State seriously, be guilty of this misappropriating \$75,000 of the people's money? I think not. It is unnecessary for me to discuss the morals of this so-called "steal," nor to repeat what is often said, that the people themselves are to blame for it. Undoubtedly the latter is true. Legislatures are representative, more so, indeed, than executive officers, who are nearly always named by conventions of sane men, dominated by what the newspapers call "political bosses," and whatever the people receive in the way of legislatures, it may with justice be said, they not only want but deserve.

It is perhaps an awful, if not a treasonable thing to assert, that much of the levity and recklessness observable here, may be traced to the work of that great moral engine of reform, the daily press. For years men elected to the Legislature have seen their purposes misrepresented, their measures maligned, their persons caricatured, and their motives misconstrued by the newspapers, until it is a standing joke in legislative halls that all Senators are "corrupt" and all Assemblymen "crooked." These same men have discovered that abuse is the portion of every person who seeks to serve the people in making laws, that all legislatures—in the eye of the press—are "rotten," all bills filled with "bugs," all appropriations "steals," and no legislator's good or bad name worth considering except as the subject of a libel. So that every man knows that a term in the Senate or Assembly is about as creditable to him (in the opinion of the average editor), as a term in jail. Yet year after

year the people elect the same individuals to represent them in the Legislature, totally disregarding the libels of the press and the seeming contempt in which legislators are held by the editorial fraternity. What is the natural effect of all this on the mind of a Legislature? Plainly it breeds a cynical disregard of the restraining influence of what the newspapers call "public opinion," and generates recklessness, levity and contempt of the state in the men employed to consider and pass laws. Why should Senators and Assemblymen cultivate a sensitive regard for newspaper criticism when they are sure to be maligned and abused, no matter what they do?

Here is a concrete example of this: Two years ago the Legislature wasted nearly \$80,000 on needless employees and was roundly abused for it by the newspapers. Many of the leading men who participated in that "raid" on the treasury were reelected to this Legislature and are here now engaged in another "raid." Color is given to this fact by another fact equally as significant. Two years ago, seeming ashamed of its extravagance, the Legislature adopted a constitutional amendment increasing the pay of members from \$480 to \$1,000, and limiting the patronage "grab" to \$500 a day for each house. At the election in November last, knowing that this amendment was intended to reform the Legislature, the people voted it down! What do we gather from that? A Senator told me the other day what he gathered from it. "I think the people want us to steal this money," he said, "and as far as I am concerned I intend to steal my share of it."

One of the conspicuous figures of this session is Grove L. Johnson, Assemblyman, Senator, Congressman, and great lawyer. He is a distinct product of the same disrespectful press. Johnson was first elected to the Assembly in 1875. He signalized his entry into the legislative forum by introducing a bill requiring every newspaper to retract its libels on demand or suffer a conclusive presumption of malice. One of the yellow newspapers of that day turned its batteries upon him and he was charged with almost every crime known to the penal code. Johnson made a great speech in the Assembly one day to a great audience, in which he gave the yellow papers a Roland for their Olivers. Ever since he has been happy only when at war with a newspaper. He has fought all with impartiality and with their own weapons. His last notable exploit was a vitriolic oration in the House of Representatives in which he took the flesh off the bones of William Randolph Hearst. Although Mr. Johnson is now close up to three score and ten he is here today the same old grizzly. He supports the "patronage steal," the "annotated code steal," and other "steals," mainly because it makes the newspapers froth at the mouth. I have known Johnson for twenty-five years and have often conversed with him on the subject of newspapers. I do not believe he could be really happy unless the central figure in a journalistic row, and if he does not organize a merry one before the end of the present session I shall be disappointed.

Yet I would not be understood as advancing the notion that the newspapers should discontinue criticism of this or any other legislature. The idea I entertain—revolutionary though it may be—is that the press should treat legislators as though, in the main, they are honest, well meaning men, capable of human feeling, disposed to do right and entitled to fair and just consideration. Moreover, in the end I believe this would, from the standpoint of the public spirited citizen, pay. For the rest I may put forward another idea, which editors engaged in misunderstanding and misrepresenting this assemblage, would do well to consider. The money wasted in the current "patronage grab" is not by any means the greatest evil with which the Senators and Assemblymen here inflict themselves. These needless attachés constitute an idle lobby which interferes with, obstructs, and bedevils legislation. If two-thirds of them would take the money allotted to them and go home, the taxpayers of the State would have much cause for rejoicing.

G. D. S.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 24, 1907.

Andrew Carnegie has donated \$750,000 toward the erection in Washington, D. C., of a magnificent building to be the home of the Bureau of American Republics. About three years ago the Bureau of American Republics resolved upon the purchase of a site to erect a new building for the use of the bureau, which is now occupying a rented building at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Jackson place. The amount fixed upon to be expended was \$125,000. This amount was allotted to the different republics in proportion to their population, being the same proportion in which they paid the expenses of the bureau. Fifteen republics other than the United States announced their readiness to pay their proportion, and some of them sent the money, so that there has been for several years some \$20,000 or \$30,000 in the Treasury of the United States to be expended for the building. The fund is made up of the contributions of the other American republics on the basis of the original allotment; the appropriation by Congress of \$200,000, and now Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$750,000.

One of the youngest members of the United States Senate will be Joseph M. Dixon, the Senator-elect from Montana, to succeed Senator William A. Clark. He was born in North Carolina in 1867 and went to Montana in 1889. He was admitted to the bar there and has been elected to Congress twice, though the State has only one member of the House of Representatives.

The Oklahoma Constitutional convention adopted a memorial asking that the forest reserve order of Secretary Hitchcock be cancelled, and it has been presented to President Roosevelt.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Congressman Butler Ames, of Massachusetts, is said to be already in training as an aspirant for the seat of Senator Lodge, whose term has still four years to run.

Ernest Vollmer, a University of California student of the class of '07, has been appointed American vice-consul at Tsingchao, China, the sixth university man to be honored with an appointment to a consulate position.

Congressman William Alden Smith, who has been chosen United States Senator from Michigan, to succeed Senator Russell A. Alger, is a man of moderate wealth who has represented the fifth district of his State in Congress for twelve years.

It is generally agreed that the most significant idea in Secretary Taft's recent declaration of his attitude towards the Republican nomination for President is the implied purpose of not accepting a place on the bench of the Supreme Court until after the next Republican convention.

Sheffield Ingalls, of Atchison, Kan., son of the late Senator Ingalls, is now a member of the Kansas legislature. There was a tie vote in the election and the two contestants agreed to draw straws for the office, and Ingalls won. The young man looks very much as his father did, is said to have brilliant gifts, and is a Republican.

In Senator Tillman's speech in the Senate last Monday on the Brownsville episode he used language that greatly displeased his colleagues, his remarks being personal in character. After a secret session the Senator withdrew his utterances, saying that he had intended them to be humorous and not serious, and they were expunged from the record.

Governor Hughes, of New York, continues as sturdily independent and forceful as before his election, and it is reasonable to assume that he will be mentioned often by those who seek to forecast the action of the National Republican Convention of 1908. New York is more than likely to hold her position as a commanding factor in all national political affairs.

After some debate in the United States Senate a few days ago it was decided by unanimous vote that the term "Civil War" and not "War of the Rebellion" should be used in Senate documents. Senator Carmack offered the motion to change the name of the service pension bill to agree with the term, afterward accepted, and after several Democratic Senators had spoken, the motion was adopted.

Tulio Larrinaga, commissioner from Porto Rico to Washington, declared in a recent statement that whatever the island is today is not due to any helping hand on the part of the American Congress; what it is it owes to the industry of the people. He says that Porto Rico can not be made an American community of the Anglo-Saxon type for centuries to come, and the sooner that is realized the better for all concerned.

State Senator A. P. Gorman, Jr., of Maryland, believes that the mantle of his father rests on his shoulders, and he took occasion to give some unpalatable advice to the Democrats of his State at the Jackson dinner of a Baltimore club. The Baltimore Sun devoted nearly a column to a sarcastic review of Mr. Gorman's speech and insists that the young man is "an amateur who has not learned the alphabet of leadership."

Commissioner Leupp advocates less government supervision and more independence for the various tribes as a change calculated to improve the condition of the Indians. To this end he suggests the organization of those tribes having money and lands into joint-stock companies for the administration of their common estate. He suggests that the Secretary of the Interior be named as the perpetual treasurer and transfer agent for the several corporations.

Speaker Cannon's lieutenant on the floor of the House of Representatives is Congressman James R. Mann of Chicago. He is required to be present with the first and remain until the gavel falls at adjournment. He occupies an end seat on the right of the main aisle, from which he can promptly catch the Speaker's eye in all emergencies for the making of motions that aid the speaker in steering legislation in accordance with the program previously agreed upon.

Señor Joaquin Nebuco, the Brazilian ambassador, when he reached New York, a few weeks ago, was asked by the immigration officials at that port such embarrassing questions as "Have you ever been convicted of a crime?" "Did you ever serve a term in a penitentiary?" While the ambassador was good-natured about the matter, he at once took it up with President Roosevelt, and as a result Secretary Shaw has issued orders which will spare diplomats further humiliation.

Governor Magoon is loyally carrying out President Roosevelt's policy in Cuba, but he is credited with the opinion (by the New York Herald) that ultimately the United States will be compelled to restore and maintain order in Cuba or to suspend the Monroe Doctrine while European Powers undertake the job. In accordance with this view a vigorous movement is already under way for the establishment of an American protectorate for the island, patterned after that maintained by England in Egypt. Outlines of the plan have been drawn and at least one prominent paper in Havana advocates its adoption. There is apparently little hope that the new republic will be stable, but any effort to entangle the United States more than the present position does will be opposed by the many who believe that financial speculation by American and Cuban capitalists is responsible for much of the agitation and apprehension.

A DEFERRED DUEL.

How a Duelist Nursed His Revenge to Keep It Warm.

We were stationed at a small town; the life of an officer of the line is well known; exercise and review in the morning, dinner at the captain's or at the tavern, in the evening a bowl of punch and cards. In the whole town there was no one who even dreamed of such a thing as receiving company. We used often to meet at a brother officer's in the evening, and only there caught sight of an epaulette.

In our little circle there was one Russian, a man about thirty-five years old, and therefore considered quite a veteran among us. His greater experience gave him a certain authority, and his habitual serious, almost gloomy, aspect and sharp tongue awed us. His very existence was enveloped in mystery. Although a typical Russian, his name was a foreign one; he had distinguished himself as an officer of the Tenth Hussars, and no one could imagine why he had left that regiment to live in a wretched little place, where life was not only monotonous, but costly. He always went on foot wrapped in his black coat, and though always cordial and pressing in his invitation to dinner, that meal consisted of merely two or three dishes, prepared by an old retired soldier; champagne, however, was poured forth freely. No one really knew whether he was rich or poor, but neither did any one dare question him thereupon. We had the freedom of his library, consisting almost entirely of military and romantic works. If perchance we forgot to return a borrowed book, we were never reminded to do so, but, on the other hand, I never knew him to return a book borrowed from us. His principal occupation was practicing pistol-shooting; the walls of his room were literally honeycombed with pistol shots. A magnificent collection of pistols seemed to be the one luxury he allowed himself, and his skill in the use of the weapon was such that if he had proposed to shoot an apple off our very heads, not one of us would have hesitated to allow it.

Duels were often the theme of our conversation, but Sylvio, as we called him, never took part in such discussion; and if asked whether he had ever fought in duel, would dryly answer "Yes"; but the details of his encounter never followed, and it was well known that such questions were extremely disagreeable to him. We all felt certain that some victim of his fatal skill lay heavily upon his conscience.

Never was he suspected of cowardice; there are some men who carry in their very aspect a refutation to any such suspicion. Yet something occurred that greatly astonished us. One day there were ten of us dining at Sylvio's, and, as usual, drinking rather hard. After dinner we asked our host to take a hand at cards. Although contrary to his custom, he yielded to our entreaties, and, throwing fifty ducats in the pool, began to deal. We all crowded around the table and the game began. He played in silence, never raising a question nor asking an explanation. If the marker made a mistake he made good the deficiency, and if the error were in his favor, at once made a note of it.

We knew his ways of old, and let him alone; but this time there was present a comrade who had but lately joined us, and he, in a moment of distraction, doubled his bet. Sylvio made a note of it. The officer, thinking he had made a mistake, tried to explain, but Sylvio went on cutting the cards without heeding him. Losing patience, the officer seized a pencil and crossed out the extra sum; Sylvio took up the pencil and rewrote it. Excited by drink and goaded by our laughter, his antagonist thought himself insulted, lost his temper, and, catching up a candelabrum which lay near to his hand, hurled it at Sylvio's head, who dodged, narrowly escaping the dangerous missile. Rising, white with ire, and his eyes flashing:

"Leave the room!" he cried, "and thank God this has happened beneath my roof."

It was easy to foresee the result of such an encounter, and we all looked upon our comrade as a doomed man. He left the room, saying that, having insulted his host, he was ready to give him any satisfaction he demanded.

We went on playing for a few moments, but seeing that Sylvio's mind was no longer on the game, we left for our respective lodgings, discussing the impending vacancy in our regiment. Next morning, at review, we were wondering whether the poor lieutenant was yet in life, when he himself appeared on the scene. He had not yet heard from Sylvio. Going to the latter's house, later in the day, we found him in the yard, pistol in hand, shooting bullet after bullet into an ace of spades stuck on the back door. He received us as usual, and made no allusion to last evening's occurrence. Three days went by, and our lieutenant was still in the flesh. We wondered if Sylvio would not fight. He did not, contenting himself with a slight excuse on the part of his opponent. This event cost Sylvio much of his prestige. At a certain age nothing is harder to forgive than cowardice, valor being considered the highest of all virtues and an excuse for all vices.

However, little by little, the incident was forgotten, and Sylvio regained part of his ascendancy over us. Only I could never feel the same toward him, for more than all others had I been fascinated by him, my youthful imagination endowing him with all the attributes of the mysterious hero in a novel. I think he in turn liked me, for only when alone in my company did he forego his cynical manner, and talk openly, simply, and agreeably. But, after the above incident, when, in my eyes, his honor had received a stain which he did not remove, I could not be the same with him, and found it perfectly impossible to meet his eye fairly. Sylvio was too clever not to perceive this change and divine its cause—indeed, made several advances

toward an explanation, which I refused to meet, until at last he apparently gave up. From that time I never saw Sylvio alone, and all intercourse between us ceased.

Inhabitants of great cities know nothing of the sensation caused by post days in a little town like ours. Tuesdays and Fridays the officers' headquarters were filled with eager, expectant faces; one expects money, another letters, another newspapers. Letters are devoured at once, and the news goes the rounds, and is discussed on the spot. On such days headquarters present an animated appearance.

Sylvio received his letters through the military post, and was always with us on post day. On one such occasion he was handed a letter. I watched him as he tore it eagerly open and perused its contents with flashing eyes. His strange manner passed unnoticed, each one being absorbed in his own affairs. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am obliged to leave here at once—tonight, in fact—but beg you will all previously dine with me for the last time. And I expect you, especially, without fail," he added, turning to me. He then hurriedly left us.

When I reached Sylvio's lodging in the evening, my fellow-officers had preceded me. The furniture had already been removed, leaving nothing but the bare walls, so curiously honeycombed with bullet-holes. Our host was in good spirits, and we soon all followed suit; champagne-corks flew about, glasses were filled and refilled, and all heartily bade our friend God-speed. It was late when we arose to go. When my turn came to say good-bye, Sylvio seized my hand and whispered:

"I must have speech with you."

I remained. When the last guest had left, he seated himself opposite me, and for some time we smoked in silence. Sylvio was deep in thought; not a sign remained of his nervous gaiety. As I looked at his pale face and eyes, encircled by the thick smoke of our pipes, he had the appearance of a spirit of the nether world. At last he broke the silence:

"We shall probably not meet again. I wish to speak a few parting words. You may have observed that I care very little for public opinion, but I like you, and would regret leaving you under a false conception of my character."

He stopped to refill his glass. I remained silent.

"You have thought it strange I did not exact satisfaction from that drunken idiot who insulted me at cards. Having the choice of weapons, his life was in my hands, and mine in comparative security. I might attribute my behavior to grandeur of soul, but disdain to lie; could I have punished him without risking my life, he would not have escaped."

I raised my eyes to Sylvio in horror; such a confession repelled me.

"Yes, that is the truth," he continued. "I had no right to risk my life. Six years ago I received a blow, and the man who struck me still lives."

My curiosity was quickly excited. "You did not fight?" I asked.

"We fought, and here is the proof," he answered, at the same time taking up a soldier's cap and placing it upon his head. I noticed a small round hole just above his forehead. "I served in the Tenth Hussars. You know me, and perhaps have seen that I am used to be first in everything. In my youth it was to me an absolute necessity that it should be so. In my day it was fashionable to be fast; I was the wildest youngster in the regiment—in the army, I might say. Hard drinkers were much applauded. I could out-drink the famous Dobroski, whose prowess in that line was celebrated. In our regiment, duels were of more than daily occurrence, and in each one I was either principal or second. My brother officers worshipped me, and my superiors let me alone as an incurable case."

"I was enjoying my laurels when a young man, rich and of illustrious lineage—permit me to withhold his name—joined us. Never had I met a more gifted man—young, talented, handsome, gay to excess, brave as a lion, of unbounded wealth—all these advantages were his besides his great name. You can well imagine the place he at once took among us. My sway was over. He at first sought my friendship, but was repulsed and drew back with indifference. I hated him; his popularity filled me with rage. I tried to draw him into a quarrel, but his answers to all my sarcastic speeches were so much wittier than mine that my rage and jealousy grew apace, for I felt his superiority. At length, one night at a ball, seeing him courted by all, and specially by a young lady I greatly admired, I approached him and whispered a bitter insult in his ear. This was too much, and, losing his temper, he struck me full in the face. We drew our swords, the ladies fainted; and although bloodshed was prevented on the spot, a duel was arranged for that very night."

"At day-break I was at the appointed place with two seconds, awaiting my rival with much impatience. It had been a sultry night, and the sun, just rising, was oppressively hot. In a few moments I saw him coming leisurely toward me, on foot and with only one second. I advanced and saw he held his cap, which was full of cherries, in his hand. I had the right to shoot first, but my pulse beat so fast that I could not be sure of my aim, and therefore insisted that he should shoot first. He refused. We then agreed to draw lots. Fortune favored her darling. He shot, and the bullet pierced my cap."

"It was my turn now—at last his life was in my hands. I looked eagerly at him, trying to find the slightest sign of fear. He was quietly waiting my shot, eating his cherries, the pits of which he threw at my feet. It was exasperating. 'What is the good,' I thought, 'of taking a life so little valued?' A devilish thought struck me. Dropping my hand, I said:

"Since you are breakfasting so calmly, you are scarcely prepared to die. Allow me to wait until you have finished your cherries."

"Do not distress yourself, sir, I pray," he answered.

"You have one shot at me. At present, or at any time, I am at your service."

"I turned to my seconds, saying: 'I will not shoot today.' The duel was over."

"I asked for leave of absence, and came to this little town, where revenge has been my daily thought. The time has come."

Sylvio handed me the letter he had received that day. Some one—an agent, I believe—wrote to say that the "individual was about to marry a beautiful young girl."

"You know," continued Sylvio, "who is the 'individual' alluded to. Well, I go to Moscow tonight, and we will see if tomorrow or the day after he will be as indifferent to death as the morning he was eating cherries."

Sylvio stood up, and paced up and down the room like a caged tiger. I watched him intently, and could see the fierce struggle the conflicting passions held in his breast.

In a moment the servant entered to say the horses were ready. Sylvio grasped my hand, we embraced, and, hurriedly seizing a traveling bag and brace of pistols, which proved his only baggage, he sprang quietly into the carriage and was gone.

Many years after, business made it imperative for me to settle in the little town of Staroduv. In spite of steady occupations, I often missed the careless, happy life of the former years. I never could get used to the long, companionless spring and winter evenings. The days were well enough spent, talking to my overseer, looking over the crops, or attending to the buildings I was having erected, but after sunset I was at a loss what to do with myself. The few available books I knew by heart, my old house-keeper Nerolowna's stories wearied me, and the laborers' songs gave me the blues. I tried brandy, but grew fearful of the consequences, for in that district "melancholy drunkards" abounded. My only neighbors were of this number, and their constant complaints and dullness were too much for me. Thus my sole refuge was to dine late and retire early, in this manner I could lengthen the days and shorten the nights.

Within four miles of my house lay a fine property belonging to the Countess Berclienoff. No one but the overseer lived there—the countess had spent only the first month of her marriage on her beautiful estate. About two years after coming to Staroduv, it was rumored that the countess and her husband would come to spend the summer at their beautiful country-seat. In fact, they arrived at the beginning of June, and, as was to be expected, their advent caused quite a commotion in our little town. For my part, the coming of such charming neighbors made quite a change in my life. I was especially anxious to meet the countess, and, accordingly, the first Sunday after their arrival I called to present my respects, as being their nearest neighbor. I was shown into the count's private sitting room, which was luxuriously furnished—books, bronzes, rugs, bric-a-brac, an immense mirror over the mantelpiece, etc. It was so long since I had seen any finery of the kind that a strange shyness came over me, and I awaited my host's entrance with feelings akin to the trepidation of an office-seeker.

The door opened to admit a handsome, noble-looking man, about thirty-three years of age, who advanced and held out his hand with a pleasant smile. His frank and cordial reception somewhat restored my equanimity, and I was beginning to regain my usual manner, when the countess entered and I at once relapsed into my former shyness. A truly beautiful woman! The count presented me, and I floundered about trying to appear at ease, but in reality feeling very hot and uncomfortable. Perceiving my embarrassment, and with true tact and good breeding the count and countess conversed between themselves, treating me as they would an old acquaintance.

As my eye wandered around the room it fell upon the picture hanging opposite me. It was not the painting itself—a Swiss landscape, I think—that arrested my attention, but two small round bullet holes which pierced the picture, one immediately above the other.

"Humph! that was a wonderful shot," I could not help remarking.

"Yes, indeed," said the count. "And you, are you a good shot?"

"Middling; with a pistol I am used to I can hit a card at thirty paces."

"Pretty good," said the countess; then turning to her husband: "Could you do as well?"

"I doubt it," he answered. "I used to be a good shot, but have not tried my hand for over four years."

"In that case, I'll wage you could not even hit a card at twenty paces. Without constant practice, one loses all dexterity. The best shot I ever knew split three bullets on the edge of a knife every day before dinner—but the practice was as great a necessity to him as the meal. Why, if there was a fly on the wall—you smile, countess, but I swear 'tis true—he called to his servant: 'Cousma, a pistol!'—and bang! scarcely taking aim, there was the fly flattened out on the wall."

"Wonderful," ejaculated the count. "And what was your friend's name?"

"Sylvio."

"You knew Sylvio!" exclaimed the count, excitedly starting up. "You knew Sylvio?"

"I more than knew him—we were friends. In the regiment he was considered one of us. I have not heard of him for five years; but to judge from your exclamation, count, you also knew him?"

"Right well. If you were his friend, he must have told you a somewhat singular story—"

"About a blow received at a ball?"

"Yes; and did he tell you who struck him,"

"No." I glanced at the countess. "It was you, count," I said.

"Yes, it was I," exclaimed he, much agitated; "and that picture there is a memento of our last interview."

"Oh, dearest," pleaded the countess, "do not tell that story. I can not bear it."

"I must. This gentleman knows how I insulted his friend. Let him now hear how that friend was revenged. I was married," he proceeded, "five years ago. The first month of our honeymoon was spent here. This house holds the happiest and saddest memories of my life. One evening, returning late from a ride, I found before the door a traveling chaise and was told that a stranger who had refused to give his name, was awaiting me in the study having come on business relating to myself alone. I entered, and I saw a tall, bearded man, dusty and travel-stained, leaning on the mantelpiece. I stood for a moment gazing at him.

"You do not know me, count?" he asked.

"Sylvio!" I exclaimed, and confess that my hair stood on end.

"It is my turn to shoot," he said; "are you ready?"

"There was a pistol in his belt. I bowed, in recognition of his right, and stood fronting him, only requesting him to shoot at once before my wife came in.

"I can not see clearly," he said; "send for lights."

"This was done, and I returned to my place, again asking him to be quick. He took aim, and I counted the seconds. My thoughts dwelt on my bride; it was a fearful moment. He dropped his hand and remarked:

"Pity this pistol is charged with a bullet in lieu of a cherry-stone." Then, after a moment's pause, which seemed a century: "Truly, I am not in the habit of shooting at a defenseless man; that would be more like a murder than a duel. We will draw lots again, and see who is to shoot first."

"I think at first I refused, but remember finally loading my pistol. We then wrote our names on slips of paper, and drew lots from the very cap my ball had pierced in our first duel. Fortune favored me again.

"You are very fortunate, count," said Sylvio, with a smile I shall never forget. I know not how it happened, but my ball struck that picture. Sylvio raised his hand again and took aim. The expression on his face told me that I had no mercy to expect. At that supreme moment the door opened and Maria rushed in, and with a cry of horror threw her arms around my neck. Her entrance restored my equanimity. Laughing gaily: "You foolish girl," I said, "why are you so frightened? Do you not see it is a joke—a wager? Come now, go and drink a glass of water, and come back to be introduced to my old friend." But she did not believe me.

"In heaven's name, sir," she said, turning to Sylvio, "is this true? Is it only a wager—a joke?"

"Of course—oh, of course," answered he, "it is only a joke. The count likes to joke. He once, in joke, struck me a blow; again, in joke, he put a bullet through this cap; and now, of course in joke, he missed killing me for the second time. It is now my turn to joke." So saying he leveled the pistol at my breast.

"Maria understood, and cast herself at his feet.

"Oh, for shame!" I cried; then turning to Sylvio: "Come, sir, enough of this. Will you shoot—yes or no?" "No," he returned; "I am satisfied. Twice have I made you shoot at me, and twice have you missed. I have seen your fear, your anguish, your terror. Remember, I leave you to your conscience."

"He turned toward the door to leave, but wheeling suddenly, almost without an instant's aim, fired and went out. To mark his skill he had put a ball through that picture immediately above mine.

"My wife had fainted. Sylvio passed out unmolested, the servants who saw him go not daring to interfere. He was off before I had recovered my surprise."

The count was silent.

I had just heard the end of a story, in the beginning of which I had been so deeply interested.

The count had never seen Sylvio again. Later, in 1820, when Alexander Ipsilanto gave the signal for the uprising in Greece, it was surmised that Sylvio was in command of a Greek regiment, and met his death in the battle of Dratzachan.—Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Alexander Sergeivitch Pushkin.

It is now fifty years since it was possible for an eloping English couple to avail themselves of an old-fashioned Gretna Green marriage. On and after New Year's day, 1857, it became necessary for one of the parties to be a regular resident in Scotland or to have lived there for three weeks before the marriage. These runaway marriages were celebrated at the little border village in Dumfriesshire, even in the seventeenth century, but it was the abolition of Fleet marriages by Lord Hardwicke's Act in 1754 that made Gretna Green or Springfield, a neighboring village, really popular as a refuge for English lovers. Coldstream and Lamberton, in Berwickshire, were similarly used on the eastern border, and Portpatrick in Wigtownshire by fugitives from Ireland. In his prime the great "blacksmith" of Gretna Green (really a tobacconist, "blacksmith" seemingly being a metaphorical reference to the forging of wedlock's bands) married 200 couples in a year.

Some of the wealthiest sportsmen of Vermont are now engaged in a movement to stock the coverts of Vermont with foreign game birds. Among the birds which it is believed can be introduced into the State are the daleya, which is native to Norway, the capercaillie, which is found in the highlands of Scotland, black cock and ring-necked pheasants.

There are more than 4000 different editions of the Bible in the British museum.

A SNOWY ENGLISH NEW YEAR.

Picturesque Features of the Journey of the King and Queen to Chatsworth.

The old year went out in England after five days of heavy snow that obstructed travel and isolated remote hamlets. Such storms are unusual, and the press found many unfamiliar incidents to report. From the *Daily Express* of London, these notes are presented as illustrations of the situation:

The snowstorm which had swept over Scotland during the previous two days ceased in most districts in the early hours of Saturday morning, but it was succeeded by an intense frost, which made the clearing of the roads and railway lines a matter of immense difficulty. At Raven's Rock, near Achterneck, a marriage party was more than fifteen hours in the train before being rescued. The passengers of another train in the same district had to flounder for several miles to safety, preceded by guides. The Friday night previous to the New Year is a favorite time for country weddings, but many of them have had to be postponed owing to the non-arrival of either the bride or bridegroom. One impatient bridegroom had perforce to spend four-and-twenty hours in Hawick Railway station, knowing that a few short miles away the bride and wedding supper awaited him. The occupants of the snowed-up trains in the more inaccessible parts underwent many privations, and had to depend upon the kindness of farmers and cotters for food.

It has long been the custom of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to visit the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at this season, and the storm did not postpone the trip. There were many picturesque features of their journey and reception. The *Express*, of January 2, had this report:

The king and queen were welcomed to Chatsworth last night, where for the next few days their majesties will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Frequent as have been the royal visits to the Palace of Peak, it is more than 30 years since their majesties were greeted with such weather conditions as prevailed during their drive through the grounds of Chatsworth, from Rowsley station. That occasion was in 1872, when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they accepted the hospitality of the duke.

For days past a large staff of men have been busily engaged in clearing the snow from the road between Rowsley and Chatsworth House, and had the weather remained fine their efforts would have resulted in a comparatively easy and comfortable progress for the royal visitors. But yesterday afternoon the rain began to fall in torrents, and continued without cessation throughout the evening. The result was that the road became a quagmire of melted snow and slush nearly a foot deep, and the journey, which was made in closed motor-cars, was exceedingly slow and difficult. Their majesties arrived at Rowsley from Sandringham soon after 5:00 o'clock, and found the station beautifully decorated with thousands of small electric lights hanging in festoon from pillar to pillar, and here and there forming the letters "E" and "A." The Duke of Devonshire was present at the station to welcome his guests, while a large crowd of villagers who, despite the storm of rain and the snow and slush-bound roads, had trudged many of them many miles to the station, surrounded the approach and cheered the king and queen. Within a few moments of the arrival of the train the royal party had entered the motor-cars in waiting, and the journey to Chatsworth was begun.

Throughout the route the trees on either side of the roadway were dotted with little star-like electric lights, while for the last half-mile of the four miles' drive, the road was lined on either side by hundreds of torchbearers, the glare from the torches throwing a lurid light over the storm-swept slopes of the park. With much skidding and slow progress the cars made their way to the house, being greeted here and there by little knots of villagers, who, like those at the station, had defied the weather in their determination to welcome the royal visitors. On arriving at the ducal home the king and queen were welcomed by the Duchess of Devonshire, who was waiting in the entrance hall at the foot of the grand staircase, surrounded by the members of the large house party invited to meet them.

Of the country seat the London *Chronicle* gave this brief reminiscence, quoting from records more than a century old:

"I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have 'condemned,' wrote Walpole in 1760 of the ducal house that shelters a king today. Only that most dauntless among the critics of fashion of his day would probably have had the courage to condemn Chatsworth; but present readers of his criticism will agree with most of it. "The great *jet d'eau* I like, whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done I would retain, else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance," is the right sentiment of the genuine antiquary. And all tourists, wearied with visiting the houses of the great, will have a fellow feeling with Walpole where he says, "The inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me; the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues and allegoric genies, are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw."

Before the king and queen left for their visit they had a Christmas entertainment of special interest:

The servants at Sandringham House had further proof of the kindness of the king and queen on Saturday evening. They were entertained in the magnificent ballroom, where there was a monster Christmas tree. All the servants in the house were invited, as well as a large number of tenants and workmen with their wives. The tree, a huge fir, felled on the estate, was heavily laden with presents, which were distributed by the queen. The ballroom was not decorated, the beautifully painted walls and ceiling making this unnecessary, but the room was brilliantly illuminated with electric light.

The king, queen, and Princess Victoria were present, and when the company had assembled the main lights in

the room were extinguished, leaving the tree beautifully lit up and presenting a very picturesque sight. Their majesties chatted with the guests, who were made to feel quite at home. Each gift was numbered and a number was given to each guest. As the gift was taken off the tree the number was called out, and the person holding the corresponding number went forward and received the gift from the hands of the queen.

In London there was heavy fog and mist on New Year's eve, and many of the usual forms of revelry were not seen. At the hotels and restaurants, however, there were many novelties in the way of entertainment.

My Morning Paper.

What ye
"Constant Reader"
seeketh in
hys paper.

Being ye kicke of ye "Constant Reader" at ye false perspective of ye San Francisco newspapers, and at ye manner in which they doe present ye news of ye day.

I ope my morning papers with a thought to find the news. Of battle, murder, sudden death, or some big statesman's views On matters epoch-marking, or of progress in the line Of invention, education, or arts that they call "fine." Page one unto page twenty,—agate, minion, nonpareil, Leaders, captions, and big headlines,—advertisements as well. All the columns of my papers in vain do I peruse To find what I am looking for (which is to say the news). Instead of that, what meets my gaze in type both large and small, In San Francisco's "Chronicle," "Examiner," and "Call?"

And what he
findeth therein.

"Heney, Ruef, and Schmitz;"
"Schmitz and Burns and Ruef."
"Perjurers get writs."
"Langdon has the proof."
"President and Japs"
"In unison sling mud."
"Teddy says perhaps."
"He'll have to have our blood."

Advice gratis
to ye bloated
newspaper owner.

O Michel Henri, Will, and John, pray do instruct your men To print some notes of other things, at least just now and then. In forma pauperis I plead,—yea, kneel on bended knee. (I'm no subscriber to your rags,—I've no desire to be). Your papers dry do catch my eye in club-room or saloon. It's as a "Constant Reader" that I humbly crave this boon. Index *Expurgatorius* pray issue to your staff That "Telegraph" and "Local" winnow barley news from chaff. By way of a beginning in the line that I suggest, Here are men and here are matters that well deserve a rest:

Ye Index
Expurgatorius.

Heney, Schmitz and Ruef
(The names are more than stale);
My taste innate they nauseate,
And hence, dear sirs, this wail.
Teddy and his Japs
May disappear from view.
As my wish goes, both may repose
A century or two.

—Emanuel Elzas.

San Francisco, 1907.

The New York Botanical Garden has recently acquired one of the most remarkable collections of mosses in the world. It is the work of William Mitten, an eminent bryologist, who died on July 20, 1906, in his 87th year, in the village of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, England, where he was born and passed his long life. The Mitten collection contains specimens from all over the world, but the rarest and most valuable are from the Andes, where they were secured by Richard Spruce, the English botanist, during a residence of ten years in South America, from about 1855 to 1865. Other notable specimens are from Ecuador, collected by Jameson; from Colombia, collected by Lyndig and by Weir, and from Brazil, secured by Burchell and by Glaziou. The collection is also rich in specimens from Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, obtained by many collectors in the last century. Arctic America is represented by a valuable series of specimens acquired during the early expeditions in search of the Northwest Passage. There are also many specimens from India, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, China, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. In all, the specimens number at least 50,000.

For many obvious reasons, discoveries of the remains of primitive man have been more numerous in Europe and the East than in America. The most famous and important of these foreign discoveries are, according to Professor Osborn, first, the Trinil man of Java, named by its discoverer, Du Bois, *Pithecanthropus Erectus*; second, the Neanderthal man, or homo *primigenius*, found in a cave near Düsseldorf, and, third, the so-called neolithic man typified by a number of primitive skulls. According to the evolutionists, the first of these was intermediate between the anthropoid apes and man. The Neanderthal skull, however, belonged to a distinct man, and the neolithic remnants are those of still higher grades of intelligence. It will be seen, therefore, that while the "Nebraska Loess Man," as Professor Barbour suggests naming the bones recently discovered in Douglas County, Nebraska, may antedate any human remains previously discovered in the United States, the antiquity of man in America will still remain a comparatively modern record.

The results reached by a committee that has long been at work preparing a new charter for the city of Buffalo, N. Y., are worth recording. Centralization of power is the prevailing characteristic of the new charter. A single legislative body is provided for, and besides the aldermen from the various wards there will be only three elective offices, the mayor, the controller, and the president of the board of aldermen. These three will constitute a board of appointment and elect all the heads of departments, save those specially appointed by the mayor. The mayor is given greater authority, and by so much is his responsibility increased.

REBUILDING AFTER THE WAR.

Scenes and Incidents of the Reconstruction Period in the South.

The tragedy, the pathos, and the humor of social conditions in the South during the twelve years succeeding the fall of Richmond are intimately pictured in Myrta Lockett Avery's "Dixie After the War." Mrs. Avery vividly portrays the topsyturvy conditions of the reconstruction period. The Federal authorities had a terrific problem to deal with in four millions of slaves suddenly let loose:

Whenever I pass "The House Upside Down" at a world's fair, I am reminded of the South after freedom. In "South Carolina Women in the Confederacy," Mrs. Harby tells how Mrs. Postell Geddings was in the kitchen getting Dr. Geddings's supper, while her maid, in her best silk gown, sat in the parlor and entertained Yankee officers. Charlestown ladies cooked, scrubbed, split wood, fed horses, milked and watered the cattle; while filling their own places as feminine heads of the house, they were servants-of-all-work and man of the house. Mrs. Crittendon gives an anecdote matching Mrs. Geddings's. A Columbia lady saw in Sherman's motley train an old negress arrayed in her mistress's antiquated ante-bellum finery, lolling on the cushions of her mistress's carriage, and fanning (in winter) with a huge ostrich-feather fan. "Why, Aunt Sallie, where are you going?" she called out impulsively. "Law, honey! I've gwine right back intuh de Union!" and on rode Aunt Sallie, feathers and flowers on her enormous poke-bonnet all a-flutter.

As victorious armies went through the country, they told the negroes, "You are free!" Negroes accepted the tidings in different ways. Old Aunt Hannah was not sure but that the assurance was an insult. "Law, marster!" she said, "I ain' no free nigger! I is got a marster an' mistiss! Dee right dar in de great house. Ef you don't b'lieve me, you go dar an' see." "You're a d—d fool!" he cried, and rode on. "Sambo, you're free!" Some negroes picked up the master's saddle, flung it on the master's horse, jumped on his back, and rode away with the Yankees. After every Yankee army swarmed a great black crowd on foot, men, women, and children. They had to be fed and cared for; they wearied their deliverers.

The early stirrings of the social equality problem were curious. Adventurous Aunt Susan tried the experiment of "eatin' wid white folks." She was bursting to tell us about it, yet loath to reveal her degradation—"White folks dar'll eat wid me ain't fitten fuh me to eat wid," being the negro position. "But dese folks was rale quality, miss," Susan said, when murder was out. "I kinder skittish wben dee fuh' ax me to set down wid 'em. I couldn't eat na'er mouthful wid white folks a-lookin' at me an' a rale nice white gal handin' vittles. An' presenly, mum, ef I didn't see dat white gal settin' in de kitchen eatin' her vittles by hersef. Rale nice white gal! I say, 'Huccum you didn't eat wid tur white folks?' She say, 'I de servant'."

Mrs. Betts, of Halifax (Va.), was in her kitchen, her cook, who was in her debt, having failed to put in an appearance. The cook's husband approached the veranda and requested a dollar. "Where is Jane?" he was asked. "Why hasn't she been here to do her work?" "She are keepin' parlor." "What is that?" "Settin' up in de house hol'in' her han's. De Civilize Bill done been fulfill, an' niggers an' white folks jes alike now."

Colored applicant for menial position would say to the door-opener: "Tell dat white 'oman in dar a cullud lady out here want to hire." "De cullud lady" was capricious. My sister in Atlanta engaged one for every day in one month, in fact, engaged more than that average, engaged every one applying, hoping if ten promised to come in time to get breakfast, one might appear.

Into a store in Wilmington sauntered a sable alderman, whom the merchant had known from boyhood as "Sam." "What's the matter with Sam?" the merchant asked, as Sam stalked out. Soon, Sam stalked back. "Suh, you didn't treat me wid proper respects." "How, Sam?" "You called me 'Sam,' which my name is Mr. Gary." "You're a d—d fool! There's the door!" Gary had the merchant up in the mayor's court. "What's the trouble?" asked the mayor. "Dis man consulted me." "You ought to feel flattered. What did he do to you?" "He called me 'Sam,' suh." "Ain't that your name?" "My name's Mr. Gary." "Ain't it Sam, too?" "Yessuh, but—" "Well, there ain't any law to compel a man to call a other 'Mister.' Case dismissed." "Dar gwí be a law 'bout dat," muttered Sam.

The Southern aristocrats, descendants of generations who had not labored with their han's, accepted their changed fortunes

courageously. Ex-generals did not hesitate to become day laborers in fields that had once been their own:

We did anything and everything to make a living. Prominent citizens became pie-sellers. Colonel Cary, of General Magruder's staff, came home to find his family desperately poor, as were all respectable folks. He was a brave soldier, an able officer; before the war, principal of a male academy at Hampton. Now, he did not know to what he could turn his hand for the support of himself and his family. He walked around his place, came in and said to his wife: "My dear, I have taken stock of our assets. You pride yourself on your apple-pies. We have an apple-tree and a cow. I will gather the apples and milk the cow, and you will make the pies, and I will go around and sell them."

Armed with pies he met his aforesaid antagonists at Camp Grant, and conquered them quite. The pies were delicious; the seller was a soldier, an officer of distinction, in hard luck; and the men at Camp Grant were soldiers, too. There was sharp demand and good price; only the elite—officers of rank—could afford to indulge in these confections. Well it was that Yankee mothers had cultivated in their sons an appetite for pies. One Savannah lady made thirty dollars selling pies to Sherman's soldiers; in Georgia's aristocratic "City by the Sea," high-bred dames stood at basement windows selling cakes and pies to whoever would buy.

Colonel Cary had thrifty rivals throughout Dixie. A once rich planter near Columbia made a living by selling flowers; a Charlestown aristocrat peddled tea by the pound and molasses by the quart to his former slaves. General Stephen Elliot, Sumpter's gallant defender, sold fish and oysters which he caught with his own hands.

Dr. Robert G. Stephens, of Atlanta, tells me of a Confederate soldier who, returning armless to his Georgia home, made his wife hitch him to a plow which she drove; and they made a crop. A Northern missionary said in 1867, to a Philadelphia audience, that he had seen in North Carolina a white mother hitch herself to a plow, which her eleven-year-old son drove, while another child dropped into the furrows seeds Northern charity had given. I saw in Virginia's Black Belt a white woman driving a plow to which her young daughters, one a nursing mother, were hitched; and near the same time and place an old negro driving a milch-cow to his cart. "Uncle Eph, aren't you ashamed," I asked, "to work your milch-cow?" "Law, miss, milch-white-oman wuk. Huccom cow can't wuk?"

The author acknowledges the kind and forbidding spirit of most of the Federal commanders, but she gives many instances of outrageous conduct:

At the close of the war, there were some 99,000 Confederates in Federal prisons, whose release, beginning in May, continued throughout the summer. Among these was Crozier, slender, boyish in appearance, brave, thin to emaciation, pitifully weak and homesick. It was a far cry to his home in sunny Galveston, but he had traversed three States when he fell ill in North Carolina. A Good Samaritan nursed him, and set him on his way again. At Orangeburg, S. C., a gentleman placed two young ladies, journeying in the same direction, under his care. To Crozier, the trust was sacred. At Newberry, the train was derailed by obstructions placed on the track by negro soldiers of the Thirty-third United States Regiment, which, under command of Colonel Trowbridge (white), was on its way from Anderson to Columbia. Crozier got out with others to see what was the matter. Returning, he found the coach invaded by two half-drunk negro soldiers, cursing and using indecent language. He called upon them to desist, directing their attention to the presence of ladies. They replied that they "didn't care a d—d!" One attempted gross familiarities with one of the ladies. Crozier rejected him; the second negro interfered; there was a struggle in the dark; one negro fled in haste; the other, with a slight cut, ran towards camp, yelling: "I'm cut by a d—d rebel!" Black soldiers came in a mob.

The narrative, as told on his monument, concludes: "The infuriated soldiers seized a citizen of Newberry, upon whom they were about to execute savage revenge, when Crozier came promptly forward and avowed his responsibility. He was hurried in the night-time to the bivouac of the regiment to which the soldiers belonged, was kept under guard all night, was not allowed communication with any citizen, was condemned to die without even the form of a trial, and was shot to death about daylight the following morning, and his body mutilated."

In a South Carolina mansion Mrs. Vincent and her daughter, Lucy, lived alone, except for a few faithful ex-slaves. A cabin on the edge of the plantation was

rented to Wash, a negro member of the Loyal League, whose organizer was Captain Johnson, commander of a small garrison in a nearby town. The captain was fond of imposing fines upon whites against whom negroes entered complaint. There seemed nice adjustment between fines and defendants' available cash. One day Wash, pushing past Lucy's maid into the Vincent parlor, said to Lucy's mother, "I've come to cote Miss Lucy." "Leave the house!" "I ain' gwí leave no such a thing! I've gwí marry Lucy an' live here wid you." Lucy appeared. "I've come to ax you to have me. I've de ve'y man fuh you to hitch up wid. Dis here place b'long to me. You b'long to me." She whipped out a pistol and covered him. "Run! Run for your life!" He ran. When he was out of pistol shot, he turned and yelled: "You d—d white she-cat. I'll make you know!" She caught up a musket and fired. Balls whistled past his head; he renewed his flight.

Next morning as the ladies, pale and miserable, sat at breakfast, a squad of soldiers filed in, took seats, helped themselves and ordered the butler around. The ladies rose and were arrested. A wagon was at the door. "Please, marsters," said black Jerry, humbly, "lemme hitch up de kerridge an' kyar Mistiss an' Miss Lucy in it. 'Taint fitten fuh 'em to ride in a waggin—an' wid strange mens." His request was refused. The ladies were arraigned before Captain Johnson on charge that they had used insulting language to Mr. Washington Singleton Pettigru; and that Lucy, "in defiance of law and morals, and actuated by the devil," had "without provocation" fired on him with intent to kill. A fine of \$1000 or six months in jail was imposed. "I have not so much money!" cried Mrs. Vincent. "Jail may change your mind," said the captain. They were committed to a loathsome cell, their determination alone preventing separation.

Lawyers flocked to their defense; the captain would hear none. Toward nightfall the town filled with white men wearing set faces. The captain sent for one of the lawyers. The lawyer said: "Unless you release those ladies from the jail at once, no one can tell what may happen. But this I believe, you, nor a member of your garrison will be alive to-morrow." They were released; fine remitted; the captain left in haste. An officer came from Columbia to investigate "disorder in the district." He condemned Johnson's course and tried to reassure the community. It came out that Johnson had received information that Mrs. Vincent held a large, redeemable note; he had incited Wash to "set up" to Miss Lucy, urging that by marrying her he would become the plantation's owner. "Call in your best duds and ask her to marry you. If she refuses, we will find a way to punish her." Wash, it was thought, had fled to the country. The negro body-servant of Lucy's dead brother had felt that the duty of avenger devolved upon him, and in his own way he had slain Wash and covered up the deed.

A graphic picture is drawn of the "Black and Tan Convention" that met in December, 1867, to frame a new constitution for the Old Dominion. Most of the negro legislators were illiterate corn and cottonfield hands:

Before the body was organized, an enthusiastic delegate bounced up to say something, but the chair nipped him untimely in the bud: "No motion is in order until roll is called. Gentlemen will please remember parliamentary usage." The member sank limp into his seat, asking in awed whisper of his neighbor: "Whut in de worl is dat?" Perplexity was great when a member rose to "make an inquiry." "Whut's dat?" "Whut dat he gwí make?" was whispered round, the question being settled summarily: "Well, it don't make no diffunce. We ain' gwí let him do it nohow case he ain' no Radicule."

Black, white, and yellow pages flew around, waiting on members: the blacker the dignitary, the whiter the pages he summoned to bring him pens, ink, paper, apples, ginger-cakes, goober-peas, and newspapers. No sooner did darkeys observe that whites sent out and got newspapers than they did likewise; and sat there reading them upside down.

Curiosity was on tip-toe when motion was made that a stenographer be appointed. "Snographer? Whut's dat?" "Maybe it's de pusson whut takes down de speeches beio' dee's spoken," explains a wise one. The riddle was partly solved when a spruce foreign individual of white complexion rose and walked to the desk, vacated in his favor by a gentleman of color. "Dar he! Dat's him!" "War's good close, anyhow!" was pronounced of the new official: then the retired claimed sympathy: "Whut he done?" "Whut dee turn him out fuh?" "Ain't dee gwí give niggers nothin'?"

As it was necessary, in taking the test oath, to swear one had never given "aid or

comfort" to a Confederate, few Southerners could qualify for office. Office-holders from the North became the all-important figures, and the reign of the carpet-bagger began:

There were a great many trying phases of the situation. As for example: Conservatives were running General Eppa Hunta for Congress. Among the general's colored friends was an old negro, Julian, his ward of pity, who had no want that he did not bring to the general. Election day he sought the general at the polls, saying: "Mars Eppie, I want some shingles for my roof." "You voted for me, Julian?" "Naw, naw, Mars Eppie, I voted de straight Publikin ticket, suh." He got the shingles. When "Mars Eppie" was elected, Julian came smiling: "Now, Mars Eppie, bein' how as you's goin' to Congress, I 'lowed you mought have a little suppin' tuh gimme." A party of young lawyers tried to persuade their negro servant to vote with them. "Naw, naw," he said. "De debbul mought git me. Dar ain't but two parties named in de Bible—de Publikins an' Sinners. I gwí vote wid de Publikins."

In everything but politics, the negro still reposed trust in "Ole Marster"; his aches, pains, "mis'ries," family and business troubles, were all for "Ole Marster," not for the carpet-baggers. The latter feared he would take "Ole Marster's" advice when he went to the polls, so they wrought in him hatred and distrust. It would never have occurred to him to ask for the ballot; as greatness upon some, so was the franchise untimely thrust upon him, and he has much to live down that would never have been charged against him else.

Officials had money to burn. New Orleans was like another Monte Carlo for one while. Gambling parlors stood open to women and minors. Then was its 25-year charter granted the Louisiana State Lottery. At a garden party in Washington not long ago, a Justice of the Supreme Court said, in response to some question I put: "It would take the pen of a Zola to describe reconstruction in Louisiana! It is so dark a chapter in our national history, I do not like to think of it." A Zola might base a great novel on that life and death struggle between politicians and races in the land of cotton and sugar plantations, the swamps and bayous and the mighty Mississippi, where the Carpet-bag Governments had a standing army, of blacks chiefly, with cavalry, infantry, artillery, and navy of warships going up and down waterways; where prominent citizens were arrested on blank warrants, carried long distances, held for months; where women and children listened for the tramp, tramp, of black soldiers on piazzas, the crash of a musket on the door, the demand for the master or son of the house!

Mrs. Avery gives an interesting chapter to the secret societies, like the Ku Klux, the Loyal League, and the White Camellias, which were organized after the war. She discusses crimes against womanhood; there were but four recorded cases from slavery's beginning until the end of the Civil War. In concluding, she presents the Southerner's idea of the race problem.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$2.75.

The Countess of Clancarty, formerly well known on the stage as Belle Bilton, died on the eve of the new year at her residence at Garbaldy Park, County Galway, Ireland. It was 17 years ago that English society was shocked by the news that Lord Dunlo, son of the Earl of Clancarty, had married Belle Bilton, a noted music hall singer and dancer, after a brief acquaintance. Lord Dunlo, who was barely 21, was cut off by his proud father and in nine days deserted his bride and fled to the continent. In less than a year a divorce suit was begun and proved prolific of sensations. The pair were finally reconciled and lived on the actress's earnings until 1891, when the old earl died and the young man succeeded to the title. Birth of twin sons to the new countess followed. This event marked her retirement from the stage, and she and her husband have since lived quietly on the family estates. The countess, whose conduct had been exemplary in her married life, lost one of her twin sons by death, but leaves two other children besides the oldest boy, Lord Kilconnel. An only daughter, Lady Beryl French, is 12 years old.

A raving maniac, escaping from the California State Hospital for the Insane, recently was lassoed and captured by George Miller, a San Bernardino cowboy, after a desperate chase, in which Miller was struck with a large stone hurled by the maniac and knocked from his horse. The cowboy escaped serious injury.

CURRENT VERSE.

My Gentleman.

I own a dog who is a gentleman.
By hirth most surely, since the creature can
Boast of a pedigree the like of which
Holds not a Howard or a Metternich.

By breeding. Since the walks of life he trod,
He never wagged an unkind tale abroad.
He never snubbed a nameless cur because
Without a friend or credit card he was.

By pride. He looks you squarely in the face
Unshrinking and without a single trace
Of either diffidence or arrogant
Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt.

By tenderness. The littlest girl may tear
With absolute impunity his hair,
And pinch his silken, flowing ears the while
He smiles upon her—yes, I've seen him smile.

By loyalty. No truer friend than he
Has come to prove his friendship's worth to
me.
He does not fear the master—knows no fear—
But loves the man who is his master here.

By countenance. If there be nobler eyes,
More full of honor and of honesties,
In finer head, on broader shoulders found—
Then have I never met the man or hound.
Here is the motto on my lifeboat's log:
"God grant I may be worthy of my dog!"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Golden Hynde.

[It was on July 25 that, with a holdness we can hardly realize, the course was laid. Their instruments for finding latitude were far from perfect; longitude it was practically impossible for them to determine at all; the variation of the compass was ascertained with childish crudeness. But straight across the Pacific for sixty-eight days without sight of land, Drake pushed his way as it were by inspiration.]

With the fruit of Aladdin's garden clustering thick
in her hold,
With rubies a-wash in her scuppers and her hilge
ahaze with gold,
A world in arms behind her to sever her heart
from home,
The Golden Hynde drove onward, over the glitter-
ing foam.

If we go as we came by the southward, we meet
wi' the fleets of Spain!
'Tis a thousand to one against us: we'll turn to
the West again;
We have captured a China pilot, his charts and
his golden keys;
We'll sail to the Golden Gateway, over the golden
seas.

What shall we see as we sail there? Clusters of
coral and palm,

Oceans of silken slumber, measureless leagues of
calm,
Islands of purple story, lit with the westering
gleam.

Washed with the mystic whisper, dreaming the
world-wide dream.

There will be shores of sirens, with arms that
beckon us near,
As they stand knee-deep in the foam-flowers with
perilous breasts and hair;
Sweet is the rest they proffer, yet what should we
gain of these

When we gaze on the Golden Gateway, that shines
on the golden seas?

Wound in their white embraces, couched in the
lustrous gloom,
Gazing ever to seaward through the broad magnolia
hloom,

We should weary of all their kisses when, under
the first white star,
Over the limitless ocean, the Golden Gates unbar.

White hands will strive to hold us: hut we must
rise and go—
Down to the salt sea-beaches where the waves are
whispering low;
White arms will plead in anguish, as the sails fill
out to the breeze,
And we turn to the Golden Gateway, that hurns
on the golden seas.

We shall put out from shore then, out to the
Western skies,
With the old despairing rapture and the sunset in
our eyes;

What shall we gain of our going? What of the
fading gleam,
What of the gathering darkness, what of the dying
dream?

Only the unknown glory, only the hope deferred,
Only the wondrous whisper, only the unknown
Word,

Voice of the God that gave us hallow and beam
and breeze,
As we sail to the Golden Gateway, over the golden
seas.

—Alfred Noyes in London Outlook.

The automobile fatality record for 1906, as compiled by the Chicago Tribune, seems to be second only to that of the railroads. Thirty-four of the larger cities of the country show 134 killed in automobile accidents and 494 injured;—these places include New York with 48 killed, Chicago with 15, Philadelphia with 11, and Boston only one, which is the number credited to Springfield. Some 160 other places show 75 killed and 337 injured, making a total of 209 killed and 851 injured. These statistics evidently include pedestrians who were killed or injured by these street locomotives, as well as their occupants.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mohammed Ali Mirza, the new Shah of Persia, will be enthroned on February 2, at the Festival of the Lake.

Joseph Chamberlain's health is now fairly good, but it is said that his loss of memory will prevent him from ever returning to public life.

President Roosevelt has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society, of London. There are only nine honorary members of the society, and they include Emperor William, King Leopold, and King Oscar.

The bitter feeling caused by the campaign in Germany which has just come to an end, raised some fear for the safety of the kaiser, and it is said that he is surrounded by a guard as formidable as that by which the czar is protected.

Lady Frances Balfour, one of the best-known of the supporters of the movement for woman suffrage in England, is one of the daughters of the late Duke of Argyll, and was married in 1879 to Eustace Balfour, brother of Arthur and Gerald Balfour.

Dr. von Lecoq, of the Berlin Ethnological Museum, has made in Turkestan some remarkable discoveries of a buried and forgotten civilization. Fifteen chests, filled with manuscripts in ten languages, form only a part of what is regarded as one of the greatest finds in the record of antiquarian exploration.

Mlle. Andre Corthis, whose poems in the volume entitled "Gemmae et Moires," have won high praise, has been chosen poet laureate of France for the year past. The honor is one conferred annually by a vote of eminent literary people on the most distinguished poet of the year. Mlle. Corthis is still a young woman.

It is reported from Washington that Hermann Schussler, chief engineer of the Spring Valley water system, San Francisco, was recently invited by the President, Mr. Theodore Shonts, and Secretary Taft to accompany the last-named gentleman on an official visit to the work in progress at the Isthmus of Panama some time in the month of March of this year. Mr. Schuss-

ler declined, explaining that his responsibilities in connection with rehabilitation work in San Francisco were of such importance and urgency that he could not possibly spare the time to accept the invitation.

James McCrea, the new president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, succeeding the late A. J. Cassatt, began his service for the road as rodman with the surveyors. The two men met and became friends while both were new in their work, and their rise in responsibility and power was through added knowledge, interest, and perseverance.

Miss Jane Klink, formerly of the University of California, is organizing the department of sociology in the American International College at Springfield, Mass. Miss Klink was appointed to this professorship a few weeks ago, and in preparing for its work will have data collected to show the comparative conditions of immigrants before and after immigration.

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has won his six-years' fight for a three-cent car fare, and it is now said that the public have cheaper transportation there than in any other city of the country. At the same time the victory of Mr. Johnson is so entangled with municipal ownership that it becomes necessary to make the new street railways pay a profit on the reduced rate or its permanence will be threatened.

Lewis Harcourt, Liberal member of Parliament for the Rossendale division of Lancashire, and son of the late Sir William Harcourt, it is said has been appointed to the vacancy in the secretaryship for Ireland, caused by the appointment of James Bryce as British ambassador at Washington. Mr. Harcourt's selection is regarded as peculiarly appropriate, not only because of his father's lifelong advocacy of Home Rule for Ireland, and his staunch support of Mr. Gladstone when the Liberals split on this question, but also from the fact that Mr. Harcourt's wife is an American (formerly Miss Burns, daughter of the late Walter H. Burns, of New York), and her sympathies will therefore be in accordance with the Irish Nationalist aspirations to a far greater extent than would be expected in the case of an English woman.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Leonardo da Vinci's Reflections.

When we remember Leonardo da Vinci we generally think of him as a painter,—particularly as the painter of the Lord's Last Supper. Only scholars recall that this gifted man was not only a painter, and a sculptor, but a military engineer as well, and also a writer and philosopher. It has been reserved to Messrs. Maurice Baring and Lewis Einstein to make known to English readers the great master's thoughts on life, art, and science, which hitherto have lain hidden in scattered marginal notes among various libraries of Europe.

Those who have not made a study of Leonardo da Vinci's art in the originals still extant in various picture galleries of the Old World may infer what manner of painter he was from a quaint anecdote concerning himself, which he tells in an essay on the comparative value of painting and poetry: "I once chanced to paint a picture which represented a saint, and it was bought by the lover of her who was my model, and he wished to strip it of its divine character so as to be able to kiss it without impiety. But finally his conscience silenced his desire, and he was compelled to remove the picture from his house."

In a sentence, elsewhere, the artist gives a vivid impression of his high ideals as a student: "He is a poor disciple who would not surpass his master." Again: "The worst evil which can befall an artist is that his work should appear perfect in his own eyes."

Naturally an artist's views on art are more interesting even than his views on life, especially a great artist's. Leonardo da Vinci wrote essays establishing comparisons, not yet time-worn in his day, on the relative merits of such arts as poetry, music, painting, and sculpture. In them occur such happy epigrams as these: "Painting is mute poetry, and poetry is blind painting." "Poetry surpasses painting in the representation of feelings; and in the representation of actions painting excels poetry. Painting is to poetry as actions are to words."

Most interesting perhaps is Leonardo da Vinci's essay on the comparative merits of painting and sculpture, which begins in this wise: "I have myself practised the art of sculpture as well as that of painting, and I have practised both arts in the same degree. I think, therefore, that I can give an impartial opinion as to which of the two is the most difficult: the most perfect requires the greater talent, and is to be preferred, therefore. In the first place sculpture requires a certain light, that is to say, a light from above, while painting carries everywhere with it its light and shade. The sculptor is aided in this by the relief which is inherent in sculpture; the painter places his light and shade where nature would naturally produce it. . . . The perspective of the sculptor appears to be altogether untrue; that of the painter can give the idea of a distance of a hundred miles beyond the picture. . . . Sculpture lacks not only the beauty of colors, but also the perspective of colors."

The best of Leonardo da Vinci's thoughts on life were expressed in the form of terse proverbs. Thus: "He who thinks little, errs much." "Nothing is so hollow as empty fame." "To speak well of a bad man is as bad as speaking ill of a good man." Or again, "Not to punish evil is to authorize it."

Two of Leonardo da Vinci's proverbs, at least, survive to the present day. One is: "The pit will fall in upon him who digs it," which in a slightly modified form has been embodied in German and English proverb lore. The other has been paraphrased in American letters by Emerson: "He who is chained to a star does not change."

To the credit of the compilers, be it said, that this book is beautifully printed and flawlessly edited, as befits so rare a work. Published by the Merrymount Press, Boston; \$6.

Holy Land Letters.

"The Open Secret of Nazareth," by Bradley Gilman, is the result of a journey to the Holy Land. It is couched in the form of personal letters to a friend at home. The writer studies the manner of living and compares it with that of the time of Christ as shown in the Scriptures. The title page says of the book that it is ten years written by Bartimaeus, whose eyes were opened, to Thomas, a seeker after

truth. The dedication will attract attention. It reads: "To my classmate and friend, Theodore Roosevelt, who exemplifies to a remarkable degree in character and conduct the principles here set forth, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

A Prose Paean on Japan.

The latest English-written book out of Japan is Arthur M. Knapp's "Feudal and Modern Japan." Mr. Knapp has spent many years in Japan as the editor of the *Japan Advertiser* in Yokohama and incidentally connected with the American consulate in Yokohama. His book is almost as intensely pro-Japanese as the Japanese appreciations of the late Lafcadio Hearn. Mr. Knapp gives a few interesting chapters on such subjects as the Japanese people under Feudalism, their feudal commerce, the religion of Shinto, the difficulties of Japan's spoken and written language, and finally Japan's modern sphere of influence.

To those who are concerned in the present question of the segregation of Japanese pupils in the San Francisco schools, and who have noted the point raised by the Japanese that they are not Mongolians, it may be interesting that Mr. Knapp takes the same view. He cites Professor Petrie's dictum that Englishmen and Americans have more Mongolian strain in them than the Japanese. "The Japanese," he says, "are now practically an unmixed race, and perhaps the only civilized people who can lay claim to that distinction. They are the single example of a race practically free from admixture with foreign elements."

Mr. Knapp points out, as other observing historians have done before him, that the apparently miraculous conversion of Japan to modern civilization is not so strange once we realize that Japan was already in a high state of civilization. Some time before America was discovered Japan already had its banks, clearing-house, and our supposedly modern system of bank checks, drafts, letters of credit, and notes of hand. A thorough rural delivery postal system, also, was in vogue among the Japanese in the days when painted Indians still roamed the shores of New England and the Atlantic Coast.

The author lets himself be carried a trifle too far when he describes how utterly different and inverted from all western customs are the habits of the Japanese.

The topsy-turvydom of Japanese life as compared to ours has been expatiated upon *ad nauseam*. After all it is no more remarkable that people should write from right to left and upward than that they should write from left to right and downward as we do. The same applies to other apparent inversions in Japanese life. After all, the people living at the antipodes do not stand on their heads.

A very pretty chapter is the one on Shinto, the Japanese national religion, or rather the local pantheism and hero-worship of the Japanese. Mr. Knapp makes it quite plain that the Christian missionaries, in his opinion, have not the ghost of a chance of making any headway against the established pagan cults of Japan.

Most interesting, perhaps, are the author's observations on Japan's modern sphere of influence. In his own words: "She has become to all Asia what the Great Republic of the West is to the American continent. On every lip is the talk of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine. Westward the new Star of Empire is taking its way, and the new power in the East, the only real power there left, having saved itself from the doom of European aggression, is now being everywhere spoken of as the appointed means to preserve Asia for the Asiatic. However this may be, it is certain that the recent war will for Asia bring in its train a thousand results which will amaze the world. . . . Even in far-off India there are manifest signs that already Japan has put iron into the blood of the East." Yet the author, in another chapter, pokes fun at Emperor William's bogie of a "Yellow Peril."

Published by Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama; \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Boy Wanted," by Nixon Waterman, is a book of cheerful counsel for youthful readers. Forbes & Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

Edward Waterman Townsend (Ned Townsend of "Chimmie Fadden" fame), has written a history of the origin, birth and development of the Constitution of the

United States in a comprehensive volume entitled "Our Constitution." Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"Dramatic Opinions and Essays," by G. Bernard Shaw, is composed of selection from the dramatic criticisms of the witty Irish philistine. Brentano, New York; two volumes, \$2.50 net.

Rich in suggestive and inspiring thought is a volume of scholarly orations, "Addresses of John Hay." The Century Company, New York; \$2 net.

George Roe has rendered into English a new metrical version of the "Rubáiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Besides many notes and references, the book contains an original "Ode to Omar." McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Very clever in text and illustrations is "A Little Book of Bores," by Oliver Herford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1 net.

An amusing booklet is "A Century of Misquotations," by Mary B. Dimond. The collection is made up of misquotations formed by welding two selections into one. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"A Game of Love," by George Sylvester Viereck, is made up of five erotic and impressionistic plays. Brentano, New York.

"Borderland of Psychical Research," by James H. Hyslop, is intended for the layman who is interested in abnormal psychology. "The Historical Bases of Religions," by Hiram Chellish Brown is a study of primitive Babylonian and Jewish faiths. Herbert Turner & Co., Boston; \$1.50 each.

"My People of the Plains," by Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., tells of the author's experiences as a missionary bishop in Wyoming and Idaho. Harper & Brothers; \$1.75 net.

Those who keep pace with the latest card games will be interested in a "Skat Manual," by R. F. Foster. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

A volume containing the richest and ripest thought of an eminent critic, Frederick Harrison, is "Memories and Thoughts." It is a collection of essays on the notable persons he has known, and the great books he has studied. The Macmillan Company, New York; \$2 net.

The publishers of "A Short History of Modern English Literature," by Edmund Gosse, have brought out an enlarged "portrait edition" of the work. There are over seventy half-tones and photogravures in the volume. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York; \$2.50 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The London *Times* has just printed a newly discovered and hitherto unpublished poem by Charlotte Brontë. It is in twenty stanzas of four lines each, and is on the genius and death of Bewick, the celebrated engraver. It is probably one of the earliest effusions of the young writer and will not add to her fame.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of Paris, who died a short time ago, aged 57, took literature seriously. Writers who wrote merely to entertain, and catered to ephemeral feeling, he scorned. Like Tolstoi, he had to be satisfied as to the moral purpose of a book before he could be brought to praise it. He was a prolific but most conscientious writer, and a man of prodigious industry. Though twenty volumes of it had been published, his greatest work, the manual of French literary history, he left uncompleted.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the English novelist and newspaper writer, is probably the oldest woman in active journalistic work. Mrs. Hoey is still a busy writer for the press, and bears lightly the burden of her 76 years. Her first newspaper article was written more than half a century ago, in 1853. She was for seven years on the literary staff of the *Morning Post*, for more than double that period on the *Spectator*. When Edmund Yates founded the *World*, she was one of his most active helpers. She contributed largely to the first number, and her association with the paper has continued up to the present time. She also wrote in *Temple Bar*, and several serials from her pen were published in *All the Year Round*. She has been a regular contributor to American and Canadian journals.

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MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK'S ART.

Her Concert at the Greek Theatre.

Madame Schumann-Heink's engagement began inauspiciously with a railway wash-out, but on her first day-time appearance she came with gentle spring, a lovely *débutante* indeed, to bear her company. On that heavenly January day winter for the first time beat a retreat and left spring actually in possession, with skies as blue as a baby's eyes, and sunshine as golden as the locks of childhood.

The evergreens clustering alongside the path to the Greek Theatre were washed glossily clean by the recent outpouring of the elements, and the flowering shrubbery in the university grounds was putting forth a shy offering of delicate blossoms. Hundreds filed along the oak-shadowed paths; thousands ranged themselves in shirt-waisted ranks along the great gray tiers of the amphitheatre. All nature smiled, and the welcoming multitude smiled as broadly back again.

Joyous expectation was in the air. It was good, good,—to be alive. Oh, how easy it is to hope, how natural to be cheerful, how instructive to seek pleasure, how abnormal to despair. One of the curious, comforting features accompanying this social, material, physical, elemental, cataclysm through which we have passed is the reactionary and irresistible tendency of our battered if unbeaten community toward the normal; and the San Francisco temperament has as instinctive an impulse to seek pleasure as the infant has to turn its round eyes to the light.

Pleasant it is, after a season of storm and stress is past, to push aside the gray curtain of calamity, and look upon a spring landscape; simple, natural, and comforting to see a gathering of thousands in their holiday garments meet in a common interest of pleasure, forgetting of another time when the earth, the good, old, sustaining, familiar earth went back on us and chaos was come again. Thus, thousands were assembled to join in the welcome that awaited the singer when she stepped down the approach on the immense stone stage of the Greek Theatre and extended her arms in a hearty gesture of reciprocal greeting.

As usual, she captured her audience at the start. Madame Schumann-Heink is one who, in temperamental accord with the once-familiar admonition of the Delsartians, carries her heart to the world. Intensely dramatic though she is on the operatic stage, when one hears her in concert she seems born for the concert stage. She radiates simplicity, warmth of heart, love of her kind. It is plain that she delights in giving pleasure, but her delight is not born of vanity. It springs from a mingling of the artist's joy in expression, of bringing forth the rich fruits of her art, and in the lavishness of a nature that is spontaneously generous. In this she resembles Galski, both of these warm-hearted women differing in this respect from the calmer, more conventional Americans and English, and from the volatile Italians.

Monday afternoon's programme was particularly well selected. It comprised a limited number of masterpieces, and was devoid of the dribble of mere prettiness with which the programmes of the song recitals of famous singers are so often expanded.

For my part I always prefer to hear genius interpret the works of genius in preference to listening to those brought forth by mere talent, no matter how sweet or familiar the lay. Even the young music rhapsodist who wrote "Charles Auchester" was capable of being wearied by an exhibition of mere virtuosity, when the genius of Mendelssohn had left its echoes in the air.

The opening number on the programme, the overture of "The Flying Dutchman," could not but be enjoyed, on such a day, and by an assembly in such a mood, in spite of obvious faults in the execution. The number, in its entirety, accorded with the general character of the rest of the music, its pure white notes of spiritual redemption winding like a silver rill among the sinister harmonies which picture to the ear a soul's damnation. There was something of a preponderance of devotional music in Madame Schumann-Heink's selections, and nobly and gloriously were they sung. Never did the singer seem so truly great, as when, devoid of all theatrical costume or background, with no spectacle and no drama to enchain the imagination or add glamor to her presence, she sent her great, smooth organ notes rolling out in a mighty volume that blended like a union

of art and nature with the leafy anthem from the trees encircling the loftier tiers of the amphitheatre.

The opening number, the cantabile from Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," is an aria which breathes the very spirit of impassioned love. It was impossible to believe, while listening to the rich flood of melody, full of the restless yearning of a loving woman who longs passionately for reassurance, that the colder soprano voice could be capable of surcharging with such intoxication of passion its crystal notes. No need for the lights and the bedazzlement of the drama to assist the fancy. The good, hearty, lovable artist facing us, in the abandon of her art, utterly extinguished her own personality. We no longer saw her face with its odd mixture of plainness and comeliness, her particularly ugly gown, or the magnificent ermine stole which hung from her broad German shoulders. She had sent us back to the twilight of Biblical fable, and we heard a woman voicing to her lover's ear the completeness of her surrender to the intoxication of a love that demanded all. No subsequent number on that day's programme struck so thrilling a vibration from the chords of response. The singer gave us Adriano's aria from "Rienzi," Wagner's sole opera of which the music is built on Italian conventions. She gave it with the imposing effect which we counted on in advance. The recitative and arioso from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Schubert's "Die Allmacht," were two contributions which, to many, afforded the intense pleasure of a musical exaltation founded on the purer emotions.

These two inspiring numbers were sung as we have never heard them sung before, and, most probably, shall never hear them sung again. To any student of vocal music it is a liberal education to have the opportunity of observing the color, the range, and the wonderful variety of expression, of which the great contralto's voice is capable.

In "The Erl King," for instance, given as an encore, in response to a final prolonged salvo of applause and farewell from the audience, it was a miracle both of voice and execution to accomplish the variation in tone from that of the terror-haunted child to the rich, protective tenderness of the father's voice. Yet, although it was not the finest composition on the programme, the high-water mark was reached in the love song of Dalila. The note of earthly tenderness is the most highly developed in the voices of female operatic singers, and those of contraltos are peculiarly fitted to convey this most human of sentiments.

A very beautiful number, the "Dream Pantomime," from Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," was given by the orchestra. This fairly exquisite fantasy reminded us anew of one of our earthquake losses. We were to have had our first hearing of Humperdinck's child-opera that had already ravished the ears of Europe, when the opera season, along with a thousand other precious possessions, went out with earthquake and fire.

But music had come again to ease our wounds and heal our scars. In some way the place, the glorious day, the stately Grecian lines of the vast stage, the mighty organ voice of the singer, the character of the music, the silent multitude filling the encircling tiers, the rustling of the trees in the light breeze, the blue sky over-arching all, made the occasion seem to partake somewhat of the nature of a reverent ceremonial. The place was a temple, and music was a healing presence that came to praise and bless. And on that day Schumann-Heink was its high priestess, the exorcising angel who was able to "Roll the stone from the grave away" of our bruised and buried hopes.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Francesco Gileas's opera, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," was presented in New Orleans by the San Carlos opera company for the first time in America. The cast included Mme. Monti-Baldini as the Princess de Bouillon, Miss Targuini as Adrienne, Mr. Constantine as the Count Sassona, Mr. Seguroli as the Prince de Bouillon, and Mr. Fornari as Michonet. The opera follows the play closely and, according to the New Orleans reviewers, has many fine passages and much beautiful orchestration.

Dorothy Russell, daughter of Lillian, has again got on the stage. She has a part in "The Mimic and the Maid," which recently had its opening in New York. The piece is a musical comedy by Allen Lowe and A. Baldwin Sloane.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Strollers" at the American Theatre.

With the opening of a new, bright, and cosy theatre by a company including many members of the old Tivoli Opera House company, it was to be expected that the audience would appear much like one of former days at that playhouse, and the expectation was realized. One could easily believe that nothing had interrupted the regular course of comic opera events, for there were habitués of the old Tivoli in every row. The company on the stage, now known as the San Francisco Opera Company, was no less familiar. "The Strollers," a musical comedy adapted from the German, was the production selected for the opening, and in its tuneful lyrics and rollicking humor Teddy Webb, Aida Hemmi, Aimee Leicester, Frieda Wisher, George Kunkel, Joseph W. Smith, and other favorites, with an attractive and vocally acceptable chorus, were at their best. The theatre and the company make a strong bid for popular favor, and the attendance and applause on the first night indicate that it will win.

The Orpheum.

On Monday evening the new Orpheum Theatre, on Ellis Street, just west of Fillmore, was opened in the presence of such an audience as this favorite vaudeville house has known frequently under its present management at the old O'Farrell Street theatre and at the Chutes. Seats were at a premium early, and only standing room could be secured by those who waited till the opening of the doors. It is a handsome auditorium, decorated with taste and fitted comfortably if not luxuriously. The seating capacity is about 2000. The bill selected for the opening was all that the eloquent press agent had foretold, and it will continue to please as many as can find places in the theatre. It is safe to predict that no playhouse in the city will offer a greater feast of continual amusement than the Orpheum, and its never-waning popularity has been won by efforts to that end which have never failed.

Isabel Irving at the Novelty Theatre.

Isabel Irving and her splendid company have achieved one of the most emphatic hits of many seasons past, in the production of "Susan in Search of a Husband," at the Novelty Theatre. Theatre-goers are crowding the playhouse at every performance of the piece, showing the usual San Francisco appreciation for a clever comedy, brilliantly acted, and effectively staged.

"Susan in Search of a Husband" is in three acts and there is not one moment of uninteresting dialogue throughout the piece. The Jerome K. Jerome comedy has been ably adapted for the American stage by Eugene W. Presbrey, who is best remembered for his staging of "Raffles." Miss Irving appears to every possible advantage as Susan Gambett, the "single, married woman." Her supporting company could not be improved upon in any instance. The play runs all next week.

Gordon Craig, a son of Ellen Terry, has been engaged to produce all of Eleanor Duse's plays in the future. Mr. Craig's name will appear in conjunction with Mme. Duse's on billboards and programmes, and he will figure in quite as big a rôle as will the great actress herself. His ideas of stage lighting are extraordinary and include the abolishment of footlights and other innovations quite as novel.

Lena Ashwell goes direct from Chicago to Louisville, Ky., after her engagement in the Studebaker Theatre, to open the new Mary Anderson Theatre in that city. Colonel Henry Watterson, the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, will deliver an opening address from the stage of the new house before the curtain is raised.

The idea of a memorial to Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, "the most saintly old lady of the modern stage," was suggested at the time of her funeral, two years ago. Clergymen, capitalists, philanthropists and actors contributed to the memorial window just unveiled in upper New York.

"The Man from Now," in which Harry Bulger has been starring and which has drawn well in Eastern cities, is about to close its season and Comedian Bulger and Miss Arnold, of the company, will offer a musical sketch on the vaudeville circuit.

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VANITY FAIR.

Election to the exclusive clubs in Paris is a very serious business. The proposer and seconder must not only know all about their candidates, but be able to bear witness to their antecedents, and even to their forefathers. They must write to all their friends and ask them to support their candidates. When the election takes place they must not only be in the room, but approach each member individually as he comes up to the ballot-box and ask him for his support.

When the member has been elected he arrives the first day as a kind of stranger, and with his hat in hand. He is then formally introduced by one of his proposers to each member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still expected to go round the room with one of his proposers and be formally introduced. This lasts for a week, by which time he is assumed to know all his colleagues, though a foreigner who is extraneous and insists on being introduced to every member of the club gains considerably in popularity.

King Edward when among personal friends greatly dislikes being treated with unnecessary formality, though no royal ruler more carefully maintain at all times his position as monarch. An American who enjoys his majesty's friendship declares him to be "a delightful and amusing companion who is always a king." At the Marlborough Club in London, the most exclusive institution of its kind on earth, King Edward makes it a rule that he shall be treated exactly as an ordinary member. For example, it is not customary in the Marlborough for other members to rise to their feet when the king enters the rooms.

Americans have long enjoyed in England a reputation for being "kickers"; now they are accused of meanness and extreme frugality by the London papers.

The manager of one of the West End hotels complains that his American guests use his hostelry only for sleeping purposes and take their meals, even to their breakfasts, in the small tea shops and cheap restaurants. Hence the accusation of meanness.

The manager, explaining this frugality, said: "Some were compelled by lack of means to tour cheaply, while others did so to prove their shrewdness. They liked to see how cheaply they could do the tour in order to go home and boast of it as an achievement against the English. They were not naturally mean, but were carried away by their instinct of commercial cunning."

The paper-hanger was not so much of a necessity in the old days as now, writes Miss Kate Sanborn, in her new book, "Old-Time Wall-Papers." The family often joined in the task of making the paste, cutting the paper and placing it on the walls. This was not beneath the dignity of George Washington, who, with the assistance of Lafayette, hung on the walls at Mount Vernon paper which he had purchased abroad.

The story goes that the good Martha lamented in the presence of Lafayette that she would be unable to get the new paper hung in the banquet room in time for the morrow's ball in honor of the young marquis; there were no men to be found for such work. Lafayette at once pointed out to Mistress Washington that she had three able-bodied men at her service, General Washington, Lafayette himself, and his aide-de-camp. Whereupon the company fell immediately to work and the paper was hung in time for the ball.

Elisha Dyer, Jr., Harry Lehr, Worthington Whitehouse and the other renowned cotillion leaders of America didn't think of it. Artemas Holmes did.

He is the youngest son of Mrs. Artemas Holmes, of No. 453 Madison avenue, New York, who gave a domino dance and cotillion for her daughter. Young Holmes led the cotillion. At a given signal, and under the leadership of Mr. Holmes, the young girls sallied forth with baskets of fruit. The baskets contained both lemons and peaches. To the men whom they fancied they distributed peaches. To the men who was believed would appreciate a joke,

lemons were handed. The 150 guests roared with mirth over Mr. Holmes's adaptation of the popular slang.

It was a pretty sight when the young girls, in fancy dress, sallied forth with their rustic baskets bulging with hot-house peaches and plain "three-for-five" Messina lemons. The guests went away all guarding the secret of who received the lemons.

Dr. Georg Brandès, the distinguished Danish littérateur, in a volume of essays just published, gives some interesting impressions of St. Germain, in which he says: "How well-behaved are all people here. No one speaks loud or noisily in public. Everywhere the stranger meets with the utmost politeness. It does one good to dwell in a country to which elegance is native. Culture among the people is higher here even if the way to nature is farther off. The French woman dresses herself with more art and more taste than any other woman."

Mr. Whiting's telephone got out of order. Sometimes it would work, and sometimes it wouldn't. It needed attention, and Whiting said so repeatedly, but the company wouldn't do anything for him but send him a bill promptly at the month's end, and the telephone remained in a very unsatisfactory state.

Finally Whiting put his brain to work on the problem of getting his telephone repaired, and the next time he was called up, taking down the receiver, he said, mildly:

"Hello."

"Hello," was the reply. "Is this Whiting?"

"No," said he.

"Isn't this No. 713-A?"

"No, indeed. It is No. 872-B—Mrs. Cora Thompson."

"Oh, excuse me."

Whiting smiled and returned to his work. A minute or two passed, and he was called up by a feminine voice—the proud, haughty voice of the young lady at the exchange.

"No. 713-A, isn't it?" she said.

"No, no," said Whiting.

"Isn't this Mr. Whiting?"

"No. It is Harry Smithers."

"What is your number?"

"Why, 1192, of course."

"Oh."

Silence. Then, a minute later, the telephone girl rang again.

"Hello. No. 713-A? Mr. Whiting?" she said.

"No," Whiting answered in a surprised tone. "This is No. 413-A."

"Oh."

Five minutes' pause. Then:

"Hello. No. 713-A?"

It was a man's voice, the manager's. Whiting, smiling grimly, answered it.

"No. This is the Globe Theatre."

There was an angry mutter over the wire, and half an hour later a foreman and six assistants, armed with all kinds of batteries and tools, invaded Whiting's office. When they left, the telephone's defect had been repaired, and it was, for the first time in six months, in perfect condition.

"There are first and second class street cars," writes a tourist, describing his South American travels, "and I, with a package in my arms, had taken a first-class bond, as a street car is called in Rio Janeiro. Scarcely had I done so when the conductor requested me to transfer to a second-class car whenever it might come along, because no one is allowed to carry anything greater than a lap satchel first-class. So I humbly descended and had either to mix with market women and sweaty laborers or to take a tilbury."

"A tilbury, named after the English maker who years ago introduced it, is a curious two-wheel, light-spring cab, like an old-fashioned gig, and resembles a hansom without the attachment for the driver; he sits inside the tilbury."

"A person without a necktie is no more allowed first-class on the street cars than was I with my parcel. They are decidedly particular in Brazil and inherit many fastidious ways from the time of the Empire, when dress and manners were the mark separating the aristocracy from the working classes."

"Modern methods in travel have lessened distances materially," said a man who has visited places of interest in both hemispheres, according to the New York Sun, "but I never realized how the world is

growing smaller as I did a few evenings ago. A man who is midway in the 30's was at a table of a dozen. He has already seen more than all the men together who were in the assembly. He drew a package of letters from a pocket and shuffled them hurriedly as he smoked and chatted.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed, "here's a letter of introduction to the king of Siam that I forgot to use. I was in a devil of a hurry, though, when I was in Bangkok. This letter was given to me through a friend who has quite a pull in England. Sounds big, eh? Well, fellows, you don't know how these things are done now unless you go from pillar to post as I have been doing for eleven years. If you know the ropes you can get a letter to any potentate in Europe."

"You can get in on the ground floor of any palace and get right up against the throne. I have smoked cigarettes with Peter of Serbia. I have never been to Constantinople, but I have a friend in this country who is only a bit of common clay as compared with the uneasy heads on the other side who had a brief fifteen minutes with Abdul. It took him about eighteen months to land the wily sultan, but he made it."

"Just then somebody ordered up another quart. 'Count me out,' said the man who had failed to hand the Siam ruler his letter. 'I haven't the time. I have just fifteen minutes to make the train that will land me in Montreal. There I will have about ten minutes to make the Canadian Pacific, which will start me direct for Vancouver. I've got to be at that point promptly on a certain day to catch my steamer for Hongkong. So long, fellows, I'm off. See you later, I hope.'

"There wasn't time for a handshake. Although he went out in a hurry, as it

would seem in telling about it, he really walked away as deliberately as if he were going to wait for a street car."

To restore the army canteen is the object of a movement which has been started in Washington by a number of women who are associated as auxiliaries with army veteran associations. They have organized a society known as the Army Canteen Club, and have taken steps to form similar clubs throughout the States. Army canteen clubs are said to have been established in Chicago, Cincinnati, and in several places in New York State. It is the belief of the members of the local club that the restoration of the army canteen will be in the interest of genuine practical temperance and against what they designate as "the mistaken theory of temperance." They have quoted from the unanimous endorsement of the American Medical Society of the movement for the restoration of the canteen to the military posts and soldiers' homes.

The Goncourt prize for the best work of fiction, produced in the year 1906 by young French authors, was awarded to Jean and Jérôme Tharaud, the authors of "Ding-ley, l'illustre écrivain." In the hero of the book many persons recognize Rudyard Kipling.

Ellen Terry has arrived in New York and her American season begins Monday night at the Empire Theatre, in that city, in George Bernard Shaw's satirical play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

An Austrian engineer named Pola has invented an apparatus which by means of sudden suction and pressure dispels the fog in front of ships.

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STORYETTES.

In London a lady said one day to Whistler: "Do you think, Mr. Whistler, that genius is hereditary?" "I can't tell you, madam," Whistler replied. "Heaven has granted me no offspring."

The poet, John G. Saxe, and Oliver Wendell Holmes were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked: "I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling: "it is only strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

Chancellor James R. Day was once advising a young undergraduate of Syracuse University to cultivate tact. "But, alas," he said, "I fear that advice on such a subject must always be wasted. On tact the last word was spoken by Barbey D'Aureville when he said: 'If tact could be bought, only those already possessed of it would want to buy it.'"

An old colored woman was seriously injured in a railway accident. One and all her friends urged the necessity of suing the wealthy railroad corporation for damages. "I clar' to gracious," she scornfully replied to their advice, "eff dis ole nigga ain't done git more'n nuff o' damages! What I'se wantin' now and what I'se done gwine to sue dat company foh is repairs."

At the University of Wisconsin, a pupil undergoing an examination in English, had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods. His effort resulted as follows: "I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"

There was a man who dined regularly at a certain restaurant. He paid so much per week. One night at dinner he called the waiter over and said, frowning: "Your portions are very small again this evening. As an old customer I generally have two pieces of beef, but tonight you have only brought me one." "By gum, sir, you're right," exclaimed the waiter. "The cook must have forgot to cut it in two."

"Such an amendment," said a Senator from one of the northern counties during debate, "would destroy the bill's meaning, even as the meaning of the epitaph on old John Skinn's tombstone was destroyed. An amendment was tacked to John Skinn's epitaph. It consisted of one word, the word 'friends.' It was put on in the dead of night. The epitaph, previous to the amendment, read: 'He did his best.'"

Plainness of speech is never to be despised in connection with work of reclamation. "Did you struggle against the consequences of temptation?" inquired a prison visitor. "Yes'm," replied the object of her compassion. "Ah, if you had fought just a little harder you wouldn't be here today." "I done th' best I could ma'am," said the prisoner, modestly; "it took six policemen to get me to the station."

It is alleged that an English gentleman once told of a great joke he played on a friend. He was coming along the street with some companions and he discovered his friend's house on fire, with his friend in the third story window shouting for help. "Jump!" he cried. "Jump! We'll 'old a blanket for you." "What was the joke?" the hearer asked. "Why," the Englishman replied, "we 'ad no blanket at all."

In a recent number of a German magazine a writer offers a variant of the tale lately published in a book of children's true sayings, which relates how two small girls tried to sit on one stool, and one of them remarked: "If one of us was to get off this stool, there would be more room for me." The Teutonic version tells how a German sat by the bedside of his dying wife and murmured piously: "If it pleases the good God to take one of us, I shall go to Berlin."

Little Bartholomew's mother overheard him swearing like a mule-driver. He displayed a fluency that overwhelmed her.

She took him to task, explaining the wickedness of profanity as well as its vulgarity. She asked him where he had learned all those dreadful words. Bartholomew announced that Cavert, one of his playmates, had taught him. Cavert's mother was straightway informed and Cavert was brought to book. He vigorously denied having instructed Bartholomew, and neither threats nor tears could make him confess. At last he burst out: "I didn't tell Bartholomew any cuss words. Why should I know how to cuss any better than he does? Hasn't his father got an automobile, too?"

A worthy old farmer in Dumfriesshire was the guest of a fine lady in that country. When the afternoon tea was served, the hostess observed that her guest's was gone before she had poured the others. Again and again the old fellow passed his cup to the head of the table. At the ninth cup the lady, becoming uneasy as to the supply on hand, ventured to ask: "How many cups of tea do you take, John?" "How many do ye gie?" asked John, warily.

A certain mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband, and one day, when she again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the door-step. "I suppose George has left you," she sniffed. "Yes"—sob. "Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly. "Yes"—sob. "Who is it?" she demanded. "You"—sob. "Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I am sure I never gave him any encouragement."

California Charlie was one of a trio engaged as human atmosphere in a recent melodrama in a New York theatre. Acting ability was not regarded in his case as a drawback, but long hair and an aversion to greasers were the prime essentials. At the opening performance Charlie did nobly, excepting for a wild desire to shoot holes into the piano player. He went on strike later in the week, when informed by the manager that he would be required to take part in the street parade. "Nothing doing," growled Charlie. "I'm either an actor or a cowboy, but I'm damned if I'm an Elks' convention."

The quickest action ever noted by a Cincinnati newspaper writer was illustrated when he reported a murder case in which one of the witnesses was a negro porter in the hotel that was the scene of the killing. The negro was asked how many shots he heard. "Two shots, suh," he replied. "How far apart were they?" "Bout like disaway," explained the negro, clapping his hands twice, with an interval of about a second between. "Where were you when the first shot was fired?" "Shining a gemman's shoes in duh basement of duh hotel." "Where were you when the second shot was fired?" "Ah was a-passin' duh Big Fo' depot."

The late Sheriff Dunn of Tammany Hall, New York, was a wit, but many of his sayings did not get into print. Several years ago Lord Clonnel brought to the United States a string of racers and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave him a dinner at Delmonico's. Dunn was one of the guests and near the windup was called upon to speak. "Lord! Lord!" Dunn piously ejaculated as he got on his feet, "but this is a great country! I was a poor Irish lad and my mother, God bless her, hardly had the pennies to bring me over, and here I am sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonnel. Why, my friends, when I was a Tipperary lad I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him wid a shotgun." Dunn could get no further. The whole party, Lord Clonnel included, fell out of their chairs from laughter.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Ave. and Polk St.—For the half year ending Dec. 15th, a dividend has been declared at the rate of FOUR per cent. (4%) per annum on Savings Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, Dec. 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from Dec. 15, 1906. Interest paid from the day that all deposits are made.
Also, Two per cent (2%) per annum paid on Commercial Deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.
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F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohland, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and A. Goodfellow.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane Wilshire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire, to Mr. John Hart Polhemus. Their wedding will be an event of the early summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Sinclair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sinclair, of Mendocino County, to Mr. Bruce Cornwall. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Shepard, sister of Mr. Morgan Shepard, to Mr. Francis Benedict Cleland, of New York. Their wedding will take place on February 24 at the home of Miss Shepard's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Theodore Bentley, of Englewood, New Jersey.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the late Mr. John Stewart, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Captain Leonard D. Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A. The wedding will take place February 9 in Council Bluffs.

Invitations have been received for the wedding of Miss Georgie Carina Swarth, daughter of Mrs. Carina Swarth, of Pasadena, to Mr. Clark Runyon Stanford, Saturday, February 2.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Isaacs, the daughter of Mrs. E. Hall, to Mr. Carl Schilling took place on Tuesday evening last at the First Unitarian Church. The ceremony was performed at 8:30 o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt.

Miss Helen Gray was the maid of honor and Miss Else Schilling, the sister of the groom, was the bridesmaid. Mr. Rudolph Schilling, the groom's brother, was the best man, and the ushers were: Dr. Percy Gaskill, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, Mr. James Lavenson, and Mr. Benjamin Gillett. There was a small reception afterwards at the home of the bride, on Spruce Street. Mr. Schilling and his bride have gone on a wedding journey to the West Indies and will be absent until about the end of March.

It is announced that the next dance of the Gaiety Club will take place on Thursday, February 7, and Miss Helene Irwin will be the hostess.

Captain Henry B. Clark, U. S. A., Captain Louis Brechemin, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Clarence Curigan, U. S. A., have sent out invitations for a dance on Wednesday evening, February 6, at Fort Baker.

Mrs. J. Le Roy Nickel will be the hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday next.

The luncheon at which Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was to have entertained on Tuesday last, in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson, was postponed on account of illness in Mrs. Mendell's family.

Mrs. William Kohl was the hostess at a ball on Friday night of last week at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Lydia Hopkins. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Hopkins, Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury, Mrs. C. Fred Kohl, and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins. About three hundred guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, they and their guests going afterwards to the Kohl ball. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Ivers, Mrs. Winslow, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Mountford Wilson, and Colonel Winn, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at dinner on Wednesday of last week. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Alice Hager, Lieutenant-Commander N. A. McCully, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander Halstead, U. S. N., and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover entertained at a dinner recently at their home in Washington, D. C., in honor of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Root. The other guests were: The Secretary of War and Mrs. Taft, Senator and Mrs. Lodge, Senator and Mrs. Hale, the Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot, Mrs. W. S. Cowles, Mrs. Hobart, Justice Moody, and Captain Sargent.

Dr. and Mrs. James Ward Keeney entertained at dinner in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson and her fiancé, Mr. George Cadwiler, on Friday evening of last week. The guests were: Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Linda Cadwiler, Miss Mary Keeney, Mr. Gerald Whithorne, Mr. Orville Pratt, Mr. Edward Greenway, and Mr. Percy King. Mrs. Edward Barron entertained at a

luncheon on Thursday of last week, at the Palace Hotel, in honor of Miss Lydia Hopkins. The guests were: Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Mary Langhorne, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Frances Coon, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Mary Keeney, and Miss Constance de Young.

Miss Helen Thomas was the hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara. Assisting in receiving were: Miss Mary Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Helen Walcott-Thomas, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Maude Payne, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Ruth Casey, and Miss Emily Marvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark entertained at a dinner before the Kohl ball on Friday evening of last week, their guests being: Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore was the hostess at a tea in Santa Barbara last week, in honor of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, of this city. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. Benjamin Bakewell, Mrs. Hazard, Mrs. Durrant, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Stella McCalla, and Miss Ella Chamberlain.

The Gaiety Club dance took place on Wednesday evening of last week, Miss Emily Wilson and Miss Gertrude Josselyn being the hostesses of the occasion. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett. The members of the club are: Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Gertrude Ballard, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Jeannette von Schroeder, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman (the president), Miss Mary Langhorne (the secretary), Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Lou Foster, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Abby Parrott, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Sara Cunningham, Miss Marie Christine de Guigne, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Edith Berry, Miss Frances Howard, and Miss Amie Brewer.

Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon of last week at which there were eight tables of players.

Mrs. George Shreve gave a luncheon at The Severn last week, entertaining Mrs. Alfred Bouvier, Mrs. Welch, and Mrs. Randall Hunt.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, of San Mateo, spent several days this week in the city.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mrs. George Lent left recently for a brief Eastern trip.

Mr. and Bourke Cockran (formerly Miss Anne Ide), who are abroad on their wedding journey, are traveling in Spain.

Mrs. Pelham Ames is expected to arrive today (Saturday) from Baltimore, where she has spent the past four months as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Wood.

Mrs. Louise Barroilhet, Miss Emily Bowie and Miss Helen Bowie have gone abroad for a year's travel.

Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Ethel Cooper have returned from a brief visit to Del Monte. They expect to leave in February for Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman have returned from a stay at Monterey.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Marguerite Barron have returned to their country place, near Mayfield, after a sojourn of a week's duration in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chapin, of Sacramento, the latter of whom was formerly Miss Helene Wilson, of Seattle, who are abroad on their wedding journey, will spend some time visiting Mrs. Chapin's uncle, the United States Minister to Belgium.

Miss Ethel Beaver, who left recently for the East, will go first to Philadelphia, where she will be the guest of Mrs. William Mintzer.

Archdeacon Parker, of Sacramento, is spending a week in the city.

Mrs. John Taylor (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness) has been the guest of Mrs. Latham McMullin in San Rafael.

Mr. Truxtun Beale came up from his Tejon rancho last week for a brief stay.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond arrived from the Philippines on the last transport and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, at their home on California street.

Mrs. Horatio Lawrance (formerly Miss Elizabeth Cole) is expected to arrive from the Philippines in May, to visit her mother,

Mrs. Edward Pleasants Cole.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin will leave for a six months' trip abroad on February 2.

Miss Deane and Miss Marie Rose Deane, who have been living in Berkeley since the fire, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Porter, of New York, are at Del Monte.

Christian F. Gordon, of London, and Robert Williams, of Valdivia, Chile, are at Del Monte.

Miss Virginia Gibbs and Miss Elsie Johnson will leave shortly for a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Livingston have taken apartments at the Hotel El Drisco.

Mr. John Hubert Mee has gone East for a six weeks' trip.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Dixon left the city last week for Los Angeles and will spend some time in Southern California.

The Rev. David Montgomery Crabtree and Mrs. Crabtree, who left in the early winter for New York, have recently gone to Washington, D. C., where Mr. Crabtree is called as curate of one of the large churches.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. George P. Baxter, of Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. S. Eiseaman, Charles R. Tatum, Mrs. S. C. Tatum, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Conway, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard N. Slade, of Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Casey, of Boston; Mrs. Clay E. Jordan, Miss A. E. Jordan, and A. J. Jordan, of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kennicott, and Mrs. E. A. Cole, of Denver.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn have been in Santa Barbara for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Poor, of Washington, D. C., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Maus, wife of Colonel Maus, the commanding officer at the Monterey presidio. Mr. Poor is a son of Admiral Poor, U. S. N.

In completing its office building on the block bounded by Fourth and Madison Avenues, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, New York City, the Metropolitan Life Insurance company will erect a forty-eight-story tower on the site of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's old church, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, which will be the tallest structure of its kind in the world. The cost of the improvement is estimated at \$2,000,000. At the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third stories, which are to be 334 feet above the sidewalk, will be one of the great clocks of the world. The dial on each front will be twenty-five feet in diameter. The hands will be twelve feet long. The height of the figures will be four feet. It is believed that it will be visible for miles. Six express elevators will be installed in the tower, four of which will terminate at the fortieth story, and the other two at the forty-second story. No woodwork will be used in the construction and finish of the tower, unless it be protected with a metal cladding.

Word has reached Cornell University that Dr. Jerome Barker Lanfield, a graduate of the college, is about to marry in Russia the Princess Liba Lofarin, of the family of the reigning house of Russia. Dr. Lanfield is filling the chair of history at the University of California. He is in nowise dependent upon his salary, as he is independently wealthy, says the Baltimore Sun. It is necessary that the czar shall approve of the marriage of a Romanoff, and Dr. Lanfield writes to a cousin in this country that he is confident he will win the czar's approval. Dr. Lanfield was graduated from the Cornell College of Arts and Sciences with the degree of bachelor of arts in 1894 and immediately went abroad to continue a study of Russian history. While in St. Petersburg he met the princess, then a slip of a girl.

Henry E. Highton, prominent as a lawyer throughout California, died a few days ago in Honolulu, after a long illness and following an operation. In the height of his professional career in San Francisco there were few cases of note with which he was not connected. He first came into wide prominence as the defender of I. S. Kallach, though before that celebrated case he was largely identified with water litigation. A few years ago Mr. Highton went to Honolulu, where he engaged in the practice of his profession, meeting with fair success. Although he often received large fees for his services, he left but little. He was born in Liverpool, July 31, 1836, and came to California in 1849.

The Japanese government has purchased from the German Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco for \$60,000 the Progress building in Honolulu. The building will be used as a consulate.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time and have their glasses re-adjusted.

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argoey and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Ont West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A., retired, who was until his recent retirement in command of the Department of Visayas, Philippine Islands, is to arrive here about February 15 from Manila, on the transport *Thomas*, now en route to this port.

General Winfield Scott Edgerly, U. S. A., sailed from Manila on the transport *Thomas*, on January 15, for San Francisco.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has returned to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, after a visit to his parents at Iola, Kansas.

Colonel Edward S. Godfrey, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to be brigadier-general, vice Bell, to be major-general.

Colonel E. H. Crowder, U. S. A., is at the head of the Cuban Department of State and Justice, and has recently been appointed president of a commission for the codifying of Cuban laws. His station is Havana.

Colonel Joseph B. Girard, Medical Department, U. S. A., who arrived recently from Manila and is awaiting orders here, is a patient at the Army General Hospital.

Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Hull, U. S. A., who was stationed here as Judge Advocate several years ago, and has just been relieved from duty as Judge Advocate of the Philippines Division, will arrive here next month on the transport *Thomas*, from Manila. Colonel Hull has been ordered to duty in the Department of the Lakes, and will proceed to Chicago to take station. It is probable that he will be succeeded as Judge Advocate of the Philippines Division by Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., at present stationed in this department.

Major Robert S. Woodson, Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, the order to take effect in time to enable him to take the transport sailing from this port on February 5 for the Philippines, and on his arrival in Manila will report to the commanding general of the Philippines Division for assignment to duty.

Captain J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., and is ordered to the Asiatic station, sailing from Seattle, Wash., on February 17.

Commander Rogers H. Galt, U. S. N., is promoted to be a captain from December 11, 1906, vice Captain Draber, U. S. N., retired.

Captain Charles T. Boyd, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Leonard D. Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take effect about February 5, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., who has been a patient at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for two months, has recovered, and will leave shortly to join his regiment in the Philippines.

Captain James F. Hall, U. S. A., has returned to his post at Fort Flagler, after a fortnight's stay at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Clarence S. Kempff, U. S. N., is detached from the *Raleigh* and ordered home.

Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered to proceed without delay to the Presidio of San Francisco, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty with Troop I, Fourteenth Cavalry.

Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been granted two months' leave of absence, which began on January 20, and at the expiration of that time it is probable that his resignation from the service will be accepted.

Ensign A. S. Kibbee, U. S. N., is detached from duty in the Bureau of Steam Engineering, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and ordered to the *Independence*, Mare Island.

Paymaster James Swan Beacher, U. S. N., has relieved Paymaster F. K. Perkins on the *Pensacola*, Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Frank H. Stibbens, of California, is appointed to be an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy from January 4, to fill a vacancy.

In the United States there were more suicides than homicides in 1906—10,125 to 9350. Lynchings claimed 69 deaths, automobile accidents killed 209 outright, while 483 persons met death by falling buildings. More hunters were killed by their friends shooting at them by mistake than met their death at the hands of Judge Lynch.

Suspicion of Memoirs.

Sir Walter Raleigh declared that truth in history was an elusive quality, and from Josephus to John Fiske historians and biographers have been ridiculed and refuted. In a recent letter to the *New York Evening Post*, that erratic yet ever entertaining English critic, Andrew Lang, adds a chapter to the great volume of general disbelief. He says:

People who have time know the "memoirs" of Gen. Marbot. It may depress them to find that Dr. Rose, that great master of Napoleonic learning, while he admires the general as much as all good and wise people do, does not think his "Memoirs" more valuable, historically, than any other memoirs. All memoirs known to me are subject to grave suspicion as sources for the historian. The more you examine them in the light of original contemporary documents, the less you see reason to believe them. I used to believe in Gen. Marbot, and even in his famous fighting mare, Lise, and I would not discredit him on the evidence of a Napoleonic bulletin, or the report of a Napoleonic commission of inquiry. *L'un vaut bien l'autre*. Some skeptics have even denied that the general's "memoirs" are genuine, that he wrote them himself. Dr. Rose does not go so far as that; and, if any other mortal than the general wrote his delightful book, that mortal signed himself Alexandre Dumas. Pray observe that the general did suffer all the glorious wounds which he claims; he was even hit by an arrow; the official records exist. On the whole I believe that he believed what he said, and what more can one ask of a writer of memoirs?

It is asserted that the Duke of Wellington, in his old age, used to aver that he rode from Waterloo and visited Blücher on the eve of the great battle in which that splendid soldier played so honest and noble a part. If the duke said it, the duke believed it, but the thing did not "go through the empty formula of occurring." It was a mistake of memory; we all make mistakes, and Marbot may occasionally have erred. But he meant well, and one can forgive him a few, or even many inaccuracies, because he confessed that he could never understand any published account of any battle in which he had taken part.

In ancient days Walter Wellman, even then a hunter after the North Pole, was one of the most assiduous of the players that assembled every night in the poker room of the New York Press Club. Mr. Wellman was ever a cautious player, and it was the irritated and annoyed Colonel Sterrett who spread continuously the rumor that Mr. Wellman was a man who could be easily induced to quit the game when his stack of chips had grown to respectable proportions. It was while Mr. Wellman was preparing for one of his annual dashes for the pole that he met Colonel Sterrett and insisted on telling at great length of the preparations he had made for resisting the Arctic cold. Quite a little crowd gathered and listened attentively. Then Colonel Sterrett spoke: "Walter, you have told us with great circumstantiality of the method to be adopted by you to prevent your face being frozen. That is the last thing that concerns us. What we want to know, Walter, is how in God's name you are going to keep your feet warm?"

A distinguished but conceited advocate, not long ago, after securing an unequalled statement from an octogenarian, who was bravely enduring cross-examination, that he "saw the whole thing as if it had occurred ten feet away," suddenly challenged him to tell the time by the clock referred to. The lawyer did not look around himself, as he had done so about half an hour before, when he had noticed that it was half after eleven. The old man looked at the clock and replied, after a pause, "Half past eleven," upon which the lawyer, knowing that it must be nearly twelve, turned to the jury and burst into a derisive laugh, exclaiming sarcastically, "That is all!" and threw himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witness's testimony. The distinguished practitioner, however, found himself laughing alone. Presently one of the jury chuckled, and in a trice the whole court-room was in a roar at the lawyer's expense. The clock had stopped—at half-past eleven.

Surgeon-General Evatt, of the British army, at a recent meeting at Aldershot urged strongly that soldiers should be taught and encouraged to sing, not only for the moral effect of the music, but as a beneficial physical exercise and as a recreation.

The Navy's Good Night Gun.

In winter night of cold moonlight, in summer's slumber gleam, Along the golden shores of song, the Severn's verge of dream; Far, far away, o'er hill and bay—St. Michaels hears the roar, Low rumbling in its echoed note along the Eastern Shore: The Navy's good-night gun—note the hour and set your clock, All is still along the Severn and the low waves roll and rock!

Round the ramparts in the moonlight—cold December, rose-red June— Soft the golden bugles echo and the waves repeat the tune; Good-night, middies; good-night, fellows; good-night on the shore and ships! Where the low moon o'er the sand cliffs of the silvery Severn dips. Good-night, ghosts of all the sleepers—Don't you hear the gun, Paul Jones? Good-night, heroes; good-night, martyrs—ah, ye know its thunder tones! In the old Peninsula homesteads and far down the Calvert side, Past the capes that part the currents in the wash-way of the tide, From St. Michaels on to Easton—half-past nine, a low, dull boom O'er the roaring of the billows, through the spin-drift and the gloom, Roars the dull reverberation, and the old clock in the hall With the echo of the cannon rings the half-hour's silvery call!

Severn bears it to the waters of the rolling Chesapeake; It is mingled in the echoes that the wintry wind harps shriek; It is borne on balmy currents of the south wind's winning wings; Down the bold bluffs of St. Mary's in its rumbling course it swings: Good-night, middies; good-night, shipmates!—where the old sea warriors tread, It roars: "Good-night, ye living!" and it roars: "Good-night, ye dead!"

In winter night of cold moonlight, in summer's slumber gleam, Along the golden shores of song, the Severn's verge of dream, From parapet and sallopport, through temple and through hall, The echoes of the good-night gun—the Navy hears them call! Across the bay, away, away—'tis time to set the clock; The good-night gun has thundered, and the low waves roll and rock!

Jerusalem is becoming again a Jewish city. More than one hundred Jewish families are said to arrive in Jerusalem every week. Most of them are very poor, but manage to make a scanty living.

Belfast, the Chicago of Ireland, has a linen manufacturing trade that amounts to more than \$60,000,000 a year.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is Watkins an optimist?" "Yes—he'll eat hash in any restaurant in the country."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The janitor is sweeping the back porches. I wonder why?" "I don't know. I didn't ask him not to."—*Cleveland Press.*

"While rummaging an old vest just now I found \$1,000,000 that I didn't know I had." "Lucky boy! I'll match you for it."—*Pittsburg Post.*

He (about 11:30 P. M.)—I do wish I had money enough to travel. She (stifling a yawn)—May I not lend you your carfare?—*Boston Transcript.*

Stella—I wonder why sentiment attaches to a first kiss? Bella—It's like the first tooth; you've got to have it before you get the second.—*Brooklyn Life.*

First Chauffeur—There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby. Second Chauffeur—So do I; them nursing bottles raise Cain with tires.—*Puck.*

She—Do you think our ancestors were monkeys? He—Mine were. The whole bunch didn't leave money enough to buy a toothpick.—*Chicago News.*

Miss Swellington—What prompted Miss Goldlud to take that old bachelor? Miss Wellington (sarcastically)—Kleptomania, I guess.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Mrs. Newedde—Certainly you may take some of those biscuits to your friend. Is he hungry, too? Weary—No, mum; he's a geologist!—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Church—Does your wife spend much of her time shopping? Gotham—She says not. She says she spends most of her time waiting for her change.—*Yankers Statesman.*

"Dubley has an automobile, hasn't he?" "I don't know." "Why, I thought you told me you saw him with one yesterday?" "Yes, but that was yesterday."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"What becomes of a joke when it gets too old for the almanac?" "The theatrical program gets it." "And from there it's but a step to the musical comedy, eh?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Now, Johnny," asked the teacher, "what do we see in the country besides grass, trees and flowers?" "Patent medicine signs!" was the prompt reply.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Customer—So you sell these watches at \$5 each? It must cost that to make them. Jeweler—It does. Customer—Then how do you make any money? Jeweler—Repairing them.—*Stray Stories.*

The Widow—I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands; one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding. Applicant—You're looking for a husband, ma'am.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Borem—She asked me to sing, and insisted upon encore after encore. Miss Pepper—Yes; she told me afterward that anything was better than sitting there and talking to you all the evening.—*Illustrated Bits.*

"Do you know where my poor little ugly duckling is?" asked the distressed mother duck. "Ah! madam," replied the polite but still hungry fox, "I have inside information on that point; you will soon meet your little one."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Wyndley doesn't play the cornet any more, does he?" "No, he thought he'd better give it up." "Bad for his lungs, eh?" "It wasn't that. One of the neighbors shot two keys off the instrument while he was playing it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Has your wife got your den fixed up yet?" "Yes, and you ought to see it. It's the coziest place in the whole house." "I suppose you find great comfort in it, don't you?" "Oh, she won't let me go in it. It's merely to look at."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Young Jolliem always says the right thing, doesn't he? He never seems at loss for the proper reply." "Well, I saw him nonplussed once." "How was that?" "Miss Keene asked him if he thought she looked as old as she was."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Teacher—Now, boys, what is the virtue of magnanimity? Pupils—Aw? Teacher—What is it if a big boy wanted an apple very badly, and were to meet a small boy in a place where nobody could see the small boy's part.—*Class (with*

eager illumination)—Dat's a cinch!—*Baltimore American.*

"Did you ever succeed in swaying an audience to laughter or tears at will?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I recognize the fact that all the world's a stage. I don't care to be reciting speeches. I want to be one of the men in the box-office."—*Washington Star.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

One Transient.

This is the faith that is in it;
Joy ain't a-runnin' away;
World wuzn't made in a minute
An' Trouble ain't comin' to stay!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

On Life's Highway.

Sons of rich men leave behind them,
As they zipp past those who drive,
Dust and odors to remind them
That it's lucky they're alive.

His Name is Legion.

"He wanted a city beautiful.
A city that should be fair,
A city where smoke should never roll
In billows upon the air.
He wanted a city where art should be,
A city of splendid halls,
Where culture's touch should appear upon
The battlements and walls.

"He called for a city beautiful;
He shouted it day by day;
He wanted a city where noise was not,
Where the spirit of art should sway;
He wanted a city that should be fair,
Where filth might never be seen,
And forgot, in spite of the zeal he had,
To keep his back yard clean."
—*American Civic Association Report.*

Everybody Wants It.

Some people are yearning for love and some long
To win the bright laurels of fame;
There are people who covet the gift of sweet song,
And some knightly prowess would claim;
But that which appeals to most people today—
And you probably yearn for it, too—
Is a job that is steady, with mighty good pay,
And where there is little to do.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Interrupted Serenade.

Oh, come to thy casement, fair lady, come quick;
I'm weary of waiting, I'm sad and heartsick,
Excuse that last note—some one threw a brick.
Twang, twang, twang.
Oh, come to that window; well, you take the cake,
Twang, twang, twang.
You snore like a cyclone, the dead you would wake.
Twang, twang, twang.
I'm down in the mud, the bulldog's on top;
I'm plugged full of huckshot; I guess I will stop.
Tra la la, sweetness, I'm off—here's the cop!
Twang, twang, twang.

While the snow was falling on the summit of Mount Tamalpais, Thursday afternoon, January 17, the annual meeting of the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Railroad was taking place in San Francisco. The following officers and directors were elected for the coming year: S. B. Cushing, president; C. F. Runyon, vice-president; D. E. Hayes, W. C. B. De Fremery, H. F. Woods, R. L. White, H. B. Sperry; H. W. Carothers, secretary. The extension of the railroad to the Redwood Canyon is about finished; this will add greatly to the popularity of the trip. Owing to the fire of April the number of passengers carried was about 20 per cent less than in 1905, and the net earnings were in the neighborhood of five per cent, but with the rapid rebuilding of San Francisco, and the assured hotel accommodations, the management looks for a very prosperous year during 1907.

Mr. Staylate—Y-a-s, I hate those—ah—simple-minded country people that show everything they feel. Miss Westend—It is a mere matter of training. One of the first things I was taught was the art of appearing interested when bored half to death.—*New York Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The fellow who tells a girl he would die for her may some day have a chance to prove it by eating her biscuits.—*Philadelphia Record.*

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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Noordland.....Feb. 9 | Haverford....Mar. 9

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Minnehaha.....Feb. 2 | Minnetonka...Feb. 23
Mesaha.....Feb. 16 | Minneapolis...Mar. 9

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Statendam, Feb. 20, 10 a m | Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a m
Ryndam, Feb. 27, 5 a m | N. Amsterdam.....Mar. 20, 10 a m

Red Star Line
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Kronland.....Feb. 6 | Finland.....Feb. 20
Vaderland.....Feb. 13 | Zeeland.....Mar. 2

White Star Line
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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"My Dear Shonts" Quits His Job.

Mr. Theodore Shonts gave the country a surprise last week by resigning his place as the head of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Like Mr. Wallace, who preceded him, Mr. Shonts is to lend his undoubted talents to the local transportation service of New York City—to the Trolley Trust in other words. There is in his brief letter of resignation a suggestion that he is not satisfied to go on with the work of the Canal under the contract system which the President and Congress have determined upon. Here, no doubt, is the true secret, though the point is not dwelt upon by Mr. Shonts, who, probably out of sympathy with the government, does not wish to discredit the job he is giving up.

Mr. Shonts is by no means the first engineer to declare a lack of faith in the contract system as related to tasks of great magnitude like that in hand at the Isthmus. For all ordinary and commonplace construction work done by contract under inspection may be good enough, but where strength and durability for all time form the main consideration, and

where the constructing power is the greatest and richest government on earth, the point of expense ought to be the last consideration. Indeed it should not be considered at all, excepting as it is connected with the principles of efficiency and honesty. It will be recalled that many years ago when the great Crystal Springs dam of the Spring Valley Water Company (San Francisco) was under construction there was a good deal of criticism of the engineering and constructive methods of Mr. Schussler, then as now, the chief engineer of the Spring Valley water system, at the point of expense. Mr. Schussler, be it remembered, would not permit use of the contract system, but gave himself personally to superintending a work done by day's labor which he admitted to be costly beyond local precedent. For a period of forty years, everybody interested in engineering affairs in California was periodically reminded of the tremendous cost of the Crystal Springs dam. But in course of time the hour of trial came. The geologic "fault," which manifested itself so sharply on the 18th April last, ran directly through the great construction. It fairly tore asunder the adjacent hills, but Mr. Schussler's dam stood as firm as the day it was made. What would have happened under a system of construction less "extravagant" can only be surmised. Other constructions near at hand literally went to pieces.

The work at Panama relates to vastly larger purposes and is a thing infinitely larger in its responsibilities. Mr. Shonts understands this perhaps better than any other man, and it is, no doubt, because he understands it that he is giving up a place which, in its professional distinction, is to-day without a counterpart in the world.

In connection with the retirement of Mr. Shonts it is interesting to observe that the Government has not followed the precedent established at the time of Engineer Wallace's retirement. Mr. Wallace, let it be remembered, resigned under almost precisely similar conditions to enter the same service which now welcomes Mr. Shonts. The then Secretary of War, acting with the knowledge of the President, fairly exhausted the lexicon of censorious terms to hurl at Mr. Wallace for his abandonment of a public service to enter upon a work of private emolument. He was held up as a mark for public contempt on the score of his sordid choice of private over public advantage. But "My Dear Shonts" suffers under no anathema. He not only gets a bill of mental and moral health from the President, but an assurance to all the world that he is one of the best fellows going, and that the good wishes of the administration, including the personal friendship of the President, are with him. The difference appears to be not in the character of the two men or in the facts of their retirement, but in their associations and connections. Mr. Wallace was just an engineer who attended to his business. Mr. Shonts is one of a group of gentlemen who, being personal friends of the President, can do no wrong.

"Old San Francisco."

It would truly be presumptuous to undertake to introduce Mr. Jerome A. Hart to the readers of the *Argonaut*. The man whose genius and industry created the *Argonaut* and have given to it its unique character and its welcome, not only at home but throughout the world, needs no exploitation in these columns. And yet it seems fit that a word should be spoken by way of introducing the series of special articles about "Old San Francisco" which Mr. Hart has promised to write serially for the *Argonaut*, the first of which—"When Kipling Came to Bohemia"—appears in the current issue.

It has been lamented widely that in the rush of things new, many things worth remembering of

"Old San Francisco" are in danger of being lost. It is, we suppose, inevitable that much of that intimate knowledge which endeared to us the old town of pre-earthquake days should pass out, unrecorded and forever lost. That the old order changeth is not a new fact in human history, and we cannot hope that San Francisco shall prove an exception to universal experience. We may reasonably expect however that through the memory and sympathy of Mr. Hart many things belonging to the sentiment of the older days and, let us hope, worth cherishing by the sentiment of future days, may be saved. Of Mr. Hart's qualifications for this work it is scarcely necessary to speak. Probably he was more closely associated with what was significant and charming in the life of the old city than any other man of that day—certainly more than any other man of this day. The interests and habits of his life connected him inevitably with the people and with the events which gave to the life of Old San Francisco its best and most distinctive character.

Out of the fullness of his memories, assisted by records and mementos of a multitude of notable events and incidents, happily preserved, Mr. Hart is to give us a series of chapters running week by week through the current year or for a longer period. "When Kipling Came to Bohemia" is, we think readers of the *Argonaut* will agree, a worthy introduction to a series of writings certain to be of extraordinary and historic interest.

"And This Is America!"

Senator Charles Curtis, born Topeka, Kan., Jan. 25, 1860. His mother, a quarter-blood Kaw Indian. His father, an army officer. At 8 years old, an orphan. At 14, a jockey and newsboy. At 18, driving hack and studying law. At 24, county attorney. At 35, Congressman. At 46, United States Senator.

And that is America.

Land of opportunity, of promise and reward; where there is still a chance for the lowest to rise; where pluck and energy and honest toil and the everlasting spirit of "I WILL" breaks down opposition, overcomes obstacles, surmounts difficulties and lifts a man from the humblest position to a place where he is covered with honor and can be of service to the world.

The rise of Chas. Curtis is a sermon of promise to every young man, no matter whether he bends his back in an office or is driving spikes on a railroad.

It is a fulfillment. It reads TRY, and try and try again, and if you are worth while you must succeed.

Be faithful and industrious and clean. Keep your eyes up and your conscience clear and don't spare the spur. There are as many worlds to conquer to-day as there are men to conquer them. Try hard.

We clip this interesting bit of highly wrought but none the less sound, sentiment from the *Daily News*, an evening paper of San Francisco printed over in the South-of-Market district and circulated largely, if not wholly, among the working classes. If not in an official sense an organ of organized labor, it does in a practical way approach that character. Its sympathies, its motives, its audience—all are of and for labor union. This fact is interesting in connection with the rhapsody on opportunity which heads this column.

Now, the personal history of Senator Curtis of Kansas is indeed an inspiring thing. A youth born with a taint of Indian blood; orphaned at 8; jockey and newsboy at 14; hack driver and law student at 18; county attorney at 24; Congressman at 35; United States Senator at 46! We echo the phrase of the *Daily News*—"And this is America!" Or let us rather say, this was America as America was conceived by the men who founded our system and as it was organized in so far as they were able to do it. Originally a land of opportunity, a land unfettered by old-world traditions and restrictions, it was intended that it should so remain. Our system was designed to give free scope to industry and talent.

to merit of every kind, to provide a field in which every man should be equal at the point of opportunity with every other.

For a hundred and twenty years this country of America, in the manifold operations of its social and political life, was carried by its people in the spirit of its foundation. The history of our country is little more than the story of a people at all points free. There have been no barriers of an artificial kind; the man of merit, moral, or intellectual, has found his way easily to a place of influence and power. No small part of the marvelous advancement of this country has rested upon the fact that our best talent drawn from every rank has stood at the front of our affairs. We have suffered nothing at the hands of incompetent and blundering princelings in our statecraft, in our warfare, or in the private affairs of trade and commerce, or in the intellectual life of the country. Not the royal born, nor the first born, nor the richly endowed have led in American progress, but those who by the merit of individual power have commanded allegiance and following. The case of Senator Curtis of Kansas is indeed a case in illustration of this principle, and again we point with approval to the summary of his career as it is outlined in the excerpt above quoted.

But how would it have been with this youth, let us ask, if at the threshold of his life he had fallen upon conditions not as our fathers conceived and organized them, but as the modern system of labor union is doing its best—or its worst—to make them? If, when at 14, Charley Curtis was a jockey there had been a strictly organized jockeys' union governed by a set of exclusive rules, could he have passed on to the better work of the newsboy? If there had been a newsboys' union likewise severely restricted, could the energetic young jockey have found opportunity in a newer and larger life? If there had been a hack drivers' union, jealous of its privileges, could the youth of 18 have "broken into" it and have found the larger earnings by which he was enabled to begin the study of a profession? And if there had been in the legal profession—for the spirit of exclusiveness runs high as well as low—could this ambitious young hack driver have found his chance? Again, if the political life of his State had not been open as a fair field to merit and to character, could he have won the County Attorneyship at 24, a place in Congress at 35, and at last a Senatorship? This is still America—but is it free America—the land where the door of opportunity stood open to every youth and where industry, intellect and ambition might pass through successive stages from the lowest to the highest round of the ladder?

Is this still a land of opportunity when there grows apace among us a class spirit which frowns upon intrusion of any one trade or any one rank of society upon another? Is this still a land of opportunity when the doors to those occupations by which men have progressively ascended this hundred years and more stand closed and barred? Is this our glorious free land, when an aspiring and capable American youth may not advance step by step from lowly beginnings to high and higher stages of development? Is this the America which our fathers founded when a career like that of Senator Curtis would, through the jealousies and restrictions imposed by trade unions, be now an impossibility?

Is there the chance for men to rise when an expert and energetic mechanic must not only restrict his hours of labor to the hours of average of this trade, but must slow down his pace to match the powers of a strength and an ambition inferior to his own? Is this free America when a workman may not, without incurring the discipline of his union, exercise such skill or such diligence as would mark him as a man superior by energy or thrift above his neighbors? Is this free America when a man may not accept a special wage due to special powers or to special industry without incurring the enmity of his class or of his union and when, though entirely satisfied with his work and with his pay he must nevertheless lay down his task upon the order of a walking delegate? Is this free America when American workmen can be marshalled in battalions by calculating leaders to support a system of politics like that of Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz, and when they may be ordered from Washington by a foreign-born boss like Samuel Gompers to vote for

or against this man or that for any reason or for no reason?

Is it possible, let us ask, that America shall remain the land of opportunity when the practices of a restrictive industrial unionism shall rule the life of our people and shall lock and bar the doors through which ambitious youth must find its way from lowliness to greatness if perchance it is to find it at all? And who, let us ask, can estimate fairly the moral, the intellectual, and the material loss to America, once the land of opportunity, when the capable and ambitious man can no longer find his way to larger responsibilities, when talent is stifled and held down, when class privilege shall rule in our affairs?

The Oil of Grace and the Water of Politics.

The facility with which the legislative chaplain has modified his supplications to meet the tastes and the prejudices of his terrestrial audience is worthy of admiration as a feat of spiritual gymnastics. Finding that the form of his invocation was objectionable to certain members he promptly modified it, which reminds us of Artemas Ward's celebrated declaration of political principles which could be conveniently changed under the pressure of expediency.

Now there can be no possible objection to praying for, or at, the Legislature. Indeed, it is the duty of every good citizen to do so. When Dr. Goodenough was invited to preach before the British Parliament the Prime Minister of the day, we believe it was Palmerston, answered some current objections with a witty squib:

It's right enough that Goodenough,
Before the House should preach,
For sure enough they're bad enough,
The men he's got to teach.

On the other hand the Chaplain of the United States Senate is said to disclaim any idea of praying for the Legislature. He simply looks at the Senators and then he prays for the nation.

While the practice of reading prayers at the opening of legislatures is nearly universal throughout civilization, it has been attacked in more than one country. It has been discontinued in France, and Mr. Labouchere, a radical member of the British Parliament, has tried to abolish it in England. Mr. Labouchere pointed out that parliament had been praying for grace and wisdom for over six hundred years and the then Conservative ministry was the result. "Now," he said, "let us stop this thing lest something worse befall us."

There is, of course, a serious side to the situation at Sacramento and one that is not calculated to enhance respect for religion. It is not seemly in the first place that a chaplain should secure his position by using all the wiles of the seasoned politician and canvassing for support like a constable or a tax collector. And it is still less seemly that, once appointed, he should be so tactless as to word his prayer in a manner that must necessarily introduce an element of religious discord. This is one of the things so simple that blunders should have been impossible, but unfortunately it is often the simplest things that are worst done. If the chaplain's native wit, sharpened by a stipend of \$4 a day, was not sufficient to frame the few dignified and uncontroversial words that alone were necessary, he might have found something suited to the occasion in some of the magnificent and classic collections in which the language is so rich. But to choose his own phraseology and then to change it at dictation, suggests the idea that it would be better to give him the increased pay for which he has been clamoring, and to ask him in return to cease from his praying altogether.

Lest We Forget!

We are getting in the daily newspapers the opening chapters of what promises to be a protracted serial story of the Thaw murder trial. No detail of fact or of reportorial fancy seems too trivial to get itself exploited upon front pages, or to be made the subject of graphic illustration. The cut, the color, the texture, and the variety of Mrs. Thaw's gowns and bonnets already figure conspicuously in the telegraphic reports. Doubtless we shall have much more of this sort of valuable detail during the long period in which this *cause celebre* shall be

before the New York court, and therefore before the whole country.

Now, in order that a due sense of proportion may not be lost, let us bear in mind that this case is precisely what District Attorney Jerome pronounced it to be, namely, the "ordinary police court affair." Let us review the circumstances: Harry Thaw, the son of a commonplace family of Pittsburg, grown vastly rich through the operation of an abused law of the country, grew up in idleness under a foolish system of parental indulgence to be what every youth so bred inevitably becomes, namely, an animated, richly endowed, vulgarly licensed appetite. His life was directed to gratification of the lower senses—to gluttony, to wine-bibbing, to lechery.

While asserting the loftiest social pretensions, this debauched youth early found respectable association too tame and flat for his jaded sensibilities. His social companionships were those of the half-world, and here he fell in with and ultimately married a woman doubly celebrated for her beauty and her frailty. She had been a woman of many loves, of the sort which exploit themselves in the midnight life of down-town New York. The sequel of the story rests upon the maudlin jealousy of the husband, the persistent and nagging attentions of an old and favored "friend," the possible complacency of the young wife, over-much wine, a ready pistol, and what the philosophers call the psychological moment.

This is the whole story of the Thaw-Nesbit-White tragedy. It is, as Mr. Jerome has truly said, only the "ordinary police court affair." The only point which differentiates this case from many another is that the murderer belongs to an over-wealthy family which among other questionable possessions has acquired by fair purchase in the open market a second-rate English title.

Let Us Be Reasonable.

The attention of the San Francisco public is just now being very loudly called to the deficiencies of the street car service. Each of a half dozen newspapers seems trying to outdo its rivals in multiplying phrases of reproach and addressing them to the men who manage our local transportation. Really, all this exploitation would hardly seem to be necessary, since every man, woman, and child who has occasion to go anywhere about San Francisco must have experienced personally the discomforts of overcrowded cars, of vexatious delays, and of coarse treatment at the hands of street car employes. The object of all this vituperation is apparently not so much to bring about reforms as to enable the papers to pose as champions of the public interest.

Now, it is, perhaps, not necessary to say that the *Argonaut* holds no brief for the United Railways corporation. It has no acquaintance either with the owners or the managers of the system. It pays its way and takes its share of the discomforts and the irritations of the time. Nobody can be more fully aware than the *Argonaut* of the deficiencies of the service. But, in spite of this, we can see no possible good in a course of persistent censure for things which it may well be believed that the managers of the system are for the time being unable to change. We can easily believe, on the contrary, that this flood of vituperative talk rather increases than diminishes the embarrassments of a bad situation. It certainly increases the popular ill-nature; it tends to promote friction between the public and the carmen; it distracts the energies of those who are administering the system from their labors and responsibilities. In brief, while pretending to speak in the public interest, it emphasizes and aggravates difficulties already very hard to bear.

Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* believes that Superintendent Chapman has made a strong case in his public statement. His company is doing a tremendous service—very faultily, it is true, and with many annoyances—but in the face of all but overwhelming difficulties. Anybody who has anything to do with affairs in San Francisco must know how hard it is to get anything done in the right way, to get it done on time, to get it delivered promptly. The street car people are doing half a dozen kinds of things calling for the co-operation of labor at a time when fair service at the hands of labor or of anybody else is hard to get. They have manifestly poured out money like water in the work of rehabilitation, and if they have not done all we would

like to have them do, they have at least kept their cars moving whenever and wherever it has been possible. We are promised in the end the best system of local transportation in the country. Let us remember this promise, and let us hold the United Railways Company severely to it. But, in the meantime, let us not be foolishly insistent and impatient. Let us not, by keeping up a hue and cry of abuse, make a bad situation even worse than it might be.

This is a time when the energies of San Francisco—physical, mental and moral—should be directed toward getting ahead. To spend vitality in complaining and protesting against annoyances inevitable in the nature of things and for the moment incurable, is only to throw away and waste forces which ought to be yielding their help in the rebuilding of the city. All this is bad enough when it comes as the voice of mere impatience and ill-nature, but it is little less than criminal when it represents a demagogic purpose, as illustrated in the case of certain organized and persistent "assaults" now making before the public.

Significant Facts Relative to Japanese Immigration.

Local interest in Japanese immigration, already acute, was almost brought to the boiling point in San Francisco last week by events in connection with the landing of some six or seven hundred little brown men and women, in reality direct from Nippon, but nominally from Hawaii. For all the talk brought out upon the basis of this incident, the essential facts are still to be told.

Under the domestic regulations governing the movements of Japanese subjects, no person is permitted to leave the islands excepting by official authority, the evidence of which is a passport duly signed by an official of the Japanese State Department and required to be vised by the Japanese Consul at Hawaii upon arrival there. At Honolulu, as at other ports in United States territory, immigration officers, under the authority of the Department of Commerce, are stationed to look into the qualifications of all persons landing from foreign territory and no person can so land without official consent.

Now, it has long been understood informally in Japan that Japanese coolies are not wanted here, and under the quiet influence of official discouragement it is a matter of some difficulty, though not impossible, for Japanese of the working class to obtain passports authorizing them to come to America. But there is no such difficulty in getting passports for Hawaii, where coolies are eagerly welcomed by the sugar planters, who are chronically in need of help. The truth is, that in spite of the American law forbidding the entrance into the country of laborers under contract, the Hawaiian planters maintain in Japan organized agencies which promote emigration to the Hawaiian Islands. These agencies, operating, of course, among the lower classes, find subjects for emigration, provide them with the means of getting to Hawaii, inducing them to go either by secret contracts for employment or by assurances that upon arrival there they will find work.

All this, of course, is directly in violation of our contract labor law, but in this instance, as in every other, where the law points one way and interest and sentiment another, the law gets the worst of the deal. In spite of the law there is a constant movement of Japanese coolies under contract toward Hawaii, where, under the easy complacency of the local immigration officials who naturally are infected with the local view of the matter, entrance is easy. If at the port of Honolulu there be any enquiry at all in the spirit and under the terms of our immigration law, it is merely formal and perfunctory and comes practically to nothing. Local interest favors the incoming of the little brown men, and of course they get in. In recent years the ordinary procedure has been for the Jap newly arrived at Hawaii to go to work for the local planters at the going wages of from \$15 to \$18 per month which, of course, is a tremendous advance on the Japanese wage rate. But the immigrant soon learns that in California he can get a very much higher wage. We say he learns this soon, because the Japanese labor agencies at San Francisco keep men at Hawaii

for the express purpose of inducing the newly landed coolies to come on to California. Probably it is true, as commonly reported, that these agents supply the funds and arrange for the transportation of the coolies who thus come practically consigned and indentured to labor exploiting organizations. The movement from Honolulu to San Francisco is easy, for Honolulu being now an American port emigration to California is as unrestricted as from Seattle or San Diego.

Your Jap is a creature of some cunning, and he has learned that the easy way of getting from Tokyo to San Francisco is by way of Honolulu; and the more recent practice has been to make the stop at Honolulu merely nominal—just long enough to secure legal entrance upon "American" soil—then to come on directly to San Francisco. Of 306 Japanese immigrants who came one day last week, and of 434 who came two days later, only a few had stopped in Honolulu more than a few hours. Upon arrival here all who could not show a period of actual residence in Hawaii were, under instructions from Washington, held up by Commissioner North and kept on ship over night. Later they were permitted by the Commissioner, under direct instruction from Washington, to come ashore, but the names and personal description of a good number of them were taken for the purpose of future investigation of their right to remain in this country. Just how easy it will be to find these particular sons of Nippon when they shall be wanted, we are not prepared to say. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* there is just one way to be sure about the identity of an oriental, and that is to keep firm hold of your man.

Explanation of the course of the Department at Washington in its instructions to Commissioner North is to be found, no doubt, in the resentment of interests at Honolulu offended by the prompt oncoming to San Francisco of the newly arrived immigrants. It is desired at Honolulu that the coolies who come there from Japan shall remain there to do the labors of the sugar industry which cries aloud for more and more help. Then, possibly, there remained due to the Hawaiian contractors, by whom the coolies were organized into immigration groups and brought over, certain financial obligations. If Honolulu is to get no service out of the Japs she has no interest in promoting their departure from their own country and in maintaining a half-way house on the road to California. Probably somebody at Honolulu, injured in his interest by the prompt coming on of Japanese immigrants to California, has called the attention of the Government at Washington to the contempt in which our immigration laws have fallen at the island port. Here, no doubt, is the secret of the instructions from Washington which so exercised the San Francisco public mind last week.

A point of special interest in this whole matter is the fact that immigration of Japanese coolies is not easy excepting through the gateway of Hawaii and that that gateway is in our own hands. That it has not thus far served to check the Japanese tide tending to California is because of the complacency and negligence of officials who have permitted the stream of contract laborers to flow into Hawaii unchecked, and from thence by the easy process of passing from one American port to another. A few immigration officials at Honolulu so named and instructed as to stand above local sentiment and influence, could quickly put a stop to a wholesale movement which is already causing alarm in California. Since Japan already discourages and makes difficult the emigration of coolies direct to America the proper regulation of this matter would seem to be easy—at least it would have been easy two months ago.

Whether our government is now in a situation to make the most of the goodwill of the Japanese government in this matter of coolie immigration we very much doubt, and if not, the blame must attach to the hot-headed precipitancy of our over-strenuous President. We fear that as a result of the President's intemperate encomiums upon Japanese character and his extravagant insistence upon Japanese rights in this country, he may have so stimulated Japanese vanity and pretensions as to have created an abnormal situation highly unfavorable to American interests—as American interests are understood by those most directly related to this whole

matter. Probably we shall owe it to the President of the United States that our Oriental problem has assumed even a deeper seriousness than it had before he undertook upon the basis of half-information and bad temper to regulate the domestic affairs of the people of the Pacific Coast.

Tillman of South Carolina.

One day last week Senator Tillman of South Carolina fell into playful mood and gave his colleagues a sample of a species of humor which matches the vulgarity and brutality of his familiar character. He likened the Senate of the United States to a minstrel show, and assigned his several more or less grave and reverend colleagues to such stunts as his fancy suggested. To say that all this by its indelicacy and indecency outraged the Senate, is to speak too mildly. The Senators were at first surprised, then dumbfounded, then indignant. At last it even got through the thick hide of the ruffian from South Carolina that he had gone beyond the limits even of such license as is allowed him in consideration of his mental and moral deficiencies. An apology, while it neither excused nor condoned what had been spoken, served to dull the edge of resentment and to save Tillman from the rebuke which some of his Senatorial colleagues thought ought to be given him.

The Senate, be it remembered, is the sole judge of the qualification of its members. For any reason or for no reason it may dismiss any member; and if, imitating the practice of the Army and Navy, it should determine in the case of any member that his conduct is unbecoming to a Senator and a gentleman, it can send him packing, bag and baggage, and there will be no recourse. This is what will happen to Mr. Tillman one of these days if he shall not mend his manners. The South Carolina opinion of Mr. Tillman's escapade may be inferred from the fact that, five days later, he was re-elected to a third Senatorial term.

In other times South Carolina stood among the States almost supreme at the point of social and intellectual pretensions. Her statesmen gave the keynote to Southern sentiment and led the lists in every great conflict of political ideas. For a full century South Carolina gave to the Senate the very best that she had of intellect, character, and breeding. The tradition established by the Pinckneys and the Rutledges, and which expanded with the Calhoun school of statesmanship, was maintained until long after the Civil War. Even at a time when the motives and the methods of the Ku Klux Klan ruled her politics, South Carolina, under the domination of old ideas and standards, was represented in the Senate by men of the aristocratic type—by the late Wade Hampton and the late Marion Butler. But if during the '70s and '80s the old aristocratic tradition still held these old-style statesmen and gentlemen in the high places of South Carolina politics, the real business of politics was in other and rougher hands. It was, indeed, a work calling for rough hands, for South Carolina politics in its practical operations was nothing less than a brutal suppression of the "nigger" vote. It was no work for gentlemen, and the gentlemen of South Carolina, while they conceded its necessity under their peculiar system of social and political ideas, could personally take no part in it. When it came to midnight raids, to whippings, shootings, ravishings, etc., all to the end of keeping the "nigger" away from the polls, the Hampdens, the Butlers, the Ravanells, and the Pringles quit the game—they got out of practical politics, abandoning it to an element which never before in the history of South Carolina had had anything more than a subordinate and despised share in the activities of her political or social life.

It was at this point that Ben Tillman came into notice as a political leader. His were the kind of hands needed by the villainous work of the Ku Klux politics. He had in him and has still a certain brute force, qualifying him for leadership in just the sort of activities required to keep the black vote in subjection. He has a certain capacity for coarse rhetoric which appeals to the rougher element in South Carolina life. After a career of rough-handed and red-handed political leadership extending over a considerable period, it occurred to Tillman that, since he and his kind were doing the real work of politics, they ought to engross its advan-

tages—not merely its emoluments, but its honors. And so it came about that this professional ruffian got himself elected first, Governor of South Carolina, then a Senator. Today he holds the politics of the State in the hollow of his hand. He names whom-ever he pleases for the governorship, and he brings to Washington as his colleague some man of his own kind who will carry himself in an attitude of strict subordination. This unspeakable creature, this mark of the degradation of South Carolina politics, this shame of our national legislature, sits in the chair of John C. Calhoun, finding no difficulty in successive re-elections. At the same time, autocrat as he is of the politics of South Carolina, he finds no respect, or even tolerance, in the chief city of his State. It is a boast among the traditional noblesse of South Carolina, a remnant of which remains to cherish the memories and the standards of other days, that Ben Tillman is not permitted to raise his voice in the historic city of Charleston.

Our Trade With the Orient.

Count Leo Tolstoy recently wrote a letter to Paul Sabatier, the author of a book on the disestablishment of the Church in France, in which the famous Russian author predicts the possible reduction of all the Christian countries of the West to a state of subjection to the Japanese and Oriental people. Count Tolstoy bases his main argument on the extraordinary military and industrial progress manifesting itself of late in the Orient, and especially in Japan.

Another writer, far more materialistic than Tolstoy, writing on the theme of "Whose Lake Is the Pacific?" in a recent number of *Collier's*, arrived at the same conclusion. We mean Mr. Frederic Palmer, of course, who does not hesitate to predict that the Pacific Ocean will before long come entirely within the Japanese sphere of influence. Secretary Root, in his arguments for ship subsidies for our Oriental trade, in which he is backed not only by the steamship and railroad companies but also by the President, appears to be moved by similar fears.

Let us look into the facts and see what competent authorities on Oriental trade, and other men most concerned in it, think about this. Let it be conceded from the first that last year's anti-American boycott in China, and its recent renewal in such important ports as Shanghai, Hongkong, Tientsin, and Chefoo has damaged our commerce with the Far East to the extent of more than thirty million dollars, not counting indirect losses. It is generally believed here that this boycott was in part inspired and has been actively fomented by the Japanese, who are known to profit by it. Furthermore, it has been freely predicted, especially in Japan, that a continuation of the present strained relations between the Pacific Coast and Japan will inevitably result in a further diminution of America's trade with the Orient.

The most significant recent developments bearing on this situation are these: The Boston Tow-boat Company, one of the Hill Northern steamship lines, has announced that, in consequence of two new Japanese steamship companies cutting into their Oriental trade, they have decided to withdraw, next spring, three of their largest steamships, the *Lyria*, *Hyades*, and *Pleiades*, from all trade with the Orient.

Within a few days after this portentous announcement came as a quasi-admission from Mr. R. P. Schwerin, general manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, that the Pacific Mail might soon sell out to the Japanese. At all events, Mr. Schwerin admitted, in connection with certain business conferences held between him and M. Shiraishi, general manager of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, that this Japanese steamship company were building in Japan three sister ships to the *Korea* and *Siberia*, with which they would probably succeed in getting away with most of the Pacific Mail's Oriental business. Said Mr. Schwerin: "We are unable to compete with the Japanese. The extraordinary bounty of the Japanese government to its shipping and the low wages paid to Japanese mariners render us incompetent in a traffic battle with them. . . . I am confident it is only a matter of time when the Japanese will control the commerce of the Pacific. In fact, this condition may be reached within a year and a half. . . . We are afforded no privileges and, in fact, are hampered by the government instead of receiving assist-

ance. The Japanese steamship lines have every kind of assistance. They have financial aid, governmental aid, and patriotic aid. To an American vessel none of these is accorded. It is Japan's aim to become to the Orient what England is to the Occident. Certain it is, under our present shipping laws, that we are unable to check the strides which Japan is making towards ultimate control of the Pacific."

The Mitsui family, one of the strongest commercial houses of Japan, has just established a new steamship line across the Pacific. Its first vessel is now loading on Puget Sound. It has three old steamers on the ocean, plying between Japan and America. Five more Japanese steamers are booked to load at Seattle for Japan.

Baron Shibusawa, who knows America well, with several other Japanese capitalists, has arranged to establish another steamship company, with a capital of \$15,000,000. Mr. Uishida, at present the Japanese government director of the Imperial Ship Control Bureau, is to be its general manager. Its first service will be to the United States. The three big liners that are building for this company will each receive a Japanese government subsidy amounting to about one million dollars each.

This year's budget in Japan shows an increase of 260,000 yen in the shipping subsidies granted by the Treasury. The subsidies for encouraging navigation (1,490,000 yen) and that for encouraging ship-building (720,000 yen), remain virtually unaltered. The total sum to be paid by Japan during this year for the development of navigation is six million yen. Next year it will be much more. What this means to Japanese commerce may be inferred from the fact that no less than nine steamship companies have been started in Japan since the close of the Russian War. Five of these are trans-Pacific lines. From the date of the conclusion of peace in September, 1905, until the first of this year, the number of new commercial enterprises started in Japan is reported to have been over 4000. Their capital, added to the amount involved in increases in capital by companies already established, aggregated nearly a billion yen. This figure shows that the spirit of commercial enterprise has been even more active in Japan since her late war than it was after the China War.

Thirty-five years ago the Japanese had nothing but trading junks. Now more steamers sail under the Japanese flag than under the Stars and Stripes. One steamship company alone, the Nippon Yusen Kaisen, has a fleet of more than seventy liners.

What all this may mean to us was sufficiently explained by Mr. Henry B. Miller, our Consul-General to Japan, during his recent visit here in California. Mr. Miller then said: "It is natural that Japan, with its cheap labor, ability to build good vessels and to furnish them with good navigators and sailors, and aided by government subsidies for building and for the maintenance of steamship lines, should capture the Oriental trade. Of course, it is a menace to the commerce of this country on the Pacific, but what can we people on the Pacific Coast hope to do against a country which encourages its merchant marine by cash subsidies for building and operating. Already you can send freight from any point in the United States by Japanese lines to any port, no matter how small, anywhere. Japan will surely corner the commerce of the Pacific Ocean. In after years the American people will see what Japan has accomplished in controlling the Pacific trade, and will wonder how it happened."

Is it a wonder, we ask, that Mr. Root and those most concerned in building up American ocean commerce, should be so clamorous in their demand for ship subsidies? Is it surprising that the President should urge Congress to make it possible for the American flag to float on the seas?

Heroes Who Advertise.

Mr. Carnegie is finding it harder to spend his money than to get it, but then the former process has a much greater educational value than the latter. To possess both money and the disposition to spend it is an open door to unimagined depths of human nature and Mr. Carnegie is probably finding that his former knowledge of mankind was as that of an unborn babe in comparison with that which further experience is now bringing to him.

The celebrated hero fund has been on tap now

for some time and the fourth award has just been made. This fund, as its name implies, is intended for the reward of the heroic, but it is to be feared that the heroism so rewarded is not wholly unmingled with self-seeking, since the great majority of the applications come from the diffident heroes themselves. This may not be a disadvantage from Mr. Carnegie's point of view. He himself has never hidden his light under a bushel nor done good by stealth and blushed to find it known. He stands at this moment ready and willing to solve any or all of the problems that have baffled humanity for a thousand years. He is equally disposed and equally competent to teach us how to spell, or to weld the countries of Europe into a new United States where Russians and Turks would get comfortably into bed with Norwegians and Irishmen and the lion and the lamb would fulfill Scriptural prophecy by lying down together in unprecedented amity. Like a celebrated European statesman, Mr. Carnegie is willing to take command of the Army or of the Navy, or both of them together, and he loses no opportunity to say so. Why then should a self-labelled and somewhat clamorous "hero" appear to him as an incongruity? Is he not in the same business himself?

It would be safe to say that the Carnegie fund has not yet received a single application from a hero, and it never will. Heroes are not of that kind. Mr. Carnegie may advertise his intended beneficiaries from Dan to Beersheba and from now until the Day of Judgment, but he will not attract the attention of real heroes because every mother's son of them is satisfied that he is a very ordinary kind of person, doing only the things that ordinary persons would do naturally, and in no way whatever to be singled out from the masses of men amongst whom he would like to lose himself. That is all a part of the heroism, but perhaps Mr. Carnegie believes that a deeply cut stone tablet is a necessary concomitant to a virtue which is to be recognized in no other way.

It must, however, be added, in justice to Mr. Carnegie's heroes, that a goodly number of them gave their lives for others and the award has been assigned to their relatives. Gladly granting that these people were truly heroes, how futile to reward their relatives who are not necessarily heroes! How futile the whole thing, how unreal, how cheap and shoddy! The truest of all heroes are not those who die for others, but those who live for others, and there is no way to find these in the thousand homes and haunts where modestly and secretly they minister to the needs of men.

France will no longer be the Paradise of automobilists if a new bill dealing with them becomes law. With the assent of the Government and the strong backing of Premier Clemenceau, Senator de Freycinet has introduced a bill of the most drastic kind to regulate the speed of motor cars in that country. The new bill says that automobiles must not be driven in cities faster than twelve kilometers (about eight and a quarter miles) an hour, or in the country faster than twenty kilometers (twelve and a half miles). Penalties are very severe, and include a fine not to exceed \$200 for the first offense, one year for the second and three years' imprisonment for the third, with deprivation of the right to drive an automobile ever again. In every case the owner of the machine is to be responsible for civil damages. Since the first of May last year, the average number of accidents per day in and around Paris is fifty. M. de Freycinet's daughter was run down and crippled for life in June, and he is said to have forced the Government to support this measure.

An unusual type of Roman villa has been unearthed on the site of the ancient Roman encampment in Britain at Caerwent. The remains have been found to be in an excellent state of preservation. A departure from the conventional practice of the Romans in the designs of their residences, as revealed by previous excavations in that country, is the provision of extra rooms abutting on the four sides of the courtyard. In the basement two completely perfect heating devices or hypocausts were found, together with the peculiar blue tiles utilized by the owners for conducting the heat from the stove in the basement and radiating it through the upper rooms of the dwelling. In the basement some exquisite specimens of Roman paving were unearthed.

The greatest drug store in the world exists in Moscow, and is 203 years old. Its title is the Old Nibolska Pharmacy, and since 1833 it has been in the family of the present proprietor. It is a building of imposing dimensions, with many departments, including one of professional education for the staff, which numbers 700 persons. They make up about 2000 prescriptions a day, and so perfect is the organization that an error is seldom recorded.

POLITICAL TALK IN BERLIN.

Socialist Discomfiture at the Polls May Perhaps Be Less Real Than It Seems.

In matters political it is never safe to prophesy until you know. Popular suffrages are more fickle than the wind, and to forecast their trend is an unprofitable task. But although we must still wait for some few days to end a situation full of suspense, the supporters of the government have already assumed an air of jubilant confidence and do not hesitate to predict an electoral defeat for the Socialists and a consequent release of the emperor from an embarrassing and compromising situation. They may be over-sanguine. The Socialist triumph has been uninterrupted since 1887. There has been no event to dampen their enthusiasm or to discourage their efforts. The emperor, it is true, has shown some disposition to moderate his autocratic claims and to mitigate the assertion of his own personality, but that alone can have no marked effect upon the volume of discontent from which the Socialist ranks are recruited. But it is hard to resist the conviction that the Socialist tide must have its ebb as well as its flow, and there are plenty of indications that the next few days may have a surprise in store for us and one that will be as gratifying to the emperor and to the chancellor as it will be disconcerting to Democracy.

The emperor is in a mood to be grateful for mercies however small they may be. He has been uneasy of late, not to say irritable and peevish. For the first time in his life he was conscious of impotence. He had no constitutional weapon against the Socialists, and his denunciations seemed to fall from them as ineffectively as water from the back of the proverbial duck. Already the people were beginning to question the resourcefulness of their emperor and to wonder if a haughty anger was indeed the only weapon in his armory. The Socialists were not only resolute and unmoved, but they were pitting shoemakers and mechanics against court favorites and aristocrats, and with every hope of winning, and the emperor had nothing but fulminations to oppose to a tide that has been rising year by year and that threatens to overwhelm both reverence and tradition. If at last the tide is to be checked the Kaiser and the Court will breathe once more with the freedom of a respite and will be content to felicitate themselves upon the immediate present without too anxiously measuring the distance that separates them from a menace that will be just as real as ever.

Like most troubles of its kind the electoral peril of to-day had a small beginning. The government asked the Reichstag for seven and a half million dollars to pay for the military expenditure in South Africa, and the Reichstag refused to grant it. The refusal in no way indicated a moral or anti-military sentiment. It was due to a coalition unexpected and unnatural. The Clerical party had been so deeply offended by the treatment accorded to the Catholics of Poland, that they were willing to forget the amities of these many years, and to be driven by resentment into an alliance with the Socialists. The Clericals and the Socialists have no single principle in common. Upon every point of political policy they are as wide apart as the poles, but however ill-assorted the momentary combination may have been, it was effectual enough for the defeat of the measure. The emperor in high dudgeon dissolved the Reichstag, and the Socialists began at once to gird up their loins for an electoral struggle that they believed would return them to even greater power than before. If a rebuff awaits them, as seems to be likely enough, it will be due partly to an over-confidence that is excusable in view of the unbroken victories of the past, and it may also show that imperial exhortations have not been entirely in vain, and that constitutional voters have been spurred to the polls in unusual numbers. But only the most sanguine or the most thoughtless can believe, whatever may betide, that the onward march of German Socialism has been stayed or that the discontent of an Empire can be dissipated or assuaged by Imperial petulance and dismay.

There is cause for far greater ill temper than the emperor and the chancellor have recently permitted themselves to show. The Socialist party is to-day the greatest force in the German Empire. Only the inequalities of the franchise have excluded that party from the seats of the majority in the Reichstag. At the last election—that of 1903—the Socialist vote numbered 3,010,771, but this formidable showing gave them only 82 seats in the Reichstag, whereas the Roman Catholics had 100 seats with an aggregate vote of only 1,750,000 votes. The Conservatives again had 55 seats, although they polled less than a million votes. The parliamentary strength of the Socialists is therefore no index to their following in the country at large. We have now to see if the present election will record an actual diminution in the popular vote or only an increase in the votes of their opponents. In the latter case, the danger to the existing order remains as great, or greater, than ever.

What will the emperor do if such should prove to be the fact? It is hardly safe to predict His Majesty's course in this or in any other emergency, but he has just shown himself to be singularly unfertile in those expedients by which great rulers face great crises. It may be doubted if he contemplates any alternative to the apparently simple course of abolishing the universal suffrage and so depriving of their votes those who show such perversity in the use of them. There is a seductive and fatal simplicity in such a programme. Baron von Zeilitz has foreshadowed it, and the Conservative leaders are generally supposed to be ready enough to cut the knot that they cannot unravel. Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, has seen the menace afar off, and has been quick to take up

the gage of battle. He says: "If an attempt on the general franchise be made . . . there would come a moment when it would no longer be a question for us if we wished it or not. We should have to go into action even if we had to remain dead on the field."

The outlook, therefore, is not a reassuring one, even though the cheering prognostications of the moment shall be fulfilled. The future will probably gain nothing of tranquillity and lose nothing of its menace.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

Berlin, January 19, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Woman's Question.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul tonight for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouch'd, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole—
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other band
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that today's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not, I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all!
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

A Woman's Answer.

I will not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims beside your own.

I love—what do I not love? Earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherish'd there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer, with her ebb and flow
Of light, and warmth, and music, that have nursed
Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly, too, . . . but then
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you return'd again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me.
Till I grew blind with tears; . . . those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I long'd in vain to see.

I love the flowers; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast:
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life,—to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls;—I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirr'd
In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you: all who owe
Comfort to you; and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could know,
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow,—I, who spare
Love for all these? Do I not even hold
My favorite books in special tender care,
And prize them as a miser does his gold?—

The poets that you used to read to me
While summer twilight faded in the sky;
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Because—because—do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things?—Still you the best:—
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
Oh more a thousand times, than all the rest!
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

There are 2,500,000 bicycles in use in the United Kingdom, or one for every twenty of the population.

The Great Wall of China will soon be undermined in one place by a railway tunnel.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The existing Japanese treaty expires March 12. President Roosevelt is preparing the way for a new treaty, and has already had conferences with the California delegation.

William Jennings Bryan has delivered lectures in several California towns during the past week. Reports credit him with eighty-six engagements for the present season at \$500 each.

Speaker Cannon has announced himself in favor of a maximum and minimum tariff. He believes in making the minimum tariff protective and to utilize the maximum tariff as a "big stick" against nations who discriminate against the United States.

Secretary Taft told the House committee which was considering the fortifications bill that the Panama Canal would be better off without fortifications. Most of the army and navy authorities are said to agree to this. One reason given is that such defenses might be invitations to attack.

Senator Bailey of Texas, in spite of the vigorous opposition, was reelected by a vote of 108 out of 147. In his speech of acknowledgment for the apparent vindication, the Senator took occasion to attack William R. Hearst savagely, accusing the newspaper publisher of a malicious attempt to destroy his reputation.

The president of Princeton University found it necessary to refuse point-blank to be a Democratic candidate for United States Senator from New Jersey. Mr. Wilson may yet be worried or boomed into politics in spite of himself, remarks the *Springfield Republican*. If he has a grievance on this account, it must be against *Harper's Weekly*, which began the Woodrow Wilson talk.

United States Senator Russell A. Alger of Michigan died suddenly at his home in Washington on Thursday morning, January 24. There were practically no premonitory symptoms that the end was near. General Alger had suffered for years from chronic valvular disease of the heart. The Senator was in the Senate chamber Tuesday afternoon, where he stayed throughout the entire session.

Among important measures under discussion, or about to be introduced in the various State Legislatures, some thirty of which are now in session, may be mentioned the tax-reform movement in California, an anti-pass law in South Dakota; a new insurance law in Tennessee, and, in Alabama, a law for the establishment of a tuberculosis sanatorium to study that disease and spread knowledge of the best means of preventing and curing it.

A movement has been started to bring about a caucus of Republican members of the House to consider the propriety of an extra session of the next Congress to deal with the question of tariff revision. Representatives Cooper of Wisconsin and Steenerson of Minnesota have been circulating petitions. Representative Butler Ames of Boston, a close friend of President Roosevelt, has attempted to develop the sentiment of the House by appealing to members of different State Congressional delegations.

Harry F. New of Indiana, acting chairman, and Elmer Dover, secretary of the Republican National Committee, have announced that the office of chairman will be filled at a meeting next December. In this connection Mr. New has taken occasion to say that "if Vice-President Fairbanks allows his name to be presented to the next Republican National Convention as a candidate for the Presidency, and I take it for granted that he will, he will receive the hearty and unanimous support of the Indiana delegation."

Resenting the malicious insinuation that its South African colonies, where the Hottentots are, have been unprofitable and a source of endless and wasteful expenditure, the German government publishes an official estimate of the total costs of the adventure. See, it says in triumph, South Africa has cost us \$170,000,000, remarks the *Springfield Republican*, and adds: Well, there have been more expensive colonies. Ours in the Orient, for example, have cost us for nearly nine years considerably more than \$100 a minute.

Through W. O. Oliver, whose bid for the construction of the Panama Canal is likely to be accepted, Harry Stilwell Edwards, of Georgia, author, Vice-President of the National Republican League and personal friend of President Roosevelt, will submit to the President the suggestion that convict labor be used to build the canal. He urges that the President prevail upon Congress to enact such legislation as will authorize the States to lease their felons to the canal contractors. He thinks this plan would solve the labor question and appease labor organizations.

Representative Hayes of California, in a speech in the House of Representatives on January 23 said: "Since San Francisco and California, in this Japanese school, matter, have only followed established and long-approved precedents, what crime has California committed to deserve the threat of the President of the United States to send against her people the armed forces of the United States? Her sole offense is that she is strong in the determination to maintain within her borders the civilization of the Caucasian race; her only crime is that she is trying to go forward with the working out of the National and social and moral ideas of our fathers and is sending out a strong cry against the Orientalizing of the Pacific Coast by the sons of Nippon or any other Asiatic immigrants."

WHEN KIPLING CAME TO BOHEMIA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

In going over a mass of mixed-up books the other day—still unsorted since the earthquake shuffled them—I found two fastened together with an elastic band. One was the first edition of "Plain Tales From the Hills"; the other, "A History of the United States Marine Corps," containing a "Report to Admiral Kimberly on the Hurricane at Apia, Samoa, by James W. Carlin, U. S. N., commanding *Vandalia* survivors." And as I looked at them I fell into a reverie. For they brought back to me the time when Rudyard Kipling came to Bohemia.

It was a good many years ago. Even then the city was changing, although not so rapidly as now. The Union Club had recently moved from Montgomery and California Streets to Union Square. The Pacific Club soon after consolidated with the Union, and also went to Union Square. The Bohemian Club had left its old home on Pine Street, and was occupying the handsome clubhouse at Grant Avenue and Post Street, just vacated by the Pacific Club.

At that time the Army and Navy members formed a large contingent of the Bohemian Club. Some years later, with the growth of the city and the increase of clubs, they became more scattered. There were ardent Bohemians among them in those days, some of whom, chafing under the restrictions of "Army and Navy members," insisted on being regularly put up, balloted for, and paying their full initiation fees and full dues. Thus they acquired the right to kick, so dear to the heart of every club man.

Among the Navy members was "Jim" Carlin, or Lieutenant James W. Carlin, U. S. N., to give him his proper title. Carlin was one of the most popular men in the club, even among the popular Army and Navy contingent. He was, I believe, a Kentuckian—a tall, stalwart, handsome fellow, brave, generous, and kindly. We knew that he was kindly and generous, and never doubted that he was brave. But we did not know how brave until the news came of the dreadful disaster at Samoa.

On March 15, 1889, there were lying in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, seven warships—three American, one British, and three German. The Germans had been attempting to coerce the Samoans, which had led to opposition on the part of the American and British governments. A violent hurricane broke over the islands, lasting for two days. All the vessels began to drag their anchors toward the reefs. In the encircling reef there was but a narrow entrance. The first to go was the German *Eber*. She crashed on the reef, and was shattered to pieces. Only one officer and four sailors survived. The German *Adler* went next, twenty of her men being drowned. The American *Nipsic* was driven ashore, but most of the crew were saved, seven only being drowned.

The American *Vandalia* and the British *Calliope* collided with great violence. As they remained almost afoul of each other, the *Calliope's* commander determined to steam for the narrow reef entrance and flee for the open sea. She had to pass between the helpless *Trenton* and the reef. With every pound of steam she fought her way slowly against the terrible wind and sea, and cleared the rocks by a few feet only. As she passed the crippled *Trenton* the four hundred American sailors lined up and saluted, and their shout, "Three cheers for the *Calliope*!" could be heard above the clamor of the gale.

Captain Schoonmaker of the *Vandalia*, who had been badly injured, was too weak to stand the heavy seas, and was washed overboard and drowned. This left Lieutenant Carlin in command, and he decided to beach the vessel. But she still lay 200 yards off shore, with a boiling torrent between her and the land. Several men attempted to swim ashore, but were drowned under their comrades' eyes. Soon the seas were washing over the hull, and all hands were ordered into the rigging. As the day wore on, the weakened men were washed from the rigging and decks, half-a-dozen at a time. Some few reached the shore.

At last the crippled *Trenton*, her engines being disabled, was maneuvered alongside the *Vandalia*. To accomplish this, the *Trenton's* men were ordered into the rigging, and the compact mass of their bodies served as a sail. As she came alongside, the voices of her four hundred men again rose: "Three cheers for the *Vandalia*!" From the men clinging in the *Vandalia's* rigging came a feeble attempt at an answering cheer. Hardly had the sound died away when strains of music were heard above the shrieking of the hurricane. To hearten the survivors the *Trenton's* band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner."

After a time, all who were left of the *Vandalia's* crew were safely on the decks of the *Trenton*. The storm abated at midnight, and by dawn of the third day it was over. On the beach lay the wrecks of six men-of-war and ten sailing vessels, while the muster showed that one hundred and forty-four men had been lost in the storm. Most of the bodies were washed far out to sea.

The cold official narrative of the *Vandalia* was written by Carlin, and said little of himself. But we in the club heard from his shipmates thrilling tales of his bravery. One tale in particular impressed me: When the *Vandalia* had struck, and green seas were pouring over her, the word was passed that a fireman was drowning in the water with which the 'tween-decks was filled. It was dark both below and aloft, for the clouds were black and the air was full of sand and spume. Without a moment's hesitation Carlin dived down into the inky black water, found the body of a senseless seaman, and brought him on deck.

There was heroism for you. It was not mentioned in the dispatches either.

America was thrilled. For that matter, all the world, for the men and ships of several nations were concerned. Imagine, therefore, how it must have thrilled the Bohemian Club, of which Carlin was a member and so popular a one. It was unanimously resolved to give him a dinner—one which should be a record-breaker.

But the impatient club was obliged to wait long for the arrival of its guest of honor. More than a year had elapsed before Carlin was ordered to San Francisco for special duty at the Union Iron Works. Scarcely had he set foot in the city when preparations were begun for the "Carlin dinner."

It was at this very time that Kipling came ashore from the *City of Peking* on his cruise from India to England. The impressions of this Anglo-Indian on arriving in America were sent to the journal in India of which he was then a correspondent, the *Pioneer*. His impressions were not always flattering. He wrote with the utmost frankness, and begins his first San Francisco letter by saying: "Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if this is ever read by American eyes." It was fated to be read by American eyes, for some years afterward—when Kipling had conquered England and had come into his own—an American newspaper syndicate dug up these ephemeral letters from the files of the Indian journal and printed them in a score of big dailies throughout the United States. There it was I saw them—in a San Francisco Sunday paper; and there it was I read the curious exordium, "*San Francisco is a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people whose women are of a remarkable beauty.*"

These references to the beauty of the American women figure continually in Kipling's letters. At least until he reached Vermont. There he fell in love with and married an American girl—Miss Balestier, sister of that Wolcott Balestier with whom he collaborated in "The Naulahka." After this, all references to the beauty of American girls disappeared from the Kipling pages. Perhaps it was merely coincidental, and perhaps it was matrimonial myopia.

But let us skip his references to the peculiarities of San Francisco generally—the armed policemen, one of whom "shoots down Ed. Kearney" before the terrified Anglo-Indian—the affable drayman who asks him "what in hell are you doing here?"—the "vast marble paved hall" [the Palace court] "where forty or fifty men amuse themselves with spittoons of infinite capacity"—the many people who remark on his "English accent"—his belief that the Four Hundred promenade Kearny Street between eight and ten o'clock every evening—the bunco-steerer who attempts to take in the innocent stranger—all of these interesting bits let us leave, and turn to Kipling's appearance at the Bohemian Club. He writes that he was put up there by a "prince among merchants," to whom he had brought a letter. This Macenas I do not identify. Kipling speaks in appreciative terms of the men he met at the club, "whose talk was for the most part delightful." I quote now from the book, "From Sea to Sea," in which he published the letters ten years later, being forced to publish them by garbled versions:

They bore me to a banquet in honor of a brave Lieutenant—Carlin, of the *Vandalia*—who stuck by his ship in the great cyclone at Apia, and comported himself as an officer should. On that occasion—twas at the Bohemian Club—I heard oratory with the roundest of o's; and devoured a dinner the memory of which will descend with me into the hungry grave. There were about forty speeches delivered; and not one of them was average or ordinary. It was my first introduction to the American Eagle screaming for all it was worth. The Lieutenant's heroism served as a peg from which those silver-tongued ones turned themselves loose and kicked. They ransacked the clouds of sunset, the thunderbolts of heaven, the depths of hell, and the splendors of the resurrection, for tropes and metaphors, and hurled the result at the head of the guest of the evening. Never since the morning stars sang together for joy, I learned, had an amazed creation witnessed such superhuman bravery as that displayed by the American navy in the Samoa cyclone. Till earth rotted in the phosphorescent star-and-stripe slime of a decayed universe that god-like gallantry would not be forgotten. I grieve that I can not give the exact words. My attempt at reproducing their spirit is pale and inadequate. I sat bewildered on a coruscating Niagara of blatherouskites. It was magnificent,—it was stupendous; and I was conscious of a wicked desire to hide my face in a napkin and grin.

Looking back over the lapse of years, it seems to me that Kipling did not hide his face and that he did grin. I do not remember the "Merchant Prince," for when I met Kipling he was with Dan O'Connell, who introduced us. I supposed that Dan was Kipling's sponsor—he certainly had the stranger under his wing. I did not catch the name; it sounded like Tiplin. I have often since regretted that Dan did not make clearer to me who the stranger was. But he confessed to me later that he had not read a line by Kipling then, and did not till long afterward.

Now I had read and been so pleased with some of his stories in the Anglo-Indian journals that when they were printed in book form, two years before this, I had sent to India for a copy. It was the first edition of "Plain Tales From the Hills"—at least the first regular booksellers' edition. I have it still—bearing on the title-page this legend:

CALCUTTA:
THACKER, SPINK & Co.
1887.

It has that queer look which the colonial or provincial publisher always seems to give to a book. I doubt if there was another copy then in the whole of the United States; if there had been, the book would at once have been reprinted, as it was not protected by copyright. So I was then one of the few in the United States who had read Rudyard Kipling, and probably the only man in North America who possessed a copy of his first book—and yet when I met him I did not know it was he.

But I was introduced to a number of men that evening, for there were many strangers present. Of this particular

stranger whom Dan O'Connell had in tow, I only noticed that he was a square-jawed man with a close-cropped mustache and wearing spectacles. I also noticed that there was a quiet twinkle of amusement behind his spectacles, and it made me uncomfortable, for as he himself chronicled, the speeches that night were calculated to make a stranger smile. They were the apotheosis of flap-doodle.

It is hard to hit off the proper key at a big dinner. If it is started in too low a key it is apt to become lugubrious and elegiac. If it is started in too high a key it is apt to become hysterical. And that was the way this dinner started.

Kipling's letter goes on:

They produced their dead, and across the snowy tablecloths dragged the corpse of every man slain in the Civil War. They talked for rather more than three hours, and at the end seemed ready for three hours more.

My recollection differs from that of the stranger guest. I remember distinctly that the Bohemian charged with the duty of responding to the toast, "The Army of the United States," was of Southern blood and Southern sympathies. Therefore, when he arose he prefaced his remarks by saying: "For reasons known to those around this table I can say nothing about the achievements of the United States Army after April, 1861."

This declaration must have puzzled the foreigners present.

But the speaker was loyal to his limitations, for he dwelt at great length on the minor conflicts between the Revolution and the Rebellion, leaving those two great epoch-making wars as if they were not. This surely should have amazed our stranger guests. Yet of these things Kipling speaks no word.

Again my recollection runs counter to his when he says:

They hurled defiance at "our natural enemy" (England, so please you!) "with her chain of fortresses across the world." The "Prince among Merchants" bade me take no heed of the warlike sentiments of some of the old Generals. "The sky-rockets are thrown in for effect," quoth he, "and whenever we get on our hind legs we always express a desire to chaw up England. It's a sort of family affair."

I do not remember the defiance hurled at England of which Kipling speaks. As I recall it, the British lion's tail remained untwisted. It was Germany we assailed that night. It was Bismarck whose beard we singed, for at that time the Great Chancellor to his historic three hairs had added a beard.

For England, on the other hand, the banqueters professed a lachrymose love. The events at Samoa, the American cheers as the British ship drove on to what all believed to be certain death—such reminiscences would certainly incline toward international cordiality rather than hatred. And so it was as I recall the banquet. It was "England and America against the world!"—"Blood is thicker than water!"—"Hands across the sea!"

If Kipling were with Dan O'Connell he must have been seated among some haters of the perfidious Saxon, for Dan was an ardent Land Leaguer. Yes, Kipling must have been in an anti-British group—some sullen eddy in the great vinous stream of the evening.

An incident which corroborates me in my belief as to the Britannic-American cordiality of the evening comes back to me as I write. I had temporarily left the banquet room with Dan O'Connell and Kipling, to whom Dan wanted to show the cage of live owls. When they returned I lingered outside in the café. The air was very hot in the dining-hall, and even hotter was the oratory. From without I could still hear the howling of the oratorical hurricane within.

To me there came George Nagle, and pointing to a stranger, said laconically, "Pipe his Jags." The stranger was middle-aged, bulbous waistwise, of martial bearing, and had a ready smile and a moist eye. He was examining the club cartoons with simulated interest, which occupation he abandoned when he caught our eyes, and thus addressed us:

"Gentlemen, this is a splendid gathering, is it not?" We concurred, adding that we respectively considered it "fine" and "grand."

"I presume you are Bohemians, gentlemen?" said the stranger, interrogatively.

We informed him that we were, and hoped he was.

The military stranger seemed pleased. "No, I have not that honor," he replied, "I am merely a favored guest on this eventful, this historic evening. But my host, Mr. Blank, is not feeling very well, and went home some little time ago."

Secretly wondering whether it was the heat or the oratory that had upset the host, we expressed polite interest in the stranger's whence and whither.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the stranger, extending a hand to each. "My name is Bunkum—Major Bunkum."

We communicated to the stranger Major our respective names and our deplorable lack of titles, and Nagle immediately suggested a cold bottle.

"To be quite frank with you," replied the Major, "I rarely drink anything but whiskey. When in the Army I always took it straight. But I was young and foolish then. Now I take it with gum—sirup—the gum protects the coats of the stomach. Yes, whiskey and gum is all right. Champagne produces ossification of the arteries and premature senility."

Here Nagle's countenance expressed such frank amazement and alarm that the Major hastened to add briskly, "But once in a while champagne wine does no harm, so I shall venture to join you in a social glass."

The bottle was brought. The Major gave us the brief military toast: "Here's how," and threw his wine down his throat like a German student at a *kneipe* does his beer.

on the news came of the Samoan hurricane, all

When George recovered from his astonishment at this curious form of aversion to champagne, he asked, deferentially:

"Major, pardon my curiosity, but I have met so many foreign officers here to-night that I am in doubt." (The Major's speech was frankly redolent of the great West.) "May I ask whether your military career has been in the American or the British Army?"

Major Bunkum drew himself up proudly and replied: "Sirs, I fought through the Civil War, and I trust not without honor. I am an American from top to toe. But, Sirs, blood is thicker than water, as is shown by the splendid speeches we have heard to-night on the feeling between England and America. If war should ever threaten our mother country my sword would leap from its scabbard responsive to the call of Queen Victoria."

And as the Major uttered these words in his most impressive manner he lifted an imaginary blade like an officer in salute, and pointed it to heaven.

"Good! Bravo! Immense! Your sentiments do you honor, Major," shouted George, slapping the Major on the back. "Let's drink to them. Come here, Thedy," accosting a passing plutocrat. "Come here, I want you to hear this. This is my old friend Major Bunkum. He has just uttered words that should make every American's heart beat more strongly. Major, would it be too much trouble for you to repeat those noble sentiments? We'll have another bottle. Here, boy," turning to a waiter, "give me that card."

The plutocrat took the wine-card from George's nerveless fingers, gravely signed it, and gave it to the waiter. Major Bunkum bowed solemnly, and with a rapid "Here's how," he put away another glass of the beverage he had condemned. Then he began:

"Sirs, I fought through the Civil War, and I trust not without honor. I am an American from top to toe. But, Sirs, blood is thicker than water, as is shown by the splendid speeches we have heard to-night on the feeling between England and America. If war should ever threaten our mother country my sword would leap from its scabbard responsive to the call of Queen Victoria."

"Hurrah!" shouted George, "Three cheers for the Major!" And as a small circle was beginning to gather—stragglers from the banquet-room, fugitives from the oratory—he cried: "Come here, boys, this is something you ought to hear. This gentleman must be a member of the club. We'll put him up to-morrow—we'll all second him. This is my old friend Major Bunkum. Now, Major, could you come again, just once more? Ah, you will! Now, listen, boys!"

Again the gratified Major made his bow; again he fought not without honor; again his sword flashed from its scabbard. As the word "Victoria" fell from his lips George waved an imaginary baton, and the group burst into song—the chorus pealed forth, "God save our noble Queen."

From this time on the Major's sword flashed through the crowd like the white plume of Henry of Navarre. From group to group the captive was led at George's chariot wheels, and from group to group the Major made his invocation and flashed his sword. And ever as he pointed it toward the zenith there burst forth "God save the Queen!"

Suddenly George left his attendant group of mockers, and coming to me, exclaimed in wonder: "Why, they are singing it straight!" And so they were. The spirit of the evening had so hypnotized them that they had joined in George's jest without suspicion. When the poor Major, helpless, hiccoughing, but happy, was taken home by new-found friends, he had drunk deep the cup of adulation as well as of wine.

Kipling speaks of "the warlike sentiments of the old Generals there." Of the Army men, the only General I can recall is Nelson A. Miles. I think W. R. Shafter was there—then a Colonel. I believe Leonard Wood was present—then called Dr. Wood. Of the Navy I think Admiral George Brown and Captain G. C. Remy were there. So was Captain John W. Dillenback of the Army. Of the Marine Corps there were Captain Wood Schenck and Lieutenant James A. Turner. It is difficult to remember the banqueters over such a lapse of years.

That General Miles was there I know, because I remember his speech. The speeches that evening ran persistently toward the Pacific. The disaster took place in the Pacific; Carlin was the hero of the disaster; Carlin was a sailor; therefore the Pacific, the Pacific navigators, sailors generally, sailor heroes, and the heroes of the Pacific specifically, were the favorite themes. Speaker after speaker took up Pacific discoverers and navigators. We saw Vasco Nuñez de Balboa discovering the Pacific, and with him gazed at it with wild surprise silent upon a peak in Darien. With Francis Drake we elum a tree near Panama, and peered at the Pacific from afar, subsequently taking possession of it and giving it to Queen Elizabeth. We watched Hernan Cortes building ships upon its shores. With Ulloa we coasted them and heard him give her musical name to "California."

All of these navigators and heroes had been used up, when, late in the evening, General Miles was called on. The unfortunate man had no Pacific topic left to talk about and no Pacific hero unused. He had to fall back on the Straits of Magellan and Fernando of that ilk. So General Miles delivered a fervent apostrophe to Magellan. But as he called him "Fernando da Magalhaens," and pronounced it in what I suppose is the Portuguese fashion, and as it was very late in the evening, I very much doubt whether all of his hearers identified this particular Pacific hero.

Eheu! How the laboring years have passed? In their

flight Kipling has grown famous. How long ago it was! And what a lot of the men there have crossed over the river, ferried by the silent boatman. And among them is that brave and gentle sailor, Jim Carlin, who has gone to join those shipmates whose requiem was the roaring of the Samoan hurricane.

JAMAICA, A TROUBLED PARADISE.

By Edwin Emerson, Jr.

If human history is merely a recital of crimes, as Voltaire said, the history of places would seem to be a bare recital of catastrophes. Kingston, like Naples, Martinique, or San Francisco, scarcely needed the unwelcome advertisement of an earthquake or fire to mark another notch in the chronicle of time. Long before their recent disasters these places, in the estimation of travelers, were numbered among the most romantic spots on earth.

The island of Jamaica became famous almost from the moment of its discovery by Christopher Columbus in 1494. At that time it was inhabited by a race of aborigines called Arawaks. From their bones and relics they are recognized to have been a tribe of the Caribbean Indians, of whom, thanks to the Spanish method of spreading the Holy Faith, as little remains as of the aborigines of Cuba, San Domingo, or Porto Rico. During the hundred and sixty years that the Spaniards held Jamaica, they ruthlessly murdered or otherwise tortured and worked to death all of the harmless natives that they could lay their hands on. Those that fled in canoes and shallows were apt to meet a similar fate in those other islands of the West Indies where the white man was teaching Christianity and civilization.

The pious chronicles of some of the early Spanish padres, while telling of their successes in baptism and conversion, throw an occasional glaring side-light on the cruel practices resulting in the final annihilation of an entire race of Jamaican aborigines. To get a true appreciation of the horrible deeds that were perpetrated then in the name of the Saviour, St. Mary, and the King of Spain, one should read the blood-curdling chronicles of Las Casas, the first historian of Cuba. What he wrote of the Ever Faithful Isle was true of all other dominions of Spain in America.

Early in the sixteenth century Admiral Drake came along with a fleet of English buccaneers and filibusters, who harried the Spanish Main and practiced piracy to the everlasting glory and honor of "good" Queen Bess of England. "El Dragon," the Spaniards called him, and his doughty sailor men they called "hell hounds." From the first appearance of the Englishmen in those waters the Caribbean Sea may be said to have run blood. When Englishmen met Spaniards there was no thought of quarter. Captured crews had to walk the plank, and defeated ships were generally burned to the water's edge. When a Spanish settlement was taken by storm or stealth, the town was invariably sacked and put to the torch. The men that were not slain in open battle, if taken, were burned at the stake, as heretics; while the women and children, if they were not slaughtered in cold blood, were dragged to a fate worse than bondage. As for the natives, they always got the worst of it, no matter who won.

In 1655 two British admirals made a landing in force at Port Antonio, drove the Spanish out of Kingston, and took possession of Jamaica. After several desultory attempts to regain the island, the Spaniards appeared in great force, twenty years later, and a pitched battle was fought on the island. The English slew five hundred in battle, made some fifty prisoners, and drove the others, over a thousand strong, into the mountains of Jamaica. There they maintained themselves as bush-wackers for over a year. In the end all Spaniards were slain or driven out of the island.

During this time Jamaica was nominally a British crown possession, but, as a matter of fact, it was a nest of the worst pirates and buccaneers that then infested all the waters of the West Indies. Almost all the expeditions that sailed forth to intercept the Spanish treasure galleons on their way home from Mexico or Peru were fitted out in Jamaica, and went forth with letters of marque issued by the British governor.

To the present day the most complete and most entertaining literature on the pirates and buccaneers of the Spanish Main is to be found in the Kingston library. When I was in Jamaica a few years ago I found that the superstitious stories and legends told by the negroes there for the most part harked back to those bloody days. Mr. Julian Hawthorne spent several of the most pleasant years of his life in Jamaica, for the express purpose of delving into these pirate records of old. Any novelist who cared for that kind of literary material, so he declared to me once, could find enough plots there for a thousand romances of pirate life.

The most sensational historical event that ever befell Kingston was the great naval battle between the French and the English, that was fought out within the narrow confines of Kingston harbor in 1782. Count de Grasse, the French admiral, had come with a magnificent fleet with the purpose of wresting Jamaica from the British. It was the greatest fleet that had menaced Britain's supremacy of the seas since the great Spanish Armada had been shattered.

No other event ranks equal to this in the history of Jamaica, but some have left a more lasting impression. The earthquake of this month, with the sinking of a part of Kingston into the sea, will doubtless be remembered in Jamaica long after naval battles and similar

historical events. At this time it is a matter of fact that the people of Jamaica, especially the superstitious negroes, were still full of awe-struck references to the great earthquake of 1692, when the town of Port Royal, about four miles from the present city of Kingston, was utterly ruined and submerged into the sea. The old legend of a sunken city at the bottom of the sea, with mermaids and other sea folk swimming in and out of the old houses, is a firm local tradition in Jamaica. All the darkeys there are ready to swear by it.

On clear days they will point out to you, deep down in the indigo water of the sea, misty objects that are claimed to be the houses and churches and streets of the city that sank there over two hundred years ago. As at Heligoland there is a tradition that when the sea is stormy and is moved to its depths one can hear the dim tolling of sunken church bells in the old Spanish cathedral under the sea. Then, so the darkeys say, the ghosts of departed Spanish dons and English buccaneers, with their captive ladies, go floating in and out of the sunken portals.

When the novelist Kingsley lingered in Jamaica to gather the historical data and local color for his story, "Westward Ho," he is supposed, incidentally, to have got the plot for his "Water Babies" from this legend of Jamaica. It takes a Kingstonian really to believe this.

The only other events in the history of the island that can be compared with this famous disaster were the two great hurricanes of a few years ago, which destroyed all the crops on the island and knocked a high tower off the Constant Spring Hotel, the big hostelry which was so badly wrecked in the late earthquake.

So much for the records of disasters. An event which is still gratefully remembered by aged darkeys in Jamaica is the emancipation of all black slaves on the island, as elsewhere in all British colonies, just before Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. By this act some hundred thousand blacks of Jamaica were set free, and gained the privilege of leaving the island at will.

They have been doing so ever since, spreading all over the West Indian islands and along the coasts of Central and South America. The Isthmus of Panama is full of them, especially since Americans have taken hold of the canal project. Wherever you meet an English-speaking negro in Latin America you may be sure that he hails from Jamaica. He may deny his origin, because Jamaican negroes have an evil reputation for impudence and quarrelsomeness, but at the first sign of trouble—meaning a revolution, of course—every Jamaican negro hastens to raise the Union Jack over his shack and proudly proclaim himself a "British subject."

Apart from their fighting propensities, which are ascribed by the whites to their prolonged state of liberty, the Jamaican negroes are as jolly and picturesque a lot of darkeys as you can find anywhere in the world. The women go garbed in the scantiest of frocks, wearing kerchiefs on their heads, of bright green, scarlet, orange, and other garish colors. They carry themselves unusually erect, the result of constantly balancing large bundles or water ollas on their heads. They are as strong as men, if not stronger—certainly stronger than most white men. One of their favorite employments at West Indian ports is to serve as colliers, carrying huge baskets of coal over the gang-planks of steamers in long, interminable lines. In Jamaica they break stone for the roads.

Not only the people of Jamaica are picturesque, but the entire island fairly scintillates with scenic beauty. It is, in truth, a paradise of the tropics. The color of the sea water is of that deep indigo blue, the like of which I have seen nowhere else but in the Caribbean. At night the waves gleam with phosphorescence. At a distance the purple hills, in the clear atmosphere of that climate, look as if they were giant amethysts. The inland waters and cascades, gushing through the deep green verdure of the tropics, sparkle like crystal. Against the sapphire sky above the hill-crests can be seen the graceful fronds of royal palms waving gently in the warm breeze. Down in the valleys and along the ravines there is an exuberance of rich, tropical growth which beggars description.

As Jack London once said to me, all Jamaica is like an immense hothouse conservatory that has grown out of bounds. Most striking of all Jamaican flowers, perhaps, are the beautiful blossoms of the hibiscus, which with us can be made to grow only in hothouses. They are to be seen everywhere, and the girls and women of Jamaica are fond of sticking them in their hair. Readers of Frode's delightful letters from Jamaica will remember his appreciation of the beautiful flowers there.

In truth, the weather in Jamaica is ideal all the year round. The temperature during the hottest part of the day stands generally at eighty degrees, at all seasons, with scarcely more than ten degrees between the warmest and the coldest weather. The rainy season, falling usually in September, is of but short duration, with tropical downpours following occasionally afterward. Misty or drizzly weather never occurs, nor are there any cold spells. Overcoats or cloaks, accordingly, are never worn in Jamaica. Even the nights are so warm that the natives can sleep outdoors without any blankets. In the interior of the island the small picaninies run naked all the year round.

Whatever hardships the recent catastrophe may have brought upon the poor people of Jamaica, one consolation at least remains: no matter what happens, their climate is such that they will never have to go cold or hungry.

WHEN KIRLING ME TO GO.

A Tragedy of the Grindelwald.

It was now six years since Salvator Jossi had entered the corporation of Grindelwald guides, and no one who saw this mountaineer, with his shoulders like an athlete, and his horribly drawn face, scarred by a cruel wound, could remain unmoved before the strange expression of his black eyes and that air of cold impassibility, clearly but the mask of furious passions.

A strange fate had made him a guide, like his people before him. The day following the one when they had drawn from a crevasse of the Jungfrau the body of Gaspard, his father, Bertha Jossi, his mother, filled with hate for that mountain that had made her a widow, had closed her cabin and taken Salvator to Paris. The lad wept for his dear valley, his cot on the Eiger, but was forced to go. He became a wood-carver, a skillful worker, and passed with honor all the grades of his vocation. Then, in the Musee, where he toiled, he met a fellow-pupil, Aurelie Calvel, and fell madly in love with her—a blonde, flesh-and-blood model whom he found greatly superior to the marble goddesses from which he had hitherto copied. Soon, in spite of his mother's opposition—whom this last sorrow killed—he married her. A true Parisian doll, Aurelie at first was flattered to have captivated this savage, and really believed that love would soften his uncouth manners and fit him to enter her world. On the contrary, he thought only of lonely walks and silent tête-à-têtes, wrapped in a mysterious happiness far from the world.

One night his wife did not come home; instead he found an ironical letter, in which she bade him never to bother himself about her. Salvator read it, comprehended, took from the wall an old pistol once his father's, sent the ball crashing into his face—and succeeded only in disfiguring himself. Now he was unrecognizable—the cartilages of the nose torn from the bone, the upper lip slit in two, showing the toothless gums, the left cheek, where the ball had come out, sunken and puckered as a withered apple. It was an easy matter to obtain his brevet in the corporation of guides; the name of Jossi was in his favor, and he had doubled that prestige by deeds of which they still talk in the valley. He repurchased and reopened his cot on the Eiger, and here, all alone, he lived with his memories.

One beautiful July morning he had waited long by the roadside without finding a client worthy of him. The road ascended at this point, and the drivers of the tourists' carriages approached the village at a pace that allowed the guides to walk beside the vehicles and make arrangements for contemplated excursions.

As he watched the route, a caleche of sumptuous appearance turned at the trot from the bridge of the Lutschine. A man and a woman were in it, the woman's face concealed by the driver's seat. The man appeared to be about forty years of age. Two iron-shod staffs, projecting from the caleche, proclaimed them genuine tourists.

Salvator looked at them more critically. Little by little he seemed to recognize the man. Where had he seen him? Where had he spoken with him? For he had done both, he was sure. He looked again—yes, it was the Comte de Nioles, who had come so often to his patron's shop to purchase objects of art! The carriage was drawing-nearer. Suddenly the young woman—her figure told him that she was young—bent toward her companion in a way that partially showed Salvator her profile. He stood as if petrified—he could not be wrong, it was she, the siren, Aurelie, his wife!

Doubtless recalling the picture that he had drawn for her of the Grindelwald's charms, she had wished to air her amours there. She had had no fear, then, that there, in that place, the spectre of her husband would rise to disturb her criminal joys. She was more beautiful than ever, elegantly but simply costumed in a short mountain garb, with a tiny cap perched on her golden hair. She smiled, pointed here and there, and chattered like a child in her soft, harmonious tones—that voice that once had driven him mad and stopped on his lips all reproaches.

A terrible passion boiled in his blood. They were in his power; he would be able, if he liked, to drag them where he willed. A crevasse, a push—it was quickly done.

"Monsieur," said he, firmly, "do you wish to make a short excursion that few tourists know?"

"Where to?" said De Nioles, "we have only the day at our disposal."

"It is enough," resumed the guide; "I'll bring you back here in six hours' time."

"The trip is not a dangerous one? I am not alone, you see; this lady—"

"Oh, reassure yourself, sir; dozens of women, Englishwomen, generally, make the trip daily, sir. Besides, you will both be roped to me, sir."

The count looked at Aurelie, who nodded assentingly.

"It's settled, then," said the count. "We stop at the Aigle Noir; come for us there an hour from now."

* * * * *

The ascent was rough, but the travelers were young and daring. Steadily they climbed the rocky slopes to the foot of the inner glacier, where, for a while, they stopped on its edge to rest. The ground began to vanish rapidly after this, and constant slips and stumbles gave warning of the fact that under that granite dust stretched a surface hard and polished as steel.

"How beautiful!" Aurelie cried, breathlessly, as the grand spectacle of the glaciers began to unroll under their eyes.

—the right, far overhead, hung the abrupt walls of the ice, facing them a rolling sea congealed, apparently, in

the turmoil of a tempest, whose waves, sometimes parallel, sometimes foaming high and transparent, showed blue and dazzling under their snowy crests, gleaming with a thousand brilliant reflections.

The count was delighted, too, but the words of admiration were chilled on his lips by the guide's admonishing:

"Here, sir, it would be wise to attach ourselves; the passage from now on will be difficult."

He leaned his pick at the foot of a rock, unrolled the rope that he bore on his shoulder, and began the operation. Twice about the body of the count he passed the cord and knotted it firmly; then in the same manner, a yard or so between them, about the waist of Aurelie, who smilingly allowed him to do it, but avoided looking at him, he was so very hideous.

"Forward, march!" Salvator cried, his voice firm and steady as the rocks themselves.

The glacier, seen from below, presented a terrible aspect; but when the first crevasse appeared, a ladder was there to cross it.

"A ladder—a ladder to cross a crevasse, like a scene in a comic opera!" the count shouted with laughter.

A crack showed itself next, entirely surrounding the block to which they were crossing. They must leap it if they wished to pass beyond. Aurelie shrunk back as she looked; there was no ladder here, only a plank broad as your two hands, whose ends barely rested on the edge of the ice.

Go on they must, however, though under their weight the pine bent and described a curve that threatened to drop both plank and burden to the gulf below. Aurelie, cold to the marrow, walked shudderingly, looking neither right nor left, and clinging to the guide as if she would embrace him. Salvator's brain whirled under the clasp; bewildered with love and hate, he moved more slowly still, the better to prolong his joy and suffering.

The block gained at last, the glacier showed itself in all the horror of primitive chaos; the azure crevasses, so beautiful from afar, opened like jaws waiting to engulf them. Sometimes they were on crests so sloping that they were able to mount them only by cutting step by step; sometimes suspended about precipices whose depth no surmise even could fathom. Exhausted and spent, Aurelie begged to turn back, to retrace their steps.

"Impossible!" Salvator answered. "Some of the slopes we have climbed are impassable descending; a slip would be fatal."

The count laughed no more. What had possessed him to expose his companion with such utter recklessness? He cursed his own folly and the inconceivable imprudence of the guide, who, dead to all fear, walked like a spectre, struggling with the temptation to cry aloud: "I am Salvator—Salvator Jossi; I avenge myself."

Often, too, under the clasp of his wife's arms, he had to fight down the mad desire to return that clasp, to embrace her with crushing passion. Horrible as it was, this right was still his.

Never for a moment, however, did he lose sight of his intention. From time to time he sounded with his eye the sombre expanse. He was waiting to reach a spot known only to him—a spot almost in sight when this snow-field, riddled with holes, that they were crossing then, should once be passed.

"Walk close; keep in my footsteps," he ordered, briefly.

"Keep in his footsteps"—she, Aurelie, when she could no longer direct her movements; when, blinded, benumbed, she was a prey to that strange discouragement of the solitudes that drags a tourist down to the snow to sleep, at the risk of being frozen! "Keep in his footsteps," to plunge waist-deep in fissures, to be pulled to her feet by the cord, like a prisoner, whom, willing or unwilling, one drags along; to hang suspended between two abysses, balancing upon one leg, waiting to place the other as the guide should cut a new foothold.

Meanwhile they no longer ascended diagonally the stairway of the Barre, a sort of railed pathway more clearly outlining the frozen slopes. The face of the guide had assumed a strange expression; had the two lovers seen it, they would have feared him more than the gulf between them and the broad platform many yards wide, beyond which lay the solid earth and salvation for them.

But the platform did not rest upon the solid earth as it seemed; in reality it was merely an isolated, semi-detached block overhanging the abyss, bound to the farther ridge by a tongue of ice, so narrow, so sharp, so inclined, that it seemed the blade of an enormous razor. And that blade was to serve as the bridge—the only bridge—to the safety beyond!

Aurelie drew a long breath of relief.

"At last—at last we are there!" she cried. She advanced a step, saw the gulf, and the count had only time to catch her fainting in his arms. Salvator turned his head to her lips, and the fiery Kirsch speedily revived her, as it did also the furious rage of the count. He was a fool; the guide a rascal. How dared he play thus with human life?

"It is fate," Salvator answered. "I passed here yesterday—a child could have crossed it. It is so with the glaciers—a sea of marble ceaselessly moving. The most experienced are caught at times."

"Leave me, leave me here alone, then!" cried Aurelie; "go back, both of you! The cold—death itself, even—is preferable to that dizzy height!"

And she flung herself down upon the ice, her teeth chattering with terror. Despairing and convinced of his powerlessness, the count flung himself beside her, awaiting the will of the guide.

But, strange to say, as the moment for action came, Salvator hesitated more and more. Leaning upon his pick, his eye wandered through space, to come back from time to time to his prostrate wife. The hour of punishment was about to sound.

Suddenly he turned and faced the count.

"One chance yet remains," he said; "we must cross in steps which I shall cut in the face of this slender tongue of ice," and, examining the rope that bound them together, with firm tread he passed out on the narrow crest, and, balancing himself with marvelous address, began deliberately to cut narrow niches in which, step by step, he placed his great iron-shod shoes, the others following.

When the perilous passage was half completed, Salvator Jossi stopped, and for the first time let the full fury of his hate blaze from his eyes on the helpless woman whom had been his wife.

"Do you know me now, wife?" he said. "Yes, wife, for so you are, the priest said, till death do us part."

"Salvator!" the woman cried, and her knees seemed to give way beneath her.

Like a flash the guide severed with his knife the rope that bound him to the others, and as his wife fell, the sudden jerk came upon the count alone. He strove for an instant to save himself, but it was impossible, and with a cry of terror he slipped off the smooth ice and, with the faithless wife, went whirling down into the valley below.—
Adapted for the Argonaut from the French by E. C. W.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Venice.

Heavy her eyes with memories
And dim with dreams of other days.
When eager life shone red and gold
Along her tangled waterways.
Now she is old and worn and cold;
Upon her brow the shadow falls,
That slow and gray, like sure decay,
Steals up her leaning palace walls.

She is as one whose reign is done,
Whose heavy crown is laid aside,
Though still about her shoulders cling
The purple shreds of ancient pride;
And as of old when for her ring
The ocean reached its eager hands,
Still thronging meet about her feet
The wanderers of other lands.

But not as then, when kings of men
Desired her for her beauty's sake.
She is a faded tourney-queen
For whom no more the lances break;
But round whose knees the children lean,
Breathless, forgetful of their play,
With rapt young eyes where mirrored lies
The splendor lost in long decay.

Her sway is sure while hearts endure,
For Love alone her throne sustains;
Drift of the ocean are her ships,
Her aged loveliness remains;
The mother-smile is on the lips
That once the pride of empire curled;
She draws to rest upon her breast
The weary children of the world.
—Amelia Burr in Scribner's Magazine.

The Pessimist.

I like not Winter with his ghostly laughs,
His icy fingers clutching at my throat.
He stands before me in my path, defeats
Me in my purposes, and stands to gloat
At my discomfiture. He lays me low.
I like not Winter with his arms of snow.

I like not Spring, her rule of rain and sleet;
Her scolding mutters from the thunder cloud;
The flashing of her angry eye. I loathe
The hoisterous winds, their whistles shrill and loud.
Let those who love her sing her endless praise.
I like not Spring with all her romping ways.

I like not Summer. In her arms she hears
The curse of Eden to destroy all life,
The flames of fever as a garment wears,
And in her trail is every illness rife.
A foe to beauty and its every trace.
I like not Summer and her harning face.

I like not Autumn, fickle-hearted jade,
A yearly symbol of returning Death.
Hers to seek out what Summer may have left
And light it surely with her poisoned breath.
She stirs the laws of nature into strife.
I like not Autumn, and I like not Life.
—Josephine Page Wright in The Bohemian.

Crossing by Ferry at Night.

Softly, with scarce a tremor to betray,
She slips her noisy moorings for the dark,
Clears the chafed waters where her comrades sway,
Swings into shadow like a phantom bark,
And we are under way.

The sudden wind comes hustling back our breath,
The darkness takes our sight. This side, that side
The nameless river-reaches open wide,
The distance sucks us in; and underneath
We cleave the thwarting tide.

Black air, black water, blackness like a pall,
No moon, and not a star in heaven's height.
Look—like a strange handwriting on the wall—
A beautiful chain unbound along the night,
Each link a light—

The City! . . . Yonder fades the Jersey flare,
As dim as yesterday. The way before
Is like a path of glory, now. We wear
The dark for wings, and set our hearts to dare
That wondrous waiting shore.
—Nancy Byrd Turner in Everybody's Magazine.

Hardly a province of China has escaped the recent mania for railways, and if all the lines projected are carried out some of the remotest parts of the empire will be rendered easy of access.

A monument to Capt. James Cook was unveiled in New Zealand a short time ago.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Edward is planning to spend some time at Biarritz and to visit King Alfonso at Madrid the first week of April, after which he will board the royal yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, who was in command of the battleship *Maine* when that vessel was blown up and destroyed, with great loss of life, in the harbor of Havana, February 15, 1898, has been placed on the retired list of the navy.

Theodore M. Davis, an American explorer, has been successful in locating the tomb of Queen Till of Luxor, Egypt. Mr. Davis is a well-known Egyptologist, who for two years has been unearthing royal tombs at Luxor, and who has discovered many valuable antiquities.

Miss Frances Day, of Great Barrington, Mass., had the remarkable and terrifying experience of passing through both the San Francisco and Kingston earthquakes, though fortunately unharmed. Her desire for travel and change of scene is said to have been considerably modified since her return to her New England home after the late disaster in Jamaica.

Senator Richardson, newly elected from Delaware, is the chief proprietor of what is, perhaps, the largest and best-known canning business in the United States. A local paper says that he is also president of the Dover Gas Company, president of the Delaware Insurance Company, president of the Diamond State Telephone Company, and is connected with various other institutions. For many years he has been the president of the First National Bank of Dover.

It is said that Wall Street will see little of J. Pierpont Morgan in future except when financial matters of great importance require his attention. Mr. Morgan has practically retired from business. The financier has placed his affairs in such shape that it will not be necessary for him in future to give personal attention to the business of his banking house. It will hereafter be in the hands of J. P. Morgan, Jr., his son, who has since January 1 been the practical head of both the New York and London houses. Mr. Morgan remains

the senior partner, but he will be rather a consulting than an active member of the firm. Mr. Morgan is nearly 70, but he is in vigorous health and is both mentally and physically as alert as he was twenty years ago.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson has written to the State Senate of North Carolina, declining to accept the pension of \$100 a month provided under a resolution introduced a few days ago. "I most welcomingly appreciate this patriotic and loyal tribute to the name of my hero husband," she says, "but I do not feel that I would be justified in accepting it." Mrs. Jackson suggests that the sum be given for the relief of destitute widows of Confederate veterans.

General Arthur Tcherep Spiridovich, president of the Pan-Slavic League, will come from St. Petersburg to Washington to present to President Roosevelt, on behalf of the league, a cup for his services in bringing about the Portsmouth conference, as a result of which, according to the league, Russia has resumed her true mission of Pan-Slavism. General Spiridovich, who is of a distinguished Russian family, will also make a tour of the United States in the interests of a Russo-American understanding, particularly on Far Eastern questions.

Admiral Alexieff, formerly Russian viceroy in the Far East, who has been under imperial displeasure for some time, is once more in royal favor. The change in his fortunes is coincident with the retirement of Admiral Birileff, Minister of Marine. The downfall of Admiral Birileff, who is a bluff sea dog, and who in a most unconventional manner has rebuked delinquent officers regardless of their influence at court, is due largely to the operations of the clique of drawing-room sailors and others who have been opposing any investigation into the scandals of the grand ducal regime. During the recent conferences at Tsarskoe-Selo, to which Admiral Alexieff and all the other prominent naval officials were summoned, this organized clique rallied around the former viceroy and succeeded in winning the emperor over to its side. The re-entrance of Admiral Alexieff has brought out most unfavorable comment in the press.

A Misunderstood Scientist.

Dr. William Osler's statement, made nearly two years ago, that "man's best work is done before forty," which he meant in a preparatory sense, created a world-wide sensation at the time, its signification being thoughtlessly and injuriously perverted. It is only lately that it has received its true interpretation, declares the *Christian Register*.

Taking advantage of Dr. Osler's presence in Canada recently (whither he went to celebrate the centenary of his beloved mother), Mr. Charles Leonard-Stuart, the well-known encyclopedist, wrote to him for accurate information. The reports of the professor's famous address to the students at Johns Hopkins University were so distorted that "oslerized" has become a familiar term.

Dr. Osler's real words on that occasion were:

"The teacher's life should have three periods—study until twenty-five; investigation until forty; profession until sixty, at which time I would have him retired on a double allowance. Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not, I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short."

This is very different from the generally accepted idea that he asserted that man's creative usefulness ended at forty, and suggested his chloroforming at sixty. In an encyclopedic article on medicine, Dr. Osler writes thus on age:

"Within the past three centuries, the average working life of English-speaking men has doubled. A few lived as long as now, and some strong or favored ones had efficient working powers as long; but the common life was worn out in what is now middle age. In Shakespeare's time, the fifties were venerable; 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,' was fifty-eight when supposedly so addressed; and Admiral Coligny, murdered at fifty-three, is described by his contemporary biographer as a very old man. Now, when we hear of a death in the sixties, we instinctively feel it an untimely cutting-off in what should be still fresh and vigorous age, and even at eighty it seems but just fair ripeness for the sickle."

Even at this late date, it is a matter of general interest to have the professor's position accurately defined. It was a singular instance of a man suddenly becoming famous for what he did not say, whereas what he did say was very much more to the point than the sentiments popularly, but erroneously, attributed to him.

Josiah Flynt Willard, whose experiences as a tramp, author, and sociologist, under the name of Josiah Flynt, had given him a wide reputation, died in Chicago, January 24, of pneumonia. Mr. Willard had tramped in every civilized country, wearing the costume of the working class of each particular nation through which he wandered. He was a friend of Ibsen and of Tolstoy. He was born in Appleton, Wis., January 23, 1869. Frances E. Willard was his aunt. He was a graduate of the University of Berlin, which he attended from 1890 to 1895.

President Roosevelt will appoint five new brigadier-generals to the service within the next three months. These are the vacancies which will occur between now and May 5: General Stephen B. Jocelyn, retires March 1; General Walter T. Duggan, retires April 11; Major-General James F. Wade, retires April 14; General John W. Bubb, retires April 28, and General Constant Williams, retires May 5; Generals William D. McClaskey and Edward S. Godfrey will also retire this year, the former on October 2 and the latter a week later.

American skyscrapers, from nine to ten stories high, are to be erected near the pyramids of Ghiseh in Egypt. Permission for the erection of homes and hotels in the great plain extending from Eskebich to the Nile, and covered with ancient sphinxes and structures, has been granted by the Egyptian government. Several associations have been formed for the building of large hotels in this district.

President Roosevelt will deliver an address on Memorial Day at Indianapolis at the unveiling of a monument to General Henry W. Lawton, who was killed in the Philippines.

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SEASONING.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Persuasive Socialism.

Gaylord Wilshire, the editor of *Wilshire's Magazine*, has given to the world a collection of his editorials, so arranged and selected as to form a connected treatise on Socialism. The work is undeniably well done. Mr. Gaylord's editorials are forceful, persuasive, and—up to a certain point, but only to a certain point—convincing. His style is lucid and popular, and it will be due to no lack of enthusiasm and sincerity on his part if he fails to convince us all that we ought to be very miserable under the present system of competition, where the race is to the swift and victory to the big battalions. Apart from the economic heresies, with which Mr. Wilshire's shop front is plentifully filled, a pleasing feature of his writings is the ethical basis upon which he seeks to build, and his evidently clear recognition that the evils of today are due far more to the frailties and perversities of human character than to the injustice of the human institutions that spring from them. This is something of a novelty among Socialist writers, and Mr. Wilshire is to be congratulated upon the emphasis that he gives to it. An even fuller realization of the crucial effect of personal character upon economic organization would have a marked effect in tempering Socialist enthusiasm, and perhaps in correcting many another reform excess of a like nature. For those who wish to know the very best that Socialism can say for itself, Mr. Wilshire's book is to be recommended.

Published by the Wilshire Book Company, New York; \$1.

English Colonies in America.

The two concluding volumes of the "English Colonies in America" series by J. A. Doyle, M. A., have just made their appearance, and complete a work of very great magnitude and of painstaking research. Volume I deals with Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, Volumes II and III with the Puritan Colonies, and we now have the Middle Colonies in Volume IV, and The Colonies Under the House of Hanover in Volume V. The whole history of American colonies down to the beginning of the disputes which ended in separation from the mother country has thus been given to the world in an amplitude of detail never before attempted, and these volumes must necessarily take a prominent place in every American library that professes to give due honor to the records of the early days which witnessed the assembly and the grouping of the component parts of the nation. Dr. Doyle's history leaves nothing to be desired. Printing and paper are admirable, references to other writers are numerous, while the index seems to be everything that it ought to be. As invaluable books of reference, it would be hard to place the "English Colonies in America" series too high, and by his scholarly research the author has rendered a service to America and to history in general.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$3.50 per volume.

Practical Railroadings.

"The Working of the Railroads," by Logan G. McPherson, lecturer on Transportation at Johns Hopkins University is a timely publication when railroad legislation has become the topic of the hour and eminent statesmen vie with one another in their suggestions for the disposition of other people's property. Professor McPherson's book is, of course, in no sense a political work. It is a condensed and admirably drawn picture of transportation facts and problems as they exist today, from the construction and operation of a railroad to the relations of the road to the public and to the State. It affords us a glimpse of the delicacy and intricacy of the vast transportation organizations that we have come to look upon as predatory units of energy, and it permits itself to trench no further upon political ground than a warning that commercial mechanism of this kind depends upon fixed economic law for its maintenance, and that ill-considered interference may mean catastrophe. Professor McPherson is to be congratulated upon having said so much within the small compass of 269 pages, and upon having said it so well. His book is admirably calculated to fulfill its avowed mission of enlightenment, first, to those whose votes elect legislators; secondly, to those in the

railroad service who would know more than is comprised in their own departments, and, thirdly, to those who are studying the transportation industry in order to make of it a vocation.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Handy Volume Classics.

Nine new volumes have been added to this charming little series, including "Excursions," Thoreau; "Fireside Travels," Lowell; "The Maine Woods," Thoreau; "Our Old Home," Hawthorne; "Stories from Dickens," McSpadden; "Stories from Scottish History," Edgar; "Swinburne's Poems," (selections) Beatty; "Tales from Herodotus," Havell; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Longfellow.

These dainty little volumes, bound in cloth with tinted top, are 35 cents. Bound in full limp leather, gilt top, gold stamped, in box, they are 75 cents per volume. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

New Publications.

"The Auto Guest Book" is an illustrated volume of whimsical maxims by Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant and Richard Butler Glaenger. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"Erstes Sprach-und Lesebuch," by Lewis Addison Rhoades and Lydia Schneider, is a German primer suited to the needs of English-speaking pupils. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"The Days That Pass," by Helen Huntington, is a volume of graceful lyrics. The John Lane Company, New York; \$1.25 net.

Volume VI of John Bach McMaster's monumental "History of the People of the United States" has been issued. The period covered in the present volume is from 1830 to 1842, and as the author's design is to tell the story of the Republic only from the Revolution to the Civil War, there now remains but a single book to complete the work. Professor McMaster's admirable history is a miracle of industry, and has already attained the rank of a classic. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.50 net.

"Christ and the Human Race," by Charles Cuthbert Hall, is a discussion of the question, What shall be the religious attitude of the West toward the East? Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Barbara," who wrote "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," is Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, and her next story will for the first time present the author's real name on the title-page. The book is to be called "Poppea of the Postoffice," and it will be published by the Macmillan Company.

The author of The Century Company's "The Dangers of Municipal Ownership"—Municipal Trading they call it abroad—Robert P. Porter, is a writer of long and varied newspaper experience; a traveler, for the purpose of making industrial investigations and reports, in many countries; director of the eleventh United States Census; special Fiscal and Tariff Commissioner of President McKinley to Cuba and Porto Rico, and author of a number of books, the best known, perhaps, his "Life of William McKinley" and "Industrial Cuba." The facts and figures that he presents in his book may, therefore, be relied upon as accurate and authoritative.

Andrew Lang believes that Homer was the author of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," in spite of all the arguments against the idea that they are the work of a single individual.

In the *Century Magazine* for February Joaquin Miller pays a poetic tribute to the Missouri River, and in a foot-note insists that it is time geographical justice was done to the great stream which really flows to the Gulf enlarged but not swallowed by the Mississippi.

Among new books just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. are "Queen and Cardinal," a Memoir of Anne of Austria and of Her Relation with Cardinal Mazarin, by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant; and "Studies in Biography," by Sir Spencer Walpole, including Peel, Cobden, Disraeli, Bismarck, Napoleon III., etc.

The Macmillan Company is publishing this week "Emerson," by George Edward Woodberry, in the English Men of Letters, American series.

The Old Books.

They are gray with the gray of ages,
Borrowed, and begged, and sold;
Thumb marked of saints and sages
In the scholarly days of old.
Rose leaves pressed for a lover
Rest in their pages dim,
Though silent centuries cover
All that is left of him.

Singers and saints and sages—
In the fame of a name we trust,
But time will cover our pages,
As even our tombs with dust;
For here, in the library's shadows,
Where the famed and fameless be,
I roam in forgotten meadows,
With the centuries over me.

—Frank Stanton.

A paper in the current number of *The North American Review*, by Bishop Cameron Mann, points out the difference between the two great cycles of romance—the "Arabian Nights" in the East and the "Morte d'Arthur" in the West. "Each," the author says, "is a composite of myths and legends, each with a strict theological creed, each with its Bible in the background and its Paradise ahead, yet so utterly unlike and repugnant in their contents."

Agnes C. Laut, the Canadian novelist, has an interesting paper in the *World's Work* for February, entitled, "The Twentieth Century Is Canada's." It shows the sudden awakening of the Canadians to the unlimited resources of their own great country.



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ISABEL IRVING AND COMPANY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

I sometimes wonder if those determined citizens who, against all odds, continue to patronize the drama, will ever be in the mood for tragedy again. It is a question. The conditions of life during the up-building of our torn and mangled city are so trying that people need cheering up. Although, when one views the wearied multitudes herded like animals in the street-cars, struggling for a footing, breathing foul air, and dully and stoically enduring until they reach their journey's end and home, it is a marvel that they do not unanimously and enthusiastically indulge in the luxury of staying by their own firesides evenings.

But the love of amusement prevails, and there was a theatreful assembled on the night of my first visit to the Novelty, when I saw Isabel Irving in "Susan in Search of a Husband." They had come to laugh, for Jerome K. Jerome has a reputation for humor that extends over all English-speaking lands. It was justly earned in the past, but Jerome has been at the business of funning for many years, and it is a trade at which a man, in time, loses spontaneity. "Susan in Search of a Husband" is scarcely brilliant, but still it shines with a mild, reflected ray, borrowed from the author's earlier lustre. The fun in the piece is a little forced and extravagant, and far from being irresistible. But, while verging on farce, it is not horse-play, and, as in all of Jerome's comedies, is gratefully free from coarseness. In fact, a pleasant peculiarity of his plays is that, no matter how trifling the theme, they always require ultra-refined players to convey the humor over the footlights.

So it is that the particularly capable company which supports Miss Irving does not find its abilities entirely going to waste, although I should dearly love to see such a group of players in something worthy of their steel;—a Jones, or Sidney Carton, or Pinero play. Isabel Irving is so pretty, so charming, so refined, and exercises her art with such delicate discrimination that she always makes her points tell, whether in comedy or sentiment. The play is a comedy in which the humor, a little over-taut, dominates the sentiment. But when more serious emotions came to the fore they were indicated by the leading actors with the lightest, most delicate of touches, that yet made themselves felt. Susan enters, and sees the lost lover that had won her sixteen-year-old heart suddenly reincarnated under another name. He fails to recognize her, and she gazes silently, while a flood of reminiscent emotion, a recrudescence of that springtime of juvenile sentiment, fills her heart. Susan does not say so, but we read it in her eyes, her features, her pose. Then she moves forward, conventionally acknowledges an introduction, and the spell, so silently but surely woven, is broken—comedy again holds sway.

What a contrast is afforded by the less thoughtful, less matured methods of Jessie Izett. This young actress comes in like a March wind, and a March wind she remains to the end of the chapter. She is endowed with a fund of superabundant energy, both physical and mental, that is astounding, and which, added to her innate intelligence, and backed by natural attractions, will greatly aid in carrying her through a successful career, when experience has taught her to draw upon it more discreetly. Hassard Short, the leading man, immediately makes a favorable impression. He is easy, natural, does not over-emphasize, but always makes his effects quietly, and with good taste. Another good actor, and a comedian by instinct, is Ernest Mainwaring. We learn it when he says: "Thank you so much. I will take a lemon squash." Now why is it that a player can utter such an intrinsically unhumorous observation and yet, by a combination of tone, manner, and look, tickle his hearers irresistibly? It is, no doubt, through an instinctive exercise of that gift of the comedian which enables him to draw humor out of a pinch of sawdust.

Marie Wainwright is also a member of the company, filling a minor comedy rôle, and adapting herself gracefully to the lesser demand with the skill of the trained veteran. Messrs. Standing and Andrews gave something of a Shakespearean flavor to the characters of the two self-important rustics, and Edith Lemmert, a pretty woman with a metropolitan air, was mis-

cast as a village landlady, and struck the only dissonant note in an otherwise entirely harmonious ensemble.

That was the prevailing impression that I carried away—a harmonious ensemble on a light theme, of which the high, dominant note was carried so delightfully by Isabel Irving that I caught myself wishing that she and her company were engaged upon some comedy of greater depth; one which was not so fantastically, farcically remote from the real questions of life.

But laughter is good, and while we laughed we admired the four handsome women, and hung with especial delight upon Miss Irving's blonde tints, upon her graceful movements, and upon the gestures of a pair of delicately tapering arms and hands that made the wearing of elbow-sleeves an art and a poem. We have had much to suffer from the elbow-sleeve fashion, and I am not sure that woman in general has not disillusionized man and lowered his ideals of beauty in thus baring to public view so varied an assortment of arms. We have seen arms that were the sculptor's despair—because they were uncovered; sawnny arms, elephantine arms, arms with a raw-beef complexion, arms containing bony promontories, middle-aged arms, blissfully unconscious that their time for retirement had come. Occasionally our eyes have been gladdened with the sight of a pair of arms like Maggie Tulliver's, revealing "all the varied, gently lessening curves, down to the delicate wrist." Such an arm has Isabel Irving, a rarity that, like Katisha's elbow, is almost worth going miles to see.

There seemed to be an atmosphere of cold business about the Lambardi opera company's performance of "La Favorita" on Monday night; perhaps because, after seeing old friends on the Novelty stage, and experiencing anew an aching perception of how dear and cherished are the recollections and enthusiasms of a dramatic past that has not even left us landmarks around which our memories may cling, the absolute strangeness of singers and surrounding struck coldly upon the sensibilities.

There were dear ghosts of the past that came to life again, in one's memory, while musing between acts at the Novelty. Away down the aisles of the years we saw Isabel Irving, one of the sweetest blossoms of English girlhood that ever bloomed in the artificial precincts of stageland, when she first came with the Rosina Vokes company at the old Bush-Street Theatre. We saw Rosina Vokes herself, and heard again the echoes of laughter evoked by that pearl of comedienne. We heard her crisp, incisive English accents, saw her agile feet twinkle in the dance. We remembered her in her last visit, pathetically clinging to the stage, almost dying before our eyes, so difficult was it for her, even in her mortal weakness, to voluntarily snap the link that bound her to her most loving public.

Stray recollections visited us of Marie Wainwright, as she appeared in the heyday of her youth and promise. We saw her again, a graceful, clinging, tender girl, when she came out here with Lawrence Barrett and Louis James, and satisfied the poetic fancy in "Francesca di Rimini," and in W. D. Howells's dramatic venture, "Yorick's Love."

We remembered her in later years, when she hitched her wagon to the star of Shakespearean drama. We recalled that she appeared as Viola in "Twelfth Night," in which comedy she put forth Blanche Walsh before the public as Olivia, and gave a performance that has left beautiful pictures in the memory, so admirably did the play suit herself, and set off Blanche Walsh's severe, stately young beauty. For the latter was then a girl in her teens, so strikingly handsome that she outshone Marie Wainwright in mere physical comeliness, although the latter, in spite of the unbecomingness of the page's costume, gave us a Viola that still lights up a corner in our picture gallery of memories. Then who that saw them can ever forget John Drew and Isabel Irving in that merriest, saddest, sweetest and quaintest of dramatic fancies, "Rosemary"?

However, all this is not to the point; by this time we should be in a new theatre, with a new company, on a new Market Street; a hideous thoroughfare, lined with huge advertising fences and

squat buildings, which front on seas of liquid mud. The Central Theatre runs a close second with the Novelty in point of ugliness, although I think I prefer the Central myself. It is so frank and temporary—San Franciscoish in its utter repudiation of all idea of interior decoration. Both theatres are comfortable and airy, and in both one would feel perfectly safe in storm or shock, as there are neither galleries nor chandeliers overhead.

The Central was heated on Monday night, thus bringing an element of comfort which lessened in some degree the dreary effect that is always produced by the lack of numbers in an audience. The latter scarcity, however, apparently made no difference in the efforts of the singers, who gave a very good performance in thorough harmony with the popular ideals of Italian opera.

Campofiore indicated in dumb show that she had a cold, but she has plenty of fine notes in her slightly asthmatic mezzo, and goes conscientiously through all the routine pantomime of operative love and despair. Cannetti has a splendid bass, Salvaneschi a powerful, vibrant tenor, and Seifoni sang the rôle of the king with such power, ease, and mastery that one forgave him his crude and inartistic make-up. The chorus and orchestra rather slurred their work, but the principals settled down to business conscientiously. Campofiore and Seifoni even allowed themselves to be bullied, quite plainly against their wishes, into granting as an encore the famous duet in the second act.

I rather wondered at the small size of the audience, but concluded that since the management itself did not seem to have known in advance what was going to be sung on Monday night, the public had given up the conundrum and gone elsewhere. But, as I have said, the performance was a good one, better than many a one that has served to wake applauding echoes in old Tivoli days, and if such recent compositions as "Chopin" and "Iris" are not too remote in spirit to be assimilated by the Lambardi singers who are wedded to established traditions, the promised performances of these two operas ought to be worth hearing.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The American Theatre.

That San Francisco is a music-loving city has been further demonstrated by the splendid patronage which has been accorded the San Francisco Opera Company at the new American Theatre since the beginning of the present engagement. Multitudes have flocked to the beautiful and cosy playhouse night after night to enjoy the delights of the fine presentation of the Harry B. Smith-Ludwig Engländer musical comedy, "The Strollers." Teddy Webb, Aida Hemmi, Joseph W. Smith, Francis Carrier, Frieda Wisher, and Aimee Leicester have pleased greatly, while the working and singing chorus has been instrumental to a notable extent in the success of the offering. The last presentation of "The Strollers" will be given on Sunday night. The only matinees of the week are on Saturday and Sunday.

Starting on Monday night, February 4, "The Princess Chic" will be presented for a limited period, with Maude Beatty in the east.

The Novelty Theatre.

"Buster Brown" will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre for eight nights and three matinees, commencing Sunday afternoon, February 3. This season's production of the musical comedy is said to be even superior to the one that won a big success here last season. Buster comes this time in an entirely new dress, not so greatly changed, however, but that he will be readily recognized as the fun-loving, mischief-making Buster. Master Percy Helton is by years the youngest of the actors thus far seen in the rôle of Buster, and it is said that he enters into its portrayal with the vim and spirit of a real boy having a really good time. The company numbers forty, and includes a strikingly handsome chorus. Seats for the production are now on sale at the box-office. A popular scale of prices will prevail.

Nance O'Neil is to play an engagement here at an early date, producing "The Sorecress."

The Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum for next week, beginning with Sunday matinee, will abound in novelty and merit. Patrice, the winsome and clever comedienne, will present "Gloria," a little sketch of Western life, built upon the lines that are so popular nowadays. She will be supported by Charles Hutchinson, Hickey and Nelson, clever entertainers, are sure to be welcomed in their new comedy musical skit, "Twisted and Tangled." The other novelties will be "Little Hip," the smallest performing elephant in the world, and Happy Jack Gardner, singing comedian and monologist. The hold-overs will be Maddox and Melvin, The Labakins and their dog "Folly," Chris Smith and the Two Johnsons, and Alfred Keley and Co. Next week will be the last of Mr. Keley, and he has selected for it his very successful comedy, "Sister Mary from Tipperary." New Orpheum motion pictures will interest and amuse.

Recital by Cecil Cowles.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt presents his pupil, Cecil Cowles, in a piano recital at Lyric Hall, Thursday evening, February 7. Following is the programme: a, Prelude, F sharp, op. 12 No. 13, b, Prelude, C sharp minor, op. 12 No. 10, c, Prelude, A major, op. 12 No. 7, d, Prelude, B flat minor, op. 12 No. 16, Chopin; a, Aufschwung, op. 12 No. 2, b, Warum, op. 12 No. 3, Schumann, c, Waltz, E minor posthumous, Chopin; a, Etude, F minor op. 25 No. 2, b, Rondo brillante, E flat, Chopin; a, Vogel als Prophet, op. 82 No. 7, Schumann, b, Fugue, G minor, op. 5, No. 3, Rheinberger, c, Valse de Concert, op. 34, Moszkowski; a, Valse-Caprice, Cecil Cowles (dedicated to Dr. Arnold Genthe); b, Liebestraum, A flat, c, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8, Liszt.

Cheridah Simpson is the star of a company now on the Pacific Coast producing De Koven's "Red Feather."

"The Virginian" will follow "Buster Brown" at the Novelty Theatre, with Dustin Farnum in the title rôle.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 3
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Coming—"The Virginian"

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt

Presents his Pupil

Cecil Cowles

IN A PIANO RECITAL

At LYRIC HALL

Larkin Street, Between Edwy and Turk Streets

Thursday Evening, February 7, 1907

At 8:15 O'clock

Reserved Seats \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

VANITY FAIR.

The tipping nuisance is a never-failing topic of conversation, and a league for its suppression has recently been formed in some of the Eastern States. The league will probably do no good, for most of its members will probably be seduced into doing secretly what they denounce openly. In this connection Mr. Van Biene writes to the *London Mail*:

"England is the European country where tipping is the least indulged. In Australia tipping is hardly known. But the country where tipping is a curse is America, and if you do not tip you get nothing done. You ring your bell for the bellboy to bring you a jug of ice water; he brings it up, and expects the humble but necessary nickel. If you do not tip him you may ring your bell from now till Christmas and he will not come up, and if you complain to the manager you are told 'it will be seen to,' but it never is. You dine or eat in the restaurant, and you are expected to tip at least a quarter for every meal; if you do not the waiter will pass you by—you may call him from now till Easter Monday and he does not come, and again, if you complain to the manager, you are told 'it will be seen to,' but it never is. When you are traveling no porter takes any notice of you until ten minutes before you arrive at your destination. He then takes a brush and gives you a kind of apology for brushing, and expects his tip, not less than 25 cents, more often 50 cents. Porters there are none; you must do everything yourself. Here in this country, when I arrive at a place, I give the porter my 'cello to put in a cab, and I give him six cents, and he says 'Thank you, sir.' You try to offer a man six cents in America; he won't say anything—he will 'chuck' it at you."

The tipping nuisance was the subject of discussion in all the countries of Europe last summer says a Swiss despatch. Though the protests against the tyranny of tips have been loud, a wealthy German hotel proprietor has demonstrated to the satisfaction of himself and his family, at least, that it is a necessary evil. Herr Grauer, the hotel proprietor, had a Utopian theory that all hotel employees should be paid a living wage, and that tipping should be abolished in hotels. In order to test his opinion he started on a three weeks' tour of the chief German and Swiss hotels, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and determined not to spend a single cent on tips. One week's experience was enough for the wife and daughter. Mysterious hieroglyphics and secret signs, known only to hotel employees, announced the arrival of the Grauers, the "non-tippers," at the various hotels. The result was always the same—nobody seemed to want them. At the stations they were told that the particular hotel they wished to stay at was full, and the use of the hotel omnibus was denied them. When they insisted on entering the omnibus there was nobody to carry their luggage, and railway porters had to be employed and paid. At the hotel the maid never took less than half an hour to answer the bell, and the "hot water," when it did arrive, was cold. At table the Grauers were always served with the last portion. Complaints to the managers were futile.

It seems hard that the Count and Countess Stanislas Castellane should have to suffer for the sins of their kinsman Count Boni, the man-monkey, whose noisome morals have sickened civilization. Count Stanislas is brother to Count Boni, but that is no valid reason why the former should be sent to a social Coventry for misdemeanors of which he is probably far more heartily ashamed than the actual perpetrator. The *Club-Fellow*, of Washington, says:

"The Count and Countess Stanislas Castellane have by no means created a furore since their coming to Washington, as one would naturally suppose would mark the advent of Madam Anna Gould's brother-in-law and his wealthy Cuban wife. With the exception of several dinners given in their honor, notably that of the Austrian Ambassador and Baroness Hengelmüller, their arrival has caused so little of a ripple on the social stream that by far the larger portion of the Smart Set were unaware of their presence. As a matter of fact, the count has discovered that being his brother's father is not all that it is cracked up to be, and his path is not strewn with roses

of the thornless variety. The abhorrence in which Count Boni is held by every American appears to have been having its reflex on Count Stanislas, and his secretary is not kept busy working his fingers off sending out acceptances to invitations in his master's and mistress's honor. It has been more than noteworthy that in almost every instance where the count and countess have been guests of honor their hosts have been from among the foreign contingent, and that the remaining guests have likewise been drawn from the members of the diplomatic corps. The absence of health-minded Americans at functions participated in by the Castellanes is significant and laudable."

It is always delightful to read what foreign visitors have to say about America's finest production—the American girl. Here, for example, is Paul Bourget, who writes to a Paris magazine:

"That which first strikes a traveler is the utter impossibility of distinguishing the American girl from the married woman. The fact that is so often commented on in Europe, that she goes about alone and unattended, is not the only cause of this confusion. The similarity goes much further. They wear the same jewels and the same toilets, they enjoy the same liberty of laughing and talking, they read the same books, they have the same gestures, the same full-blown beauty, and, thanks to the invention of the chaperon, there is not a theatre or restaurant party nor tea to which they do not go alone, and at the invitation of any man of their acquaintance."

All this seems very strange to the conventional Frenchman, and perhaps it is because so many Frenchmen have said so that we find so strong an inclination upon the part of French women to follow suit and to claim a liberty that is both fascinating and harmless.

Apropos of the Marlborough disagreement, Ella Hepworth Dixon, traveler and novelist, writes as follows in attempting to explain "Why Anglo-American Marriages Turn Out Unhappily":

The falling out of one English duke and his American duchess does not, of course, prove conclusively that all such marriages are impossible, but it is in the nature of a danger signal to others contemplating similar matrimonial alliances.

The peer in difficulties goes to Newport, and sometimes even to Chicago or Pittsburgh, and there looks around for a multimillionaire who will give him a daughter with a dowry to which European royal princesses do not aspire. He marries a young person of boundless ambitions, who is usually well educated, but who is not of his class, and who has none of the traditions and little of the repose of an English girl of good family. She brings her dollars to England, and, inordinately proud of her new rank, starts in to have "a good time."

For the first few years she does have a good time. For her England and English life is a fairy tale come true. She starts playing at being a great English lady, the wife of a peer of the realm. She would like to wear a diamond tiara every night and robes of state once a week. She opens bazaars, starts home industries, patronizes everybody, and pours out her money with a lavish hand. For the American girl is very adaptable as regards ceremonies and customs, forms, and phrases.

She will adapt herself to anything but the root of the evil; the crux of the whole question is that she can not, in the majority of cases, adapt herself to her English husband. Very willing to become a marchioness, it is not in her nature or her upbringing to become the subservient spouse of an English husband.

For America is the paradise of the young person, and why they want to leave it and to marry men who seldom assume an attitude of blind worship is one of those feminine mysteries which are so hard to elucidate.

Now, excellent fellow though he is—and far less "flighty" than the American husband—this is not the attitude which John Bull takes up toward his wife or his daughters. The adulation must be taken for granted; it is possibly implied, never openly expressed. In nine English homes out of ten it is probably the wife who is the dominant partner, at any rate in all affairs of the joint life; but the English woman is adroit enough to conceal this fact.

The American wife, on the contrary,

never conceals what is to her a matter of national pride and affair of race and sex. Moreover, she has usually an inordinate opinion of the power of money. So, having brought her million or so of pounds to these shores, the young heiress expects from every circumstance and surrounding of her early life, to take the first place and receive the tribute which she thinks due to beauty, youth, and wealth. No wonder the situation bristles with difficulties.

A London society paper which devotes much space to the doings of royalty and the aristocracy, prints a communication on "Manners in English Country Houses," signed "Pol de Leon," giving impressions "from a Frenchman's point of view," as follows:

"It is in English country-house parties that the, to us, surprising intimacy allowed between young ladies and gentlemen occasionally develops into rather unpleasant behavior, in which the English respect for their womankind seems eternally to be conspicuous by its absence."

"I have so often noticed it, among the guests at a big country-house party there is a man, probably a local man, who is not quite of the same class as the rest of the guests, but a good shot or a good amateur actor or something, that when he sees a parcel of young men and women pushing each other about, wrestling, and saying all sorts of ridiculous things, he either becomes very shy and uncomfortable or, what is worse, he tries to join in the fun, but proves how entirely he has misunderstood the innocent spirit of the 'rag a l'Anglais,' by introducing a tone that causes the riot instantly to cease, much to the bewilderment of the poor man himself."

"There are certain young ladies in English society who are notorious for their

ragging (hazing) propensities. 'Hooligans,' or 'the smack-and-tackle brigade' I have heard people call them. I know some of these young ladies well, and I agree with the universal opinion of their men friends that they are girls without a temperament. I do not suppose that one of these young ladies has ever had a love passage with a young man in her life, and no instinct in themselves tells them that a man is a dangerous thing when you treat him like a doll or a big dog. For them men are not dangerous."

"I have seen a certain young lady who dresses in a manner I hesitate to describe, and with a figure that in repose is adorable, take her stand within a circle of young men sitting cross-legged with turbans made out of towels round their heads (to represent Arab chieftains), and dance a dance—well, a dance in which the movement of the feet is the least important feature. It was very clever and very amusing, and she performed her dance with a realism and abandon that drove two married ladies out of the room, broke the head off a Dresden shepherdess and the engagement of one of the Arabs with a young lady who was present. As for me, it recalled vividly my student days in the Quartier Latin."

"Less, as a Frenchman, do I understand the male counterpart of these lady ragsters—the young men who are privileged to be impertinent to ladies, and who say very often the most disgraceful things. I do not understand their point of view, nor the point of view of other men who say, 'It's only that ass, Freddie.' No man, of course, would look upon a Freddie as a rival in regard to anybody's affections; nor any woman feel any alarm in regard to Freddie's sentiments toward herself. Still, they are not amusing, these Freddie's."

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STORYETTES.

Two smart young men from London once came upon a respectable looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with: "You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way." "Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way." "Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?" Farrar than that." "How is that?" "Yu jist wait tule the mists gang awa' and you'll see the mune."

It is not always easy to sympathize with fidgety, highly sensitive persons, like the old lady on the train. She said to the conductor as he punched her ticket: "Conductor, is it a fact that the locomotive is at the rear of the train?" "Yes, madam," the conductor answered. "We have a locomotive at each end. It takes one to push and one to pull to get us up this grade." "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" moaned the old lady. "I'm always trainsick if I ride with my back to the locomotive."

The principal of one of Washington's high schools relates an incident in connection with the last commencement day of the institution mentioned. A clever girl had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded about her to offer congratulations. "Weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one, "when there were so many contestants?" "Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned."

"Reporters are often snubbed. There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend Jimmy Patterson," said Richard Harding Davis. "The bank had gone up through a defalcation, and Jimmy went to interview its head. But its head was crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door. 'Young man,' he said, 'I always make it a rule to mind my own business.' 'Were you doing that,' said Jimmy, 'when the cashier made his haul?'"

The Princess de Montglyn, of Paris, who has come to America to exhibit her beautiful and famous collies at several kennel shows, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of an embarrassment: "That reminds me of a story they have been telling lately about Queen Alexandra of England. The Guards' Band was playing on the terrace at Windsor Castle during luncheon, and the queen was so pleased with a lively march that she sent a maid of honor to inquire what it was. The maid of honor blushed deeply as she answered on her return: "'Come Where the Booze Is Cheaper,' your majesty."

Franklin K. Lane, Interstate Commerce Commissioner, on his journey westward from Washington, wanted to reserve a berth from Chicago to Minneapolis. He wired the request, and this reply came back: "Can't do it. Interstate Commerce Commission will not allow it." He fired a wire back, reading: "By what authority do you say Interstate Commerce Commission will not allow you to reserve a berth in a sleeping-car?" The Pullman agent answered: "By the authority of a recent ruling." Mr. Lane was interested by this time, and he telegraphed: "I am a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and am not familiar with the ruling. Give me a reference." And a short time afterward he received this telegram: "Berth reserved."

When Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent, began his newspaper career he was sent to "cover" one of the courts. His business was to look at the docket and find the facts about any case that seemed to him to warrant writing about. One afternoon he discovered an entry that said one William Burns had been arrested and fined ten dollars for stealing a martingale from James Jones, a neighbor. He recited these facts in an introductory paragraph, and then went on: "This criminal was justly punished, for the pretty little martingale he stole was the joy and comfort of the wife of James Jones. She kept it in a cage in her parlor and when, tired with the work of the day, the martingale began to pour forth those strains of melody for which

our Pittsburg martingales are famous, she found great pleasure. Such miscreants as this man Burns should not be allowed at large, especially when they descend so low as to steal harmless and melodious martingales."

A Northern man visiting in a Southern town announced that he could tell a man's political tendencies by looking at his face. His auditors looked at one another with incredulity. "Well, I seldom make a mistake. You," he said, indicating one of the group about him, "are a McKinley man." "That's right," said the man referred to. "You," pointing at another, "are a Cleveland Democrat." "Yes, that is so," answered he. And the crowd began to sit up and take notice. "You," addressing a third, "are a Bryan man." "You're wrong there. I'm sick; that's what makes me look that way."

A Bavarian forester, a poor and humble man, received an official communication from the town council partly printed, partly written. In the printed portion was the introductory word Herr (Mr.) used in the address. The town council thought the forester not entitled to Herr, and crossed it out. The indignant forester went to see the town council about it, but got no satisfaction. The mayor told him that Herr was struck out because it was superfluous. Then the forester sent a reply to the official letter and addressed it to "The soft-headed town council," but drew his pen through "soft headed" as "superfluous."

"This somewhat grasping spirit," said Senator Burrows, in the course of a recent argument, "reminds me of a lady who dropped in the other day at a certain bank. Going to the paying-teller's window she opened her pocketbook, took out a check, and pushed it under the brass grating. 'Cash this, please,' she said. But the paying-teller, after one glance at the check, pushed it back to the woman again. 'I can't cash it, madam,' he said. 'It isn't filled in.' 'There is my husband's signature on it,' the woman said, excitedly. 'Yes, I know,' admitted the teller, 'but there is no amount.' 'Oh, never mind that,' said the woman, impatiently. 'Give me what there is.'"

It is recorded of the Earl of Mansfield that he once dismissed a servant, but wrote for him a "character," as follows: "The bearer, John —, has served me for three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me." A day or two later the man returned to thank his old master for the help he had afforded him in getting a new berth. How had the testimonial helped him? The man explained that his new master had observed that ability to drive and sobriety were the qualities he required in a coachman. As for the cheating, his employer had said: "I'm a Yorkshire man, and I'll be hanged if you cheat me."

One day a gentleman came to Webster's office and consulted him in regard to a prospective lawsuit. At the close of the conference he paid the attorney a retainer of \$100 to look after the matter. Upon returning to his place of business he found that his partner had already settled the suit, obtaining the sum demanded without an attorney. He thought \$100 was altogether too much for an office fee, so he dispatched his clerk to look after the subject. "Mr. Webster," said the young man, "my employer thinks you should return a part of your retainer. That case has been settled." "Young man," said the lawyer, "you go back and tell your employer that a retainer is something to be retained."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Ellis, to Mr. Frank M. Smith took place on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride's parents in Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles R. Brown of the First Congregational Church. Miss Marion Ellis, the bride's sister, and Miss Grace Sperry were the only attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left the following day for the East in their private car, and after traveling there will go abroad.

The wedding of Mrs. Marie Pond (née Klink) to Paymaster Arthur F. Huntington, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday evening, January 16, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ervin Wardman.

Mr. Samuel G. Murphy was the host at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week, at the Palace Hotel, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Salie Winslow, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. James Reid, Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Miss Helene Irwin. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Blair, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Katrina Page-Brown, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. George Lent, Mr. Woodruff, Mr. John Zeile, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Samuel Hopkins, Mr. George Nickel, Mr. Richard Girvin, and Mr. Henry Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan entertained at a bridge party and dance at their home, The Crossways, at Burlingame, last Saturday night. About one hundred guests were present.

Miss Sara Drum entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday last in honor of Mrs. John Taylor (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness), who is visiting here from Boston. Those present were: Mrs. Walter Magee, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Fred Magee, Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, and Miss Ethel Tompkins.

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, was the hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday last in honor of Miss Helene Irwin. Those present were: Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Katrina Page-Brown.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan was the hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel, on Thursday of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Francis J. Heney, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Phelan, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Miss Alice Sullivan entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Thursday afternoon of last week. Those present were: Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Olrick, Mrs. Burrell, Miss Helen de Young, Miss May Colburn, Miss Minnie Sheridan, Miss Grace Sheridan, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Lathrop, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Ashley Turner, and Miss Louise Boyd.

Commander and Mrs. Edmund B. Underwood entertained at dinner at their home at Mare Island recently in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. William H. Standley. Those present were: Paymaster and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Captain and Mrs. Richard M. Cutts, and Surgeon and Mrs. Arthur Dunbar.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the daughters of the Confederacy will give a skating party on Monday evening for the benefit of their fund for

Veterans. The patronesses of the affair are: Mrs. William G. Prichard, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. William Aldrich, and Mrs. William F. Herrin.

Miss Lutie Collier entertained at an informal tea at her home on Pacific Avenue on Thursday afternoon last, in honor of Miss Dorothy Anderson of Mare Island.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery and Mrs. Ralph Warner Hart entertained at a bridge party at Mrs. Chenery's home on Pacific Avenue on Friday of last week. About fifty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will entertain at a bridge party at their home on Washington Street on Thursday evening next.

The last of the Friday Night Club dances for the season, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, took place last night (Friday) at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. Le Roy Michel will entertain at an informal dance on Thursday evening next, at the home of her father, Mr. Henry Miller, in honor of Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman was hostess at one of the largest bridge parties of the season this week, at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Freeman was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Maude Payne. Among those present were: Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. La Boiteaux, Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor, Mrs. E. B. Rogers, Mrs. Walton Hedges, Mrs. Harvey Nathaniel Gray, Mrs. Darragh, Mrs. Ralnh Hart, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. William S. Porter, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. Eugene Breese, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Clinton Jones, Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, Mrs. William B. Wilshire, Miss Fanny Danfort, Mrs. Cantwell, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. J. Parker Currier, Mrs. Shotwell, Mrs. Beveridge, and Mrs. G. F. Richardson.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker arrived recently from New York and are at their country home at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn will leave San Francisco on Wednesday next for Paris, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. William H. Howard, who arrived recently from Boston, is staying at the Palace Hotel at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh have returned to their home at Woodside after spending the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who returned recently from Europe, have taken a cottage in Santa Barbara for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Walter Magee and Miss Ethel Dean arrived in town last week from Nevada, where they have been for some months, and will leave shortly for Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Wenban and Mrs. Shaw, who are spending the winter there.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins (formerly Miss Alice Ames), who have been in Paris for several years, will return in the spring to America, going to Boston to make their home.

Miss Ysabel Brewer has returned from a visit to friends in San Mateo.

Miss Margaret Stow of Santa Barbara is spending a month here as the guest of friends.

Miss Bessie Palmer, who has been visiting Mrs. Edgar Bryant in Los Angeles for some weeks, has returned to her home in Oakland.

Mr. John Carrigan left last week for New Orleans, where he will remain until after Mardi Gras, going then to New York to meet his sister, Miss Mary Carrigan, on her arrival from Europe. They will return to California early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rodgers have sold their Ross Valley home and are going to Berkeley in the near future to make their home.

Dr. and Mrs. R. Langley Porter, who have been in Sausalito for several months past, will return to San Francisco shortly.

The Rev. and Mrs. David Evans, who have been living in Alameda since the fire, have returned to town and are living in Grace Church rectory, on Sacramento Street, near Jones.

Mrs. James McKee Spalding, who came up in the fall from her home in Honolulu, and has spent the winter in

Los Angeles, has gone to Santa Barbara to visit her mother, Mrs. Lacey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Parsons Tatum left on Saturday last for a month's trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, who have been spending several months in Honolulu, arrived last week on the Korea.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Warner Hart have gone to San Rafael to make their home for the next year.

Mrs. S. C. Bigelow will leave San Francisco next month for the East and will sail from Boston in March for England to remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wallace left Berkeley last week and sailed from New York January 29 for the Orient. They intend remaining abroad six months.

At the Hotel Somerset in New York City are residing at present quite a number of San Francisco people; they are, Mrs. Gerberding, Mrs. McCreary, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, and Miss Birdsall.

James W. Byrne has returned from his Eastern business trip, and is now at Del Monte with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine. They will probably remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Blaine and their son, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ainsworth, G. W. Fisher, and C. A. McKinzee, all of Seattle, and Miss Florence Williams of Portland are at Del Monte.

On their way home from the southern part of the State, Miss Wilber, Miss Fitz-Gibbons and Horace Pomeroy stayed a few days at Del Monte before returning to their home at Palo Alto.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wersh of New York; Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Audrain, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nelson, New York; William Bonfield and F. Ryan, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Wray, Little Falls, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Beckford, Brittain, New Hampshire; F. O. Allen, Jr., and J. H. D. Allen, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. M. McKee, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. J. F. Reilly, Chicago.

Gems from the Schoolroom.

Among the gems of a recent collection of school-boy "howlers," are the following:

The Star Chamber was a room decorated with stars in which tortures were carried out. From this we have the modern expression, "to see stars," i. e., to be in pain.

Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks.

Socrates died from a dose of wedlock. The heart is over the ribs in the midst of the borax.

A thermometer is an instrument for measuring temperance.

The snow line stretches from the north pole to the south pole, and where it crosses the Alps and the Himalayas it is many thousand feet high in the air.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."—Let him be honored who thinks evil.

A toga is a sort of naval officer usually found in China or Japan.

Cigarette Wolseley was the first man to introduce tobacco into England.

Contralto is a low sort of music which only ladies sing.

Blanche Bates, the star of David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West," has been formally notified of her election to the board of trustees of St. Luke's Hospital, of Philadelphia. Miss Bates is the only member of the board not a resident of the Quaker City, and, so far as is known, the only woman in the theatrical profession holding such a position.

Here is a good story of Brahms: His friend, the poet Mosenthal, once complained that he took his art too seriously. On Brahms expressing the opinion that he was sometimes in a joyful mood, Mosenthal retorted: "I agree with you. When you are in a right merry mood then you sing: 'The Grave is My Delight!'"

Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, and Mrs. Mabel J. Cox, the divorced wife of Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., were married January 16 at All Souls' Church in London, England. Mrs. Cox was given away by her father, Henry I. Judson, of Brooklyn. Lord Fairfax was best man.

Miss Harriet Beecher Stowe, daughter of the famous writer of that name, died at her home in Simsbury, Conn., January 26, aged 70 years.

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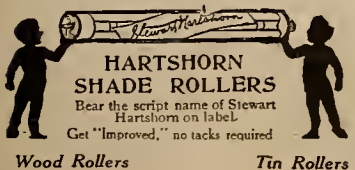
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel William S. Patten, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended two months.

Lieutenant-Colonel John G. D. Knight, general staff, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave, to take effect after his arrival in San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., judge-advocate, Department of California, has returned from a stay of several days at the Presidio of Monterey on official business.

Major Harry C. Benson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Fort Douglas, Utah, and to report not later than February 4 for service during the trial of Captain Charles S. Haight, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain C. P. Perkins, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as assistant to the commandant of the Pacific Naval District, Berkeley.

Captain John J. Bradley, U. S. A., has been ordered to the position of judge-advocate of the Department of Columbia.

Captain Frank C. Jewell, quartermaster, U. S. A., is assigned to duty in the Army Transport Service, with station at San Francisco, under the orders of the quartermaster-general of the Army, to whom he will report by letter for instructions.

Captain Arthur M. Ferguson, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived here last week from Vancouver Barracks, with a detachment of prisoners consigned to Alcatraz.

Captain Kenneth Morton, Ordnance Department, Benicia Arsenal, was in town for a few days last week on official business.

Captain Wilson T. Davidson, Medical Department, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

Captain Arthur R. Kerwin, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

Lieutenant C. R. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ohio* and ordered to duty in the Bureau of Equipment, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Alden Trotter, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Sixty-fifth Company, Coast Artillery, to the Twenty-fourth Battery, Field Artillery. He will join the battery to which he is assigned, which is ordered to proceed to the Philippines.

Lieutenant William C. Stone, Third Infantry, U. S. A., Fort Wright, Washington, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco, reporting upon his arrival to the commanding officer of the Army General Hospital, for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twenty-fourth Battery, Field Artillery. Lieutenant Selfridge is on duty as instructor at West Point.

Lieutenant Henry H. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been on leave for six months, during which time he has been engaged in relief work in this city, left last week to join his company at Fort Hamilton, New York.

Surgeon C. E. Riggs, U. S. N., has been detached from duty on the *Pensacola*, Naval Training Station, San Francisco, and ordered to duty with the Marine Legation Guard, Peking, China, sailing February 21.

Surgeon F. E. McCullough, U. S. N., is detached from the *Albatross*, and ordered to duty at the Naval Station, Guam, sailing from San Francisco, February 5.

Assistant Surgeon G. G. Hart, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Captain Philip E. M. Walker, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Arthur E. Bruce, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A.; and Lieutenant Samuel N. Noyes, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., all of whom have recently been examined by the Army Retiring Board, Presidio of San Francisco, are now awaiting orders from Washington, D. C., in regard to the final disposition of their cases.

A general court-martial convened at the Presidio of San Francisco on Monday last for the trial of a number of minor cases. The detail of the court is as follows: Major Edward T. Brown, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Elisha S. Benton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Edwin M. Supplee, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain Arthur T. Balentine, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Ernest A. Greenough, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Charles Pulis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant

Samuel D. McAlister, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Tilman Campbell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Graham Parker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

The Artillery Bill, which was recently passed by Congress, will cause a great number of promotions among the officers of the Artillery Corps. Seven lieutenant-colonels, the lowest of whom is Colonel C. D. Parkhurst, will be made colonels; twelve majors, the lowest in rank being Major F. Marsh, will be promoted to be lieutenant-colonels; twenty-nine captains, the last being Captain S. S. Jordan, will be made majors; ninety-nine first-lieutenants, the lowest, Lieutenant J. M. Dunn, will be promoted to be captains, and all of the second-lieutenants, numbering one hundred and seventy-four, will be made first-lieutenants. There will also be ten vacancies with the rank of first-lieutenant.

Friday Luck.

'Twas Friday when Columbus first
Set foot upon our soil;
'Twas Friday when the river's gleam
Rewarded Hudson's toil;
'Twas Friday when the Pilgrim dads
On Plymouth sat them down;
The Mayflower, on a Friday morn,
Sailed into Provincetown.
And Friday was the natal day
Of our George Washington.
Of Martin Luther, Winfield Scott,
And famous Stephenson;
Of Gladstone and Disraeli, too:
Of Isabel and me—
Oh, Friday seemed the lucky day
Of days in history.
And yet, though backed by sober fact,
I can't believe it so,
For 'twas on Friday eve, likewise,
That Isabel said "No."
—C. W. R. in the Century.

New White Star Line Service.

The White Star Line announces that, beginning in May, its steamers *Adriatic*, *Teutonic*, *Oceanic*, and *Majestic*, will be transferred from the New York-Liverpool service to the New York-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Southampton service, calling west-bound at Cherbourg and Queenstown.

The service will be inaugurated with the immense new twin-screw steamer *Adriatic*, sailing from Liverpool on May 8 and from New York on May 22 for Southampton, the other steamers following weekly as named.

The White Star Line New York-Liverpool service will be continued by its equally well equipped and large steamers *Baltic*, *Cedric*, *Celtic*, and *Arabic*, sailing from New York on Thursdays, instead of Fridays. A recent item in the *Argonaut* stated erroneously that the New York-Liverpool service would be given up, and this correction is made on official notice from the Pacific Coast Agency.

Professor Edmond S. Meany, of the University of Washington, has been engaged for a number of years in investigations connected with the writing of his forthcoming book, "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound." A few years ago Professor Meany's researches led him in the direction of certain inaccessible Spanish documents in the archives and libraries of Madrid. About this time he was chosen by the University of Washington Historical Society as its representative to erect a monument to Vancouver and Quadra, the two great explorers of the Pacific Northwest. The monument was erected on Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, where the Englishman and the Spaniard met in 1792. An account of the ceremony was sent to the Spanish Court, and immediately Professor Meany found himself the recipient of profuse thanks for the honor he had done to a famous Spaniard. As a special mark of favor the Royal Archives were thrown open to him.

Madame Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress whose Hedda Gabler stirred the critics in New York, is continuing her appearances at matinees in the Bijou Theatre, in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." A dramatic writer says that "her Nora is likely to attract even the unreformed playgoers, those who know not or care not for Ibsen, by virtue of its sheer acting power. It is a long time since any actress has made so striking an exhibition of versatility. Nothing like it has been seen here since the days of Janauschek."

Brevity is the soul of wit. Take, for example, the story of the two men, one of whom asked the other: "Do you drink?" "That is my business," came the gruff reply. "Have you any other business?" asked the first man, with great presence of mind.

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Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Once in a while you see a girl who doesn't care if people know how old she is. She is usually seventeen.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Senator, a political job is pretty hard work, isn't it?" "Not very," replied Senator Badger, "but getting it is."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"How do you get those clinging ways?" asked the country cousin. "Hanging from street-car straps," answered the city girl.—*Washington Herald*.

Chapleigh—I was all bwoke up oval a girl once, doncher know. *Miss Knox*—Ah, I see! And some of the pieces were lost.—*Chicago Daily News*.

The Simple One—Going away for your health! Why, that is very sudden. Does your doctor recommend it? The Wise One—No, my lawyer.—*Puck*.

Passenger (about to leave the cars, sees his heavy satchel fall from the rack on a lady's head)—That's very fortunate. I had just forgotten it was there.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Do you know that I am soon to be engaged to Mr. Huber?" "Is that so? Has he spoken to your mother?" "No, but my mother has spoken to him."—*Meggenдорfer Blätter*.

Grayce—My dressmaker says I ought not to wear white with my skin. *Mayme*—Don't believe her, dear. White and yellow make quite a pretty combination.—*Baltimore American*.

"I never was so happy before," said the new benedict. "Marriage has made a different man of me." "I'm glad to hear it," said his rival, "for your wife's sake."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Future Father-in-Law—I am sorry to inform you that my daughter will not receive her fortune until after my death. *Future Son-in-Law*—Well, and how old are you now?—*Simplicissimus*.

Patience—How do you know Peggy is alone? *Patrice*—Because I hear her singing. "But that's no sign." "Yes, it is. If there was any one with her she'd be talking."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

If you have any room left in your tool box, be sure and fill it with money. You can, on an auto tour, get along without anything but money. If there is any doubt about this, throw the tools away.—*Life*.

"Some men insist that woman has no business brains, but there is a young woman who conducts a large business and it calls for head work all the time." "Who is she?" "My wife's milliner."—*Cleveland Press*.

Thank heaven, the multiplication table doesn't change! It is the only thing a mother knows that is the same as when she went to school, and which she can speak of without being corrected.—*Atchison Globe*.

A young man went up for an examination and was "plucked." He sent the following telegram to his anxious family: "Examination splendid. Professors enthusiastic. They demand an encore."—*Il Riso*.

The Preacher—Have you special rates for clergymen? The Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; we charge them a dollar extra. The Preacher—Dollar extra! Why? The Hotel Clerk—They don't patronize the bar.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Deacon—By the way, that man Brown you married a year ago, has he paid you your fee yet? Clergyman—No; the last time I reminded him of it he said I'd be fortunate if he didn't sue me for damages.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Seesig—Yes, it was my first ocean trip. *Miss Romanz*—Ah! When you realized that you were on the great bosom of old ocean did you not feel like shouting in your exhilaration? Mr. Seesig—Well, I don't know about the exhilaration, but I—er—could scarcely contain myself.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The modern wife is beginning to astonish the modern husband. A man came home at 3 A. M. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming from the keyhole of the bedroom

door. With a sigh he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau, fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," he said. "I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself."—*The New Voice*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Never Idle.

He'd like to see those idle tears
He's read about in rhyme.
His little wife's, as it appears,
Are working all the time.
—*Houston Chronicle*.

Youse.

I ain't no angel child, not yet,
But youse won't never find
No guy dat loves like me, you bet,
Wid all his heart an' mind.
An' after all I ain't so worse
An'—dis ain't any news—
Dere's nuttin in de Universe
But Youse! Youse! Youse!
—*Puck*.

Niagara.

Where Niagara's foaming torrent
Rushes down its rocky bed,
There is power enough to warrant
Many factories, it is said.
When the stream to drip has dwindled
And the towering walls are bare,
Enterprise, by zeal enkindled,
Will paint pill and soap ads there.
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Fly In the Ointment.

'Tis useless to attempt to please
The universal throng;
Though plaudits are attained with ease,
Some censure goes along.
So through the air some tremors run
When people hear in accents grim
The voice of some disgruntled one,
"I don't think much of him!"

The favorite author of the day
Evokes some critic's ire;
The actor, struggle as he may,
Finds folks who won't admire.
And e'en the bridegroom who draws near
The altar, pale and slim,
In whispers on each side will hear,
"I don't think much of him!"
—*Washington Star*.

A Willing Pupil.

Her poor suitor did not discern
That her gowns cost much more than he'd earn;
Said she, "How could you dress me?"
He blushed and said, "Bless me!
That's something I think I could learn."
—*Life*.

As proof of his native talent a great financier tells how in his boyhood he used to do the marketing for his mother and how easy he found it, even then, to get the better of people. One day he went into a grocer's to get some eggs. "Give me," he said, "a dozen black hen's eggs, please." "Black hens' eggs?" said the dealer. "And how can any one tell the eggs of a black hen?" "I can do it," said the boy. "Then go ahead," said the grocer, waving his hand toward a huge basket of eggs. And the boy went over to the basket, picked out the twelve largest eggs, paid his money and walked out.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Japanese Issue Grows Grave.

Within the week the Japanese issue has taken two or three turns to the bad. The hope expressed by the *Argonaut* that the period of hysterics was passed and that the issue would be determined by the courts, has not been justified. Something has happened further to excite the President, with the result that he has changed his tone, although there is as yet no evidence that he has yielded his point. His latest moves have been to appeal to the Legislature, through Governor Gillett, to suspend its proposed anti-Japanese proceeding, and to invite the San Francisco Board of Education, with the erstwhile much-sneered-at "bassoon-player," Mayor Schmitz, to a conference at Washington. If the President's mood is even fairly reflected in current dispatches from Washington, he is in a rather over-nervous state about Japan's attitude as to this whole business. We can think of nothing that would justify his manifest state of concern but the spectre of Japanese fleets swooping down upon the Philippines and Hawaii, and even upon California. Even if these visions were realities, there are some of us even more directly interested than the President, who would try to face the situation in a mood more indicative of courage or at least resignation.

Another adverse fact in the week's developments was an untimely and injudicious speech by Senator Perkins implying, if not directly predicting, that sooner or later war must come between the United States and Japan for domination of the Pacific Ocean.

Regarded from any point of view, the situation grows more serious—so serious, in fact, that a time has come when the President, our school authorities, and everybody else concerned owes it to common sense and to patriotism to abandon all petty motives of contention. There has come a time when we must look this matter straight in the face and seek its solution upon the basis of common sense and expediency. The President must consider the situation as affected by what is acceptable or possible in California; California must consider it, not from the standpoint of local prejudice, but of national and universal interest. California may not, indeed, be able to forget the affront and the injury which it has suffered at the hands of the President, but she should find the grace to put aside her humiliation and resentment and to re-approach the question from the standpoint of larger motives. We must not allow a trifling racial and social issue to become a bone of permanent international contention because the President, by a foolish and intemperate utterance, has wounded our pride.

Now in this spirit let us concede that the immediate issue has been magnified to a degree which leaves room for reasonable compromise. Our chief objection to Japanese in the schools is not so much to children of primary school age—to comparative infants—as to the half-grown men who, in times past, have crowded into our primary classes. The grown or half-grown Japanese student in our schools is the serious offender against our sensibilities. Japanese, of any age, be it said frankly, we do not desire to have in association with our children, but if, by conceding not only equal but identical school privileges to children of primary age, we could secure practical exclusion of the Japanese coolie class from this country, the compromise might be worth while—at least, it is worth considering. While, as we have said, we can not under any circumstances welcome Japanese of any age or condition to association with our children, still we might not unreasonably, by specific requirements at the points of cleanliness, demeanor, and numbers, accept such an arrangement if, in return for this concession, the Japanese government would concede the restriction of coolie immigration. For the sake of a great political and social advantage we might yield a point which, after all, is not vitally essential in its relation to our general and determined protest.

Beyond a question it is true that, in the organization and in the ordering of our schools, the State law is supreme. Yet it must be admitted, since it can not be controverted, that if the Washington government should make a treaty giving rights in the schools it would be, under the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, and thus above mere State enactment. Our schools would still be our own; we would still be within our rights in abandoning them and in seeking other means to the education of our children. But this is a course to which no citizen among us would willingly consent. We don't want to abandon our schools; and, while circumstances are easily conceivable under which the people of California would do it, we trust the need may never come. Deeply as our people feel in this matter, we believe they would rather make a fair compromise—a compromise under which our main contention and our self-respect would be preserved—than to proceed to embittered and revolutionary extremes.

There is on the part of the President, as we have

already said, a distinct change of mood. There are some indications that he has come to realize the enormity of the blunder in which his hot-headed egotism has involved his country. If he does not already see he will learn later on, and it will be borne in upon him to his dying day, that his precipitancy and indiscretion have raised up a spirit of pretension and arrogance on the part of the Japanese which half a century will not correct. It is to the President's lack of knowledge, to his love of the dictates of his own will, to his vice of leaping first and looking afterwards, that we must credit a new and offensive spirit of presumption in the Japanese race.

Let us add that the *Argonaut* has no sympathy and small respect for the war talk of the past week. There will be no war. The issue is too trifling. Even if it were more serious, Japan is not prepared for war and would not be justified in it by the nations of the world, whose good opinion she is so eager to conciliate. Increase of pretension and a more offensive "cockiness" on her part we shall no doubt see as the result of this incident. Regarding war as an impossibility, still we must say that America need feel no fears concerning it. There could be but one possible outcome of war, and that would be such a complete wiping off the face of the earth of Japanese military strength, such an effacement of her pretensions, as her traditionally closest friend would be grieved to inflict.

The Gridiron Incident.

One explanation of the Gridiron Club incident at Washington last week lies in the fact that our worthy President, with all his moral and intellectual merits, is notably deficient at the point of humorous perception. If there is a funny bone in his mental make-up, it has never manifested itself. In all the flood of his talk and his writing there is not, so far as we can recall, the first touch of that spirit of fun which is all but universal with the American-bred man. We have often thought that if the President's sense of humor had been keener—or if he had any sense of humor at all—he would have left unsaid and undone a good many things which have marked both his public and private career.

Now when the President glanced over the Gridiron dinner-card and read under the name of Theodore Roosevelt the lines herewith, he didn't like it. It touched his vanity, because he lacks just the kind of wit to appreciate the spirit which, to almost any other man, would have salted and sweetened the whole matter:

I'm busy with things night and day;
A rough-rider was once heard to say;
Writing views, singing tunes,
Killing bears, firing coons;
Or composing an old Irish lay.

T. R. had a little Lodge,
Well trained and nicely taught.
He did whatever T. R. said
And thought what T. R. thought.

There was a young person named Loeb
Who was vastly more patient than Job;
When T. R. makes a break,
For appearance's sake,
They put all the blame upon Loeb.

When, in addition to the smart of these lines, there was added by one of the speakers more fat to the fire in the form of sarcastic reference to the Brownsville and to the Japanese affairs, the Presidential wrath rose to the boiling point. The fun of the thing was utterly lost; Mr. Roosevelt saw in it nothing more justifiable or less grave than a serious assault upon himself. He could see nothing in it but moral and mortal affront.

When the President is in this mood, nothing

stays him. He is as unrestrained under affront—even though the affront may be a joke entirely understandable by others—as a bull under the goad. In his resentment he forgot that a Gridiron dinner is an occasion of unlimited license, that whoever presents himself there takes his risk of being made the victim of the wit of anybody who may care to exercise it at his expense. He forgot that all coons look alike to the Gridiron Club, and that the dignity which doth hedge in a President under ordinary circumstances is left with his hat and his overcoat in the outer hall. Again, the President is a born preacher; preachment in the form of dogmatic assertion is his habit. Your preacher is no respecter of places; there is never any other point of view than his own at any time or in any place. To Mr. Roosevelt, preacher as he is, all places are temples and all seasons summer. Wherever he stands there is a pulpit. Not even the traditional levity of the Gridiron Club could serve to limit his sense of opportunity and moral duty when he got firmly upright on his two legs.

These reflections, while they can not justify the incident of last week, do tend to explain it. Recognizing no special license in the time and place, seeing no fun in the jibes upon himself, smarting under a sense of injured dignity and possibly of wounded vanity, he just rolled up his rhetorical sleeves and let off one of those characteristic thunderbolts with which the country is familiar. This, we believe, is the whole explanation so far as the President is concerned. All coons look alike to him; a Gridiron dinner is no more a place of special license to him than any other place; it is no more an occasion of restraint with respect to serious and even censorious things than any other occasion.

Senator Foraker's reply was, perhaps, hardly justified, even by the President's remarks, ill-considered and untimely as they were. Mr. Foraker knows a joke when he sees it, and his sense of the proprieties of time and place are, at least, fairly normal. We can only judge of the depths of his indignation and resentment by his failure to respect the traditions of the Gridiron Club. At the same time, it must be remembered that Mr. Foraker has a special character to maintain. He is the one man among administration critics in Congress who, on the floor of the Senate and elsewhere, has the temerity to deal with the President straight from the shoulder. Others play at diplomacy with Mr. Roosevelt; Mr. Foraker looks him dead in the eye, and, for every thrust on the President's part, passes back another. It is needless to add that between the two men there is the bitterest personal feeling. The pity and the discredit of the matter is that there should not have been dignity and self-respect enough on both sides to prevent a collision that must serve, even unconsciously, to cheapen just a little the public conception of presidential dignity.

Moral Promotion in Variety.

We seem to be in the midst of something like a religious revival. Here in California we have the chaplain of the Senate doing the best that can be expected of him on \$4.00 a day to convert the legislators committed to his care, while still other beneficent legislative forces are moving heaven and earth to force us into the straight and narrow path of Sunday observance. We have anti-profanity bills, anti-racetrack bills, anti-gambling bills in marvelous profusion, and although most of them are labeled, as Mr. Dooley says, "for men only," we can but be grateful for a supervision that may smack somewhat of grandmotherliness, but that is none the less gratifying and praiseworthy.

But this volcanic outburst of the moral virtues is not confined to California. We need not plume ourselves upon that. New York follows close behind, and in the training of her citizens she intends to "catch 'em young," rather than wait until they shall have entered upon the almost hopeless downward path of the legislator. Not much can be done for them after they have once entered upon that stage, as witness the almost fruitless efforts of the chaplain of the California Senate, although the worthy man may yet crowd the mourners' bench if an unregenerate Legislature can be persuaded to give him another \$4.00 a day. New York is to focus her efforts upon the boys. The Moral Education Board

tion Board?—has devised a plan of instruction by which the youth of the State can be trained to an even more perfect manhood than is now to be found there. This is to be done by a course of "morality lectures" in the public schools, and, as the originator of the scheme has spent ten years in the preparation of these discourses, we are justified in expecting something quite exceptional. And they will be illustrated by the stereopticon; and as an aid to grace the stereopticon has been unaccountably overlooked by our Senate chaplain at Sacramento—but then what can we expect for a parsimonious \$4.00 a day? One of these moral lectures is entitled, "What I am going to be when I grow up," and this lecture is confidently expected to raise the moral tone of the children, "even including those in the high schools."

The whole idea is an admirable one. New York has certainly gone one better than California, but it's never too late to mend. Why not start a "morality course" for the Legislature, with the Senate chaplain as class leader? Colossal difficulties should stimulate corresponding efforts, and we know that even the vilest sinner may return. The stereopticon could point the moral and adorn the tale, and the morality lecture and the pictures might appropriately follow the \$4.00 prayer. A liberal appropriation could be secured for this purpose. A single converted legislator would mean a substantial saving to the State in hard cash, and to stint money for such a purpose would be bad economy. Or perhaps the chaplain would rather be paid on a system of per capita results.

As to Legislative Reform.

The Legislature now sitting at Sacramento has come in for even a fuller measure of adverse criticism than the legislatures which have gone before. The flood-gates of censure appear to have opened against this much-suffering as well as much-offending body. Mr. Livernash, a reporter who makes a trade of getting excited, first exhausted himself in a stunt of rather mechanical muck-raking. Mr. Edward H. Hamilton, commonly sane and decently restrained, broke out last week in a general arraignment, winding up with the declaration that it was a "disgrace" to be a member of the Assembly. In an address to Stanford students a few days back ex-Governor Pardee was scarcely less emphatic in condemnation of the legislative body. Of course, all the newspapers are in line with these censorious voices.

Now the *Argonaut* will not undertake to say that those who have spoken so severely of our legislative body have spoken untruly or more reproachfully than the circumstances justify. At the same time we can but wonder if the true method of legislative reform—the way to hold the legislature to decent standards of responsibility and duty—is that of Messrs. Livernash, Hamilton, Pardee, and the general chorus of reportorial and editorial critics. We have wondered, and we still wonder if it be not a case where a careful system of coöperation, combined with close scrutiny of legislative procedure, would not accomplish more than all this wearisome tirade of defamation.

Now let us suppose that the leading newspapers of California should combine in a policy of reporting legislative proceedings with careful attention to facts and with the general wish to help the legislators in their work! Suppose every legislator should be regarded as an honest man until he is proved by his own course to be dishonest! Suppose that at points of misunderstanding there should be care on the part of reporters to get at the truth, to give every man a chance to explain in his own words, with the benefit of the doubt where doubt exists! Suppose no editor should criticize the Legislature nor any member of it without full and assured information! Suppose every case-hardened critic, who after dinner suns himself before his club grate, should keep his mouth discreetly closed on legislative affairs until he has some approach to adequate knowledge of the matters in hand!

Of course, this is not Utopia. We shall not remodel our practice on idealistic lines; but we ought to be able to do something toward supporting (and at the same time watching) the Legislature instead of giving our whole energies to decrying it. Legislatures are made up of men and have intensely human characteristics. A man accused and badgered, expected to be a scoundrel, charged with

being a scoundrel, believed to be a scoundrel, treated as a scoundrel, will inevitably become a scoundrel. By the same token a Legislature condemned and vilified for reason or for no reason,—damned if it does and damned if it doesn't—is cock-sure to lose hold of moral standards if it ever had any.

Very much, we fear, may be said truly in censure of the Legislature now sitting in Sacramento. Likewise, much must be said in criticism of a habit colored by the attitude of suspicion, too promptly censorious, too ready with reproaches to pause and discriminate between the sheep and the goats. We shall never have at Sacramento a Legislature in all respects worthy until the mental attitude of our people undergoes a change. Not until we expect decency in the Legislature will we find decency there.

The Costly Method of Enforcing Equity.

Public attention has been a good deal occupied during the past year or more with official investigations of one great "interest," or another at the hands of the general government. Under the initiative of the President, and in the spirit of recent Congressional action, there has been an energetic, not to say strenuous, effort to bring out detailed facts of business practice, especially at the hands of quasi-public corporations as they relate to the rights of citizens under the law. Investigation thus far has covered a considerable range of activities and has developed a vast deal of information, much of it of value. About the first practical step towards the correction of an abuse against public or even individual rights is to drag it from behind the veil of secrecy. Light, says Emerson, is the best policeman—and neither Emerson nor anybody else ever made a sounder observation.

In the whole course of Mr. Roosevelt's career he has done nothing more worthy of respect—nothing of greater value in its relations to the welfare of the country—than to insist upon the equality of all men under the law. This principle lies at the base of our system. It is something more than the corner-stone of popular government—it is its whole foundation. Do violence to this principle, destroy the rights and privileges founded upon it, and at a stroke you demoralize the structure of government of the people by the people. In times past there have been among us a few defenders of special privilege, of a privilege in the interest of those who are grandiloquently styled our captains of industry. This is the idea which runs through the whole structure of the British political and social system, and it is an idea which very readily commends itself to those who are in the way of aggrandizing its direct benefits. The late Senator Stanford once argued flatly that the directors of the great business forces of the country were entitled, under a certain broad expediency, to privileges of action special in their nature. Some tacit allowance, he insisted, should be made to men of superior powers or of superior fortune, giving them a freer hand in the administration of great affairs than that prescribed by the strict letter of the law for the mass of men and for the minor activities of life. Mr. Stanford thought it not only right but obligatory that the judicial and administrative departments of the government should be organized in the spirit of this theory. Perhaps Mr. Stanford was not far away from the common view of his own type of man in his own day, but his view was very far away from what, for want of a better name, we may call the Rooseveltian period. If today there be anybody in this country who believes that special privilege of any kind or sort should rest in the hands of our great captains of finance, industry or commerce—of the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Harrimans, the Goulds—there is lacking the temerity to declare it. If this arrogant theory ever had in this country any support outside of a few special pleaders, it has lost it.

Today nobody questions as a principle the right of every citizen to equality with every other citizen under the law. No other theory is thinkable from any point of view. Upon none other could our system exist or would it be worthy of existing. Even those who in practice would subvert this principle—we speak of certain aggressive magnates on the one hand and of certain aggressive leaders of organized labor on the other—have not the hardi-

hood to deny it in theory upon grounds either of expediency or of morality.

It is right that the facts of corporate or individual practice in relation to business operations should be so exploited as to leave no opportunity for discrimination where discrimination would be inequitable, and therefore criminal. But it would be well if some means could be devised for attaining an end so desirable and necessary, and at the same time less disturbing to business and to business credit and therefore less indirectly costly, than that of the spectacular investigations which we have seen during the last year or more. The Beef Trust investigation of last year, no doubt, put a stop to certain abuses, but in the doing of it a staggering blow was struck at the welfare of many thousands of persons connected with the beef industry. The loss to the "Beef Barons" need excite little sympathy, but there is another element, vastly more numerous and widespread, who were and are entitled to consideration. Every beef animal in America was sharply scaled down in value, not more by the developments of the investigation than by the conditions of distrust, uncertainty, and business timidity which it produced. Every stock owner, great or small, lost by it; every owner of property employed in any relation to the beef industry, lost by it; every wage earner in any way associated with the beef industry lost by it; State, county, and municipal governments, through the decline of taxable values, lost by it; every institution, political, commercial, or social, drawing any part of its support from the classes above named, lost by it. Even international exchange, a thing directly related to the common welfare, appreciably declined under it. So intricate, so co-related are the interests of contemporary life that it is hardly going too far to say that every man, woman, and child in the United States suffered to some extent at the point of individual interest through an investigation which, for a time, all but prostrated a vital industry, and whose effect may still be traced in the basic pound-price of beef stock on foot. The investigation was, perhaps, necessary; beyond question, reforms in the beef industry were necessary. But it was a very costly thing.

Just now there is in progress another investigation of almost equal magnitude, to which California stands directly related, and which her people may study with the special attention which attaches to self-interest. The Harriman railroad system is the subject of a special inquiry, which has now gotten around to its local phase. For ten days past the attention of the California public has been directed towards practices in transportation of which the cities of the Pacific Coast—our own city preeminently—are the foci. This investigation has not yet gone far enough to demonstrate its practical utility. Its justification is still a matter to be determined. Already, however, we have suggestions of its cost—since, for the moment at least—it has disastrously affected Mr. Harriman's credit in the European money markets. Capital is notoriously timid; it takes stock of every adverse whisper; it takes flight upon the slightest ripple of alarm. A great wit has said that nothing is so cowardly as a dollar unless it be two dollars. In these days of the muck-rake, foreign capital is especially shy of investment in the United States. Our financiers who used to find an eager market for their securities in England, Germany, and France—now find it rather more than less difficult to negotiate foreign loans, and have been more dependent than formerly upon the home money markets. This has implied more competition for domestic money, and it explains why the interest rate has gone up. It has been good for the money-lenders, but it has been bad for the American people who, in one way or another, have to pay to capital the interest which it is enabled to exact.

Now money borrowed from Europe is by no means clear economic gain, but it is an immediate economic advantage, since it not only stimulates our business activities, but does it without drawing upon domestic accumulation. It tends, too, to depress the domestic interest rate. Its effect is to make cheaper that commodity of capital which cuts so important a figure in oiling the wheels and driving the engines of American progress. It is common gossip in banking circles that just prior to the

investigation of the Harriman system now in progress, Mr. Harriman had negotiated a loan of something like fifty million dollars in France. We have the assurance of a prominent financier of San Francisco that this is a fact, and that the money thus arranged for had definitely been assigned to development of the Pacific Coast system. We are informed further by the same undoubted authority that the French bankers have taken alarm at the pending investigation, and have cancelled the arrangement. Instead of having in hand a large supply of low-priced foreign money, Mr. Harriman must turn to the domestic money market and compete with other borrowers—either this, or he must for the present abandon his undertakings of reconstruction and new construction on the Pacific Coast. Probably Mr. Harriman will not change his plans; whatever doubts foreign money-lenders may have as to his position, his credit at home remains good. Without doubt he can get all the money he needs in New York and elsewhere in this country, but he will have to compete with other American borrowers, and inevitably he will have to pay a higher rate of interest than he would have paid for French money. In this there will be two direct forms of economic loss—one loss in the form of high interest, another due to the diversion of American capital from other activities in which it would have been employed productively. We need not waste our sympathies upon Mr. Harriman. We have not observed that men in his position suffer much personally in these matters. The sufferers are the people who pay the fiddler. If railroads or other things cost more under one condition than under another, it is always the public that ultimately foots the bill. "Jones he," unfailingly, "pays the freight."

Equality under the law—not merely a theoretical but a practical equality—is a thing so good in itself, a thing so vitally connected with the integrity of our system, that no price necessary to secure it is too much to pay for it. If we must choose between an arrogant injustice, on the one hand, and a constant demoralization of business, on the other, then we would better suffer the latter, since it is better to be injured in our business than in our character. But it would seem that we should be able in this age of scientific device to get equity and justice without paying so dearly. It would seem that ways could be found to prohibit discrimination, of enforcing equity without creating such a state of alarm as that which last year paralyzed the beef industry and which now embarrasses Mr. Harriman's finances and must, through this embarrassment, expand the railroad capitalization upon which the people of the Pacific States must provide interest.

Again, it would seem that we ought, in common prudence, to devise a system of getting at the essential facts in any given case without leaving the initiative in hands more or less subject to political considerations and motives. Authority to throw into confusion a great department of national industry, upon whose prosperity the welfare of many thousands of persons depends, is, we believe, a power too overwhelming to be left wisely in mere executive hands—to be made at will, or through miscalculation of effects, a football of political or business intrigue. In the judgment of the *Argonaut*, it is not safe to depend upon the integrity and disinterestedness even of the Presidential office, for some day, under the chances of politics, we may get in the Presidency a speech-maker like Bryan or a trader in immoralities like Hearst. It would, indeed, be a bad day if such a colossal power should fall into hands either so bad or so weak as to be directed to illegitimate and vicious ends. In this as in all things, great or small, it is the part of prudence to surround so great a possibility for mischief with every possible safeguard. Unfettered authority to initiate a damaging and demoralizing investigation might, by an easy process of inversion, become an instrument to the sinister ends which it has been designed to curb.

The Working Needs of California.

On another page we summarize an article by Mr. W. H. Alexander, of Michigan, published in a conservative labor magazine, in urgency of the principle of industrial or trade education. Mr. Alexander's presentment is interesting from many points of view,

and from none more emphatically than that of California, where labor conditions press heavily, not only upon the general welfare of the country, but upon the ultimate welfare of our working people—especially upon the sons of the mechanical class, who, under the policy of trade unionism, find themselves shut out from the occupations of their fathers. Within the week, the *Argonaut* has been told by a prison official that in recent convictions for crime in California the ratio of very young men is lamentably large, and that, almost without exception, these youths have had no trade education, practically no industrial training of any kind.

California spends money enough, perhaps more than enough under a national system, for education or for what is assumed to be education. Our educational budget—State, county, municipal, district, religious, and individual—is something prodigious. It runs into many millions and sustains a list of institutions, beginning with our two great universities and running down to our kindergarten system, amazing not only in number but in extravagance at the point of cost. But with all this multiplication and elaboration of educational facilities, we fail distinctly and almost completely at the point of answering the working needs of the country. We turn out a vast number of young people who have been taught the main essentials of what we may style primary academies. We turn out a few youths from our universities really well equipped at the point of elementary scholarship. We turn out a limited number of fairly qualified engineers; and our State-supported "professional schools" yield us an indifferent supply of doctors, dentists, and lawyers. Our several normal schools give us a good many young women equipped after the pedagogic model with working substitutes for knowledge—with elaborate formulæ by which a girl without information, culture, or breeding may nevertheless, if she have just the right political connections, get herself listed among those whom society maintains to misdirect, confuse, and vulgarize the minds and manners of its childhood.

California fronts upon the ocean for a thousand miles; one of its most vital needs is for sailors to man its ships of commerce. Nevertheless, we do nothing to develop among us a race of sailors. A youth may, indeed, if he have means and leisure, learn theoretical astronomy at the universities, but if he wishes to be a sailor there is nothing to do but seek out some old sea-dog in some disreputable loft on the water-front, and by special payment learn the things which a sailor must know. We have absolutely no institution, public or private, which teaches the art and practice of the sailor man's craft; we have nothing which even in the slightest degree tends to promote taste for and ambition in the seafaring life. The national government maintains in San Francisco harbor a school of preparatory training for its navy, but this is so far outside the lines of State interest or influence that one who wishes even to inspect the school must get an official permit and charter a tugboat to carry him to Goat Island. Fronting as we do for a thousand miles upon the sea, needing sailors as we do to hold our place in the rising commerce of the Pacific Ocean, spending as we do great sums for the education of our youth, we make no provision for stimulating taste for the seafaring life or in training young men for it.

Chief among the primary interests of California are agriculture and horticulture. The greater share of our natural and accumulated wealth stands invested in and upon the soil. Let us ask, What is California doing to train up a race of agriculturists and horticulturists—of farmers, to put it plainly? We have at the State University at Berkeley a so-called college of agriculture, which, in fact, is no school of agriculture at all in the sense that it yields to us a product of practical farmers. Our State Agricultural College, so called, is, in truth, a pretty good school of horticulture for those who have the money and the time to approach horticulture from the standpoint of science, and who have the means and the ambition to follow a course designed more for the "gentleman farmer" as distinct from the man who follows farm work for his livelihood. At the point of direct agricultural training the Berkeley school does little more than instruct a very small

number of youths—who later on mostly become lawyers and politicians—in soil analysis and other fancy tricks eminently graceful and useful in that type of farmer who never in his life curried a horse nor milked a cow. The College of Agriculture does in its way a good work, but it is a work for the few. We have, to be sure, within recent months acquired a fine tract of land in Yolo County for use in conjunction with the Berkeley School of Agriculture, but there seems small reason to be hopeful that those who are to administer the projected "State Farm" will approach the task in a spirit calculated to make it as it was designed to be, a genuine school—an object lesson and an inspiration—in the practical work of farming. So far as the *Argonaut's* information and observation goes, there is not today in the State of California an educational institution, high or low, big or little, which does not by its influence tend rather to lead away than to send our youth to the practical day's-work of the farmer's life. And yet the working farmer is, and is to be, one of our great practical needs.

California is a land of minerals. Our hills and mountains are literally treasure-houses. As we need sailors and farmers, so we need miners. But does anybody know where there is a school of practical mining in California—a place where a boy can gain a taste for and skill in the miner's work and where he can learn how to do it? Of course, we have in our universities—especially in our State University—a really great school of instruction for captains of the mining industry. Mining engineers produced by the State University are the most effective men in the world in their line. They are, indeed, doing great things at home and abroad. But we are speaking not of captains of industry, but of its working forces. We need for the proper development of our mineral resources, not only great engineers—we need men trained to the operations of which the pick and the shovel and the tunnel lamp are the symbol. If anywhere in California we are doing anything to train and develop this kind of man the *Argonaut* has not heard of it—and mining, mind you, is prominent among what we may style our primary industrial needs.

Now we will not add weariness to impertinence—if we may anticipate criticism—by extending either the catalogue or the argument of our educational needs and deficiencies. Enough has been said to show that in three great lines of public necessity we are doing nothing at all in a popular and universal way to train our youth for the working duties of life. Our industries cry aloud for hands willing and trained to industry, and they cry in vain. There is embarrassment, and even at some points stagnation, in our productive industries for sheer lack of working hands, and yet it seems never to occur to our "educators" that they owe any responsibility to the working needs of the State. Our schools are organized almost exclusively under academic inspiration and to purely academic ends. Even in the few instances where private beneficence has endowed industrial schools among us, our schoolmen have turned them to mockery and to farce. Only the other day we noted, in connection with the Wilmerding School, founded under a will which specified among the requisites of the institution "plenty of work and not too much study," the appointment of a nice young woman to the chair of polite literature. It seems never to have occurred to those who are administering the Wilmerding fund, that the spirit of that institution should be, not the spirit of polished finger-nails and the patent-leather shoe, but of the jumper and the leathern apron.

Men and brethren of California, if we are going to make the most of our situation and resources, if we are going to be at once prosperous and healthy in our social conditions, we must adapt our scheme of training up our young men and women to the practical necessities of the country. We must so revolutionize our system of popular education that its exclusive aim shall not be the production of ladies and gentlemen accomplished in the arts and graces of polite society, but men and women, competent and ambitious for the ^{shows} essential to our industrial and social well-being. We must get over the notion that the

schoolmen are the men best qualified to define our educational policies. Schoolmen are like other specialists; they are ambitious along the lines of their particular special interests. What we need is an educational policy founded not in the ideals of academic scholarship but in the working needs of California.

Restriction of Immigration.

A dispatch from Washington City sets forth that our State Department has communicated "informally" with the Government of Mexico protesting against the movement from that country into the United States of certain classes of persons who are not desired here. It appears that Mexican mine-owners and other large exploiters of labor have recently drawn largely upon out-of-the-way corners of the world for workmen with little attention, or none at all, as to their character or their qualification for general citizenship. Among other importations is a large number of Syrians who are described as even less desirable from a social standpoint than the Chinese whom our laws rigorously exclude. Owing to the general advantages of life in this country, these Syrians and others imported into Mexico have not remained there, but, after a little delay, have pushed on to American territory—particularly to Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and other regions near our southern border. The Washington Government, it appears, is hopeful of keeping out these undesirables through the good will of Mexico which, in recent years, has never failed us at any point of neighborly courtesy.

Now, while our Government is about it, it might do well to take up the suggestion of Dr. Jordan and make similar appeal to Japan. Dr. Jordan asserts, upon the basis of his personal relationship to leading Japanese statesmen, that there need be little difficulty in accomplishing practical restriction if we will only go about it right—"like a gentleman." It would at least be worth the while of our Government to try out Dr. Jordan's plan. It would cost nothing and it would serve at least to show the authorities of Japan that American objection to their coolies is not limited to a mere hoodlum minority on the Pacific Coast, but that it is part and parcel of a natural system of discouraging immigration tending at the points of race and other dissimilarities to qualify the social homogeneity of our people.

It would be well, too, for our Government to cast a watchful eye upon Hawaii, not only as a halfway house for Oriental immigration, but for other immigration scarcely less objectionable. There is pressing need for laborers in the Hawaiian sugar industry, but it has not had the effect of advancing the local wage rate to parity with the wage rate of the Pacific States, particularly of California. It was explained in last week's *Argonaut* how Japanese coolies brought to the Islands under contracts to work for from \$12 to \$18 per month quickly become informed of the more advantageous conditions prevailing in California, and so promptly come on here to swell the tide of social discontent which rises higher and higher. But it is not alone to Japanese immigrants that these conditions apply. The sugar-planters in their eagerness for help have turned to other countries. Last year some fifteen hundred Portuguese of a mongrelized sort were brought to the Islands direct from the Azores, of course under contract direct or concealed, to work in the sugar fields. It is now but little more than two months since this special importation, and the *Argonaut* is assured that already fifty per cent. or more of these people are already in California. From every point of view they are undesirable, in our opinion quite as much so as Orientals. Of course having gained admittance to Hawaii they are technically upon American soil and therefore free to come on to California just as soon as they can find the means of transportation.

As pointed out at the beginning of this writing, Mexico is a weak point in our immigration system. But we have under our own hand in Honolulu a still weaker point. There is, as we pointed out last week, a crying need for cheap labor in the sugar industry there. So pressing is this need that it colors local sentiment and paralyzes local vigilance under our immigration laws. Honolulu is the hole in our fence through which any old thing in the

way of a laborer may crawl to a footing upon "American soil" in spite of the restrictions of our general immigration laws.

The 1913 Exposition.

It is reported from Olympia that the Washington Legislature, without a dissenting vote, has provided a fund of \$1,000,000 in promotion of the Alaskan Exposition which has been planned by the City of Seattle for the year 1909. The money is to be raised through the sale of certain State property on the shores of Lake Washington, whose value presumably will be a good deal enhanced in consequence of the projected enterprise. This provision is made conditional upon a fixed liberal subscription to be made in aid of the coming exposition by the people of Seattle and of the State at large.

In this provision so liberally and promptly made there is both a suggestion and an example for California in connection with the exposition project for 1913, planned in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nunez Balboa. There was a suggestion immediately after the fire of last April that the exposition scheme be abandoned, but it met with no response. On the contrary those who had been active in the matter appeared rather stimulated than depressed in their ambition to carry the Exposition through as it had originally been planned. It was a general feeling and an inspiring one that the Exposition would give San Francisco a fair opportunity to exhibit to the world a city recently destroyed by disaster and restored by the courage, the resource and the energy of its people.

With these ideas in view the project for 1913 has been not only revived but enlarged and it rests now in the hands of an organization which indicates, by the names associated with it, that it has the backing of the most effective forces in the commercial and financial life of the State. The list is as follows:

President—Homer S. King, President Bank of California.

Vice Presidents—John Martin, President John Martin Company; Henry T. Scott, President Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company; F. Tillmann Jr., President German Savings and Loan Society, President Tillmann and Bendel.

Treasurer—J. W. Hellman, Jr., Vice-President Union Trust Company of San Francisco.

Executive Committee—R. B. Hale, Treasurer Hale Bros., Inc.; J. W. Hellman, Jr.; Wm. F. Herrin, Chief Counsel Southern Pacific Company; Rufus P. Jennings; Percy T. Morgan, President California Wine Association.

Directors—Alden Anderson, President California Fruit Distributors, Sacramento; Walter J. Barnett, Vice-President Western Pacific Railway Company; Edward Chambers, Assistant Freight Traffic Manager Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway; J. Downey Harvey, President Ocean Shore Railroad; F. C. Havens, San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway, Oakland; W. G. Kerckhoff, Pacific Light and Power Co., Los Angeles; Hartland Law, William A. Magee, Thomas Magee & Sons, W. H. Metson, Campbell, Metson and Drew; Thornwell Mullally, United Railroads of San Francisco; Frederick W. Sharon, Sharon Estate; Harry L. Tevis; Frank A. West, Stockton.

This is an organization which for its strong representative character could hardly be surpassed or equalled. All sections of the State are represented in it and it stands practically as a pledge of the support of every great domestic interest.

We are informed that the Directors of the Exposition project have determined to ask the State to contribute the total sum of \$3,000,000, available in six annual payments of \$500,000 each, provided an equal sum shall be raised by private subscription. The present Legislature will be asked to appropriate one-third of this sum, or \$1,000,000, and the Legislatures to meet in 1909 and 1911 will be asked to make similar provision. It is believed that upon this basis of local capital, there can be secured either a gift or a loan of probably \$5,000,000 from the general government. This general project is in line with the methods commonly employed elsewhere. What it asks of the State is well within its financial capability. While the aggregate is considerable, the immediate demand in any year will not be large enough to embarrass the State in its finances.

It appears to the *Argonaut* that what is thus to be asked for ought to be freely granted by the State. In these days it is as important for a commonwealth to advertise itself as it is for a commercial business. A great exposition could not possibly fail to yield in direct material advantage many times over all that it is planned to cost. This we believe is uni-

versal experience with respect to enterprises great and small. Even the Buffalo Exposition, blighted though it was by a national tragedy, nevertheless did to its city and to its section a service of tremendous practical value. The relatively small exposition at Portland in 1905 marked the beginning of a new era in the life of that city and was, it is universally believed, the primary circumstance in its promotion. The event to be celebrated is one which could not creditably be passed without emphatic recognition.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

At the urgent request of the Editor of the *Argonaut*, Dr. Jordan has consented that the following letter, written for the Editor's personal information, shall be given to the public:

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL.,
February 2, 1907.

Mr. Alfred Holman:

Dear Mr. Holman:—May I say a personal word on the Japanese question—not for publication, but perhaps for the good of the cause?

In 1900 the Japanese government ceased to allow direct immigration of their workman class to America. I do not know whose suggestion was responsible for this. I was in Japan at the time and I was freely assured by officials of two things, (1) that they were willing to do whatever America might wish, and (2) that they must themselves take the leading part in any action that might be agreed on as necessary. They could not consent to any further humiliation, such as the foreign judiciary in the treaty ports, abrogated in 1899.

Only lately has Hawaii become an open door to immigrants. This door the Japanese will close if we wish it. This the President could have arranged long ago but for the embarrassment caused by anti-Japanese agitation and for the untruthful statements against Japan as a nation made in California speeches and newspapers. These are translated and published in Japan and the anti-administration press makes the most of them.

At this juncture, nothing could have been more *malapropos* than the action of the school board. The sole point in this is the relegation of the Japanese children because they were Japanese to a school with people they (and we, also, as shown in our exclusion act) regard as inferiors. The only sting here is the racial one and that is felt deeply in Japan. Our people do not realize how hard a struggle Japan has made for recognition, nor do they know, judging from the few house servants and roustabouts they have seen, what a strong, enlightened, and forceful people we have to deal with. The leaders in Japanese affairs are among the great statesmen of the age, and they are not swept off their feet by praise or abuse. One thing is settled, they will not let their people suffer humiliation solely because they are Japanese. In other regards I am sure they will meet us more than half way. In time the matter will be settled and settled with some degree of right and permanence. It will be settled by the executive at Washington through the Department of State. All attacks on Japan or on Mr. Roosevelt himself only serve to add to his difficulties and to our future troubles. It may be that he lost his temper when he found himself in face of new and needless difficulty, but as President Wheeler observed, "as to the substance of doctrine," he was and is surely in the right.

Very truly yours, DAVID S. JORDAN.

Punch's Tribute to Lincoln.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, Jan. 8, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Twice in your paper lately, *Punch's* tribute to the memory of Lincoln was attributed to Tom Taylor—on the second occasion printed in full, with Taylor's name at foot. This is a mistake. The author of the poem was Shirley Brooks, and the verses accompanied an impressive cartoon. Tom Taylor was *Punch* editor at the time, but was not capable of work of that quality. In fact, he was the one poor editor that *Punch* has had, and but for the very strong staff the paper would have suffered in reputation under his management more than it did. He had adapted French plays for the English stage for so many years as to have lost apparently all sense of originality; he irritated the readers nearly every week by publishing old "chestnuts," and was so ignorant of the earlier volumes that he repeatedly accepted from outsiders and published extracts copied from *Punch's* own back numbers. Shirley Brooks, on the other hand, was a writer of verse both strong and graceful, and one of the leading prose contributors, who did much to mold the character of the paper and impress upon it his own individuality.

I am, etc., R. COUPLAND HARDING.

An Editor Who Pays Ten Years in Advance.

OFFICE RED BANK REGISTER.

RED BANK, N. J., January 24, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Looking at the date on the wrapper of the *Argonaut* today I notice that my subscription expired some time ago. This is a case where payment should have been made promptly, for two reasons: First, because the *Argonaut* is worth the money; and, second, because of the disaster which overtook the *Argonaut* last year, making ready cash a desirable feature. As a newspaper man who was burned out himself, with the subscription list and a little pluck as the only assets after the fire, permit me to shake hands with you across the continent, as

it were, and congratulate you, and the people of California, and every reader of the *Argonaut* as well, on the manner in which the *Argonaut* has risen from its ashes.

I enclose herewith a check for \$40.00, for which please push the date-mark on my paper along to 1916. I am getting to be a gray-headed veteran now, and maybe I will have passed over the Divide before that date is reached. If, before that date is reached, you hear from heirs, administrators, and assigns that I have journeyed to that pleasant land whose only defect is that no *Argonaut* ever gets there, please turn what remains of my subscription over to some benighted soul who will appreciate the paper, in order that he may have some taste of the pleasures which I have had in reading the *Argonaut* for all these many years. Yours very truly,

JOHN H. COOK.

OLD FAVORITES.

On Forgiveness of Injuries.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scoring to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great and can not yield;
Because they can not yield, it proves them poor;
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but sold
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?
—Lady Elizabeth Carey.

Times Go by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.
—Robert Southwell.

The Treasures of the Deep.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more! What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play—
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest;—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long.
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:—
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!
—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

As nothing came of the attempt last year to raise in Balaklava Bay the British ironclad sunk with her treasure during the Crimean war, the Russian admiralty officials at Sebastopol now propose to intrust the task of bringing up the treasure to a Russian salvage syndicate.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary Metcalf says that the general navy board does not intend that the American fleet in the Pacific shall be weaker than that of any possible enemy, and there is reason to believe that before long two divisions of battle-ships, numbering eight of the most modern vessels flying the Stars and Stripes, will be stationed in the Pacific.

Baron Keneko, formerly special envoy to the United States and now in Tokio, says that war is unthinkable: "Japan's moral system insists that a finger shall never be raised against a benefactor. Japan owes her position among the powers to America. The American government and the people, with England, are Japan's best friend. War is unthinkable."

Senator Lodge is acquiring a reputation as a master of comparative history. Speaking on the raid of the negro soldiers upon Brownsville, the Senator defended the burning of witches at Salem as "militant Christianity," but when he referred to the sport of goose-pulling once in vogue in Virginia, he described it as the "barbarous and vicious habit of the people of the South."

Theodore P. Shonts denies that his resignation from the Chairmanship of the Isthmian Canal Commission was due to any friction with President Roosevelt. He asserts, moreover, that the best of relations have always existed between himself and all his canal associates. Mr. Shonts adds, "I have done exactly what I said I should do—organize the Isthmian Canal Commission. There was no friction—not a bit of friction."

Senator Foraker's championship of the negro has been challenged by the presidential appointment of Ralph Tyler of Columbus, as surveyor of the port of Cincinnati. Tyler is a negro, and a friend of Booker T. Washington, who recommended him for the position, which Foraker did not. But Foraker will have to vote to confirm Tyler's nomination, as the negro vote in Ohio is 50,000, which is considerably more than the Republican majority.

Senator Rayner, in his speech on the expansion of executive prerogatives, depicted the President as a dictator and a would-be Czar. Speaking of the legislation for a sea level canal the Senator remarked: "It shows how the dominating spirit of the President can ride the whirlwind when he has made up his mind to legislate, and how in absolute defiance of the laws of nature he can produce a senatorial vacuum beneath the sweep of his mighty genius."

Philippe Bunau-Varilla, formerly minister of the Panama Republic to the United States, predicts catastrophe for the Panama Canal. He says: "If the Americans persist in fighting against nature the world will be deprived of a perfect highway for commerce and obtain, after many years of blind and useless work, an expensive and unsafe high level lock canal, the keystone of which, the Gatun Dam, will be washed out at the first earthquake, perhaps even before its inauguration."

Representative Nicholas Longworth has failed in his effort to provide a more suitable remuneration for American representatives abroad, his motion being lost upon a point of order. Selecting the case of the British Ambassador as an example, Mr. Longworth said: "When we compare the compensation of the British ambassador here with that of our ambassador to England, who is paid \$17,500 a year, with no other allowances whatever, the comparison becomes utterly and outrageously absurd and simply brings us to the fact that under our system no one but a man of great wealth can represent this government in high diplomatic office."

Articles incorporating the Francis Scott Key Memorial Association have been placed on file in Washington, D. C. The articles are signed by Admiral George Dewey, Justices Ashley M. Gould, Job Barnard, Thomas H. Anderson and Daniel Wright, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and many other prominent men. The object of the association is to erect in Washington a "memorial to perpetuate the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' by acquiring and maintaining the real estate known as the Key mansion, situated on Falls or Bridge, now M street, Georgetown, D. C., which property in the lifetime of Francis Scott Key was his home." Mr. F. S. Key Smith, a great-grandson of Francis Scott Key, filed the articles on behalf of the other incorporators.

The historic Long Bridge over the Potomac River is being torn down. When the British forces captured Washington in August, 1814, the bridge was set on fire and partly destroyed to prevent a junction of the British expeditions. The first Union troops sent to the South passed over the Long Bridge in 1861, and at the close of the war the Army of the Potomac under General Meade, and the Army of the Tennessee under General Sherman, returned over it to Washington. After the first battle of Bull Run the Union troops retreated across the bridge to seek safety in the capital.

The largest and heaviest single block of granite ever sent into Canada from the United States has just been shipped from a Barre, Vermont, quarry to Cote des Neiges, P. Q., a suburb of Montreal. The stone is three and a quarter feet square and thirty-two feet long, and weighs thirty-two tons. It was consigned to J. Brunet, the sculptor, by whom it will be fashioned into a memorial monument to be erected in honor of the late Raymond Prefontaine, who was Canadian minister of marine and fisheries.

FRANK PIXLEY AND G. A. SALA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

During the past week the wires from Washington have been busy with gossip concerning a recent Gridiron Club dinner. At this affair—(whispered the wires)—the President was present, as were many other notable men. During the evening, the President spoke, and, according to rumor, made some slighting references to California, some to the Senators voting for the Brownsville investigation, and some to its sponsor, Senator Foraker. The wires also reported that Senator Foraker replied in stinging words, that the President was with difficulty restrained from retorting, and that the banquet broke up prematurely. When these revelations appeared in the next morning's papers, the Gridiron Club directors were much disturbed, as their rules forbid the printing of any of the proceedings at club dinners. Hence they published an official statement denying some of these allegations, and admitting others in a modified form. By thus rushing into print they broke their own rules; this, in the opinion of many of their guests, lifted the seal of secrecy, and they also rushed into print. As a result, the recent "close" dinner of the Gridiron Club promises to have more publicity than almost any public dinner of recent times.

All this recalls a certain famous dinner at the Bohemian Club years ago. At the San Francisco dinner, as at the Washington one, there took place an oratorical attack, followed by reams of writings in the newspapers.

It was when George Augustus Sala, the famous dramatic critic, correspondent, and raconteur, first visited San Francisco. He was made the guest of honor at a banquet by the club. Sala had for many years been dean of the correspondents at nearly every coronation, imperial wedding, royal christening, imperial and royal funeral, and similar state pageant that had taken place in Europe. For many years he had been the star correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, and although he did not stand as high in the European chancelleries as did De Blowitz, the *Times's* correspondent, he was probably the leading English-speaking correspondent of the world, for De Blowitz always wrote in French and his stuff was translated into English in the *Times* office. Sala also had the gift of tongues, for he was the son of an Italian father and an English mother. On one side his parentage was histrionic, and he always retained a lingering fondness for the world "behind the scenes."

When Sala came to San Francisco the newspaper men in the Bohemian Club determined to give him "a great send-off." Such was the talk created about the famous writer, so elaborate were the preparations for the dinner, that there was a great rush among the Bohemians to put down their names. At that time the club occupied its old rooms on Pine Street, which were limited. Soon the capacity of the ordinary dining-hall was exceeded, and it became necessary to spread the banquet in both the "jinks room" and the "music room," two long and narrow rooms, connecting but broken by an archway. I mention this detail, as it had an important effect on the evolution of the banquet.

The affair took place in February, 1885. The star orators then were Frank M. Pixley, Judge John H. Boalt, General W. H. L. Barnes, Colonel Stuart Taylor, and lesser luminaries. As was the custom, the guest of honor was surrounded by these lights of the club, and it so happened that Frank Pixley was seated immediately on the right of Sala, the guest of honor. Sala was naturally seated on the right of the president.

The dinner began smoothly, as most club dinners do. It was well cooked and served; there was a string band in attendance; every one was in a good humor; knots of old cronies had arranged to group their seats together; and there were the usual meetings and greetings among the infrequent clubmen who rarely appear at the club.

But soon there appeared the little rift within the lute which was to make the music mute—most effectually, for, after the roar of the oratory began, the string band shuddered and shrunk away. The luckless archway which bisected the improvised banquet room was the cause of the trouble. It had an untoward effect—it seemed to break the sound waves, so that it was difficult to hear distinctly in the north room what was said in the south room. Furthermore, it brought about a difference in atmospheric, vinous, and harmonic conditions, so to speak, and made of the affair, two distinct dinners instead of a single and homogenous banquet. In all this there germinated the seeds of disaster.

When the time arrived for the toasts, the president arose and in the traditional and well-chosen words spoke of the

many admirable qualities of mind and heart of the guest of the evening. After the health of that honored guest had been drunk, standing but certainly not in silence, the president called upon Frank Pixley to dilate at greater length upon these admirable qualities of mind and heart upon which he himself had but lightly touched. Then the trouble began.

The echoes of that speech, of the speeches which followed it, of the rows and the counter-rows which grew therefrom—these rang down the club for months and years. The Sala dinner came to be quoted as a terrible example. And as there had to be a scapegoat, everybody united in jumping on Frank Pixley. He was accused of being "rude," "inhospitable," "churlish," "boorish," "discourteous," and "ill-mannered"; there was whispered about him almost every other epithet that could be applied to a man.

Now, as a matter of fact, Pixley did not feel at all bitter toward Sala. True, he did not recall with pleasure Sala's previous visit to America during the Civil War, when he had been a guest at the White House and had returned its hospitality by sneering at the address and deportment of Mrs. Lincoln, and holding up the President himself as an uncouth clown. Furthermore, Pixley did not recall with appreciation Sala's gratuitous prediction that the South would win in the great conflict. However, he

was not one of the then British policy in Ireland. Both of them hated Pixley, but as Sala did not support the National party's policy, they hated Sala more. Therefore when Pixley indulged in some slightly sarcastic strictures on the non-fulfilled prophecies of Sala, wild applause came from below the arch. Fired by the applause, Pixley grew more heated in his eloquence. He was rather florid in face at that time, and so was Sala. In the heat of his speech Pixley leaned over the astonished guest until he seemed almost threatening, but it was his manner of saying rather than what he said. As for Sala, he grew fairly purple, and it seemed as if his eyes would start out of his head.

As Pixley continued, his voice increased in volume and rose in pitch. The roars of applause from below the arch grew louder and louder, and at last all of the Home Rulers were on their feet, waving napkins and banging glasses and bottles on the table. Thus urged on by his whilom enemies, now anti-British brothers, Pixley finally closed in a perfect whirlwind of eloquence and cheers.

After this speech there was a certain post-climax about the banquet. There were other speakers, it is true, but their oratory seemed to lack fire—it had a cold, dull, pale effect. Judge Boalt spoke; he was usually one of the most successful after-dinner orators in the club, but his mellifluous eloquence this evening fell on heedless ears. General Barnes was admittedly our most eloquent speaker, and he strove to heal the lacerations of the guest with deftly compounded poultices of adjectives and fair words. But for the first time the general failed to carry his audience with him. In short, it was a frost. Stormy passions had been aroused. Everybody seemed to want to fight. Dreading imminent disaster, the bigwigs at the head of the table held a hurried conference; on some pretext they formally wound up the banquet and took the guest of the evening hurriedly away.

But the banquet, like Banquo, would not down. The guest was gone, the president was gone, but the banqueters were still there. They held to their places; from those below to those above, defiance was hurled across the arch—in other words, England and Ireland conducted a heated oratorical battle, which at times degenerated sadly from parliamentary rules.

* * * * *

In less than nine days the Gridiron banquet is already forgotten, but with the lapse of days the excitement over the Sala banquet did not die. Two daily papers, the *Alta* and the *Stock Report*, attacked Pixley for his share in the affair. They devoted columns of space to him. Pixley was not slow to wrath, and was never reluctant for a fight. He sincerely believed that he had been very gentle with Sala and had successfully repressed a violent desire to pitch into him. Therefore he hailed with enthusiasm an opportunity to pitch into somebody else. So feeling, he attacked both *Alta* and *Report*, and mauled them so soundly that both were glad to cry quits. In order, however, to justify himself in the eyes of the club and of the world, Pixley decided to print his speech. As I said, he had prepared a portion of it beforehand, and he so far supplemented the missing portions from memory as to give a fairly accurate report.

Thereupon, in an unlucky moment, the board of directors determined to take action. For many years there had been a rule in the club that its

"proceedings" should not be printed in the newspapers. This rule was frequently violated, but none the less it remained a rule. Regardless of the fact that Pixley had not begun the printing, but had been attacked by club members in other newspapers, the board of directors took formal and judicial notice of the fact that Pixley had printed in a newspaper a "report of the proceedings at the club, conduct calculated to interfere with the peace, harmony, and prosperity of the club." He was therefore cited to appear before the board at the approaching annual meeting to undergo such discipline as in the opinion of the directors should befit his crime. And it was whispered throughout the club that the board was so greatly incensed that it was not impossible Pixley would be expelled.

But Pixley was a fighter. Even after the lapse of years it makes me smile when I remember how the old war-horse pricked up his ears and snuffed the battle from afar. He did not lie down and weakly plead for mercy—not he. Like a Congressional committee he "sent for persons and papers"; accompanied by an attorney and an accountant he appeared at the club office and formally demanded an inspection of the books. Poor Tippet, the secretary, pale and trembling, interposed a feeble demur, but the impetuous Pixley over-ruled his objections, and claimed the right on the ground that he was a stockholder. The board of directors was hastily summoned. They were almost as much scared as Tippet. The board also yielded. So Pixley, his attorney, and his accountant went over the



JEROME A. HART.

did not intend to touch upon these matters in any acrimonious way. He had merely intended to criticize Sala good-humoredly for his error in judgment; to point out to him that his prediction in the '60s of two divided countries had been refuted by his journey across the continent in the '80s, when he traveled over more than three thousand miles of a single and united country. In fact, the very day of the dinner Pixley came from his office into mine, and read me parts of his speech. He had prepared his exordium, certain other passages, and his peroration, which, as was his custom, he had memorized—a practice which is common with many speakers. Frank Pixley was a fluent extemporaneous speaker, yet he was often in the habit of preparing himself carefully; most successful speakers memorize certain passages, and then supplement them by extemporizing while on their feet. Pixley had no lack of ideas, and he never hesitated for a word. Hence to say that he "prepared himself" is merely to say that he did as nearly all successful speakers do.

At the Sala dinner, when Pixley was on his feet, and began extemporizing between his prepared passages he departed from his good-humored plan. The other end of the banquet, which was seated below the arch—the youthful end, the noisy end—had suddenly taken on an anti-British tinge. It is not too much to say that it had become a sort of Home Rule reunion. Prominent among the banqueters below the arch were Robert Tobin and Mervyn Donahue, both millionaires, both colonels, and both promi-

books. If Pixley could not understand the club account books any better than he did his own, I do not think they enlightened him much. However, the three accumulated a vast amount of nothing, took copious notes, and copied several pages of accounts. Thereafter they went around preserving a sphinx-like silence and a mysterious air, for all three were members of the club.

The board of directors was much agitated. True, they were certain there was nothing crooked, but then they had "whitewashed" the bills of certain good Bohemians who could not pay. Then there was the Midsummer Jinks—it was rumored that the directors had expended more than a thousand dollars on that jinks! This terrible tale of prodigality shocked all Bohemians. So with the recent Christmas Jinks. Where a hundred dollars for punch and supper used to be the maximum, the present board, so gossip ran, had spent three hundred dollars. So with many other bills. It was also charged that they had paid an artist cash for painting a portrait of the president, which inspired wrath and jealousy in the bosoms of all the other artists who had painted portraits and cartoons for nothing or had their bills "whitewashed."

Altogether the board was seriously disturbed. Those account books had bothered them for some weeks, as the annual meeting was approaching and it had not been possible to make a satisfactory balance. At last a "forced balance" was struck by putting in as assets "art treasures \$50,000" and "furniture \$15,000," leaving the agreeable item, "surplus \$60,000." Thus was the difficult balance effected. It was a marvelous feat of balancing. The exploit of Hanlon in crossing Niagara on a tight-rope was nothing to it.

The fatal day arrived. The room was jammed. Generally the annual meeting had to be adjourned for lack of a quorum. The meeting was called to order. The usual business routine was followed. The reports of the various committees were read, and in due time the pregnant document was called up, "the treasurer's report."

Pixley jumped up with a sheaf of papers in his hands, and glared fiercely around him. But a parliamentary friend pulled him down by his coat-tails. He whispered in Pixley's ear. Pixley smiled grimly, and sat down. He was evidently loaded for bear, but his parliamentary friend prevailed on him to let the treasurer's report go unscathed until his own indictment was called up. The treasurer's report was read, received in silence and ordered filed. The president, who seemed nervous, announced "new business." Under this rubric always came the vexatious questions of suspending, reprimanding, or expelling members. Again Pixley jumped to his feet. Again he glared at the board.

A solemn silence fell upon the club. Nobody spoke. No sound was heard except the rustling of Pixley's sheaf of documents.

"If there is no new business before the club," said the president in a mild and propitiatory tone, "we will pass the order." It was passed.

"I move we adjourn, Mr. Chairman," said the parliamentary friend.

It was carried with a roar.

As the members streamed out of the hall, talking over what they would have done had they been in the chair, but two remained. Two men still stood there, engaged in what seemed to be a violent wrangle. One was reproaching the other in heated tones: "You call yourself a friend of mine, do you?" he cried, "why if you had only let me alone they would have had me expelled in another minute. And how I would have ripped them up the back." And with his lethal documents he stabbed an imaginary director, and split him from the coccyx to the cervix.

The other man tried to soothe him, but he refused to be comforted, and bitterly apostrophized his friend for treachery in making him lose the chance for such a lovely fight.

It was Frank Pixley having it out with his parliamentary friend.

The royal library of Munich is one of the greatest in existence, probably second only to the British Museum. The building was erected by Ludwig I in 1832, in the Romanesque-Florentine style, and is very imposing. Seventy-seven rooms contain a million and a half of printed volumes, half a million parchment manuscripts dating as far back as the year 777, 3,600 volumes of music, and 7,000 volumes of records of the Kingdom of Bavaria, dating back to the fourteenth century. The latter occupy 30 rooms. There are several precious treasures, the most notable being the "Codex Aureus"—the four gospels written on parchment in gold letters in the year 87 A. D., and bound between plates of embossed gold studded with jewels and pearls.

Great Britain and her colonies and the United States represent together the fabulous total of 111,000,000 English-speaking persons, figures which leave all competitors hopelessly in the rear. Germany and Russia occupy second place with 75,000,000 apiece, and France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal follow, with 51,000,000, 43,000,000, 33,000,000, and 13,000,000 respectively.

In central Tennessee are large tracts of cedars, the berries of which serve to attract myriads of robins in the winter. One small hamlet in this region sends to market annually enough robins to return \$500 at five cents per dozen, equal to 120,000 birds. They are killed at night by torchlight and with sticks.

For over a thousand years and without perfuming the Mosque of St. Sofia in Constantinople has retained its fragrant odor of musk. The reason for this is that when the mosque was built musk was mixed in the mortar.

NEW YORK REVOLTS AT "SALOME."

By Flanery.

Critics of the drama, of music, of art, of sacred and profane history, and of moral standards of the time, have had work cut out for them in Manhattan during the past week, and they are attacking it with a zest known but rarely to those who labor for hire. I mean, by this, that the discussion is not confined to those who are paid to write their views, but is most animated, not to say violent, among the self-chosen guardians of correct standards in public affairs, who are zealous for general good on their own plans. The result should be a boom for two meritorious theatrical productions, even if the enlightenment and uplift of the reading world be slight.

Oscar Wilde, of unfragrant memory, wrote in French a tragedy on the death of John the Baptist, making Salome, the daughter of Herodias, the central moving figure, and hoping that Mme. Bernhardt would play the part. Richard Strauss, the German composer who out-Wagners Wagner, and evidently is attracted by stories of sensuous quality, found the Wilde play suited to his taste and wrote the music to denote, illustrate, and transfigure its passionate and tragic appeals. The opera or music-play had its first production at Dresden and was hailed as a masterpiece. It has since been produced at many of the important opera houses in Europe, and is now in preparation at the Grand Opera House in Paris and the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. Manager Conried of the Metropolitan Opera House secured the American rights and made a contract with the composer to give ten performances of the opera at a high royalty, and has expended at least \$25,000 in mounting the piece. There was a dress rehearsal, attended by the dramatic and musical critics of the metropolitan press and by many enthusiastic opera-goers, and then, last Tuesday evening, the opera was given as the feature of the benefit tendered to Manager Conried, at that time kept at home by illness. In spite of some vigorous expressions of opinion concerning the character of Wilde's words and Strauss's music, delivered between the dress rehearsal and the formal production, and notwithstanding or because of the fact that the piece had been interdicted abroad by two royal censors, the Metropolitan Opera House was filled and few left until the end of the last scene. The storm broke two days later, after muttering thunder and a few pale gleams of distant lightning.

The directors of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, by their secretary, Mr. Frank Dodd, addressed a letter to Manager Conried protesting against any repetition of the opera, and declaring that they considered it objectionable and detrimental to the best interests of the opera house. It should be explained that the opera and real estate company owns the opera house and lets it to the Metropolitan Opera Company, which is under the management of Mr. Conried. The directors of the owning company are George G. Haven, W. K. Vanderbilt, A. D. Juilliard, and George Bowdoin; the stockholders include Luther Kountze, Charles Lanier, August Belmont, D. O. Mills, J. P. Morgan, H. A. C. Taylor, H. McK. Twombly, and George Peabody Wetmore. They own the parterre boxes, and are entitled to their use except on Sunday nights and at benefit performances. While it is unlikely that the leasing company would decide to go against the decision of the owning stockholders, it is certain that the latter have no power to forbid any performance. The outcome of their protest is yet to appear.

Of the opera itself, volumes have been and will be written. It is a powerful work musically, a fascinating yet not pleasing construction dramatically. Its story departs seriously from the Biblical narrative. Salome is shown as a degenerate daughter of a degenerate mother, infatuated with the physical charms of the prophet. It is her revenge for the scorn with which her advances to him are met to have him beheaded, and not the prompting of her mother, as the Scriptural writers have set it down. Her proffered love and its rejection, her dance before Herod, her joy when the head is brought to her, her kisses on the cold, dead lips of the prophet, and her death at the hands of the soldiers, at the command of the degenerate but horrified king, are the vital themes of the play, and at least one of them is frankly repulsive. Strauss's music is beyond adequate description, even by the masters of harmony and technique. It is written for and played by a largely augmented orchestra, with two or three instruments included that are seldom introduced in orchestral work. Many of its effects and tone colors are absolutely new, and the whole is admittedly original. There is more of Meyerbeer, and Mozart, and Strauss in its character than there is of Wagner, though the dissonances, discords, and cacophonies are reminiscent of the Bayreuth master. Whether it shall have a long life may not be said, but that it will be widely heard, and enthusiastically praised and condemned admits of no doubt.

While it is easy to object to the morality of the story told in the opera, it is not readily discovered how it may be called vicious in tendency. True, good Dr. Dio Lewis years ago wrote a book against Gounod's "Faust," which he declared to have a corrupting influence, but the opera persists, and with it such associates as "Semiramide," "Fedora," and "Tosca." Immorality is an indefinite term when used in esthetic disputes. To one who looks calmly at the matter, it appears that "Salome" is not likely to debauch the convictions of the spectators. Whatever of tempest may develop from the present stormcloud, it will pass harmlessly over the heads of the actors and singers who appeared in the opera. Miss Olive Fremstad, who was the Salome, gave a more than satisfying presentation of the graceful, sensuous, passion-crazed daughter of Herodias, and in the long, trying, repellent scene of

endearments and caresses, lavished upon the wax-work, crimson-stained yet ghastly head of the dead prophet, retained her hold upon the realities and finish of her part. Herr Burrian, who sang the rôle of Herod, was no less successful, and a thankless, unsympathetic character was raised into a moment of dignity at the end.

Should the objection to "Salome" prevent further performances here, the company will give the opera on its tour in Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, and once more will the verdict of New York opera-goers be appealed to a wider sentiment. However, there is no lack of interest and demand here now. The matinee performance announced for next Thursday has attracted a multitude of eager buyers of seats, and the house is practically sold out. Two performances had been promised for February 5 and 22, but their fate is, of course, still more vague.

At the Lyric Theatre this week Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have been presenting "John the Baptist," the Sudermann play, in which Miss Marlowe is the Salome. The Oscar Wilde tragedy, translated from the French by Lord Alfred Douglas, is said to have suffered by the change, and there is little doubt that Miss Mary Harned's translation of Sudermann's work does scant justice to the original. Be that as it may, the play would be a dismal failure but for Julia Marlowe's art in the principal rôle. She has done nothing more subtle, complex, or convincing. Her grace and charm sweeten and purify a presentation that in weaker, less refined hands would have no power to please. Mr. Sothern's John the Baptist is not a triumph for the actor, perhaps because there is little of dramatic action in the part. The prophet's appeal and victory are spiritual and not physical, and there are given to him few situations of dominant strength. Sudermann was much below his highest mark in this play, and it can not be raised by all the resources of the actors.

In the meantime, vaudeville will profit by the all-engrossing discussion of "Salome's" salient features. Mme. Pilar-Morin, the pantomimist, has been engaged by one of the theatres to give the dance of the seven veils, and one of the two sensational scenes of the opera will thus become familiar to amusement-lovers who do not go to the Metropolitan Opera House. Other managers will seize the opportunity, and all sorts of dances will be offered under the well-advertised name. This furor may die as quickly as it came into existence, but Richard Strauss's music will last, and "Salome" will be played and sung as long as "Parsifal."

New York, Jan. 26, 1907.

Couples without children, young married people being preferred, applying for quarters in a new \$50,000 apartment-house, which Architect W. P. White has designed for Queen Anne hill, Seattle, will be informed that everything has been taken. The best reference a prospective tenant can offer will be a string of youngsters. Fouts & Williams, who are furnishing the capital for the structure, are both heads of large families. The halls and rooms will be designed for the pater of little feet. Dark wainscoting will hide the marks of grimy hands, and one whole floor will be devoted to nurseries and playrooms. The stork apartments will be erected in the heart of a fashionable residence district, opening directly on to Kinnear Park, the most beautiful park in the city. The building will be four stories high, and will accommodate upward of fifty families.

Few men in the government service ever cherished a warmer affection for their employer than the late Dr. Charles F. Macdonald of Springfield, Mass., who was for years superintendent of the money order division of the Postoffice Department in Washington, and whose will, when he died several years ago, was found to contain a bequest of \$2000 to the government for the improvement of the money order system. After long consideration the government finds it inexpedient to accept the bequest, and the money will probably be turned over to the estate. But the motive that prompted the bequest remains recognized and undisputed.

Amsterdam and Ghent are both built on small islands, Amsterdam coming the nearest to Venice in the number of islands and bridges. Venice is built on 118 small islands, connected by 378 bridges; Amsterdam on nearly 100 islands, connected by almost 300 bridges. Ghent stands on 26 islands, joined by 270 bridges.

Efforts made by reform societies in England to get a law abolishing the barmaid have disclosed that 27,000 girls are employed in bar-rooms in the United Kingdom and at least 7500 in London. Most of them are under 25 years of age and above 16. Salaries vary from \$1.25 to \$3.50 a week.

The government's search for valuable food-stuff pays. Macaroni wheat, imported from Prussia at a cost of \$10,000 annually, yields \$10,000,000. Sorghum was brought from China in 1864 at a cost of \$2000. The nation's source of income from that crop is \$40,000,000 annually.

The great sulphur-bottom whale of the Pacific Ocean is, so far as known, the largest animal that ever lived on this planet. One specimen, which was measured, was 95 feet in length and 35 feet in girth. Its estimated weight was 294,000 pounds.

Marmalade, then made only of quinces, was known in Henry VIII's reign. The word is derived from "mer-melo," a quince.

A SPANISH ASSASSIN.

The Ingenious and Destructive Invention of a Would-Be Regicide.

During the summer of 1812 there might have been observed loitering about the Tuileries a spare, shabbily dressed man, past the prime of life, restless and watchful in his movements, but wearing, in spite of his humble garb, an air of faded respectability and character. He was a decayed Spanish noble, Don Monsen Chavarri by name, and one thing noticeable about him was his persistency in endeavoring to obtain an audience of the emperor. Foiled in every attempt, either through accident or the suspicions of the attendants, he invariably received his rebuffs in silence, and withdrew, merely to renew his importunities. Repulsed today, tomorrow found him at his post. He haunted the palace like a spectre. Even the *gamins* soon grew familiar with the story of his hopeless quest, and he began in time to be treated with that sort of pitiful consideration which is usually accorded to those of unsound mind. At length, however, there came a day when, in the Rue de Rivoli, as the emperor was returning from a review, a pistol-shot rang out from the corner of the court, and the bullet, whistling through the line of outriders, buried itself in a panel of the imperial carriage. The police at once charged the crowd; and among the number arrested was the Spaniard. At the trial, there being no evidence against him, he was acquitted, but warned to leave Paris instantly. Acting upon the warning, he disappeared, and all traces of him were lost.

It was some two years after this occurrence that there began to circulate among the quidnuncs of the capital reports of a marvelous clock to be seen in that city, which illustrated, by means of automatic figures, an episode in the life of the emperor. It was designed for presentation to that personage. It was said to be the work of a famous artisan, who had lately arrived, *incognito*, from foreign parts, accompanied by a young lady, his daughter, who, in a supposed fit of eccentricity, had taken lodgings in a humble and obscure quarter of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The reports of the wonderful, almost supernatural, performances of this piece of mechanism, and the mystery surrounding its owner and inventor, gave rise for a short time, and in certain circles, to no small amount of gossip. This gradually died away, and the artisan and his clock were alike forgotten, when an event occurred which restored them to more than their former prominence, and entitled them to a place in history.

Fouché, one morning in his office, received a letter from his secret agent in Spain, which contained information of a most startling and important character. Its perusal threw him into an unusual state of excitement, and its result was an immediate descent of the police upon the mysterious shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine, with orders to arrest the artisan and his daughter, secure the premises, and carefully guard all the stock, tools, implements, and other contents from being touched or displaced till further opportunity offered for a thorough investigation. The party detailed for the duty having departed, Fouché re-seated himself and waited, with ill-concealed anxiety, the arrival of the prisoners. After a considerable lapse of time, the officer charged with the arrest appeared empty-handed. His report was soon made. The lady in the case, the daughter, had that morning, at an early hour, left her house in the Faubourg, accompanied by a young lad, who bore a heavy black portmanteau. The two had been traced to the gates of Montmartre, beyond which point no clew to their movements could be obtained. The old workman himself had left the shop an hour before the visit of the police, locking doors and barring windows behind him. He bore in his arms what was apparently, according to the apple-woman opposite, a great square box covered with oilskin. It seemed heavy. He sat down awhile on his doorstep, when a *calèche* came by, into which he put himself and box, with the assistance of the driver, and was driven off at a rapid pace. The *calèche* was brown; the driver was in green livery. A *gendarme* was following him, and another was guarding the shop in the Faubourg where, however, nothing remained but a piece of furniture and a great many scraps of iron and brass. Fouché reflected a moment, when his face suddenly whitened. Without a word he dashed down the stairway to the street and sprang into a passing *fiacre*.

"To the Tuileries!" he shouted. "Double wages for double speed!"

Arrived at the palace, he hastily alighted and demanded to be at once shown into the presence of the emperor. Napoleon was in the room in which he received private visitors, and thither the ushers instantly conducted Fouché, who, encountering some delay in the anteroom, impatiently pushed open the folding-doors and entered unannounced. The emperor greeted the intrusion at first with a frown of displeasure, but, instantly recognizing his visitor, resumed his customary expression and nodded affably. Fouché took in the situation at a single glance. Besides Napoleon there were five persons in the room. Four of these were officials of the palace—chamberlains and armed valets, who frequently attended when he gave audience, to prevent attempts at private assassination. The fifth was a man habited in a common workman's blouse, standing apart from the others, in a respectful attitude, and holding in his hand a workman's cap. It needed but a glance to assure Fouché that this person was none other than the old familiar goblin of the Tuileries—Don Monsen Chavarri. But how metamorphosed! His hair, formerly gray, was dyed to a glossy blackness; his face was despoiled of his moustache and pointed beard, and his once smooth hands were roughened as though by exposure and toil. At his side stood a large lacquer table, supporting an object on which Fouché's attention was immediately

fixed. This was seen at once to be the exact model of the Church of Notre Dame, wrought in metal, in the highest style of art, and serving evidently as the case for a clock, since just above the folding-doors, which were perfect imitations of those which barred the principal entrance to Notre Dame, were two dials, on one of which the hours and minutes were measured, while on the other a long, sweeping hand described the seconds. Fouché, by a natural impulse, noticed the time indicated by the dials. It lacked a few minutes of noon.

Immediately thereafter he started with nervous alarm as the clock gave a warning note as though about to strike; then suddenly there was a clank of complicated machinery, and the great doors folded slowly inward, exposing the whole gorgeous interior to view. The mimic church was decorated as though for some great *fête*. Banners and hangings of the richest material and most costly workmanship fluttered from the ceilings and flaunted from the niches in the walls. The aisles were carpeted with tapestry and velvet, and the pillars were clustered with gold and blazing with gems. On the opposite sides of the great nave two thrones were erected, the one being approached by a flight of velvet-covered steps, and canopied with cloth of gold and scarlet velvet sprinkled with golden bees. And now the great bell in the tower struck one with a heavy, reverberating clang; there arose a swell of triumphal music, and a mimic procession, clad in gorgeous robes, moved into view from one of the hidden aisles. At the head of this *cortège* walked an old man wearing a triple crown who, as the bell tolled for the second time, ascended the steps of the smaller throne. It was the coronation performed by automatons.

Napoleon looked on with unusual interest. "Confess, Fouché," he said, "that this is as admirable in its way as the police system in Paris. There is one mistake, however," he continued; "the great doors of Notre Dame were not open on that occasion. The throne was built against them and the only entrance was through the transverse halls."

"True, sire," said the fictitious artisan, casting a side glance at Fouché, whose name he had just heard pronounced. "True, but your majesty will see that it is a mistake unavoidable here. Like the rest of the world, we have been obliged to sacrifice truth in order to secure effect."

The emperor smiled and remained silent. Meanwhile Fouché was revolving a dilemma in his mind with the rapidity of one accustomed to act in dangerous crises. There are situations in which a slight vantage in the hands of a dangerous man may set at naught the strength of thousands, and in which the most extraordinary means must be employed to secure what are apparently trifling results. Fouché adopted the course which seemed at first most speedily practicable, since the consideration of first importance was, in this instance, time.

"Your majesty," said he, advancing and speaking rapidly, "may I request your immediate attendance in your cabinet for a matter of utmost consequence—a matter which will not permit of a moment's delay?"

The emperor turned in surprise and frowned. Chavarri looked up sullenly and silently and made a suspicious movement toward his clock. With the rapidity of thought Fouché changed his plans.

"Your majesty," said he, loudly, and more rapidly than before, "Lady Isidore Chavarri has just been arrested near the Cemetery of Montmartre, charged with a capital crime. She has already been tried by a special tribunal and condemned to death. I come to implore your majesty to grant her pardon."

As he spoke he fixed an intent, searching gaze upon the Spaniard. This time the bolt had struck. The old man's tawny face had taken on a sickly hue, and his limbs trembled.

"This is a most unusual proceeding," said the emperor, in amazement. "Who is this lady, and what is the nature of her crime?"

Fouché, bent double with suspense, still keeping his eye riveted on the tawny, changing face, spoke almost imploringly:

"You have trusted me before, sire. I beseech you, trust me now! Ask me no questions, but write the pardon."

There was an instant of silence, broken only by the ticking and low music of the clock. The second hand was measuring off the sixtieth minute with rapid, steady sweep. Almost unconsciously Fouché drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked it unobserved, and, with a face as that of a corpse, was raising it to fire, with a cry to the emperor on his lips, when Chavarri, whose mind seemed torn by contending emotions, bent suddenly over his mechanism, touched a spring concealed in the rear of the tower, and instantly the whole complicated machinery of the clock stopped with a sudden metallic clang. The music ceased, the automatons paused, standing like statues, each in his place, the mimic emperor stretching out his hand for the crown of the Caesars, and the great bell in the tower poised midway in its swing for the twelfth and final stroke.

"*Parbleu!*" muttered Fouché, pocketing the pistol and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Allow me, monsieur," he said, advancing to the table, "to inspect this wonderful specimen of art."

"It is so delicate, monsieur," said Chavarri, hurriedly, still keeping his finger on the secret spring and waving Fouché off with his unengaged hand.

"Here is the pardon," said the emperor, affixing his signature to a paper as he spoke. "I hold you, Fouché, responsible for results. Well, what next?"

"Our worthy friend's clock is broken, it appears," said Fouché, awkwardly.

"Broken, sire," said the Spaniard, "and with it the plans of a life-time. And," he added, casting down his eyes, and speaking in a querulous, broken voice, "since

when one's hopes are broken one cares but little where he goes, I wish a passport to leave France."

Fouché took up the cue immediately.

"I have to request, sire," said he, "that you also make out a full and free pardon for the accomplice of the Lady Isidore Chavarri—her father, Don Monsen Chavarri, of Seville."

The emperor smiled bitterly. His active mind had already compassed the situation, and without a word, either of expostulation or inquiry, he seized a pen and wrote. Then, having finished and signed the double pardon, he advanced with it in his hand.

"Our friend here," said he, "doubtless knows where these persons are to be found, and to him I confide these papers."

The old man, still jealously keeping his hand on the spring of the mechanism, read aloud:

"A full permission to Don Monsen and Doña Isidore Chavarri to leave France immediately, without hindrance or question."

"Add," said he, "'and alive.'"

"You would have made a good diplomat," said Napoleon, as he made the required addition.

Chavarri hesitated for a moment, removed his hand lingeringly from the spring, and, bowing his head, glided toward the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay.

"Where shall I find my daughter?" he asked.

"When she is found we will send monsieur word," sneered Fouché.

An expression of the most intense malignity flashed across the old man's face, and with an oath he sprang toward the table in the room. But a pistol confronted him.

"The pardons are forfeited," said Fouché.

"No," said the emperor, "let him pass."

Chavarri, with a look of wonder, wheeled slowly about and disappeared.

After his departure Napoleon stood for a short time in the centre of his apartment in a profound reverie. Then, as his gaze fell upon the clock and the automaton beneath the suspended crown within, he bent forward and regarded the figure attentively.

"So," he said, "this was to have been my successor."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the clock proved, on examination, to be an infernal machine of the most ingenious and deadly description. Concealed beneath the metallic slab which formed the pavements of the mimic chapel, and which was constructed to fold back at the proper moment, was found a triple row of small wrought-iron barrels, loaded heavily with slugs and balls, arranged to cover an arc of forty-five degrees, at a distance of twenty yards from the machine. No one within that range could possibly have withstood their discharge, exploded simultaneously, exactly when the hands on the dial indicated the hour of noon; but a spring on the outside of the case gave the manipulator power to alter the "set" of the works and discharge them sooner, if necessary.

A few months after the occurrence of the incidents narrated above, Fouché received a letter from Chavarri, then in England, written in the vein in which men who have played a desperate game and lost write occasionally to those who outwitted them. The writer stated that the clock was entirely the work of his own hands, and that he and his daughter alone were concerned in the plot, which had been frustrated by Fouché's promptness. As for himself, he had little expectation of escaping, having freely resolved to involve himself, if necessary, in the destruction which should overwhelm the emperor. His daughter, however, the only person on earth for whom he retained any affection, he could not afford thus to sacrifice. He had made provision elsewhere for her support, and she had departed at as early an hour as possible, while he himself had proceeded to the palace at eleven. No personal danger, no promised honor, nothing in short but the cunningly devised falsehood regarding his daughter, could have induced Chavarri to stop the hands of the fatal clock. He also confessed that it was he who, two years before, had fired the shot in the Rue de Rivoli. Chavarri subsequently died in extreme poverty in London. Of the after fate of his daughter, nothing is known. His clock, despoiled of the murderous portion of its machinery, was preserved for several years in the Tuileries, and was finally destroyed by an accidental fire and the falling of a wall.—Translated from the French.

We have heard a great deal lately of the chivalrous consideration shown by men to women in the good old times, but the casual remarks of various writers of those days tend to dispel the illusion, says the *London Chronicle*. John Aubrey, for instance, writing about 1678, tells us that "King James I's Court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay, the Queen herself, could hardly pass by the King's apartment without receiving some affront." And in one of Richard Symon's pocket-books there is the following account of Oliver Cromwell's behavior at his daughter's wedding in 1657: "The Lord Protector threw about sack-posset among all the ladies to soyle their rich cloaths, which they took as a favour, and also wett sweetmeats; and daubed all the stools where they were to sit with wett sweetmeats."

New York State has received \$625,000 inheritance tax on the estate of Russell Sage. The value of the estate has been placed at \$60,000,000, but that amount is not the final estimate. This payment is the largest collected by the State for this purpose, with three exceptions. In 1900 the estate of George Smith, a wealthy English merchant, who died in New York City, paid \$1,934,753. In 1901, \$665,000 was received from the C. P. Huntington estate and in 1904 the estate of Warren Smith, a Westchester County carpet manufacturer, yielded \$973,348.

NECESSITY OF TRADES SCHOOLS.

Arguments of an Investigator, Observer, and Reasoner.

W. E. Alexander contributes a forceful article to the *Square Deal* for January on the Necessity for Trades Schools. The *Square Deal* is published by the Citizens' Industrial Association of America and is intended to represent those who believe that industry should be unfettered by any organization or combination unfavorable to their development along the broadest lines of individual effort.

From the author's point of view this question of trades schools is not one for mere academic discussion, but rather a problem that has developed from extraordinary and artificial conditions, and that must be resolutely faced if our commercial supremacy is to be maintained. The apprentice restrictions that are now enforced by the trade unions have become so stringent that only a small proportion of the youth of the country can ever hope to learn a trade or to force their way past the barriers that have been raised by organized labor. Under these restrictions it will be impossible to keep the supply of skilled workmen at its present point or to provide for the expanding needs of the future. Mr. Alexander tells us that many of the unions will take no apprentices at all, while others allow only one apprentice to eight, ten, or even twenty journeymen, eight being about the average. Assuming that each of these journeymen has two boys who should learn the trade of their father, we have sixteen boys ready to work, but out of these sixteen only one has any chance of admission to the ranks of skilled labor. The rest are outlawed, and the principle that consigns fifteen out of sixteen boys to idleness or to unskilled labor has become one of the cardinal tenets of union leaders, who frankly avow their intention to preserve their own particular industrial domain from an imagined over-competition and overcrowding, no matter at what cost to the vast majority who must remain upon the other side of the door of opportunity.

The resulting evils are too evident to need indication. If the country is to be

adequately supplied with mechanics, there must be a change from the present system that deliberately cuts off the supply at the fountain head. If the trade unions refuse to give a mechanical education to the boys of today, that education must be imparted through other agencies, and it is therefore to the general establishment of trades schools that Mr. Alexander gives his special advocacy.

There are other evils of a social rather than of an economic nature to which due weight must be given. What is to become of the immense numbers of boys who are released from the schools, saturated with ideas of American liberty and equality of opportunity, only to find that trade organizations have closed in their faces every door to advancement and denied them almost the right to live? Mr. Alexander aptly reminds us that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and we can hardly wonder at the appalling increase in child criminality when we realize that permission to labor is rapidly becoming the prerogative of a narrow and a selfish caste.

Mr. Alexander's remedy, as has been said, is the establishment of trades schools. He would have these schools free from all domination adverse to their efficiency, and he would expect to make them ultimately self-supporting. The initial cost should be subscribed by employers who are naturally interested in the training of apprentices and the consequent supply of artisans, and perhaps aid would be given by philanthropists who would recognize a paramount national need. In these schools the boy would be taught his selected trade; he would be shown how to care for his body and to cultivate his mind; he would be given access to technical and other books, and he would have a certain amount of military training equally valuable to body, mind, and morals. And for this training he would be expected to pay something from his earnings during leisure hours. He would not be pauperized nor branded by charity.

Mr. Alexander suggests that such a school be started at the national capital. Let it be a model one of its kind, one that would serve as a type, and that could give pioneer advice to its imitators all over the country. In this way the idea would

be advertised and other communities would be interested.

The author is, of course, well aware that trades schools already exist, and he gives to them such credit as they deserve. Many of them are upon the right lines, but many others are so completely under the domination of the unions and so subservient to their exclusive principles, that they offer no benefits whatever to the student. He investigated the one at San Francisco and found that it was controlled by the labor organizations and that their leaders would give no countenance whatever to any institution that proposed to give instruction to boys rather than to men who were already at work. The New York Trades School, endowed by J. Pierpont Morgan, was in a similar plight. The avowed object of the school was the education of boys, and this was the motive animating the benefaction of Mr. Morgan. At the present moment the school is so entirely controlled by the organizations that only adults already at work are allowed to share in its benefits, while the boys for whom the school was established are practically excluded. Other schools examined by Mr. Alexander were so subservient to the unions, so fearful of offending their susceptibilities, that they allowed themselves to be guilty of almost incredible economic follies in their efforts to keep the peace. Thus we find some of these institutions saying in their prospectuses, "we avoid antagonizing the unions by destroying all the products of our school, allowing none of it to be sold in the market." Why these schools should willfully destroy marketable commodities, why they should be so pitifully anxious to conciliate organizations that have no such word as conciliation in their vocabularies, are questions that the author propounds, but without much hope of an answer that would be tolerable to ordinary intelligence or to economic sanity. He asks in his turn:

Is there any good business judgment, or even common sense displayed in an effort to run a trade school with the approbation of the labor leaders? Is it not rank idiocy for a body of men to organize an association of any kind for the promotion of industrial education and place on its governing board a lot of labor leaders who, by their strenuous opposition for years past, have

made the intolerable condition that exists possible? Is it probable that they are now going to undo all they have been working years to accomplish?

Mr. Alexander unquestionably makes out a strong case for the establishment of independent trades schools. He shows that the industries of the country are being strangled at their birth by a system of apprenticeship restriction which neutralizes and destroys the simple constitutional guaranties of the right to live and of the enjoyment of equal opportunities. He points out the peril to the country that is implied in an imminent shortage in her mechanic and artisan classes, and the still greater danger of a growing unemployed problem, with its attendant discontent and crime. And finally, he makes it clear that only by vigorous and determined initiative is it possible to cope with a most insidious danger, and that we must look to the great employers, to the public-spirited and to the benevolent, for the earnest and persistent efforts that alone can bring success.

Americans should beware of the pedigree specialist, who flourishes luxuriantly in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, London, and from there spreads his net for the unwary and for the ambitious upon the other side of the Atlantic. The desire to have a pedigree is innate in the human heart. We want a pedigree with our hunting horses and our dogs, and it is still more important that we should have one for ourselves. And we are not content to know that, by the ordinary laws of nature, we must all of us have pedigrees hidden away somewhere. We want to know exactly what they are and to what extent our ancestral line is decorated by the names of the great and of the good. It is in this human frailty that the pedigree specialist finds his opportunity, and he was never yet known to fail in his quest so long as a liberal fee was the reward of success. Nor was he ever known to be lacking in the number of celebrities who are supposed to have sprouted from the family tree of the credulous applicant. A London society paper advises us to have nothing to do with him, to eschew him absolutely, and to be satisfied with just so much pedigree as we can remember.



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LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel of Purpose.

"The Second Generation," by David Graham Phillips, is a story with a moral. Hiram Ranger, the head of the Ranger Whitney Flour Mills, had made himself a rich man by his own efforts. From the lowest rung of the ladder he had forced his way to the top by strenuous toil and by a self-acquired competence in every branch of his business. "He was not a rich man who was a manufacturer; he was a manufacturer who was incidentally rich—one who made of his business a vocation." Hiram Ranger had two children, a boy and a girl, and the education of these children provides us with the moral of the story. The rich mill owner finds that the fact of his own wealth is a fatal barrier between his children and the conditions to which his own success is due. His ideal has been labor for its own sake, but to them labor is a necessity from which their father's wealth has spared them. Hiram Ranger is not the first to discover that the honorable wealth of the father may descend as a curse upon the children, and because he recognizes this, because he sees the moral deterioration at work before his eyes, he disinherits them and leaves them to find their own souls through the gospel of endeavor. They do it, of course, and do it well. Poverty is the sieve through which they separate the true from the false, solidity from veneer, reality from pretense. The story is well told, forceful, sincere, and true.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Municipal Trading and Individuality.

Robert P. Porter, author of "The Dangers of Municipal Ownership," is well qualified by careful study to write on his chosen subject. A keen observer, an extensive traveller and a lucid expositor, he presents the case against municipal ownership without prejudice but with the cogency that comes from comprehension and sincerity. He shows us that municipal ownership in England has by no means given the satisfaction that is claimed for it, that it is viewed with profound distrust among the classes that have to pay for it, and that its somewhat noisy defense comes mainly from those who are officially responsible for an experiment that is already resulting in immense liabilities, inequality of taxation, the discouragement of individual effort and the establishment of an army of officials. Government ought to supplement, but it ought not to supplant, private enterprise. It ought to do what the citizens can not do, but any attempt under a sense of false expediency to force it beyond its legitimate frontiers should be resisted. Municipal ownership, carried to its logical conclusion, is Socialism undiluted. It is not to be condemned by a label, but it is to be condemned because it would ultimately reduce the citizenship of a country to a dead level of municipal employment, with the resulting extinction of individual ambition and aspiration. All this is shown very clearly by the author, and it is done with the greatest good humor and without a trace of partisan warmth. He acts throughout as a judge and not as an advocate, and his conclusions are therefore all the more noteworthy.

Published by the Century Co., New York; \$1.80.

The Substitute for War.

"Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams, the author of "Democracy and Social Ethics," is a refreshingly rational treatment of a much-debated question. Tolstoy, Verestchagin, and Jean de Block have proved, each in his own way, that war can not be abolished either by the competing realisms of the hush or of the pen. Men will not forsake war in obedience to reason. They fight because they like to fight, because physical combat is a demand of their nature to be deliberately gratified at the expense of happiness and fortune. Now comes Miss Addams who tells us that we shall escape from this scourge, not by tiresome repetitions of the obvious, but by the same steady development that has produced civic sentiment and national unity. There must be a substitute for war, and it will be found in the great problems that are the common heritage of the race and in brotherhood of men. We have already discovered the relation of the individual to the community. The orderly process of evolution will show us the wider relation of the

individual to the race. The force that compels right conduct from man to man, that makes of goodness a matter of inclination and choice, will eventually bind together nations as it now unites persons and communities, and international fraternity will take the place of the hateful instincts that now drive us into wars. The common needs of humanity, its common problems and dangers, will provide a field where human heroism can show itself more effectively than at the mouth of the cannon. Such problems are the conquest of disease, industrial legislation, the protection of children, women in government, and these are lucidly treated by Miss Addams as some of the great factors that will compel a unity of effort throughout the world. Then we shall find the moral substitute for war and the transition from real barbarism to actual civilization will be orderly and complete.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

The Sportsman's Philosophy.

In the preparation of his "Fishing and Shooting Sketches," Mr. Grover Cleveland is upon a domain that is all his own and he writes with the ease and superior assurance of a man who fears neither competition nor contradiction. These charming little sketches will hardly add to our knowledge of sport, but they will increase our respect for the sportsman. They will show how a large and comfortable philosophy can be applied to the vicissitudes of the field, and how also those same vicissitudes can be used in the development of a sporting philosophy of which Mr. Cleveland is perhaps our best living exemplar. He relates with delight the account of Daniel Webster's fishing, given to him by the Indian guide who was its witness, of how that great man caught a fine trout and of how he "talked mighty fine and strong to that fish and told him what a mistake he had made, and what a fool he was to take that fly, and that he would have been all right if he had left it alone." Mr. Cleveland writes of nature as a nature-lover, and as one who has tasted to the full the delight that he regards as necessary to bodily and mental balance. He says:

All but the absolutely indifferent can be made to realize that outdoor air and activity, intimacy with nature, and acquaintanceship with birds, and animals, and fish, are essential to physical and mental strength under the exactions of an unescapable decree. We may disobey, but all other rewards are useless if "the later hours of life are haunted by futile regrets for what is left undone that might have been done if there had been closer communion with nature's visible forms."

Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.25.

On Orthographic Landmarks.

A pamphlet by F. Sturges Allen on the "Principles of Spelling Reform," is a pleasing and scholarly attempt to warn us from changes that have nothing of reform about them except its name. Mr. Allen tells us that we must not hastily adopt such changes without full guaranties that they do not conflict with the vital laws of language. The written word "is the direct symbol for an idea rather than solely a symbol for a sound," and our haste for convenience must not allow us to obliterate orthographic landmarks. When reform comes let it be guided by a principle. It must not be a mere snatch at expediency.

Published by the Bradley-White Co., New York.

An Appreciation of Emerson.

The English Men of Letters series has been enriched by an appreciation of Emerson, from the pen of George Edward Woodberry. The work is well done, as well done, perhaps, as can be at a time when Emerson's philosophic and religious messages are still in a language unknown to the world at large. Our knowledge of Emerson as a man amongst men, from what the author calls his "parochial" standpoint, is distinctly enlarged by this work. Emerson as "a shining figure on some Mount of Transfiguration," will remain largely unknown until his philosophy is more largely accepted by a world that is still over much intent upon other things. But the author commits an indiscretion when he says that Emerson "was not a Christian in any proper use of the word," that "rather he was a link in the dechristianization of the world." The definition of Christianity has not yet taken such pre-

cise form as to justify a verdict of this kind, and it may indeed be said that any man who has made the spiritual life thinkable to thousands to whom it was before unthinkable, is not far from that Kingdom of God to which Christianity points the way. Emerson has done this as no other man of his century did it.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York; 75 cents.

New Publications.

"Wireless Telegraphy," an elementary treatise, by Dr. A. E. Kennelly, contains the whole story of this invention to its latest development, explaining its underlying principles and their application. Published by Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.00.

Those who are interested in what, for some mysterious reason, is called the New Thought, presumably because it comes to us from the hoariest antiquity, should read "Through Science to Realization," by Floyd B. Wilson. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.00.

"Letters of a Business Woman to Her Niece," by Caroline A. Huling, is dedicated "to the dear girls all over this great country who call me Aunt Carrie." These and all other girls will find in this book an abundance of sound and wholesome advice. Published by R. F. Fenno, New York.

"The Will to Be Well," by Charles Brodie Patterson, is not a work on Christian Science. The author's theories are based upon the universally recognized influence of the mind upon the body, and although he takes us somewhat out of our depth, he is rational and logical in his conclusions. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London; \$1.20.

The Almanac for 1907, issued by the *Baltimore Sun*, is a compendium of affairs current in the nation and the world and a useful book of ready reference for the desk.

The *Bibelot* for January occupies itself with a reprint of Shelley's "Defense of Poetry,"—a charming booklet of which the only weakness is the smallness of its type. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine; 5 cents.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Virginian" at the Novelty.

For its fourth and last season Dustin Farnum is now appearing in "The Virginian," and from all indications the proud record of all former seasons is likely to be eclipsed during 1906 and 1907. The Kirke La Shelle Company has surrounded Mr. Farnum with one of the best companies that ever accompanied him, and all the favorites of the cast seen here in the piece at the Columbia Theatre last season are again to appear. Frank Campeau will again contribute his remarkable impersonation of Trampas, a worthy companion piece to the efforts of Mr. Farnum. Miss Mabel Wright will be seen as Molly Wood, while Bennett Musson will again essay the part of Steve. An entirely new production has been prepared for the Pacific Coast tour of the piece. A two weeks' season of the play and company begins at the Novelty Theatre Monday night.

Rosenthal Coming Soon.

Will Greenbaum announces that the dates for the Rosenthal concerts have been set for Thursday, February 28, and Saturday afternoon, March 2. On Friday afternoon, March 1, the artist will play two concertos at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, accompanied by the University Symphony Orchestra. This will be the first opportunity in many years that our music lovers have had to hear some of the great concertos, with orchestra, played in their original form. The works selected for the occasion are the Chopin Concerto in E minor and the Saint Saëns in A flat. The recital programmes will be something exceptional and the pianist will play some of his own wonderful transcriptions of Strauss waltzes.

Creston Clarke in "The Ragged Messenger," will follow "The Virginian" at the Novelty Theatre. In this play Mr. Clarke is adding to his great prestige as a finished actor, and those of our local theatre-goers who saw his charming "Monsieur Beauchaire" last season will appreciate what high praise this is.



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THEATRES AND THE OPERA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Theatre-going has been attended with many difficulties this week. Storms and washouts have combined to inflict more body-blows on an already crippled car service. Determined patrons of the theatre have wandered disconsolately from one street-car line to another, trying to get from their homes to the theatres, or, somewhere about midnight, from the theatres to their homes. One of the most familiar night sights in San Francisco at present is the spectacle of one, or a group of disconsolate would-be passengers, standing at street corners, straining a hopeful or hopeless gaze—according to temperament—down the dark vistas of an unoccupied car-track receding blackly into blacker distance. And still, people, although in lessening numbers, continue to go to the theatre.

I have looked around during my few visits theatrewards with interest, trying to draw some comparison between the character of audiences of the present and those of the time directly preceding the fire. It is rather a difficult comparison to make, however, principally for the reason that in this short time following the general upheaval and reorganization, each theatre has not yet got its place definitely fixed. Last week, for instance, the Novelty was running a Jerome comedy, played by an excellent, first-class stock company. It is however, to the last degree improbable that the majority of those who rallied to see Isabel Irving would care for "Buster Brown," which is this week's attraction at that house. The Davis remains faithful to Kolb and Dill, who have a following which justifies its constancy. The American, as long as it puts on musical comedies, and the Orpheum, with ever-popular vaudeville, will not fail to draw the men, who, in these strenuous times, must, during business hours, do a good deal of hard thinking and more than ever feel the need of amusement and unthinking relaxation during their hours of rest. Their wives and sweethearts will bear them company, and so, in these two houses, there will be something of a reassembling of the pre-earthquake Tivoli and Orpheum clientele.

The Colonial will probably hit off the taste of the former Alcazar patrons. Probably it will not have so good a choice of plays, the local Belasco's relationship to David Belasco having been the means of bringing many opportunities in his way of producing plays of first-class standing. The Alcazar was steadily climbing up. The management had begun to engage talent of a higher class. We were indebted to the Alcazar for many a pleasant week's entertainment, when off weeks at the Columbia made the dramatic horizon dull. Now, alas, a managerial split threatens one more unpleasant result of the earthquake, for, after many promises, we see no more newspaper items announcing the speedy re-opening of that once popular theatre, and there may be cause for fear that the bright little Alcazar has passed away permanently. In a steady theatre-going community like this, however, something must take its place. There were, before the fire, three theatres, the Majestic, the Alcazar, and the Grand Opera House, catering to the tastes of those who incline toward stock productions of regular plays; dramas, I mean, as distinguished from musical pieces, vaudeville, and the like. This means that there must inevitably be a resurrection of one at least of the vanished theatres, or a piecing together of the fragments of all three into a theatrical enterprise conducted on similar lines. For there is the matinee girl to cater to, and the vast tribe of mating young people who, after a day's toil behind counter or at desk, go in pairs to the theatre, delighting, while together, to see on the boards replicas of themselves engaged in the absorbing pastime of making love.

There is still another class of theatre-goers that the managers should not leave out of their calculations. This consists of an army of women, whether married or single, to whom, for various reasons, night trips to theatre are inconvenient or interdicted. This class always hails an announcement of a special matinee with joy. Included among them are the pioneers of the movement, inaugurated so successfully some ten years ago, toward emancipating women from the necessity of male chaperonage at evening theatrical performances. It was a happy ten years for women, who, young or old, went securely at all hours in

the evening, whithersoever they listed, unescorted, without exciting observation or remark. Now times have changed—a new timidity, no doubt groundless, has replaced former feelings of security since the advent of gaspige thugs and the temporary uncertainties attending street-car service. Hence this large class of women-lovers of the drama, at a time when many social pastimes are in abeyance and the need of diversion is keenly felt, is temporarily debarred from pursuing its chief, in some cases its only, amusement. The number of women who turned out to hear Schumann-Heink at her afternoon concerts affords some index as to the means and the responsiveness of this class of theatregoers. For the present they will have to be captured by means of matinee performances—and in order to do this it would not be a bad idea for the managers to evolve some method of getting out of dramatic ruts, such as "The Christian," and gathering together a list of plays that would appeal to a more catholic taste.

As yet, we do not seem to have evolved a theatre frankly devoted to red-hot melodrama. It will come, but in the meantime the Central, with its six-weeks-old opera season, seems to have marked out a widely different course.

The Lambardi troupe has been largely patronized by the Latin element, and one does not see there a representative audience such as used to foregather during the seasons of grand opera at the old and the new Tivoli, although, I believe, on one or two occasions, society put on its operatic white and concertedly went in for an evening of music.

I heard "Chopin" in the latter part of the week, and, although it was a wet night of spiteful, persistent, nagging rain, there was an audience of size assembled in the Central, listening with manifest delight to the Lambardi company's very enjoyable presentation of Orefice's beautiful work. For, although a Chopin lover will recognize the Chopin themes straight through the work, Orefice has woven them together into one musical structure with such art and such love, and pointed their beauties with such a sympathetic orchestral setting, that he thereby proves himself a master of musical composition. The entire effect is that of delicious melodies and exquisite harmonies continuously sustained. There are no dull spots in the musical score, and the sense of delight in the enchanting beauty of the whole is experienced unintermittingly.

This, from the musical point of view. Dramatically, the work makes no appeal. Oviato, the librettist, has given a series of comparatively unrelated episodes in Chopin's life, and has in more than one scene indicated the hypersensitive organization of the poet of the pianoforte. The result is not pleasing. Heroes of the drama, in order to reach the sympathies, should be manly, and Chopin's lack of virility, when exposed, for so it seemed to be, to the public gaze, made an unpleasing spectacle. It is not meet that man, especially in the drama, should languish and faint with terror and apprehension when his ladylove is in peril and needs a rescuer. And besides, although humanity as a whole is tolerably fickle, it likes constancy in the drama. Therefore it is an artistic error to give the hero a different sweetheart in different acts. Better to have one tender little episode, however transitory a part it played in his life, worked out to the close, so that the listeners might, for the time, believe that the human heart is all constancy.

Chopin is philandering with Stella in the first act, but in the second he is apparently boarding at the villa of Flora, a very smiling lady who expresses an ardent sympathy for his musical pursuits. The character of Flora, or rather the part she plays in Chopin's life, is very evidently founded on the George Sand affair.

In the third act, Flora and Chopin are seasiding at the island of Majorca, which recalls to mind George Sand and Chopin's famous holiday there, when the novelist, at the ancient castle where they lodged, indulged in her passion for exploring the subterranean chambers and passages of old ruins, and subsequently made use of her impressions in the thrilling pages of "Consuelo," as well as in "The Snowman." It is in this act that Chopin abandons himself to hysterical emotion while Flora is in peril of her life on the lake during a thunderstorm. The storm music is very agitating and exciting, but when the recumbent figure of the funny little pudge of an Italian baby who impersonated the drowned child of Chopin and Flora was

brought in, the scene threatened bathos. More and more beautiful became the music, celestially sweet, and rising from its burden of sorrow to a beautiful crescendo, in which triumphant faith and devotion prevailed over earthly woe. Lower and lower sank the dramatic qualities of the scene, as Vela Giorgi clutched her pompadour and waved her arms spasmodically, and Salvaneschi vied with her in expressing gesticulatory anguish. It was really a pity that the two leading figures were so conscientious, for they disturbed us in our enjoyment of the heavenly music by distracting our attention, instead of fitting in with the sentiment of the scene.

In the last act Chopin is dying—dying, but it parenthesized, in a pair of plaid trousers of a pattern so huge that they shrieked a startling discord through the prevailing harmony. In this act Flora has disappeared from Chopin's life. Again reminiscent of George Sand, when she wearied of her consumptive swain, Chopin is reunited to Stella, his earlier love, and the introduction of his single funeral march makes a fitting close to an unusually beautiful opera.

The piece was exceedingly well sung, the choruses carefully rehearsed. The male side of the company is the strongest vocally. Patti, the tenor who sang the rôle of Chopin at the initial performance, I did not hear on this night, but he is well spoken of. Salvaneschi sang the part of Chopin well; Antola is another fine baritone. The same excellent basso that sang Balthasar in "La Favorita" was the Friar, Bianca Nunez was a pleasing Stella, but Vela Giorgi sang the part of Flora quite unevenly. She was away off the key in the exquisite duet which closed the second act, and continually, through faulty emission, gave a cat-like quality to tones which, at other times, were round and sweet.

Goldsmith at the Greek Theatre.

It is an "all star" company, formed by Charles Frohman and Liebler & Co. that is presenting "She Stoops to Conquer," Goldsmith's delightful classic. The organization is headed by William H. Crane, one of the best American comedians, in the rôle of "Hardcastle," and Miss Ellis Jeffreys as "Kate Hardcastle." Other eminent players in the cast are George Giddens, the London actor-manager, as Tony Lumpkin (Mr. Giddens has played this rôle nearly two thousand times), Fred Thorne as Dignity, Herbert Sleath as Hastings, Walter Hale as Young Marlowe, Leslie Kenyon as Sir Charles Marlowe, Margaret Dale as Miss Neville, and Fanny Addison Pitt as Mrs. Hardcastle.

Unfortunately San Francisco is not to see this brilliant aggregation, but Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged for a performance of the work at the Greek Theatre of the University at Berkeley this coming Tuesday afternoon, February 12, at 2:30 o'clock. Seats may be secured now at Sherman, Clay & Co., on Van Ness Avenue, above California Street, and at Kohler & Chase, Sutter and Franklin Streets, the prices being \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00.

Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon and evening the company will appear at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, where seats are on sale at the box office.

The Orpheum.

The week beginning this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum will be one of the most fascinatingly eventful in the history of vaudeville. The Lasky-Rolfe Quintette, composed of four "cellos" and one string bass will be heard for the first time in this city. The instrumentalists are Herman Brandt, Ethel Murray, Rita Perkins, Charles Frinck, and Angelo Falco. The music of this act has been arranged and rehearsed by the famous composer, Victor Herbert. Nellie Beaumont, a dashing comedienne, will, with the assistance of her own company, present a merry little play called "My Busy Day." Eleanor Falke, the singing comedienne, will be a delightful feature of the entertainment. The marvelous troupe of eight Bedouin Arabs, appropriately styled "The Whirlwinds of the Sahara," will astound with their wonderful acrobatic feats. Happy Jack Gardner, Hickey and Nelson, "Little Hip," the smallest performing elephant in the world, new motion pictures and the last week of Patrice and her company are announced. Matinees are given daily.

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VANITY FAIR.

Public curiosity in the matrimonial differences of the Marlboroughs will hardly be sated by the rather bald announcement that has been given to the public. We are told that a private settlement has been reached and that "the duchess and her children will proceed to the Continent some time early next week." It is understood that the duke will retain Blenheim Palace and also the \$100,000 annuity settled upon him by the Vanderbilts. The duchess, upon her part, will continue to use the Marlborough jewels, with their aroma of old Sara Churchill's impish cheatings, and the custody of the children will be a matter for equitable arrangement. It remains to be seen if this agreement implies a definite separation. It is vague enough to justify a hope of reconciliation. So far the duke seems to have the best of the bargain from the material point of view. He keeps the Vanderbilt money, which was an essential, perhaps the essential, part of the original contract. However that may be, the duke is well in line with the philosophy of Tennyson's Northern Farmer who said:

"I knowed a Quaker feller as often 'as tow'd ma this:
Doan't thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is."

Mrs. Gerard Lowther is one of the few beautiful Americans who have married prominent Englishmen and who seem to have no frettings against their lot. Mrs. Lowther was Miss Alice Blight. Through her mother she is descended from many eminent Americans, and among them Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, who executed the colossal statue of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Lowther were married in London less than two years ago, and the wedding was the smartest matrimonial event of the season. The Lowther clan was present in force, and the reception was held at the Lowther Lodge, which was lent for the occasion by the father and mother of the bridegroom.

The Duchess of Roxburghe is another American who has no cause to regret her matrimonial venture. The duchess was Miss May Golet, of New York, and she is now busy preparing Flores Castle for the expected visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The arrangements are very elaborate. A famous decorator has been summoned from Paris, all the gardens are to be remodelled and a small fortune has been spent in transplanting rare plants from other countries. Americans will be very much in evidence at the time of the royal visit. Miss Ella Havemeyer and the two Misses Gerry are expected in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Golet. The preparations will cost the duchess somewhere in the neighborhood of \$150,000, which she can well afford.

By her performance at the Moulin Rouge in Paris, the Marquise de Morny has obtained all the notoriety that her heart can desire. It is said that the manager of the Moulin Rouge paid the lady \$300 a night to appear as an Egyptian mummy, whose unswathing upon the stage disclosed a fascinating priestess of Isis whose renewed vitality gave no hint of a thousand years in the tomb. The possibilities of such a situation are too evident to need indication. They must have been developed to the limit, seeing that the hardened habitués of the Moulin Rouge lodged a protest with the police, and Prefect Lapine has requested the marquise to seek some other means of getting herself talked about. The Marquise de Morny, by the way, was once the Marquise de Belboeuf. She is the daughter of the Duc de Morny and a niece of Napoleon III.

The Archduke Leopold of Austria and his sister, the Crown Princess of Saxony, have both focussed public attention upon themselves as a result of their matrimonial eccentricities. It will be remembered that the archduke surrendered his royal position in order to gratify his infatuation for a beautiful actress named Fraulein Adamovich. The Crown Princess of Saxony proved her unconventional nature by eloping with Andre Giron, her children's tutor. The doings of this royal brother and sister were the talk of the day at the time, and they are now once more to claim a share of public attention.

It seems that Herr Woelfling, as the ex-

archduke calls himself, is tired of his actress wife, as will sometimes happen. He wishes for a separation, not for any of the grave causes with which we are over-familiar, but because he can not tolerate the simple life, while his wife has decided that the simple life is the only thing that she can tolerate. She wears sandals and eats nothing but fruit and vegetables, and demands that her husband forthwith adopt the same regime. This he refuses to do and—hence these tears.

The scandal of the crown princess is similarly revived by the marriage at Brussels of the now faithless Giron to Mlle. Jane Braem, who is the daughter of a Belgian stock broker. The most pitiable incident of a disgraceful episode was the birth of a girl baby to the princess and to Giron, who was called Monica. This little addition to the ranks of the unwanted was forcibly taken away from her mother, to be brought up and forgotten in a convent and to be devoted to what is called the religious life.

A young New York woman, who has spent some time at Tuxedo, comes back with the well-marked impression that the manners of the smart set ought to be mended.

"A woman belonging to New York's Four hundred," said she, "was giving a piazza tea while I was there. A guest took a lump of sugar in her fingers instead of using the sugar-tongs, and the hostess indignantly ordered the butler to take the sugar bowl away and fill it with new sugar."

"The woman guest was so much insulted at this that she threw teacup, saucer, and all over the railing and went home."

Let us hope that the life of the smart set is not always so strenuous as this. It certainly contrasts unfavorably with the courtesy of the Southern woman who relieved the consternation of an awkward guest, who had broken a valuable teacup, by herself breaking, with well-assumed carelessness, a still more valuable ornament.

Mrs. John Lane writes amusingly in the *Fortnightly Review* on the tyranny of clothes. It is a tyranny that usually finds ready victims and but few rebels. "The top hat," says Mrs. Lane, "represents the universal language of attire." She once met a silk hat, "probably rescued from some benevolent dust-bin, milking a cow in a London park. The hat nearly caused a riot. . . . Then, too, there is the bowler hat! I shall never forget two bowler hats tilted back against an ancient yew tree, so old that it is mentioned in the Doomsday Book, while the well-meaning gentlemen under the hats smoked huge cigars, and were quite unconscious of what a blight they were on the quiet English scene. Really, one owes a duty to the landscape!" Commenting upon Mrs. Lane's utterances, a writer in an English newspaper says that to him the most triumphant tyranny of the silk hat was revealed during a night journey between Geneva and Paris. On the opposite seat was a Dutchman in a top-hat. This writer changed into a cap, stuck up his legs, and went to sleep. But at each waking he saw the conscientious Dutchman sitting bolt upright, lest the silk hat should be marred. So he traveled through the long night, and in the morning the Dutchman boarded the boat for Dover, with hat immaculate, with head, no doubt, as Henley sang—"bloody, but unbowed."

Prince Tewfik of Syria, who is residing in New York under the name of Tewfik Brama, M. D., says that New York women are too thin. It will please the fair ones to hear that their efforts at adipose reduction have won such golden opinions from a stranger, though it is somewhat discounted by the fact that this prince's standard of feminine beauty is a moon-faced, black mole-dotted lady on the high road to obesity. However, it will gratify American girls whose aim is to be tall and slender to know what this Syrian noble thinks of them and that he continues to prefer his own countrywomen's "style," despite his observations in bewildering New York. He admits American women are very charming, and believes they will in time come to the conclusion that the Eastern ideal of physical loveliness is the highest and best for health. Rest and grow fat, is the Tewfik motto.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Hays Hammond has been elected the first president of the Rocky Mountain Club of New York City, composed of former residents of States in which the Rocky mountain range lies.

Luke E. Wright, ambassador to Japan, was a confederate soldier and has the record of being the only confederate veteran whom a Republican administration appointed to high diplomatic place.

There have been more Presidents of the Presbyterian faith than of any other. Andrew Jackson was received into the church when an old man. William Henry Harrison, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Grover Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison were all Presbyterians, while President Roosevelt is a member of its branch, the Dutch Reformed Church.

Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, a daughter of President Tyler and once mistress of the White House, is living quietly in the Louise Home for the Aged in Washington. She was a little girl when La Fayette paid his last visit to this country, and was in her young ladyhood stage before the Seminole Indians were finally pacified in Florida. She saw the first telegraph wire in the United States stretched from Washington to Baltimore.

Senator Money has determined to retire from public life solely because of his inability thus far to obtain any permanent relief from the recurrent attacks of neuralgia, from which he has been a sufferer for several years. The Mississippian suffers intense agony nearly all the time he is in Washington. The centre of the difficulty seems to be in his eyes, and the entire nervous system of his head has become involved. Mr. Money's term does not ex-

pire until 1911, though the legislature will choose his successor next year.

Ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton, now in his 83d year, seemingly never has so much as contemplated retirement from active business life. He spends the greater part of each week in his office, where as president of the Morton Trust Company he directs the financial policy of that institution.

Archer M. Huntington has just been elected president of the American Geographical Society, to take the place of Commander Peary, resigned. He is a son of Collis P. Huntington, has written a good deal, is an authority on Spanish literature, and founded and is the president of the Hispanic Society of America.

Theodore Gill, who knows as much about fishes as any one in the world, works for the government at the Smithsonian Institution for \$1 a month. He easily can afford to do this, as his personal fortune is \$250,000. Another scientist who donates his knowledge to the government is Dr. Harrison G. Dyer. He is the famous "bugologist," and the greatest known authority on mosquitoes. Dr. Dyer receives \$25 a month.

The recent charity bazaar at St. Malo was not the first occasion in history when fashionable beauties have sold their kisses for the relief of the poor. Mlle. Louise Stock, the Anglo-French singer, disposed of 150 of her favors at a price of 20 francs apiece, and among her customers was the French president himself. The report does not state how many kisses M. Fallieres purchased. As Mme. Fallieres was a delighted witness of the proceedings, the worthy president probably felt that he had a free hand in the matter and that expense was the only consideration.

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STORYETTES.

An English vegetarian proposed to a woman, whereupon she delivered herself of the following scathing words. "Go along with you! What? Be flesh of your flesh, and you a-living on cabbage? Go and marry a grass widow!"

A young bridegroom, after the wedding was all over and the bride's old father had gone off to the club, began to search anxiously among the wedding gifts. "What are you looking for, dear?" said the bride. "That \$2500 check of your father's," he said anxiously. "I don't see it anywhere." "Poor papa is so absent minded," said the bride. "He lit his cigar with it."

Fishing stories are always in order. A man who was enjoying great sport with the finny tribe at Rush Lake, Minn., went to the telegraph office and wired his wife as follows: "I've got one; weighs seven pounds and it is a beauty." In reply came the following signed by his wife: "So have I; weighs 10 pounds; he isn't a beauty; looks like you."

Winston Churchill, the novelist, described at a dinner in New York the difference between realism and romanticism in fiction: "To make my meaning clearer," Mr. Churchill ended, "I will take the case of a young man and a girl—sweethearts. The young man, a romanticist, said passionately to his girl: 'Darling, it shall be my life's one purpose to surround you with every comfort and to anticipate and gratify your every wish.' The girl, a realist, smiled faintly as she answered, 'Oh, Jack, how good of you, and all on \$9 a week, too.'"

Senator Thomas J. Allison, a member of the Missouri Legislature, is an acknowledged wag in that more or less dignified body. He was approached the other day by an enthusiastic motorist, who asked if he was not in favor of some legislation for the benefit of those who own automobiles. "I am," replied the Senator. "I am in favor of a bill placing the owners of automobiles under the protection of the State game laws and providing that it shall be unlawful during certain months of the year for farmers to shoot chauffeurs and occupants of automobiles."

Charles H. Hoyt once visited a small town in Pennsylvania, where there is a hotel they say George Washington, the father of his country, used to stop at when he passed through. One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was. When he came downstairs later the gentleman who had the good room said: "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington when he came here." "Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

Some years ago there was a political campaign in Illinois in which a certain candidate was so certain of his election as sheriff that he actually arranged for the distribution of the subordinate offices that were to come under him. Some one was telling "Uncle Joe" Cannon of this. The grim old veteran of many a political battle smiled and observed: "I trust that our friend's case will not be like that of a man I knew in Indiana. This fellow went on a hunting trip, accompanied by his faithful retriever. Things went on finely up to a certain point; then the expedition suddenly ended in disaster. The dog undertook to jump over a deep well in two jumps."

During a critical time in the Civil War, when the Senate had been particularly obstructive, one of President Lincoln's ardent sympathizers burst in upon him and hotly denounced the Senate, and finished his tirade by asking: "What's the use of the Senate, anyway?" Mr. Lincoln was drinking a cup of tea. In his homely fashion he poured the tea from the cup to the saucer and back again to cool it off, undisturbed by the caller's vehemence. "Well," said the man, impatiently, "what's the use of the Senate?" "I have just shown you," was Lincoln's answer, and once more the tea was poured. The man looked puzzled. Then a great light broke upon him. "You

mean it enables public passion to cool off?" The greatest of American Presidents nodded and drank his tea.

When young Vanderbilt was in Europe a native of France, taking him for his own chauffeur, told him what he thought of those dogs of Americans who rush about French country roads trying to kill people. "I have a sick hog," said the peasant, "which I will drive into the road and you kill it. Then I will collect from your master and divide."

An excitable subject of the Ameer presented himself suddenly and declared that the Russians were advancing to invade Afghanistan. Undisturbed by the announcement, the late Ameer, turning aside from the business of the durbar, ordered his Shahgassi to conduct the man to the summit of a certain watch-tower. "Look you out well for the Russians," commanded Abdur Rahman, "for you do not eat until you see them arrive."

The Japanese prince drew in his breath with a hissing sound as he bent over the young girl's hand. "Prince," she said, "I have been up against a lot of Japanese and they all hiss like that when they meet you. What's the reason, anyway?" "The reason is politeness," the prince answered. "I hiss—like this—I draw in my breath—I keep on drawing it in as long as I remain near you. For if I blow any out, some of it might be blown in your fair face. What an offense! Shocking! And so we Japanese always hiss in exchanging greetings. Out of politeness we hold our breath."

Mrs. Depew, wife of the Senator, tells with glee a story of her wedding tour. They had among their fellow-passengers a stodgy, slow-witted Scotchman, who liked the conversation of the orator, though he did not know him. "That's as Chauncey Depew always tells the tale," said Mr. Depew, finishing off one of his stories. "What like is this Chauncey Depew?" asked the Scot. "My dear," said the humorist, turning to his bride, "what does Depew look like?" "Very much as you do, I imagine," answered the lady. "Surely, madam, you do your husband an injustice," answered the Scotsman, with a gesture of expostulation and protest.

Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, once wanted a white horse to use in one of his scenes, but no white horse that was suitable could he get. At last a stage hand advised him to apply to another certain distinguished theatre manager, who, he said, had such a horse. Sir Henry visited the owner, inspected the horse, and the bargain was concluded, but as an afterthought Sir Henry said he trusted the animal was not fractious. "Not at all, Sir Henry, I assure you; an excellent horse in every way. Why, I rode him night after night and all I had to complain of was that he would occasionally yawn when I was on the stage." "Indeed," said Sir Henry, "a bit of a critic, evidently."

The traveler with dark eyeglasses sidled over to the man with the tourist cap. "Excuse the curiosity," he said, "but I'd like to know what that label was that you gummed on your trunk just now." "That's all right," said the man with the cap. "Here's another just like it. I had a lot printed before I left home. Read it." The man with the glasses took the slip of paper and read it aloud. "'While a trunk was being carelessly handled at the union station last Friday it exploded with great violence, tearing loose the baggeman's scalp and demolishing one end of the station.'" The other man put his hand in his side pocket. "Have a few?" he asked. "Sure," said the man with the glasses.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Alla Henshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw, to Mr. Harry Chickering. No date has been announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lorraine de la Montanya, daughter of Mrs. George F. Terbush, to Mr. Edward A. Davis. The wedding will probably be an event of the early spring.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Helen Sinclair to Mr. Bruce Cornwall will take place on Thursday evening, February 14, at Hotel del Coronado. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt, of this city. Miss Emily Johnson, of this city, will be the maid of honor and the bride's only attendant, and Mr. Kenneth McIntosh of Seattle, will be the best man. After their wedding journey Mr. Cornwall and his bride will live at his home on Pacific Avenue.

The bachelor officers of the Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., have sent out invitations for a dance, to take place in the newly completed barracks on Alcatraz Island, on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Van Loben Sels and Miss Van Loben Sels will entertain on Tuesday evening next at a dance at their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening last at their home at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook gave a dinner on Friday evening of last week, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Jenny Blair, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. Edward Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained at a dinner at their home on Broadway on Friday evening last before the Greenway ball. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Helen de Young, Mr. Knox Maddox, and Mr. Woodruff.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. Walter Magee. Those present beside the guest of honor were: Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Magee, and Mr. Edward Tobin.

Miss Helen Thomas was the hostess at a dinner on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Stow, of Santa Barbara. The party went later to the Greenway ball.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Edwin Dimond, Mrs. Frank Wilson, Miss Eleanor Davenport, and Mrs. Rosenstock.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins was the hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday of last week. Her guests were: Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Frances Coon, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Alice Herrin.

Miss Roma Paxton was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week. Her guests were: Miss Kate Herrin, Miss Alice Herrin, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Daniel Shean, Miss Louise Redington, Mrs. Granby, Miss Arlene Johnson, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Jane Wilshire, and Miss Frances Coon.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the contralto, who is so well known here, gave a tea recently at her studio in Boston, where she is spending the winter. A number of distinguished guests were present, and assisting in receiving were Miss Grace Hammond, Miss Florence Hammond, and Miss Fernanda Pratt, all of San Francisco.

Mrs. William B. Bowen entertained at a bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Webster Street.

Mrs. Alexander Baldwin was the hostess at a bridge party on Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. John I. Taylor, of Boston. Those present were: Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. Arthur Redington, Mrs. Harry Jenkins, Mrs. Jesse Langdon, Mrs. Fred Magee, Mrs. William Harts, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Hope Bliss, and Miss Helen Boss.

Mrs. William R. Sherwood entertained at an informal bridge party on Saturday last.

Miss Roma Paxton gave a luncheon last week at The Severn. Miss Paxton's guests were: Miss Kate Herrin, Mrs. Jack

Spreckels, Mrs. Daniel E. Shean, Miss Alice Herrin, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Granby, Miss Arlene Johnson, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Frances Coon, Miss Jane Wilshire, and Mrs. Bessie Paxton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond sailed last week from New York for the Bermudas.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott expects to leave in April for Europe.

Miss Jennie Crocker and her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, and Mr. Harry Simpkins, returned this week from their trip to Mexico in Miss Crocker's private car. They made a brief stay in Santa Barbara on their way home.

Miss Annie Dexter has arrived in California from New York, and is at present the guest of Mrs. Elliott McAllister at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are contemplating a trip to Manila in the spring.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop and Mr. Frank Bishop are in Cairo, where they will remain several weeks before going to Europe.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen will leave in March for Boston, where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Edward A. Dodd.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and Master Albert L. Brown, of Los Angeles, en route to Europe, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Taylor, who are the guests of Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, expect to leave in about a fortnight for their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton are spending a fortnight at Coronado.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan has sailed from England on her way to California. She will spend about a month here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Marvin Curtis.

Mrs. Walter Magee and Miss Ethel Dean, who have been in Nevada for several months, have gone to Santa Barbara, after a brief stay here.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar, who went abroad with her family in the fall, spent the early winter with her sisters in Germany, but at Christmas she and her mother, Lady Oppenheimer, went to the Grand Hotel, Territet, where they were joined by Mrs. St. Goar's children. Miss Erna has been since October at school in Territet, but the two boys, Charles and Fred, have been at school in Vevey. Lady Oppenheimer and Mrs. St. Goar have gone to Cairo and will do the Nile trip, returning later to London for the season.

Miss Elizabeth McNear and Miss Nellie Chabot went down recently from Oakland to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson are spending a week as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Russell Cool at Los Gatos.

Mrs. P. B. Cornwall left this week for Southern California, to be absent about a month. She will leave on April 25 for a year's travel in Europe.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin left on Saturday last for Europe, to be absent about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop and Mr. Grantland Voorhies left this week for the Bishop ranch, near Santa Barbara, where they will spend about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill have gone to Santa Barbara to spend some time at the Hotel Potter.

Mrs. W. M. S. Beede has returned to San Francisco, after spending several months visiting relatives in the Southern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan left during the week for New York for a stay of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Richardson, who are spending the winter here, will leave this month for a visit to Mrs. Richardson's mother, Mrs. H. M. A. Postley, in Santa Barbara.

Miss Frances Coon has been staying in town as the guest of Miss Roma Paxton.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney has been staying in town as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney.

Mr. John A. Hooper, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Edna Hamilton, and Miss Evelyn Norwood went down last week for a stay in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Richard M. Hotaling left recently for an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Lee Jacobs and her daughter, Irene, who have been traveling in Europe since the April disaster, are spending the winter months in Frankfurt.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks have returned from a year's stay in Frankfurt, Germany, and are now residing at the Oxford Hotel, corner of Franklin and Post Streets.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy King, the

Rev. T. R. Lynch, Mrs. G. X. Wendling, Miss Florence Wendling, Mrs. C. E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hewlett, Louis Hammersmith, all of San Francisco; J. L. Gould, Alameda; Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Davidson, Fresno.

Sam G. Murphy, the retired president of the First National Bank of San Francisco, who recently returned from Europe, is now at Del Monte.

Among recent visitors from San Francisco at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lamme, J. R. Atchison, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Offeld, H. B. Washington, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Merriman, William T. Hitch, and S. Ponton de Arce.

Some one who probably does not keep his bank account in the six-figure list speaks of the following incident as a notable example of conservative finance: Four gentlemen, each the owner of many millions of dollars, were lunching together at the Pacific-Union Club. They were Mr. Daniel Meyer and Mr. I. W. Hellman of this city, Mr. Adolphus Busch of St. Louis, and Mr. L. W. Swift of Chicago. Mr. Meyer and Mr. Hellman were expatiating on the great strain which local bankers underwent immediately after the fire. Mr. Meyer was relating the benefits which he had derived from his old habit of conservatism. "You know," he said, "I always make it a practice to provide for just such emergencies by keeping on hand \$250,000 in United States two per cent bonds. And," he continued, impressively, "I think that everybody should do the same thing."

A recent meeting of railroad men and their lawyers to find out what the new rate law means recalls to Frank Sanborn, the Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, the story Dr. Rice, of Springfield, used to tell of the young Methodist who went forth from Wilbraham Academy to preach his trial sermon. "What was your text?" said Dr. Fisk, when he came back from Brimfield, Monday noon. "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great a salvation?" "A good text—how did you handle it?" "First, I showed 'em how great this salvation is" (the doctor nodded assent), "then I showed 'em how to escape if they neglected it." Mr. Sanborn maliciously believes that the lawyers were there to enlarge on the "secondly." That is uncharitable of him, but the story is a good story.

Lew Dockstader recently appeared in fashionable society at Washington, and a leader of the set whose amusing Malapropisms are pardoned because of her great wealth and wide charity, was much impressed by Mr. Dockstader's dignified and distinguished appearance. "Oh, I do think you are just the funniest man," she gurgled, upon introduction, "but you look so different off the stage!" "I certainly hope so, my dear madame," politely responded the minstrel king. "I positively never would have known you," continued the society queen apologetically, "but then of course you know I've never seen you before in the garbage of private life."

Jesus Armijo, one of the early settlers of Solano County, died at Vacaville a few days ago. He was a grandson of Jose Francisco Armijo, who obtained from the Mexican government in 1839 a large tract of land in Solano County, known as the Tolenas grant. Upon the death of the elder Armijo the land went to his son, who married into the well-known Duarte family of San Jose, and a number of children were born to them, among them Jesus Armijo. The land was gradually disposed of and at the time of his death Jesus Armijo was without property.

Unusual interest is manifested by lovers of tennis in the coming annual tournament at Coronado, the 14th, 15th, and 16th of this month, under the auspices of the Coronado Country Club. Many noted players will attend this year's tournament. The Misses May Sutton and Florence Sutton will be at Coronado for the tournament. It is expected that many of the naval officers of the Pacific Squadron will take part, as the ships are due to be in San Diego harbor at that time.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., retired, is making a brief stay in Los Angeles.

Colonel Edward E. Dravo, Assistant Commissary-General, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty as Chief Commissary, Department of California, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order, and he will proceed to sail from here on March 5 for Manila. He will there report to the Commanding General of the Philippine Division for assignment to duty as Chief Commissary of that division, relieving Colonel Abiel L. Smith, Assistant Commissary-General, U. S. A. Colonel Smith, upon being thus relieved, will proceed to New York and relieve Lieutenant-Colonel David P. Brainerd, Deputy Commissary-General, U. S. A., of his duty as Purchasing Commissary in that city. Lieutenant-Colonel Brainerd, upon being thus relieved, will proceed to San Francisco and report to the Commanding General, Department of California, for duty as Chief Commissary of that department.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., who was formerly stationed here as inspector-general, has arrived in Fort Wright, Washington, where he goes to take command of the Third Infantry, U. S. A. He is accompanied by Mrs. Febiger and their sons.

Major Samuel Reber, General Staff, U. S. A., who has been on duty in Washington, D. C., sailed from this port on the transport *Logan* on Tuesday last for the Philippines, where he will be assigned to duty, relieving Major Henry L. Ripley, General Staff, U. S. A. Mrs. Reber was formerly Miss Cecilia Miles, the daughter of General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and has many friends on this Coast.

Major Kenneth Morton, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., Benicia Arsenal, is ordered to make one visit to each of the following posts on official business pertaining to inspection and proof of new guns and carriages mounted at the Presidio of San Francisco, Fort McDowell, Angel Island, and Fort Barry.

Commander Augustus F. Fechteler, U. S. N., who formerly commanded the U. S. S. *Dubuque*, is ordered home to await orders, and is at 1910 Biltmore Street, Washington.

Lieutenant-Commander G. W. Brown, U. S. N., is discharged from the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, and granted sick leave for three months.

Lieutenant-Commander J. L. Purcell, U. S. N., is relieved from duty at the naval station at Olongapo and ordered to the naval station at Cavite.

Captain Thomas H. Jackson, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and to proceed to San Francisco to relieve Major M. W. Harts, U. S. A., as secretary and disbursing officer of the California Debris Commission.

Captain Carroll D. Buck, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., left on Saturday last for Washington, D. C., in charge of a patient. He will return immediately to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, where he is stationed.

Captain Irving W. Rand, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, and to proceed to Zamboanga, Mindanao, reporting to the commanding general of that department for assignment to duty.

Captain Edmund D. Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort William McKinley, Rizal, for duty.

Lieutenant Charles T. Wade, U. S. A., has been detached from the *Hancock* and ordered to the *Ohio*.

Lieutenant Claude E. Brigham, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Miley, has, by a decision rendered by Brigadier-General Arthur Murray, chief of artillery, U. S. A., been excused from recitations and examination on the subject of "Fortress Warfare," to be held this year in the garrison school, as he passed, less than a year ago, an examination for promotion on the subject of "Coast Defense," which covered practically the same ground.

Lieutenant Tilman Campbell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved as a member of the general court-martial appointed at the Presidio of San Francisco, and Lieutenant Luther Felker, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the court in his stead.

Lieutenant Lloyd P. Horsfall, First Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered transferred to the Twenty-fourth Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., and to accompany that battery to the Philippines.

Lieutenant William H. Raymond, Twenty-fourth Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered transferred to the unassigned list.

Lieutenant Franklin Bache Harwood, U. S. R. C. S., has been granted thirty days'

leave, with permission to apply for an extension of fourteen days.

Ensign D. W. Bagley, U. S. N., is relieved from the *Concord* and ordered to the *West Virginia*.

Contract Surgeon William H. Cook, U. S. A., now in this city, is ordered to proceed to New York and to report to the surgeon-general of the army, either by letter or in person, for annulment of contract.

A board of officers, to consist of Captain Elisha S. Benton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain James F. Brady, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Edward H. De Armond, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco on Saturday last, to examine into and report upon the qualifications of Sergeant Robert Free, Thirtieth Company, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., for the position of post quartermaster sergeant.

The Twenty-third Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., commanded by Major E. E. Gayle, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Twelfth Battalion, Field Artillery, arrived on Saturday last from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, and sailed on Tuesday for Manila. The Twenty-seventh Battery, Field Artillery, also of the Twelfth Battalion, will arrive here from Fort Ethan Allen in time to sail on May 5 for the Philippines.

The Twenty-fourth Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., Captain Wright Smith, U. S. A., in command, from the Presidio of San Francisco, sailed on the transport *Logan* on Tuesday last for Manila.

The transport *Dir*, which was to have sailed early in March for Manila with the horses of the Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., will be delayed in departure for about a month.

One Sunday three inveterate card-players on an Atlantic liner wished to make up a party at whist. Their difficulty was to find a fourth hand; and the last resource apparent was a man who had hitherto avoided the smoking-room. He was six feet, his face clean-shaven, his countenance severe. He was dressed in black broadcloth from head to foot, and his standing collar and plain shirt front did not need a white cravat to stamp him as a Puritan minister. However, the three were desperate, and when the imposing man unclosed his eyes a little, one of them said: "Would you, sir, object—ah—to—ah—taking a hand at whist?" The black-garbed man turned on them fiercely, his dark eye flashing. "I am surprised," he said, solemnly, "that men well dressed, on a respectable boat, should ask me on the Lord's Day to join in a game of whist!" The three young men cowered before the rebuke, but the ministerial figure added: "Whist, sir?—no! But I don't mind joining in a little poker."

The Holland-American Line has received notice that the new twin-screw steamer now in course of construction for the company at the shipyards of Harland & Wolf, Belfast, will be named *Rotterdam*. This new steamer is of gigantic proportions, being 23,700 tons register, and will have six decks for the accommodation of 500 first and 500 second-cabin passengers. Every inside and outside room on the saloon deck will have an adjoining private bathroom. In addition to spacious and luxurious ladies' boudoirs, reading and writing-rooms, conversation-rooms, smoke-rooms, elevators, etc., she will have as a novelty a palm court, of enormous dimensions and sumptuously appointed on the upper promenade deck. It is expected that the *Rotterdam* will be launched in the latter part of this year, and make her maiden trip to New York in April, 1908.

A polo tournament will be conducted by the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, commencing March 2, at Coronado Beach. The events of the first day will be a selling pony race, galloway race, pony race, selling horse race, and final race for maiden ponies. Second day events are polo pony race, breeders' stakes, galloway race, A. B. Spreckels' challenge cup, pony race, selling horse race. The following gentlemen are members of the racing committee: G. L. Waring, Los Angeles; Dr. E. J. Boeseke, Santa Barbara; W. E. Pedley, Riverside; H. G. Bundren, Los Angeles; Paul H. Schmidt, Coronado. Dr. J. A. Edmonds, official measurer.

French-American Bank Removal.

On Monday, February 11, the French-American Bank and the French Savings Bank, will move to their building, 108-110 Sutter street, near Montgomery. Fine offices in the building will soon be completed.

When the Valentines Come to Town.

With spangles and bangles and hearts and triangles
Of silver and crystal and gold;
With laces as fine as the frost-fairy traces
When mornings are hitherly cold;
In the daintiest hues of the pinks and the blues
That summer weaves into her crown;
All sprinkled with posies and love-knots and roses,
The valentines come to town.

All puffy and fluffy and tinkling and twinkling,
With fringes of tinsel and pearl,
They tell us the story of love and its glory
In the hearts of a boy and a girl.
And those who display in their tresses the gray
Entwined with the black and the brown
Go back to the playtime of youth and its May-time
When the valentines come to town.

There's a ghost in the street, and its garments are sweet
With the lavender gathered and dried
In a garden of youth, where the lilies of truth
Were worn by a maiden who died;
And the man who has made on the highways of trade
The mark of his wealth and renown,
In fancy once more is the lover of yore
When the valentines come to town.

—Minna Irving, in *Lippincott's*.

Many events of unusual merit are to take place at Coronado under the auspices of the Coronado Country Club during the winter's season. Golf events for this month: On February 4 the Coronado Country Club championship tournament for men, a duplicate of the challenge trophy to be given to the winner. The challenge must be won three times in order to become the property of the winner; second prize, a silver medal. On February 11, the championship for women; February 18, driving contest for men, and February 25, driving contest for women.

"Salomy Jane," a strong Western play built by Paul Armstrong on the California story by Bret Harte, "Salomy Jane's Kiss," was produced at the Liberty Theatre in New York, January 20, with Eleanor Robson in the title-role, and won instant success. It is considered a much better work than the same author's "The Heir to the Hoorah."


Fifteen insurance companies have been dropped by the Los Angeles Board of Education from the list of those with which insurance on public property may be safely placed. Eleven more will be dropped as soon as their policies expire. Insurance will be placed only with companies that paid their policies at San Francisco at 100 cents on the dollar.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Passenger (faintly)—S-s-stop the ship! I've dropped my teeth.—Punch.

"There are lots of men able to govern women." "Yes, and they're all bachelors."—Houston Post.

"He's a steady drinker, isn't he?" "He's a drinker, all right, but he's never steady."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Binks—Why are you playing your organ in a lonely spot like this? The Grinder—I'm studying a new piece.—Pick-Me-Up.

Knicker—Is Bridget going? Mrs. Knicker—Yes, but I don't know whether to give her a Shonts or Wallace reference.—New York Sun.

"Don't you think he is the most sensible man you ever knew?" "Er—well, you see I never knew him before he was engaged."—Houston Chronicle.

Cholly—The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling. Ethel—Did he recommend any special course of study?—Cincinnati Tribune.

Customer—Can you recommend this as a good blood purifier? Druggist—Madam, one dose of that would cure the eruptions of Mt. Vesuvius.—Philadelphia Press.

The Artist—Oh, ze madam has ze grand face. I shall make ze speaking likeness. Henpeck—Er—well, old man, you needn't go so far as that, you know.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Johnnie—Papa, papa, come quick! Mama has fainted. Papa—Here put this ten-dollar bill in her hand. Johnnie (a moment later)—She says she wants ten more.—Fliegende Blätter.

"Money doesn't always bring happiness and peace of mind." "You are right there," answered the man with an anxious look. "Sometimes it tempts you to buy automobiles."—Washington Star.

"It is told of her that when, as a bride, she entered Dublin Castle at a ball, the musicians dropped dead in the middle of a waltz to gaze at her in open-mouthed admiration."—Irish Society, quoted by Punch.

"And what were the provisions of your uncle's will?" "That I should have all he left after the payment of his just debts." "Ah, very good of the old man, wasn't it? What did he leave?" "Just debts."—Judy.

W'cary Wiggles—Don't call at that second house down the road. Meandering Mike—What's the matter? Cross dog? W'cary Wiggles—Worse than that. A new bride that does her own cooking.—Topeka Journal.

Dora—Is it true that Jack is going to marry you? Flora—Yes, dear. Dora—Well, you'd better make him sign the pledge. Flora—Why, Jack doesn't drink. Dora—No, but he probably will.—Cleveland Leader.

"Where did you get that black eye" asked Tete de Veau. "Oh, only a lovers' quarrel." L'Oignon answered airily. "What? Did your girl give you that?" "No, it was her other lover."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Why," she asked, "should you want to kiss me? What does a kiss amount to, any way?" "It doesn't amount to much," he replied, "only I thought you mightn't like it if I didn't seem to want one."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Crittick was pleased to say that my play had few equals as a bit of realism," remarked young De Riter. "He said even more than that," said Pepprey. "Indeed?" "Yes," he added, "and positively no inferiors."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Invest," said Gobsa Golde, "but never speculate." "But what, precisely, is the difference, father," young Golde asked, "between an investment and a speculation?" "It's a speculation," the other answered, "if you lose."—Denver Post.

Sprocket—You've talked a good deal about your new automobile. What is there so specially attractive about it? Sparker—When I come along with it this afternoon in front of your place of business just you take a good look at that girl on the front seat.—Chicago Tribune.

Guus—These eggs are rather flavory. Pretty Waitress—Tearcawfy? Guest—These eggs—they're not quite—Pretty Waitress (to another pretty waitress who

is passing)—Dick was in last night. He asked after you. (To guest)—Did you say tearcawfy? Guest (gloomily)—Coffee.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Some People.

I sing you a very strange song
(And the fact it is just as I cite)—
Some people will stop at no wrong
Just to make other people do right!—Life.

It's a Long Time.

Says the Gov'nor of Ma'yland
To his friend of Virginyeb,
"I will mix you some things
That are good to put in yeb."
Says the Gov'nor of Virginyeb,
"I prefer not to wait
When time may be saved by taking them straight."
—The Gridiron Club.

To Phyllis.

I ask not for a lock of hair,
O Phyllis, ere you go away,
Nor kiss to lighten my despair;
But, Phyllis, grant me this, I pray—
Don't leave until the new cook's here, O Phyllis!
Have pity on our emptiness—O fill us!
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Phantoms.

Oh, joy is but a gay deceiver,
And will not long beside you stay;
She lightly smooths your brow's hot fever,
She gives one kiss—and trips away.

But old Dame Sorrow pours her blessing
With pious fervor on your head;
She says her business is not pressing,
Sits down and knits beside your bed.
—Transatlantic Tales.

His Gold Mine.

When a Marlborough or a Castellane,
As scion proud of an ancient line,
Doth ask a lady to wed, he says,
As a matter of course, "Will you be mine?"

But after a month or two of bliss
Full readily doth the bride divine
That what the lineaged suitor meant
Was, "Girl, will you kindly be my mine?"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Dream of Socialism.

The community man took his weekly pay,
And he sought the community store,
And community grub for one short day
He sent to the family door;
And when he got home he sat down to eat,
But the dining room echoed and rang—
For he had to take his community seat
With the talking community gang.

Then he went upstairs for a quiet snooze,
But the noise did his eardrums nag,
For a community crowd with community booze,
Had worked up a community jag;
So adown the stairs he ran straightway,
As if he were on greased skids,
But he stumbled and fell, ere he got away,
O'er a bunch of community kids.

So he sought the community telephone,
And he summoned his wife thereto,
One word he said, one word alone—
And that was the word "Skiddoo!"
So his wife twenty-three and they sought them
out
A place where in peace they'd be,
And he said: "Let community boosters shout—
Isolation will do for me!"
—Denver Republican.

One rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew. "Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said. "Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."—Chase (Kan.) Register.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for your children while teething.

You never can tell about children's stories, but a London paper has a correspondent who sends this one: "Sunday I happened to be coming out of the Temple Church when a little girl passed with her father. I overheard a scrap of their conversation, which perhaps you will let me repeat. 'That, daddy,' said the fair maiden, 'is the church where I was chrysalized!'"

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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St. Louis.....Feb. 23 New York.....Mar. 16
Philadelphia...Mar. 2 St. Louis.....Mar. 23

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Merion.....Feb. 23 Noordland.....Mar. 16
Haverford.....Mar. 29 Friesland.....Mar. 23

Atlantic Transport Line
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Mesaba.....Feb. 16 Minneapolis.....Mar. 9
Minnetonka.....Feb. 23 Minnebaha.....Mar. 23

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Ryndam, Feb. 27, 5 a.m. Majestic.....Mar. 20, 10 a.m.
Noordam, Mar. 6, 10 a.m. Statendam.....
Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a.m.Mar. 27, 10 a.m.

Red Star Line
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Vaderland.....Feb. 13 Zeeland.....Mar. 2
Finland.....Feb. 20 Kroonland.....Mar. 9

White Star Line
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Baltic.....Feb. 13 Teutonia.....Mar. 6
Majestic.....Feb. 20 Baltic.....Mar. 13
Oceanic.....Feb. 27 Majestic.....Mar. 20
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
*Adriatic.....May 22, 1 p.m.; June 19, July 17
Teutonic.....May 29, 10 a.m.; June 26, July 24
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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Horse Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
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Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
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Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their
general offices at 217-221 Brannan St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

S. S. America Maru, Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1907
S. S. Nippon Maru, Wednesday, Mar. 13, 1907
S. S. Hong Kong Maru.....
.....Wednesday, April 10, 1907
Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p.m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts.

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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1562.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

Price Ten Cents

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Published at 915 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN

EDITOR

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Hypnotism, Diplomacy, Photography, and Concession.

Perhaps it will help us to estimate the magnitude of the farce involved in Mayor Schmitz's trip to Washington, to examine briefly the motives of all parties concerned. The President wanted his own way and having profound faith in his powers of persuasion thought it would be a good plan to get the San Francisco School Board into the White House, to daze them with its historic spell, to charm them with his own cordiality, and then, by sheer force of assumption and expectation, to bring them to concede his point. It was no part of his original idea to consult with the indicted "bassoon player" of San Francisco, and he probably regretted the turn of events which made it necessary for him to consent to Mr. Schmitz's "coming along." Neither with Schmitz nor without him, we fancy, had the President the first intention of making any concession. What he intended to do was just to give the San Francisco School Board a hypnotic jolly and then accept their apologies.

Mr. Schmitz was in a position which made it ex-

remely desirable that he should take a vacation trip. He had urgent personal motives, as we all know, for getting away from San Francisco. He thought it might help his immediate standing before the public to be seen hobnobbing with the President, and he hoped for a chance to work out some settlement of the matter at issue that would redound to his personal credit. His Honor not only wishes to get clear of the annoyances which Mr. Heney has put in his way, but he aims at vindication at the hands of an admiring and approving constituency in the form of a fourth election to the Mayoralty this coming November. A trip to Washington, a conference with the President, with possibly a dinner at the White House, a fortunate adjustment of the Japanese issue, a heroic return to San Francisco—these things looked good to the Mayor, especially when regarded in contrast with the devil's-own-time which the Mayor has been having as a result of Mr. Heney's impertinent interference with his affairs. We speak only of the Mayor, for it is hardly necessary to refer to those ciphers, the members of the Board of Education, who went along with him. They of course are satisfied and something more to get a free ride across the continent, to have their hotel bills paid and to have their pictures in the newspapers.

The President's hypnotic theory began to get in its work effectively long before the dome of the capitol hove in sight. Even at Chicago; from a careless utterance dropped by the Mayor, it became manifest that he was ready to make "concessions." Upon his arrival at Washington, and before seeing the President; he let it be known with a careful diplomatic tact that he was practically prepared to lie down and be walked over if it should so please Mr. Roosevelt. Then—after a dignified pause on the White House steps to be photographed in group in the interest of history—there was an interview with the President in the course of which it was developed that the latter had no particular business to transact with those who had come so far to see him. There was talk filling an hour or more in which it appeared that the President had nothing to say except that he thought it would be nice of the Mayor and the School Board to apologize, retract their wickedly absurd attitude toward Japanese school children, bow low and walk out backward. The President had nothing to concede; he could not even understand why anybody should think he had anything to concede, since as usual he had done nothing but speak temperately and wisely about a matter which concerned nobody but himself and the Japanese government. Schmitz and his friends were almost persuaded, but it is believed that they got away and into the free outdoor air without having positively committed themselves. Possibly it may have been part of the Mayor's diplomacy to delay—to leave the door open for a second interview with a possible chance of bagging an invitation to dinner, with more talk in the papers and probably, since the truth of history will have her tribute, with more photography.

It appears that while the Mayor and his committee were in consultation with the President the wires between San Francisco and Washington had been extremely busy. Intimations that the Mayor's knees were losing their rigidity had gotten abroad in San Francisco, and upon their return to the New Willard Hotel, where Uncle Sam pays the bill, they were greeted by a snowstorm of protesting telegrams. Whatever influence had affected the Mayor and his friends from Chicago eastward had failed to reach beyond the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Somehow San Francisco has failed to be impressed with the fact that the invitation of Schmitz and his friends to the White House has altered the situation as to the Japanese school issue. A narrow-minded

and stubborn community, hardened in its wickedly absurd notion of things, had not and has not been able to see why all the conceding should be done on one side—why the President should have his way in this matter just because he wants it and demands it. Under the influence of this multitudinous protest, the Mayor's knees stiffened up a bit and now, while he waits for a second invitation to confer with the President, he takes a firmer tone. He is still willing to concede something, but he thinks the President ought to take his turn in the business of concession.

Thus the matter rests as we write on Wednesday. There will be another conference and probably, for the honor of the old White House, a conciliatory breaking of bread over an historic dinner table. The Mayor will yield. He will make a show of hesitation and protest to be sure, but in the end he will give way. He will agree to let the matter be adjusted as the President wishes it, because at bottom he has no moral courage, no real conviction, no fixed resolution. He will allow the President to politely or otherwise bully him into yielding where all the motives of dignity, of self-respect, and of representative responsibility should make him firm and insistent. He will get nothing in return but a presidential handshake and the polite assurance that Teddy has been glad to see him.

Some Pertinent Questions.

No other event, perhaps, within the week has so engaged public attention as the revolting story told in a New York court by Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw. It was a story to chill the blood because of its suggestion of the depths to which human depravity may descend even in the case of a man of inherited talents, of the most careful breeding, and distinguished for taste and critical judgment in what we are accustomed to call the refined and refining arts. In the city of New York, and perhaps in the whole country, there was not a man of better all-round personal culture than the man whose hideous grossness and baseness have been laid bare.

This revelation may well be taken as a challenge to that principle or system which has so strong a hold upon the American imagination, namely, that men may be moralized in character and refined in conduct by intellectual and esthetic culture. There was never a more stupid fallacy; there was never a more stupid policy than the educational practice which we have based upon this fallacy. There is in truth but the slenderest kinship between culture and moral development. It would be easy to demonstrate this fact by historical illustration. But perhaps we will make the point sufficiently emphatic by pointing merely to the studio life of European art centres, to the personal history of that prince of aesthetes, the late Oscar Wilde, and now to the American, Stanford White.

There is too much reason to believe that the case of Stanford White, while at many points distinguished by special circumstances, is not in its essential aspects unusual. That the American people have gotten away—very far away—from the puritanism of our fathers is patent enough; and there is reason to fear that the pendulum is swinging widely away from the old standards and fashions which distinguished our country in earlier times. The case of Stanford White may be an extreme one, but it may be taken as indicative of a generally changed attitude on the part of the American man toward womanhood. There was a time in this country when any woman of decent character might be absolutely certain of respectful treatment anywhere and at any time. That this is no longer true we have now many and painful evidences. Is this due to the decline of religious faith among us? Is it a mark of the demoralization of an overwrought

material prosperity? Is it an effect of foreign example?

Or, let us ask seriously, is it due to the at once enlarged and lowered rank which we are giving to our women? Is something of it at least not due to the employment of women in our industries, in our offices and in our shops? Is there not in it some direct effect of our system of co-education with its substitution of a familiar and more or less vulgar camaraderie for the old-time notions of etiquette and propriety in social intercourse? In our efforts to make new standards of social relationship between men and women, have we not gone to the length of destroying that spirit of gallantry upon the one hand and that spirit of modesty upon the other, that gave to social intercourse its best guaranties not merely of grace and propriety, but of morality and virtue?

Contract Labor Law Nullified.

In writing last week of Hawaii as a half-way house of undesirable and questionable immigration, we might have gone further to point out the danger which lies in a recent adjudication under which a State may at will over-ride and nullify the laws by which we have sought to protect the country against the evils of importing laborers in masses under contract. Our so-called contract labor law is both a radical and a sweeping enactment. It was designed to give to labor its share of protection against foreign competition, in parity with the tariff system which we maintain in the interest of manufacture. It not only forbids the landing of persons who come under specific contracts to labor, but prohibits the incoming of persons under any form of assurance as to the finding of employment here.

Some two years ago in the State of South Carolina there was developed a situation very much like that in Hawaii at the present time. The cotton mills were crippled in their operation for lack of labor, so much so that something like twenty-five per cent. of the spindles of the State could not be operated. In this emergency the mill owners induced the State Legislature to create an immigration commission whose special function it should be to seek laborers abroad and to promote their immigration to South Carolina to work in the mills. The Legislature only went so far as to devise the machinery and to appropriate the meagre sum of \$2,000 for its operation. The mill owners did the rest. A commissioner of their own selection was appointed by the Governor and into his hands there was put a fund of something more than \$30,000 for an immigration campaign—the money being provided nominally by “disinterested citizens,” in fact by the cotton-mill owners.

The project was carried through according to programme. A considerable number of laborers suitable for work in the cotton mills were induced by the commissioner to come to South Carolina, he advancing their passage money, assuring them employment upon arrival and agreeing in the event of dissatisfaction with the conditions to return them whence they came. At half a dozen points the proceeding was in direct violation of the contract labor laws; there was not even a pretense to the contrary. The whole proceeding was justified as an act of public necessity and sustained legally as within the reserved rights of the States. Upon these points the matter has been adjudicated affirmatively, so that at the present time an American State may at will and by authority of its legislature nullify our scheme of restriction of immigration. Whether under this adjudication a State would have the right to nullify the special law restricting Chinese immigration is not determined. Practically, no State would have the temerity to proceed in a case where adverse public sentiment is so well defined and so positive.

In December last the Hawaiian authorities, under authority of the decision in the South Carolina case, dispatched commissioners to the Azores Islands where they picked up some fifteen hundred Portuguese roustabouts, dispatching them to Hawaii on the steamship *Severie*, specially chartered for the purpose and paid for with funds provided by the Hawaiian sugar-planters. Of this importation, as the *Argonaut* has already noted, a large percentage has already passed on from Honolulu to California, preferring naturally the wage of from \$40 to \$75 a month, ruling here, to the rate of \$15 to \$20 obtain-

able in Hawaii. Of course having once been admitted to “American soil” at Honolulu, the imported laborers are at perfect liberty, so far as the law is concerned, to abandon their island engagements to come on to California or elsewhere in United States territory.

Unsatisfactory as this experiment has been, nevertheless the Hawaiian planters are arranging to duplicate it. Their newest scheme is to get one or more steamship loads of laborers in Spain, and commissioners either have been, or are about to be, sent to that country to organize the importation. It is hardly to be doubted that here again we shall have a repetition of the recent experience. Some of the imported Spanish laborers will remain in Hawaii to augment its working forces, but sooner or later the majority under the attraction of the higher wage rate in California will find their way here. As in the case of the Azores recruits, so it will be with the Spaniards.

Of course there need be no worry in respect to this matter in California since California needs and welcomes all the willing hands she can get from any quarter excepting alone the Orient. Nevertheless the rule is one of danger since it gives to an irresponsible territorial organization, like that of Hawaii, the right to nullify a national law with the inevitable result of dumping its imported contract laborers, desirable or otherwise, upon California.

Timely Safeguards.

The Dutch parliament is considering a law for the regulation of air ships, and so far from laughing at the worthy Hollanders, as some European critics seem disposed to do, their precautions appear to be of the most necessary and laudable nature. The Dutchman is nothing if not domestic, and what chance is there of national domestic privacy if prying foreigners may flit through the air without permission asked or given and take stock of Dutch affairs in a perspective and from an angle hitherto considered inaccessible. The only remarkable thing is that the government of Holland should show itself so extremely alive to the possibilities of a situation that have so far escaped attention from other nations. This is evidently a case where the agile and alert Dutchman has taken time by the forelock and secured a front seat, so to speak, in advance of the stolid and phlegmatic Frenchman.

The government of Holland has attacked the problem with all becoming gravity. The law which is now before the parliament forbids any aeroplane or flying machine from descending upon Dutch territory. Such a regulation is eminently proper until such a time as an effective system of aerial custom-houses shall be devised. At the moment we have only the barest outline of this remarkable law before us and we shall wait with some anxiety to learn what terrible pains and penalties have been provided for those daring aeronauts who have the temerity to land on Dutch soil in defiance of this prohibition. From our very cursory study of aeronautics we have derived the impression that the moment of descent has not been entirely a matter of choice, and a landing in Holland may therefore be quite involuntary or it may be the only available alternative to “landing” in the North Sea.

Another clause of this valuable law provides that all balloons and airships crossing Holland on their way to other parts must forthwith descend on receiving a signal to that effect from the local authorities. Once more we are left in ignorance of the fate that would befall the mariner should he refuse to descend, or, worse still, should he be unable to do so, as we understand has sometimes happened. Surely the gentle Hollanders do not propose to shoot at a worthy but luckless aeronaut who had not included the perils of Dutch artillery among the chances of his aerial flight, and who would cheerfully barter his immortal soul for a chance to obey the signal of the “local authorities.” Moreover it is not an easy thing to hit a balloon in flight, as the Prussians discovered to their cost during the siege of Paris. It would be still more difficult to hit an aeroplane in rapid motion and at a great height, and the spectacle of the Dutch army ineffectually trying to “arrest” an aeronaut by firing at him would arouse ridicule.

On the whole the Dutch parliament would be well advised to drop this measure until such time as the aeronaut shall be the master of his motions, and that

time is not yet. They have covered themselves with glory by their instant disposition to confront a national danger and they can afford to disregard the insolent jeers of Frenchmen and others who want to know why any sane aeronaut should wish to land in Holland or even to fly over it. Such sneers are the result of an unworthy jealousy and deserve only to be ignored.

The Latest Political Quackery.

The *Argonaut* finds itself in entire sympathy with its legislative correspondent in the matter of the direct primary which, under the impetus of an attractive phraseology and of three or four different kinds of demagoguery, appears to be in the way of becoming the law of the land. The direct primary belongs to that class of political novelties and quackeries which are forever being presented to us by political tinkers, each of which in turn is guaranteed as a cock-sure panacea for all the ills which afflict our political life. Probably the direct primary is no better than the other things which have come before and which have either been relegated to the lumber yard of disused political trumpery or cumber our statute books to the complication and confusion of our political machinery and to the cost of the much-suffering taxpayer—for in the long run the taxpayer pays for these follies.

Of course all men of common sense know that there are no political cure-alls. Political devices of real merit like the secret ballot do appear once in a generation or two, but no way has ever been found or is likely to be found to make politics cleaner or better without first improving the character of the citizenship in which it is founded. If somebody will devise a scheme that will give to the citizenship of the country a more serious attitude toward our politics, a deeper sense of political responsibility, a real wish for better things, with the kind of interest and the kind of energy which make for political vigilance—then indeed the *Argonaut* will be interested. But it must confess to little faith and less patience in mere nostrums like the referendum, the initiative, the recall, the direct primary, and what not of the same sort which come to us fresh-hatched from the brains of those visionaries and professional reformers who are always seeking to make politics purer by some species of mechanical device.

Our legislative correspondent runs over the history of this sort of thing in California, showing how futile thus far have been the efforts along the line of mechanical modification of our politics. Neither the Australian ballot system nor our primary law nor the voting machine,—nor even our system of registration, important and necessary as it was and is—has turned our politics into the channels of purity or efficiency or given us better laws or better officials. Indeed it would be easy to maintain the theory that in spite of all these things and as a result to some extent of their influence, the vitality of our politics has steadily declined and the quality of our officialism steadily deteriorated.

Under the direct primary system, if it shall come to be the law of the land, and there now seems every reason to believe that it will, we shall simply have a new deal of the cards, with a less responsible system of nominations and elections, with greater opportunities and new assurances to the professional political game and with the practical difficulties of political reform infinitely increased. Its first and probably its worst effect will be to put a large political revenue into the hands of the newspapers to their own further corruption and demoralization and to the cost and the scandal of our political life.

Delmas a “Country Lawyer.”

It is interesting to observe that a New York newspaper in an attempt to compliment our own superb Delphin Michael Delmas characterizes his conduct of the Thaw case as the brilliant success of a “country lawyer.” The humor of this characterization is only equalled by its unconscious betrayal of that fine metropolitan arrogance which is the certain mark of the New York spirit. “No matter where you go,” says Nat Goodwin in one of his plays, “when you get across North River you’re camping out!” This represents very accurately the view of the average New York man towards the rest of the country. Really it would seem that New York would come to learn after a while that she is not

the whole thing in this country. It would seem that a city which has hardly produced a really first-class man in any great sphere of life within fifty years, a city whose own higher professionalism has been steadily recruited "from the country" since the days of Alexander Hamilton, would cease to distribute its sneers so freely about New York as the greatest city of the country naturally draws to it men of brilliant powers just as it has now drawn our own Delphin Michael. If New York City holds preëminence in any of the higher lines of professionalism it is because she thus absorbs and makes her own much of the genius and the talent of the country.

The Graft Prosecution in Perspective.

It might reasonably have been supposed that a public which was able for fully five years to endure without active protest such management of its affairs as Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz chose to give it, could have waited without impatience or loss of faith upon the delays, inevitable under our system of criminal procedure, incidental to the business of bringing these worthies to book. More especially might it have been supposed that a public which has not contributed one cent to the direct cost of prosecution might have given to those who have undertaken this business in the common interest and at their private cost, the courtesy and support of a little patience. And yet nothing is commoner these days than to hear citizens avowedly in sympathy with the graft prosecutions questioning the processes which they do not even take the trouble to comprehend, and, so far as their voice or influence goes discrediting the whole proceeding. The interesting and important fact that the delays up to date are only those which the law allows to the prosecuting criminal—and criminals are traditionally shy of stripes—and that the prosecution has thus far won at every point, appears not to have impressed these shallow and loquacious critics.

Patience is a quality which must be cultivated by all who wait upon the processes of the law; and possibly it may somewhat help the development of this virtue in the people of San Francisco to glance broadly over the field of the pending investigation and to get its several elements in fair and just perspective. At the risk of being tedious we shall undertake a review of the whole matter in its essential features.

The beginnings of the Ruef régime in San Francisco must be studied in the teamsters' strike of 1891. That strike came at a time when organized labor had come to consciousness of its strength as a social force but before it had developed any purpose of political initiative. The attitude of the national leaders of organized labor was distinctly adverse to the assumption of direct political responsibilities. Mindful of the power of the labor vote, it was the disposition of the national leaders to hold this power apart from party politics and to use it as an unattached political force where, from the standpoint of the labor interests, it could be made to serve the best end. It was in such a situation that the commercial interests of San Francisco, in a great industrial crisis, declined in any way to recognize organized labor. It was a grave mistake—a mistake which, be it remembered, some of us at the moment did not fail to point out and to protest against. Possibly—probably—if in the crisis of 1901 organized labor had found itself recognized as a business and social force—if the legitimacy of organized labor had been conceded by organized capital—the motive to go into politics as a unit would not have been developed. Possibly even under the smart of defeat and resentment, it would not have resorted to the party expedient, had there not existed in the political life of San Francisco a situation adjusted precisely to the work of seducing and debauching it.

Before the teamsters' strike Abraham Ruef had long been an active figure in Republican municipal politics. His strength was that of a ward boss and it was just sufficient to enable him to disturb every party gathering and to gain a certain personal advantage as the price of complaisance at other times. In the course of his ward activities Ruef had made such use as he could of labor influences and to this end he had cultivated a close connection with Eugene Schmitz, orchestra leader and president of a

musicians' union. It was Ruef who conceived the idea of a labor union party; it was Ruef operating with forces to which Schmitz was closely related, forces embittered by defeat and smarting under contempt, who turned the labor unions of San Francisco into a political party. It was not a party of principle but a party representing the interest and the resentment of a class. But illegitimate as was its foundation this movement, as all the world knows, has played a large part in the political record of San Francisco during the past six years.

It is said by those who claim close knowledge of Abraham Ruef's political history, that in the first Schmitz campaign he did not venture even to hope for success; that he took good care to preserve a side-door relationship to the local Republican organization; that his idea in getting himself in close alliance with organized labor was to gain a personal strength that would help him in his general political relationships. The election of Schmitz while unexpected to Ruef did not disconcert him. He contrived to hold on to the Mayor as firmly as he had held to the mere president of the musicians' union. Schmitz himself was dazed by his election—so dazed as to gain nothing of that poise and moral enlargement which commonly come with responsibility. At a later time, as we shall see—when the shock of a great disaster had roused his deeper and better nature—these things came to Mr. Schmitz, but too late. At the moment of his election he was mere clay in the potter's hands. It was at this time that he put forth that extraordinary letter in which he declared in so many words that in his official course he should be guided in all things by his friend Abraham Ruef.

When Schmitz came into office in 1902, Ruef as the director of the Mayor and of the Labor Union Party found himself hampered by the fact that, in the various municipal boards, the majority was adverse to him. Under the system provided by our charter, old board members go out and new members come in in classes, and this makes complete revolution in the municipal government a slow process. Schmitz's first term therefore was comparatively uneventful. While at points it exhibited the sinister purposes of the man in control it did not give him a free hand and therefore failed to excite the resentment which otherwise it surely would have done. Ruef used the time well and knowing that another turn of the wheel—that is, another election of Schmitz—would give him the appointment of enough new members of the municipal boards for majority control, he set about cunningly to build up his political forces. Nothing that could tend to confirm the friendship and support of organized labor, now fully aroused in its political ambitions, and committed to the special party policy, was neglected. The official organization of the municipality, its city hall army, its large number of attachés in the street, police, fire and other departments were brought to identify their interests with the political fortunes of Schmitz, in other words, of the Ruef organization.

From this vantage point Abraham Ruef reached out further to win the coöperation of that large interest which is associated directly and indirectly with vice and criminality. Many find it difficult to understand how a political freebooter can win the friendship and coöperation of a class from which he draws directly large sinister gains. The explanation is not difficult. The exploiters of vice, the gambling house keeper, the brothel keeper, the dive keeper,—these classes expect under any condition of municipal politics to pay for "protection." They are accustomed to being bled; in their calculations they allow for charges of this kind precisely as for rent and janitor service. Realizing that they are bound to be mulcted they have come to regard it if not legitimate as inevitable. So far from resenting it, they accept it willingly, demanding only that the protection which they pay for they shall really get. In the view of the tenderloin the political boss who grafts upon them is detestable only when he fails to make good. With the boss who is able by any means to give them what they want in the form of protection they will coöperate cordially and in the friendliest spirit even though they may quarrel now and again over the amounts assessed against them. The relationship is precisely that universal between landlord and tenant; there may now and again he a

sharp spat over the adjustment of rent rates but nevertheless landlords and tenants live on fairly good terms. Again, having gotten into good relations with one boss, having found him competent to maintain his engagements—to secure protection, to enforce police immunity—the tenderloin does not wish to experience revolution with its uncertainties. As in the ordinary affairs of life, circumstances of acquaintance, mutual business relations and habit have their influence. Having gained Schmitz's second election and having through it established majorities in the several municipal boards, Ruef found himself in a position to "do business" upon an extensive and profitable basis, and here began in its larger development that system of universal grafting which by its rapacity, its thoroughness and its success has become a scandal of unparalleled magnitude.

The first and second elections of Eugene Schmitz to the mayoralty of San Francisco are easily accounted for. But so far as we have seen nobody has yet given a logical explanation of his third success in 1905. By that time not only his relationship to Ruef but his own sinister character were thoroughly understood. It was plain to everybody who kept his eyes open that an organized system of infamous exaction was being practiced here. By this time both Ruef, who had been a lawyer in small practice, and Schmitz, who had been a professional fiddle player, had become ostentatiously rich. Incidents of extortion attested beyond question were the common talk of the town. Whatever is known and suspected today was known and suspected then. And yet in face of full information—in the broad light of the disreputable facts—Eugene Schmitz was for a third time elected Mayor of San Francisco with a roster of municipal officials understood, in the language of the street, to be "air-tight" in its subservience to Abraham Ruef. Here again the explanation is not difficult. The backbone of his support, without which his election would have been impossible, was organized labor, an interest made up of vastly more good men than of bad, of men ordinarily moral and patriotic. This political force was held together not so much by self-interest, as that term is commonly interpreted, as by memories of the strike of 1901. It had been drilled into the mind of organized labor that prior to 1901 it had been helpless in that it had not been able to get any sort of recognition. Since that time its power had grown and had been reflected not only in formal recognition but in higher wages and in more positive forms of social respect. These things, argued the political exploiters of labor, have come through organization of labor into a political party. Abandon political organization, it was further argued, and labor will fall back into the position where it stood in 1901, when its representatives could not even get a hearing at the hands of organized capital. Every individual revolt against the moral enormities of the Ruef-Schmitz régime was met by these arguments, infinitely varied, of course, but always emphatic at the essential points. By these means the labor vote of San Francisco, much protesting though it was, was fairly well held to the support of Eugene Schmitz.

How the large element which traffics in vice was held to the support of Schmitz has already been discussed. From the standpoint of the highly profitable social infamies the Ruef-Schmitz outfit had made good. They had therefore the natural friendship of this class, further stimulated by the fear of resentment against anybody who should have the temerity to stand against them. How the Schmitz-Ruef machine commanded the support of that other large class which lives by officialism, by service to the municipality and by other forms of tax-eating, does not need to be described. This element had, by 1905, been almost completely recruited by Ruef and Schmitz themselves. It stood bound to them by the ties of self-interest and individual fealty.

We come now to that last remaining element, the class representing conservatism, property, and social pretension—the "better classes," as they are sometimes called even in a country which denies existence of classes. Enquiry into the means by which fully one-half of the political strength of this so-called conservative element was given to the sup-

general opinion

port of the Ruef-Schmitz régime leads us into some curious phases of human nature, even of well-washed and well-mannered human nature. It is an old observation that to tax and to please is not given to man. Now, in San Francisco there are a good many men of wealth who have no ambition to exploit themselves in their relations to the assessment roll and who therefore find it profitable as well as pleasant to establish their citizenship at places without the jurisdiction of the municipal tax-gatherer. There are of course many exceptions—many who, while living much of the time in the country maintain legal residence in the city and honorably pay the municipal tax upon their personal estates. But there are others who in the effort to evade the tax-gatherer have ceased to be citizens of San Francisco and therefore are even without the power of a personal vote. So much for one class. It is not a vastly large class to be sure, but it is representative of large social and political forces and is immensely potential in politics as in other things.

Owing to the geographical and climatic conditions of San Francisco very many persons of what we may call the middle class—merchants, professional men, clerks, etc., find it to their comfort and advantage to live beyond the bounds of the city. The boats and trains which connect San Francisco with Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Sausalito, Mill Valley, San Rafael, and a score of other points, go out crowded in the evening and come crowded in the morning. It would be difficult to estimate how many thousands of persons of the respectable and conservative sort directly connected with the business life and fortunes of San Francisco, are nevertheless non-citizens owing to the establishment of their homes in the adjacent counties. It is not too much to say that ninety-five per cent.—possibly even ninety-nine per cent.—of this vast army of "commuters" would, if they were residents and voters of San Francisco, be on the side of conservatism and civic and political decency. The presence in Alameda County of large numbers of these over-night citizens has given to the politics of that county an effectiveness which has left hardly a State office whose incumbent does not answer to the Alameda roll call.

There is another element in the so-called "conservative class" which needs to be accounted for; and here we come to another curious phase of human nature. The dealers in vices are not the only people who have the need of "protection" in the doing of things outside of strict equity and the letter of the law. The builder of a great structure now and again finds it convenient to depart somewhat from the laws governing street blockades and prescribing detailed methods of fire-proofing, with other matters conceived in the public interest. The men who carry forward public-service activities of various kinds oftentimes stand in need of official coöperation in the fixing of rates, the extension of franchises, etc. Those who have large motives in legislation and politics not uncommonly have need of soldiers to fight their battles at the polls. There are a few of the doers of large things who in the character of askers of privileges or of favors are thrown more or less into association with whoever may for the moment stand in official authority. As a rule these persons, as men of wealth and importance, are worth cultivating and your shrewd political boss understands this fact as well or better than anybody else. Your Ruef or your Schmitz understands that nothing is more important to his politics than to have here and there in the so-called higher political, business, and social life of the city men who from individual experience of fair treatment are bound to give testimony on their behalf. There are scores of those who rank as first-class men in San Francisco—men of wealth, of large affairs, of moral pretensions and even of moral standing, members of exclusive clubs—who are under positive obligations to the local political tyranny for services rendered without price. There are truly guileless men who justify Ruef and Schmitz from the basis of personal experience of their courtesy in small matters and of their free coöperation at points where men of their reputed quality might have been expected to exhibit the cloven foot. A very considerable element of voting strength came to the support of Ruef and Schmitz in the election of 1905 as the result of cleverly cal-

culated coöperation with men of the sort we have just described.

We come now to another phase of human nature. There are in the community numbers of men and interests who have found it convenient to get what they have wanted at the hands of the municipal bosses by sheer purchase. They have paid their money either for privileges or "protection" in the doing of things which they regard as right but in which they were powerless without such aid as the bosses have been able to give them. They have compromised with evil by becoming partners in it. They are the last men in the world to admit, even to themselves, complicity with infamy; they find a kind of excuse for themselves in justifying the men with whom they have dealt. They have, after having made their bargains and paid their money, encountered the pleasant and the human side of the bosses who, but for their human qualities would not be where they are. Through an insidious moral deterioration they have reached an attitude precisely similar to that of the exploiters of vice already described. They have come to a kind of admiration of the ability of the manipulators. Even in art, be it remembered, there is something to admire in vicious art as well as in good. Again, like the traffickers in vice, they have grown into a fixed relationship to the "system"; they have attained a position where its infamies no longer affect their interest and therefore in a measure have ceased to oppress their imagination. They are in harmony with the system as it stands; they dread the hazard, the expense and the moral let-down of establishing new connections with a new set of scoundrels. Men of this kind may be well groomed and decently mannered; they may have good connections in the business and social world; they may have families who live on the sunny side of the street. Nevertheless they are essentially bad men and bad citizens; they are essentially moral degenerates, men whose finer sensibilities, if ever they had any, have been lost in ambition for gain, and in the rub of sinister conflicts. They hold their heads high; they believe themselves to be among the decent and "conservative" class; they hold a recognized rank in the so-called conservative world; and their support given directly and underhand was a large factor in the election of 1905.

We have still another element who openly decry the evils of the municipal "system"; who shout their resentment from every house top; who go to the polls and vote against the grafters, but who, nevertheless, as owners of property contribute largely to the support of the Ruef-Schmitz politics. These are the non-active owners of stocks and bonds represented in the active business world by men who are in immediate contact and in coöperative traffic with the spoilers. Perhaps they could not help it if they would; nevertheless they are made automatically to contribute to the corruption funds which feed and support the "system."

We have written thus at length to give to whoever cares to read a view in perspective of the municipal situation. We have now to turn to the effort being made by Messrs. Spreckels and Heney to bring the active agents in our system of municipal corruption to the punishment they deserve. We use the names of these two gentlemen because they are making the fight almost unaided. Mr. Spreckels has guaranteed a necessary fund for the accumulation of evidence, and, so far as we can learn, he is being left to bear the burden pretty much alone. His interest is that of a citizen and of a large owner of property. His active resentment against the system is probably the direct result of an infamous suggestion made to him directly by Abraham Ruef. He has himself related the incident under oath. Mr. Heney, who in the courts is pushing the prosecution, is doing a kind of work in which he has already won distinction and in which he has become a specialist with a specialist's natural enthusiasm in the thing he does well. If we should speculate upon Mr. Heney's special motives we would assume them to rest upon a speech which he made in the municipal campaign of 1905. It will be remembered that Mr. Heney declared that if he were the prosecuting attorney he would bring Abraham Ruef to account for his crimes. He was called before the Grand Jury but had no definite information to im-

part. The outcome of the incident was that he was a good deal sneered at as one who had promised where he could not make good. Possibly—probably—Mr. Heney's aggressive interest in this graft proceeding is to justify himself, to show to the people of San Francisco that he is something more than a speechmaker.

Those who have criticised the tediousness of the proceedings thus far, those who noting the single charge of extortion against Ruef, Schmitz and Dinan, have characterized the effort as narrow and trivial, those who have lost heart through the law's delays, would do well to cultivate patience and, incidentally, to study the record of Mr. Heney's work in the Oregon land fraud cases of two years ago. Let it be remembered that for all their protestations of innocence, neither Ruef nor Schmitz is willing to proceed to trial upon the merits of the case as it stands against him. Let it be noted that each of these worthies has employed to the limit every expedient of evasion and delay which our too-considerate criminal procedure affords. Let it be noted that there has been no delay through the complaisance of the prosecution and that wherever the procedure could be expedited by the energy of the prosecution there has been prompt action. Let it be borne in mind that while Mr. Heney has not taken the public (nor those against whom he is proceeding) into his confidence he has not retracted the assurance which he gave to the public at the beginning that he expected to secure the conviction of those against whom he is moving.

Turning to Mr. Heney's record in the Oregon land cases it is interesting to note that in the thirty-four cases begun under his initiative and which have been tried thus far he has won thirty-three convictions, including a Senator of the United States, a Member of Congress, a State Senator and others of large political, social and financial relationships. Let it be remembered that in Oregon there were the same long-drawn-out delays that we are now witnessing here. The first Oregon indictment was in December, 1904; the first trial was at the end of June, 1905. It is instructive to recall that the first proceeding against Puter, a ring-leader in the land frauds, was upon a relatively trivial matter and that out of this particular prosecution came the developments of evidence which assured conviction in the many cases which followed it. Let those who have assumed, because the prosecution of Ruef and Schmitz does not proceed at a gallop, that there is lack of energy behind it, take note of the Oregon experience. Let those who have lost faith because the French restaurant cases are relatively trivial, remember that in his Oregon experience it was Mr. Heney's shrewd and successful diplomacy to make the smaller instance support the larger. The *Argonaut*, which closely followed the Oregon prosecutions in their development, has not for one moment lost faith in this graft procedure here because Ruef and Schmitz have declined to stand and take their medicine, but have had to be driven step by step through the intricacies of our criminal practice. The *Argonaut* is willing to wait in patience, trusting not more in the justice of the cause than in the energy and resource of the prosecution.

It is not generally known that Paris is one of the most active ports in the world. During the year 1906 the quays of the River Seine have seen embarked and disembarked 11,711,175 tons of merchandise. This represents a little more than one-fourth of the whole internal commerce of France. Suresnes and the Port à l'Anglais, two stations on the Seine, north and south of Paris have seen 30,000 and 52,000 boats passing through their respective locks. More than 700 boats pass every day under the Pont Royal, the bridge just in front of the Tuileries. All this movement to and from the French capital is effected by way of the river between Rouen and Paris by the numerous canal boats which reach far into the interior of France.

Sensational letters from Cardinal Hohenlohe, brother of the late Chancellor of the German Empire, have been published. It appears from these letters that the cardinal suspected the Jesuits of an intention to poison him because of his opposition to the Pontifical claim to temporal power.

News from the South shows that Mr. Hearst is devoting his entire energies to building up the Independence League, and this is supposed to indicate that he will sever his connection with the Democratic party.

A dispatch from Shanghai states that the total Chinese maritime customs returns for 1906 amounted to 36,068,000 taels, approximately \$28,855,000.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Chief Justice Fuller thinks that the newspaper men are a little previous in their announcements of his pending resignation from the Supreme Bench. He says that when he is ready to retire he will himself be the first to hear of it.

Secretary Taft says "there is every reason why the fortifications of Hawaii should be made ready," but on the principle that he who gives reasons is lost, the Secretary refrains from stating why he considers it necessary to fortify the islands at the present time.

Congressman Burton, of Ohio, was severely criticised by the Missouri and Illinois legislatures for his antagonism toward a deep waterway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf. Because of this, and the bitter criticism from various sources, Mr. Burton emphatically declared that under no circumstances will he again accept the post of chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, but will demand assignment to some body dealing with general legislation.

The attendance at prayers in the United States Senate is not large, but it always includes Senators Platt and Dewey, who usually sit together and withdraw before the business of the day begins. Sometimes there are only five or six who assemble to hear Dr. Hale's invocation. Upon a recent occasion there were seven, and a curious observer made a memorandum of their names. In addition to the always devout Platt and Dewey there were Perkins of California, Smoot of Utah, Dick of Ohio, McCreary of Kentucky, and Clark of Montana.

Joseph Walker, of Brookline, president of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, lays down this tariff doctrine for that organization: "We believe in a protective tariff that shall impose duties where they are needed, and only where needed, to equalize the labor cost of production and to develop American resources and American commerce, but not to relieve favored corporations or individuals from foreign competition." This is construed as a reply to the recent declaration of the Home Market Club, of Boston, against tariff tinkering.

In his advocacy of the child labor bill, Senator Beveridge casually remarked that the measure had the hearty commendation of "the man who will be the next standard-bearer of the Democratic party." At that moment Senator Carmack interposed. "I want to know," said he, "about the endorsement of the next standard-bearer of the Republican party." "My dear —," began Mr. Beveridge, and then, as the remark caused laughter, "I was going to say, my dear boy, there are many things you want to know which I am not going to tell you."

The remarks made in Berlin by Professor Burgess derogatory of the Monroe Doctrine and the American protective policy naturally met with the strong disapproval of Ambassador Tower, who showed his displeasure by boycotting the professor. This policy in its turn has annoyed the Emperor William, who was much surprised when he learned that Professor Burgess was not present at a recent court function, and at once gave special orders that invitations to the court ball be sent to the professor and Mrs. Burgess. They accepted the invitations and attended the ball.

It is understood that President Roosevelt will henceforth add the functions of an art critic to his other attainments. The committee appointed to arrange for the Washington statue of Kosciuszko set aside three models and numbered them in the order of their preference. As a matter of courtesy they invited the President to inspect their selections, and were not a little surprised when Mr. Roosevelt said "Rubbish," and forthwith changed the numbers to suit his own particular taste. At the moment the betting is said to be eight to one on the President's choice.

The Ohio State Journal handles Senator Aldrich with its gloves off, taking as its text the debate on the behavior of the negro battalion at Brownsville. The Journal says: "Senator Aldrich's heart was never known to beat for humanity; for the struggling masses; for the common country. Franchises, corporations, high finance, anti-food, anti-rate, anti-free alcohol, anti-anything that doesn't play into the hands of organized wealth, have been the landmarks of his senatorial career. He is opposed to Roosevelt and his whole 'square deal' business, and so his heart is with the soldiers that shot up the town."

Major-General Leonard Wood is to be recalled at an early date from the command of the Philippine Islands, and General John Weston is to succeed him. It is said that there is probably no officer of star rank who is so popular as General Weston, and his promotion will meet with unqualified approval in army circles. General Wood's recall was agreed on at a conference in the White House between the President and Secretary Taft, and it is understood that he will be given the command of the Division of the East, provided Lieutenant-General MacArthur does not desire the place.

Final returns of the Reichstag elections prove that the Socialists were justified in their claims that they had lost none of their popular strength as a party. As a matter of fact, although so far they have lost twenty of the eighty-one seats they held in the last Reichstag, they are still the most powerful party numerically in all Germany, actually polling 3,251,000 votes out of a total of 11,109,768, or 240,238 more than in 1903. The other parties also made considerable gains, especially the Clericals, who aided the Socialists in defeating the Government on the colonial appropriation issue. The failure of the Socialists to hold

their own in the Reichstag is clearly due not to defections from their ranks, but to the activity of what had heretofore been the stay-at-home vote.

OLD FAVORITES.

London After the Fire.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould;
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Already laboring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date,
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

—John Dryden.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

Friend of Humanity.

Needy Knife-grinder, whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak hounds the blast—your hat has got a hole in't
So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder, little think the proud ones,
Who, in their coaches, roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
Scissors to grind, O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Knife-Grinder.

Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir;
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.

Friend of Humanity.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hanged first—
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

—George Canning.

Zara's Ear-Rings.

(A Moorish Ballad.)

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muca, I can not, can not tell."
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain hy, spoke Alharez' daughter—
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water—
To me did Muca give them, when he spake his sad farewell.
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I can not tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set.
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget.
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale—
When he comes back and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
O, what will Muca think of me, I can not, can not tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been
Not of pearl and silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas! I can not tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl un-
loosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I can not tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O, luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muca, alas! I can not tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muca, and I hope he will believe—
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."

—John Gibson Lockhart.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"When Kipling Came to Bohemia."

[At the request of the Editor, Mr. Spencer has consented that the following personal letter, relative to Mr. Hart's sketch given in our number of February 2, shall be printed in the *Argonaut*.]

2437 DURANT AVE., BERKELEY, Cal.,
February 5, 1907.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart, San Francisco:

Deart Mr. Hart:—I was much interested in your article in the *Argonaut* of the 2d inst., "When Kipling Came to Bohemia," for the occurrence of the "Carlin Dinner" is memorable in the annals of Bohemia and one which I remember with special interest and very pleasant recollection.

When Kipling visited San Francisco, he brought a letter of introduction to me from a British army officer, Captain Bayliss, stationed at Calcutta, India, whom I had entertained while passing through the city, en route to rejoin his regiment. In advising me of the letter given to Kipling, he made no reference to his reputation as a writer, but simply said I would find him most interesting and congenial, and suggested that he would appreciate a card to the Bohemian Club. In due course Mr. Kipling presented his letter and I found him all and more than Captain Bayliss mentioned.

I introduced him to the Bohemian and Pacific Union Clubs; he was at my house on several occasions, and, on the evening referred to, was my guest at the Carlin dinner. I had read none of his stories at that time and knew absolutely nothing about him, except the information contained in Captain Bayliss's letter and what I gathered from his modest reference to his life in India. But he proved a delightful acquaintance; a most interesting and brilliant conversationalist and one of the best story-tellers I ever met.

At the dinner he sat next to me; was surrounded by Americans; apparently was much interested and gave indication of hearty enjoyment of every feature of the entertainment. He certainly so expressed himself upon parting, and no one was more surprised than I upon reading subsequently his criticism upon the occurrences that evening.

During his stay in San Francisco he passed much of his time at the club, and upon leaving addressed graceful verses to Bohemia. He left me with a signed copy of "Wee Willie Winkle, and Other Stories," with a most pleasing note expressing appreciation of my attention, and saying he hoped the little stories would please me "as well as that sturdy young American, your son." The book and letter were unfortunately destroyed in the April conflagration.

The "Prince Among Merchants" was created from an insurance manager, and the "Captain of American Horse," referred to in his American Notes, from an old soldier of the Civil War; both of whom, with kindest regards are

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. SPENCER.

"Sir" and "Ma'am."

SUNFIELD, IDAHO,

February 4, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I was much interested in an extract from your paper, published in the Washington *Star* of January 12, concerning the use of "sir" and "ma'am." I take no exceptions to those remarks, which are entirely just; I wish only to add my own experience as a teacher for fifteen years, and in the East until lately. One thing which I notice in the West is the absence of "sir" and "ma'am" when the younger generation addresses the older, and I am inclined to correct the omission. I do not, however, because I know these children have not been taught the words. One boy of 12, in the fifth grade, did not even know the word "sir" when he met with it in his reader! That was one occasion when I could not help saying, "It is the word you should use in addressing your father." The sharp "What?" in answer to a question not understood is especially disagreeable. I once talked over with the mother of eleven children the new fad of teaching children to say "No, Mr. Smith," and "Yes, Mrs. Brown," and we arrived at the conclusion that if children are not taught to say "sir" and "ma'am" they will not say "No, Mr. Smith," and "Yes, Mrs. Brown." The children of today haven't time for that. Children do not use "sir" and "ma'am" in speaking to one another, and there is no danger of their using those terms to one another when they reach mature years; even if they should, where would be the harm? "Be ye courteous."

H. COCKERILLE,

Teacher of Public School.

"Among the glittering generalities of the President's special message in behalf of steamship subsidies," remarks the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), "is that 'our commercial competitors in Europe pay in the aggregate some \$25,000,000 a year to their steamship lines.' But the fact is that the great bulk of British shipping—the vessels which carry the merchandise—get nothing from the Government. Several lines of steamers are well paid for carrying the mails, and a few receive Admiralty subventions, but only 3 or 4 per cent. of the British merchant marine gets anything from the public treasury. The lines which are paid carry mails and passengers, but the lines that get nothing carry the freights. No German steamship lines get anything from their government except one or two lines of the North German Lloyd to the Far East and Australia. The Hamburg-American, the greatest navigation company in the world, gets nothing."

THE GARFIELD DINNER-MESS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

Amid the newspaper pother about the famous Gridiron Club dinner, one remark religiously repeated by all the correspondents was not unamusing. It was that the "seal of secrecy" imposed upon the guests had not been lifted until the club committee published an explanation and refutation of certain charges regarding the dinner. This "seal of secrecy" is very droll when one reflects that a minute and detailed account of the affair appeared in the New York *World* the day after the dinner. This account was so minute that it filled between two and three columns of fine type. The bill of fare was set down in detail, but that might have been obtained from the waiters. Not so the thoughts that breathed, the words that burned, the epigrams that scintillated, the "caustic verbiage" that flashed throughout the evening. All this must have been obtained from the inside. And there one may see set down in plain print the set speeches, the toasts, the taffy, the Retort Courteous, and the Quip Modest. But the Reproof Valiant, the Reply Churlish, the Counter-check Quarrelsome—where be all these, my masters? Evidently these were bandied after the "seal of secrecy" was broken into pieces, and after the Gridiron Club's president had sent the official account to the New York *World*.

I have always doubted whether what might be called the Clover Club or Gridiron Club scheme is desirable or feasible for a club dinner. In the big towns of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington there has for years existed the fashion of giving club dinners at which much "latitude" shall be permitted; where the "lid shall be taken off"; where a free exchange of repartee shall not only be permitted, but encouraged; and in some of which interruptions are not only not discouraged, but are the rule. I presume the idea was suggested by the House of Representatives. The House is a big debating club, and a very interesting one. Those who think the men composing the lower house of Congress are not superior in intelligence to the man in the street are very much mistaken. Among the several hundred making up that unique body will be found many leaders of men in many callings. Hence their debates—particularly when they are in committee of the whole, or not under the iron rule of the speaker—are extremely interesting. But these debates are guarded by rigid usages. The member speaking mentions others only in the third person; he does not address another member directly; he addresses the chair. "The gentleman from Mississippi," when he desires to retort to a caustic member who has just sat down, may not call him "Mr. Wadsworth," but will be obliged to address him as "the gentleman from New York." Even then there are rows—many of them. But consider what a number of rows there would be if there were no rules.

So it is often with the debates, or discussions, or disputes of the curious so-called clubs to which I refer. They are not, strictly speaking, "clubs"; they might, perhaps, be called "dining clubs." Any body of men which meets occasionally or semi-occasionally for literary or convivial reunions is scarcely a "club." A club is a distinctive and homogeneous entity; but to be such it must have a habitat: it must have household gods; and it must have the habit of more or less continuous intercourse. A body which meets only at stated intervals, whether for mental or physical refreshment, is not a "club." It may be variously a fraternity or a sorority (hideous word!); a guild, or a sodality; a prayer-meeting, ministerial association, or a diocesan convention. But it is not a "club."

In an Eastern city, years ago, I attended a dinner given by one of these famous dining clubs. It would be ungracious to name it. I will content myself by saying that its prized peculiarity was systematic interruption. It somewhat resembled the Gridiron Club, as it also had no clubhouse and no home, and it also gave dinners at occasional intervals in hotels. To these feasts were bidden prominent men, among them statesmen, authors, editors, publishers, lawyers, ordinary persons, and millionaires. It was considered the thing at these dinners to invite a man to speak, and then systematically to proceed to "break him up." All of the guests knew of this custom, however, and any man who did not like it could, of course, stay away. My observation on the evening that I attended was that the interrupters generally succeeded in "rattling" the speakers. Most of the men interrupted either grew confused or grew angry. In either event they lost the thread of their ideas and sat down.

The effect was not agreeable, and it was disappointing. For any man can interrupt, any man can cry "boo" or "rats," and any man can make loud and unpleasant noises; so can a phonograph. But it is given to a few men only to interest their fellow men while speaking on their feet. Many a man who can talk freely to those around a table, while he is seated in a chair, finds that his ideas at once take flight when he rises to his feet. For some reason, speaking on one's legs requires concentration, and concentration is not possible in the face of interruption. The only successful speakers during the evening that I attended at the Interruption Club, were those whose interruptions seemed to me to have been pre-arranged. In the light of not a little experience in club dinners, extending over many years, and in listening to the after-dinner speaker in his variety in many cities, I still so believe.

For many years now the old campaign fashion in the United States of "joint debates" between political orators of different faiths has been tabooed. In former years this method of thrashing out political issues was extremely popular. Take the famous debates between Lincoln and

Douglas, for example. But, as the rural population grew denser, the cities larger, and there came a stronger leaven of foreigners in our polyglot population, it was found difficult to conduct such meetings without disputes—sometimes disputes between the debaters and sometimes affrays among their hearers. The practice of "heckling" is common in England and Scotland—that of interrupting and asking explanations of a political speaker on the stump; yet it has never thrived in this country. Even such a veteran stump-speaker as Mr. Cannon during the last campaign, when asked pointed questions, turned them aside by well-worn parries, or promised to answer them later on, but usually left them unanswered. Such a procedure would not be tolerated in England—there an answer would be demanded. Here the orthodox listeners grow impatient and accost the heterodox interrupter with cries of "Put him out!" And that would seem to be the American attitude—that Republicans should assemble, and listen to Republican doctrine; that Democrats should foregather, and imbibe Bourbon gospel. And if any listener objects to the particular brand, let him "Go hire a hall."

The same idea has colored the clubs. In the New York Union League Club there may be Democratic members, but they are scarce and silent. In the old Manhattan Club, while you could find a Republican or two, they also were non-committal and rare. And in non-political social clubs it has been found advisable to taboo the discussion of politics by strict rules in order to preserve the amenities of social intercourse.

At the Bohemian Club, in San Francisco, there has never been any formal interrupting at the "high jinks." At the "low jinks" interruptions were known in the old days, but of recent years the "low jinks" has taken on so elaborate a form that interruptions are scarcely possible. At dinners, of course, there have been cases of interruption, but even at such gatherings the tendency of the club has been to let a man have his say, and then to let the other fellow have his say when the first had finished. The only instance of what may be known as formal interruption and formal repartee has been at the distribution of gifts from the Christmas tree at the Christmas jinks. These gifts are chosen with a careful eye to the known weakness of the recipients. Therefore the shock of a gift sometimes has brought forth interruptions to the speech of Santa Claus by a writhing recipient. But these interruptions were invariably unfortunate, for Santa Claus could guess, generally speaking, what the recipient would probably say, and was prepared for him with both barrels.

In the Bohemian Club there has rarely been any political tinge in evidence. Many years ago, when the Garfield-Hancock campaign was raging, an assemblage of youthful Bohemians foregathered under the name of the "Garfield Club." Most of them were members of the Bohemian Club. I was then a candidate. But a mysterious body called "The Phalanx" had inaugurated a dreadful carnival of indiscriminate black-balling in revenge for the "pilling" of a friend. (The balloting was then general, and not by an election committee.) As a result, all elections ceased for a time. Those of us who were thus "hung up" were looked upon as Bohemian neophytes, and invited frequently to the club-rooms. Therefore, as I marched in the Republican processions bearing a kerosene torch, and one night turned myself into a human torch by self-ignition from a pan of red fire which I was engineering on a dray, I was looked upon as an actual member of the Garfield Club, as an interim member of the Garfield Mess, and as a potential member of the Bohemian Club. As a matter of fact, I believe I was elected two or three months later, early in 1881, after "The Phalanx" had slaked its thirst for gore.

At that time there was no regular dinner service in the Bohemian Club. Some eighteen youths, therefore, made an arrangement with the luncheon caterer to serve them a dinner in the club; for this the Garfield Mess was responsible financially, and the club was not. According to the rules of the Garfield Mess, each man had to pay a dollar a day for his dinner, whether he ate it or not. Generally speaking, he was on hand at dinner, possibly, perhaps, not to lose his dollar, but probably because it was a very jovial gathering. The rules were few; one being that, as I have said, the members should pay for their dinners, whether present or absent. Another rule, added by some thrifty genius, was to the effect that any member absenting himself without valid excuse thus showed a lack of consideration for his mess-mates, and therefore should be fined a bottle of wine. This rule was adopted with enthusiasm and without contradiction; it resulted in the attendance being even more exact than before.

The Garfield Mess thrived under these simple rules, although they were at times abused. On one occasion Fred Somers and Raoul Martinez, who had missed the Oakland boat, sent a telegraphic excuse for their absence. Each of them was fined a bottle of wine for being absent, and a martinet member suggested that each be fined two bottles for insulting the Mess by using the telegraph in social correspondence. This likewise was done. It produced a profound impression.

The old Garfield Mess is the single instance that I recall of any political tinge in the Bohemian Club. But soon its existence as a mess—although it was not a club matter—caused a certain feeling in the club. The lifetime of the mess, like that of the roses, should have been limited; beginning with the campaign, it should have terminated with the election. But its members clung to their organization, and it lasted for many months. Some Democrats objected to the existence of the mess, although their protest never reached an official form. But the Garfield Mess finally consented to disband only on condition that the club should undertake a regular dinner service, which was done.

It was at the Garfield Mess that there originated the

practice in the Bohemian Club of "singing on a man" for telling an old story. The third of the Draconian rules of the mess was that a man who told a distinctly old story, in other words a "chestnut," should be fined a bottle of wine. Much doubt, however, arose as to when a story was old enough to be called a chestnut. This would have puzzled a bunch of judges, but it did not puzzle the Garfield Mess. Whenever any question arose, whenever a litigious story-teller appealed to the mess as a body, the mess invariably decided against the gentleman telling the story.

This simple code of club procedure added largely to the number of fines and the number of bottles of wine in the club's wine-cellar. But it did not add to the fund of stories. Speedily there fell a silence on the Garfield Mess. No man dared to say to his neighbor anything more than "hello." Thereupon, conversation at table being desirable, there arose a furore among the Garfield Mess-mates for inviting strangers to dinner. By "strangers" I mean men who belonged to the club, but not to the mess. It was low down—I am forced to admit it. However, let me chronicle the disgraceful fact. When a stranger came to the mess all rules were temporarily suspended. Stories were told with the utmost freedom—even old stories. The ball of conversation was tossed back and forth with such rapidity that finally the stranger would become inspired with a desire to join in the conversational chorus. He would generally begin to tell a story in an undertone to his host. The man on the other side would at once shout: "Here, boys, just listen to this. This is a good one!"

From a low murmur into his host's ear, the artless stranger would be coaxed into a louder tone, until finally he found himself addressing the entire table. Delighted chuckles would encourage him; anticipatory snorts of merriment would lead him on, and when he had finished he would wait expectantly for the roar of laughter so refreshing to the story-teller's ear.

Did he hear it? Not at all. Nothing like it. A depressing silence would follow, and then the chairman would mournfully say: "Well, boys, we'll have to strike up." And then there would resound around the table the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

This was the delicate and subtle method the Garfield Mess had selected of informing the guest his story was an old one. The spectacle of the discomfiture of such a story-teller was at times extremely painful. But we of the Garfield Mess grew callous to our friends' sufferings, and this practice was only terminated by the exhaustion of all the raw material in the club.

When the Garfield Mess went out of existence the custom continued in a sporadic way in the club for a while. Some time after the passing of the Garfield Mess, General W. S. Hancock visited the Coast, and certain of his loyal supporters determined to give him a dinner at the club. This was criticized as being a "political dinner," but its sponsors declared with much reason that if members could use the club as a Garfield Mess-hall for three months, they certainly ought to be able to use it for a Hancock dinner for a single evening, which was indisputable.

The Hancock dinner, which was a very elaborate affair, was presided over by William T. Coleman. I will not discuss it in detail. Suffice it to say that a band from the artillery regiment at the Presidio was present, and regaled us with musical selections between the courses. One of the first of the orators called upon was Horace Platt. He was delivering himself of an eloquent invocation to General Hancock. Unfortunately, in the course of his eloquence, he delivered himself of some Latin quotation which struck the funny-bone of the Bohemians. I think it was "*Nil desperandum*," or it may have been "*Quorum pars magna fui*." But whatever it was, it was regarded as an offensive chestnut. At the foot of the table a humorist suddenly rose and began waving his arms like an orchestra conductor. The gathering responded as one man, and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" rang through the dining-hall. In the adjacent room was the Presidio band. The leader could not see what was going on, but naturally inferred that the banquet was over, and that the banqueters were closing, as is common with the old Setoch melody. So, without being directed, he called up his musicians, and supplementing the full force of the lungs of a couple of hundred men, the bass drum, the cymbals, the tuba, in fact, the full brass band, expressed the opinion that Horace Platt's remark was a chestnut.

Platt, who had been engaged in waving a napkin when this outbreak occurred, remained as one petrified, with his right arm outstretched and his napkin dangling from the end of it, like a railway flagman. When the crash and clatter of the cymbals had died away, Platt slowly came to life like Galatea, and, turning to Chairman Coleman, remarked jauntily: "As I was saying, Mr. President, when I was interrupted but now, '*Quorum pars magna fui*,' and went on with his address through all its ramifications to the distant end."

I can still see that handsome old soldier, Hancock, with his gray mustache, gazing with a puzzled countenance alternately on the orator and then on the banqueters, who had again composed themselves to silence, to gravity, and to attention. From his expression he seemed to say: "This is apparently a private madhouse into which I have fallen, but for the honor of the army I must be calm."

San Francisco, Feb. 11, 1907.

The cathedral of St. John the Divine at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York, promises to be completed in 1950, when it will surpass in cost and beauty any church building in this country and will rank with the historical ones of Europe.

SACRAMENTO TOPICS.

Reform of the Ballot and Other Confusing Movements in the Legislature.

In a republic it is fundamental that there shall be a free discussion of men, measures, and principles. If the same majority shall repudiate the leadership of the most capable men, reject the domination of the most rational measures, and adopt the most incorrect principles, there is always at hand a prompt and efficient remedy—confusion. When the foundations of the State commence to crumble, there quickly appears a sane majority who, temporarily at least, rescue the social edifice from the dire results of anarchy.

Tracing the drift of this seemingly inevitable disposition of mankind to progress by precipitating confusion and anarchy constitutes an interesting study—a study of human if not of heart interest. Even in small things the conclusion can not be evaded. For a fortnight now I have been engaged in the entertaining task of investigating the "Direct Primary." Incidentally I have also been listening to the orations of various demagogues here, who are bent on applying this remedy to our current political ills. Of one thing I am already thoroughly convinced: The people of the State at large do not know whether they want a direct primary law or not, but the statesmen entrenched in Redmen's Hall think they think they want it, and so are falling over each other in an effort to give it to them. And give it to them this Legislature surely will.

The situation reminds me of the history of Australian ballotism, which an agitation very much like that now being worked in the interests of the direct primary, gave to the people of California something like twenty years ago. Of all the political humbugs ever introduced into a free country for the purpose of ameliorating political evils, Colonel Burns's "good bill" was the cheapest and flimsiest. Prior to the advent of this idol of the South Seas, political parties concocted their own conventions, selected their own lists of candidates, prepared their own ballots, and were held to a strict accountability, not only for the character of their nominees, but for the policies and pledges they put forth. Citizens voted then for principle, and boasted of their Republicanism and Democracy. The political bosses were careful to select men of character for candidates, because it was often found that one bad man damned the whole ticket. There was organization, discussion, striving for public favor and great leadership. Out of the party system which existed prior to the Australian ballot emerged such political leaders as Lincoln, Douglas, Greeley, Weed, Chase, Silas Wright, Seward, and Morton.

I well remember, about 1890, with what loud acclaim the reform was heralded by the "tribunes" of the people. It was certain to cure all our government ills. "If we can only get this bill," they said, "the bosses will be no more." Colonel Burns was then political master of the State. He gave them the bill, induced Governor Markham to sign it, and went to San Francisco and selected the first Mayor chosen under it. Some of the reformers rubbed their eyes after that exploit, but it was too late then to take the back track. In due time all the physical evils resulting from taking this political nostrum became firmly established.

By placing the names of the candidates of all parties on one ballot the new law did several things: (1) It more than doubled the expense of elections; (2) it almost destroyed parties and party organizations, without providing a substitute; (3) it made platforms and principles subservient to personal solicitation for votes; (4) it enabled classes of citizens by combination to set at defiance the rights of their less active fellows; (5) it encouraged sloppy and careless voting, so that only a few candidates received the full vote of their party; (6) it enabled "the people" to elect the "good fellows" of politics, who, by being "good fellows" after getting their offices, usually wound up short in their accounts; (7) it facilitated false counting and ballot-box stuffing and has forced the adoption of machine voting, which has again doubled the expense of elections; (8) in short, it proved a rank failure, and in less than ten years (about 1899) was superseded by the present system.

We now have one ballot with all the party tickets and referendum propositions upon it. Most voters mark half a dozen names on this blanket—names of candidates they happen to know—and hastily jam the thing into the box. Hardly fifty per cent of the qualified voters express themselves on constitutional amendments and, notwithstanding you may now vote one ticket "straight" with a single cross, not more than twenty per cent. do so.

As originally adopted the Australian ballot was peculiarly fitted to the requirements of the political manipulators. It enabled them to dispense with the more difficult features of organization and to win by trading off all the good men on the ballot for all the bad ones. No intelligent person who has taken the trouble to observe the course of politics in this State since 1892 can truthfully deny that under the Australian ballot the public service and the morals of political parties have steadily declined. We were never so inefficiently served as now. Witness this legislature with its "patronage steal," for example.

But the direct primary system is to change all this! Under it the people are to make the nominations, and thus absorb the last function of the politicians for "corrupting" the government. Fudge! The present primary system authorizes the people to make nominations indirectly, but do they do it? If the law presents them with an opportunity to make them directly, will they go to the polls in any greater numbers than now? There are fools here, ignorant of the ways of practical politics, who will answer this last question in the affirmative; but I do not believe there is a real politician in the entire Legis-

lature who is under any illusion with respect to it. That may explain in no small degree the alacrity with which "the people" are being served with the new reform.

The direct primary will be authorized by constitutional amendment, both houses having practically agreed to submit a measure to vote of the people at the next general election. As the principal parties in the late contest pledged themselves to the reform, there is little question that it will be effected. Four years hence, should nothing go awry, therefore, the people will have the political machinery of the commonwealth entirely in their hands. There will be no conventions. The followers of the parties will simply go to the polls and name candidates for all the offices.

There will be no investigation of the availability or fitness of the aspirants; the "best fellow" will get it in all cases.

If the demagogues desired to lodge all the power in politics in the hands of the bosses, this is the scheme, it seems to me, they should adopt.

Sacramento, Feb. 9, 1907. G. D. S.

VERSES OF THE WEST.

My Life Is Led on Level Lands.

My life is led on level lands,
My heart is by the Western sea;
In thought I pace its yellow sands
And breathe its airs so wild and free;
Each morn the wind of memory stirs
The music of Willamette's flow;
Each noon the scent of forest fires,
Each evening Hood's effulgent glow.

My lot is cast on level plains;—
Its scorching suns, its winters keen;
My heart is where the gentle rain
Bedews a landscape ever green,
Whose mountains lift the soul on high.
Whose roses perfume all the air,
Whose every breeze that wanders by
Redeems the heart from pain and care.

My lot is on the prairies east,
My heart is in the hills and pines;
And when for me life's storms are past,
And when for me life's day declines
May my enraptured vision fall
On yellow sands and ocean's swell,
On mountains watching over all,
On rivers I have loved so well!
—Ernest Bross in *Pacific Monthly*.

Missouri.

Where ranged thy black-maned, woolly hulls
By millions, fat and unafraid;
Where gold, unclaimed, in cradefuls,
Slept 'mid the grass roots, gorge, and glade;
Where peaks companioned with the stars,
And propt the blue with shining white.
With massive silver beams and bars,
With copper fastenings, height on height—
There wast thou born, O lord of strength!—
O yellow lion, leap and length
Of arm from out an Arctic chine
To far, fair Mexico seas are thine!

What colors! Copper, clay, and gold
In sudden sweep and fury hient,
Enwound, unwound, inrolled, unrolled,
Mad molder of the continent.
What whirlpools and what choking cries
From out the concave swirl and sweep,
As when some god cries out and dies
Ten fathoms down thy tawny deep!
Yet on, right on, no time for death,
No time to gasp a second breath!
We plow a pathway through the main
To Moro's castle, Cuha's plain.

Hoar sire of hot, sweet Cuhun seas,
Gray father of the continent,
Fierce fashioner of destinies,
Of states thou hast upreared or rent,
Thou know'st no limit; seas turn back
Bent, broken from the shaggy shore;
But thou, in thy resistless track,
Art lord and master evermore.
Missouri, surge and sing and sweep!
Missouri, master of the deep,
From snow-reared Rockies to the sea
Sweep on, sweep on eternally!
—Joaquin Miller in *Century Magazine*.

There are three American horse peerages now instead of two. The Saddle-horse Register was won its place, fairly, beside the Trotting Register and the Thoroughbred Stud Book. The most gratifying feature of the recent horse shows is the renewed proof that a new distinct, native type has been developed by the breeders of this country. The system of registration for saddle-horses was founded in Kentucky, only sixteen years ago. The association has held rigidly to its requirements of pedigree, gait, and conformation. The result of its efforts has been to improve the breeding of the saddler in all parts of the United States and produce a distinct family, to whose share fall the majority of the blue ribbons in the saddle classes of the shows. With hackneys, hunters, and thoroughbreds, we may hope only to rival, not to excel England. The best native saddler is the best saddler in the world. We have permitted one purely American type—the Morgan horse—to become practically extinct. The rise of the new champion is all the more a cause for congratulation.

The trackless trolley is a French and German novelty which is offering serious competition to the regular lines. The advantage of such a motor car lies in the saving in the cost of track laying and maintenance. In Germany the construction of a two-mile trackless trolley line cost but \$35,000, as against \$87,500 for the regular system between the same points. Moreover, in country districts having good roads, the trackless trolleys perform a service in the marketing of farm products that the track lines can not do. The cost of operation is low.

GAMBLING ENDS IN FRANCE.

By St. Martin.

M. Clemenceau, whose political comprehensiveness is delighting his friends and confounding his enemies, has made it clear that the famous Association Law, passed by Waldeck Rousseau in 1901, is not to be regarded as an anti-clerical measure alone, but that it will be ruthlessly applied wherever it is found to fit. There are other associations than those for religious purposes, and they are not to be overlooked by an effort to bring within the cognizance of the law all activities of a corporate nature, so that the law may determine whether they should be blessed or banned, tolerated or excommunicated.

It was a surprise to a good many worthy Frenchmen to find that the Association Law has a painful bearing upon the gambling fraternities that have made of French soil a happy hunting-ground. With the great casinos, such as those at Dieppe, Trouville, and Nice, most traveling Americans are familiar. Indeed, the casino is the magnet that irresistibly draws the tourist stream to itself. Most Americans would disclaim any intention to seriously gamble, but the Continental casino has been one of the sights of the day, to be visited as religiously by night as the picture galleries and the cathedrals by day. It was a part of the itinerary, an item on the bill of fare.

There were other gambling associations not so obtrusive as the casinos, nor so honestly immoral, but far more fatal. Every great French city has its social clubs, which live, move, and have their being by roulette, rouge-et-noir, and baccarat. Ostensibly they are open to members only, but this restriction has not much meaning, seeing that membership may be obtained by the simple procedure of knocking on the door. These clubs are usually attached to a theatre or concert hall, the musical attractions being merely the bait to catch the unwary.

Now, M. Clemenceau has declared that all of these gambling institutions are illegal under the Association Law, which provides that all associations must be registered and licensed, or must go out of existence without regard to their aims or objects. Jew and Gentile alike must comply with a law that applies to the righteous as well as to the unrighteous, and that is no respecter of persons. The gambling associations that are not licensed must be extinguished because they are not licensed, and those that are licensed must similarly disappear because their licenses are illegal. Hence these tears.

And the tears are real enough. Such places as Trouville and Dieppe without their casinos are very much in the position of the tramp who is "without visible means of support." Of course, there are still the sad sea waves, but it is not for these that the watering-places have been thronged with the pleasure-loving and the financially desperate. Gamblers are not usually nature-lovers, and Trouville without a casino will be as "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

And M. Clemenceau means what he says, and therefore the voice of the lamenting gambler is loud in the land. Nice has sent a representative to plead for her at Paris. She says that she will be "ruined" if her fine gambling establishments are no longer allowed to ruin others. Consternation reigns at Paris among the so-called clubs that are managed by foreigners, mostly Belgians. Nearly a hundred of these gentry have not only been proceeded against, but they have actually been conducted to the frontier under the efficient guardianship of two policemen—one on each side to prevent mistakes—and with a parting injunction not to return. There will be no more public gambling in France. Games of chance must not be played except privately and in regularly organized clubs of which membership is something more than a formality.

It must be remembered that the Association Law, whether it be applied to religious institutions or to gambling casinos, is strictly in accord with French legal and governmental tradition. The French government has never understood, nor attempted to understand, the principle of allowing people to do things in their own way and free from official control. Every detail of life must be supervised, registered, "regularized," ticketed, docketed, and indexed. Nothing must be done without the official cognizance of the departments or without the swathes of red tape that the authorities mistake for their legitimate duties. The departments follow the Frenchman from his birth to his death, and indicate the correct way in which these, and all intervening functions, should be performed. No matter whether he wants a bicycle or to get married, to have the gas turned on in his house or to insure his furniture against fire, the authorities want to know all about it and to make an official record of every private transaction. Nothing must be done unless it be first "regularized" by official entry and permission, and the formalities that ensue are a weariness to the flesh. However oppressive the Association Law may seem to be, it does not strike the Frenchman as being an essential infringement upon individual liberty. He is used to that sort of thing. When he wanted to get married he had to show to the authorities that his mother approved of his choice and that the lady's mother approved of her choice, provided their respective mothers were alive. If they were not alive, then he must prove that they were not alive. He has never known anything but paternal supervision, and it appeals to him as being in no way strange that associations of whatever nature they may be, should be similarly licensed and indexed and permitted to live or commanded to die by the departments that stand so close to the interior life of the nation.

Paris, Feb. 2, 1907.

It costs Canada \$15 on an average to gain an agricultural immigrant.

THE FATAL FASCINATION.

A Musician's Love for a Capricious Coquette of the Odéon.

Shriveled, brown, and glossy, the baked apples simmered on the top of the charcoal-stove in the doorway of a tiny Rue de la Seine fruit-stand. They seemed destined for the dessert of some artisan's family, when Sylvandre, the great coquette of the Odéon, passing in her victoria, saw them and was seized by a strange caprice.

To the amazement of the old fruit-woman the elegant carriage drew up before the shop, the fine young lady got out, took off her right glove, and, unconcernedly blocking the narrow doorway with her gorgeous person, ate three roasted apples one after another, with an appetite quite of the people.

At this moment there approached an elderly man, tall and stout, and carrying his head high. With his hands in his overcoat pockets, a broad, red ribbon in his button-hole, and puffing away at a fat cigar, he passed close by the actress, recognized her, and burst into his harsh laugh. "Well, well, Sylvandre, you eating baked apples—you, an actress!"

Turning, she recognized the dyed beard and the bold face of the famous dramatic author, Cesar Mangé, the bitter satirist, each of whose plays is a triumph and a scandal, and whom modern society worships as a woman worships the ruffian who beats her.

"A memory of childhood, my dear master," Sylvandre retorted, gaily making a burlesque courtesy to the theatrical pasha. "They remind me of the days when I wore my hair in a red chenille net, and when I lived with papa, a shoemaker of the Rue Menilmontant, who used to box my ears if I didn't turn up from the Bal Favre till noon. I haven't always been a great artist, you know," she went on, with a horrible *faubourien* accent; "I haven't always drunk champagne in the company of a Russian prince stuffed with sawdust. You see, my dear, I don't blush at my origin. Baked apples and Uguène—I had an Uguène then—ah! what good times those were!"

Her cynicism made the man of the theatres smile, corrupt old Parisian that he was.

"It seems you have been in the rage in the 'Little Baroness?'" he said to the actress, who, having paid the fruit-woman, had got into her carriage and was buttoning her glove.

"Weren't you at the first night?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"No, I hardly ever go to the Odéon."

"Well, then, come; it's worth while, let me tell you. Good-by!"

Cesar Mangé lied; he had not only seen Sylvandre in the "Little Baroness," he had even thought of giving her a rôle; but, not yet quite decided, he was hedging.

The fact is that for the last two months the public had been in love with the famous coquette who had nightly performed the miracle of filling the Odéon with young clubmen, gardenia in buttonhole. This infatuation of *blasé* Parisians—legitimate by the way, for Sylvandre, atrocious creature that she is, is an exquisite comedienne—was born of the glance with which she emphasized the word "perhaps" at the end of the third act of the "Little Baroness." This glance, a masterpiece of perversity and Bovarisme, which summed up all the morbid poetry of infidelity, had sufficed to transform the provincial Odéon into a rendezvous of high life. Surprised and overwhelmed by the piece's unexpected success, the director soon gathered his scattered wits together and rose to the situation. To fill the long *entr'actes* of the "Little Baroness"—the play, pretty enough, was made up of four tableaux, each half an hour long—he had restored the orchestra, not the old Odéonien orchestra, that used to scrape out superannuated waltzes, but a double quartet of virtuosi, who played with a perfect *ensemble* a little good music to accompany the chatter of the society women in their boxes, nibbling *glacé* fruit with the twitter of Haydn's flutes and of Mozart's nightingales. Had the director not trembled for his subvention—the fumes of success rising to his brain—he would have had printed on the Odéon's play-bill—to make better known the "clou" of the "Little Baroness": "Every evening at 11:45, the 'glance' of Mlle. Sylvandre."

On the evening of the "sixty-fifth" the actress was changing her dress for the third act—the act of the "glance"; the delicious brunette, her arms and shoulders bare, was lowering her head to slip on the gown held up for her by the dresser, when Cesar Mangé entered the drawing-room suddenly, hardly tapping at the door.

Sylvandre gave a little cry; but the playwright—an old acquaintance—kissed her on the ear, out of regard for her make-up; then, lighting his cigar at the gas-jet, he threw himself on the divan, took off his hat, and turning his steely eyes on the comedienne: "Sylvandre, do you want the first rôle in my new play—the one intended for the Vaudeville?"

As well ask a humble village curate if he wants to be Pope!

Sylvandre was dazzled. Leaving the dress gaping wide in the dresser's arms, she bounded on to the divan, threw her arms around Mangé's neck and, parting in a voluptuous smile her pomegranate lips: "Don't I!" she cried. Suddenly drawing back, she added, coldly: "Upon what terms?"

Mangé burst into his harsh laugh; puffing at his cigar, he returned: "Decidedly, you have your wits about you. Put on your frock and listen to me." And as she hurriedly hooked her bodice, "How about the baked apples in Rue de la Seine?" he asked.

"They are very good," replied Sylvandre. "I stop to eat every day on my way back from rehearsal."

For two weeks Cesar Mangé had been going every evening to the Odéon. Hidden in the dusk of a *baaignoire*, he studied Sylvandre's acting. For it was no longer to be doubted, she was a rising star; he had only to withdraw his play from the Vaudeville.

But the actress was not always *en scène* in the "Little Baroness," and, while she was off, the playwright, bored by the prose he knew by heart, to kill time amused himself observing, not the house—invisible from the back of his box—but the little orchestra reinstated by the director in honor of the popular play.

As for the conductor, Mangé knew him well; the clever old symphony-writer Tirmann, reduced to giving private lessons and wielding the bâton in little theatres; Tirmann, once the rival of Berlioz, whose fate will be that of Berlioz, and whose one opera, "The Queen of the Amazons," hissed in Paris twenty years ago, will some day rank with the classics. Mangé, the successful man, putting success above everything, murmured disdainfully the word "failure," as he glanced at the old man's plucked-eagle profile, and round shoulders covered by a shabby coat.

The other musicians were in no way remarkable, neither the first violin, with his white silk cravat and the tumbled hair of a "photographic artist," nor the double-bass, a resigned old bald-head who took snuff noisily, nor the flutist from a regimental band, with the bristling mustaches of a policeman.

From the first glance, one alone of the players interested the observer—the second violin, a very young man, barely twenty, with an adorably fair face, lighted by sombre blue eyes; his long, waving hair completed his resemblance to a Bernardino Luini head. A true artist, undoubtedly, whose fire betrayed itself in the mere nervous tension of his thin hand on the neck of his instrument. Poorly but neatly clad, he sat in a modest attitude, violin on knee, awaiting the conductor's signal, not talking to his companions, not looking at the house, absorbed in some intimate thought—something grave, pure, and proud breathing from his whole person.

Skeptical, hard-hearted, and corrupt as Mangé was, he was struck by this fresh and charming apparition, all the more so as, on observing the musician at the moment when Sylvandre made her entrance, he saw the young man's eyes—eyes filled with an infinite worship—raptly following the gorgeous creature. Plain as day, the boy loved the actress with a hopeless passion.

Two days later, meeting Tirmann on Boulevard Montmartre, Mangé questioned him about the young musician.

"Amédée!" cried the old conductor enthusiastically—"a charming lad. My best pupil. Make a note of his name: Amédée Marin; it will be that of a sincere, and I hope, a great artist. . . . A fine fellow, a good son! His mother keeps a fruit-stand on Rue de la Seine, and just about makes a living. But as the good woman is growing old and can't get up early, Amédée opens the stand at six o'clock, and in winter makes the fire to roast the apples. This doesn't prevent him from spending the whole night before his music-stand, nor from understanding Bach's sublime music as well as I."

Cesar Mangé was flattered at having made no mistake; sure enough, he was "somebody," the handsome lad whose timid flame burned for Sylvandre. "How absurd youth is!" reflected the old sultan of the wings in his *baaignoire*, watching Amédée in ecstasy before his idol. "Think of that poor simpleton's imagining that an actress is a woman, and that Sylvandre is capable of a passion! Sylvandre, who at 20 had already ruined a Jewish banker, and who would sell her soul to steal a rôle from a rival. . . . *Hein!* he devours her with his eyes! *Parbleu!* how absurd such young fools are!"

Suddenly a strangely perverted idea shot into the playwright's mind: Were not all the women of the theatre at his disposal? Sylvandre first of all. If he didn't use his privileges, it was because for some time he had been out of the running. Well, he would amuse himself by realizing the musician's dream—he would throw Amédée into the arms of the woman whom the young man could see, admire, and desire only from afar, across the insurmountable barrier of the footlights. And then could be seen what would become of the conjunction of the gentle innocent and the woman with no more feeling than a slave-driver.

How? Easily enough. Cesar Mangé would give the new rôle to Sylvandre. He knew her. She would accept at once. It would be funny, wouldn't it? The opposite of Don Salluste showing the queen to Ruy Blas. The son of the fruiterer where Sylvandre went to eat her roast apples would have, for a time at least, his dream realized. And Mangé smiled at his plan with a sort of ignoble benevolence.

That is why, on the evening that he came to smoke a cigar in Sylvandre's dressing-room, the actress let her glance fall—her famous "glance" of the third act—on the little musician; aghast at his happiness, Amédée closed his eyes and thought he was going to die.

The first time that Mangé came into Sylvandre's dressing-room and saw Amédée tucked into a corner of the divan among the scattered petticoats, devouring with wild eyes the mythological neck and shoulders of the royal coquette seated in front of her mirror absorbed in her make-up, the old *dilettante* in debauchery felt a thrill of profound satisfaction. What can't a successful author do? He alone was powerful enough to throw such a prize into a poor devil's lap. Rothschild himself could not have done it? Sylvandre being a woman of caprices, not naturally venal, only occasionally grasping. And as he followed the actress to the wings, he made her talk.

"That was a funny notion of yours," she said, "to serve as that child's Mercury! . . . But if you imagine

that there is any hardship in it—you are capable of hoping so, you are sometimes so malicious. Well, you are mistaken, my good fellow. I took to Amédée at once. To be frank, he stepped in at the nick of time. I was getting bored to death by Libanoff, with his thick tongue and his way of saying 'my tear.' I needed a holiday; I shut the door on him. The boy will fill the interval. . . . I like him, with his *pifferaro* head. And then, he is odd—he has his fits of rage and jealousy that I enjoy—they warm the cockles of my heart. . . . Sometimes in my boudoir he suddenly turns fierce and sad, and makes me think of a caged nightingale that I saw once at Asnières, at Colomba's. But I have only to look at him in a certain way to make him fall at my feet and bury his head in my skirts to hide his tears, and that makes me delightfully 'creepy.' Strange little fellow!" And she added dreamily, "What if I should really take to him after all?"

Sylvandre had spoken the truth. Mangé was malicious. At these words of a woman in love he felt all the envious rage of a libertine old before his time. But the actress broke into a laugh: "Bah! a little return of youth! I say, Mangé, can it come from having eaten roast apples?"

Two days after, all these absurdities were forgotten. The famous playwright's new comedy, "King Money," was being rehearsed. Mangé watched every detail, seized by his unquenchable thirst for profit and success.

The play, it will be remembered, was almost an utter failure. From it dates Mangé's decadence. Sylvandre was mediocre in a rôle unsuited to her. Worn out, furious at seeing the box-office's receipts falling off day by day, Mangé, attacked by his old enemy the gout, went to Nice to toast his shins, and stayed there till the end of the winter.

On returning to Paris one of the first familiar faces that he saw was that of Tirmann. The sight of the conductor put him in mind of Amédée. He inquired for the Odéon's second violin.

"Amédée!" said the *maestro*, his hollow, Dantesque face growing more pinched and drawn. "Sad enough—best speak of something else. Fancy! A few months ago—when your last piece was on, in fact—he fell madly in love with Sylvandre, you know?—that wretch! The worst of it was, she, for a wonder, noticed him and took a sort of fancy to him—that innocent child, that unspoiled artist's soul handed over to that creature! A branch of white lilac that has fallen into a slop-pail! First she left Libanoff for him. Then, when all the jewel-cases were at the pawnbroker's, she took up her Russian again, and miserable Amédée became the lover who steals a kiss between two doors, who is tucked away in the cupboard. Abject! Finally, he took his courage in both hands, left her, and in despair took refuge with his mother, the old Rue de la Seine fruiterer, whom, out of modesty—or, who knows? out of variety perhaps—he had never mentioned to Sylvandre. Except for this, no doubt, Sylvandre would have pursued him and recaptured him there. For, having been dropped first, she went almost mad over him. Well, he can't forget the creature; he is dying; he doesn't touch his violin. The other day when I went to his garret to visit him, he frightened me with his hollow eyes and feverish cheeks. Except for his mother's sake he said, he would have killed himself. Atrocious, isn't it? A musician should never have any mistress but a fugue of Bach or a score of Gluck, on my word!"

Mangé shivered and felt something like remorse. But egotism came to the rescue: "People don't die of such things!"

He did not think of Amédée again. But the next winter at the artists' ball he suddenly found himself face to face with Sylvandre, more stunning than ever, in the red costume of a *dogaressa*, blazing with diamonds.

"My dear author!" she cried out brazenly, "so you've quite given me the go-by since 'King Money'! But it wasn't my fault alone, after all, you know, if we had a frost. Make me a rôle that fits me and we'll have our innings!"

The playwright, annoyed at the unpleasant memory, sneered angrily. Then, stupidly, in order to say something, he asked the actress: "And the love-affairs?"

"Ni, ni, *c'est fini*," she spelled out, laughing. "I'm wearing poverty's yoke again, you see," touching the necklace that sparkled on the amber skin of her Junoesque throat. . . . Libanoff's latest tribute. "The old *grisette* is really dead and buried. No more Uguènes, no more Amédées, who was my last Uguène! . . . Oh! by the way, Mangé, do you remember the day you met me in front of the Rue de la Seine fruit-stand? Well, I drove by there the other morning. . . . The stand was closed; there was a black-edged paper fastened to the edge of the shutter, and I saw the pauper's hearse moving away, an old woman in mourning was walking behind it. . . . I am superstitious. . . . If I want baked apples again, I won't go there for them, you may depend on it! More's the pity! They were very good!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Francois Coppée.

In the ancient cathedral of Genoa a vase of immense value has been preserved for 600 years. It is cut from a single emerald. Its principal diameter is twelve and one-half inches and its height five and three-quarter inches. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands, and it is rarely exhibited in public, then only by an order of the Senate. When exhibited it is suspended round the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one is allowed to touch it but him. It is claimed that this vase is one of the gifts which was made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

British India's government is successfully making quinine, of which immense quantities are sold by it through the postoffices.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Works of Thomas Nelson Page.

Lovers of Thomas Nelson Page, and their name is legion, will welcome the publication of a subscription edition of his complete writings. From the time when "Marse Chan" first appeared, Thomas Nelson Page has maintained his position as the supreme literary representative of all the charms and the aspirations of the South. His great novels, "Red Rock" and "Gordon Keith," took hold of the popular imagination as it has been given to very few such books to do, the former being accepted today as a picture of the reconstruction period that has all the fidelity of a photograph combined with the imagination of the highest art. Thomas Nelson Page is convincing because he has the enthusiasm of fidelity untainted by bitterness, an intense and almost passionate feeling that is never allowed to obscure the broadest patriotism. His short stories are a type of what short stories ought to be, his essays have a philosophic vitality that bears closely upon the problems of today, while his poems cover a wide range, from dialect upward.

Mr. Page's first publication was in 1877, and he has by no means passed the meridian of his powers. He was a boy eight years old at the beginning of the Civil War, his father being a major in the Confederate Army, and for nearly two years he was brought into close contact with the realities of the great struggle. The present edition of his works is in twelve well-printed volumes, each volume containing three illustrations by well-known artists.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Pacific Coast office, 45-46 Bacon Building, Oakland. Sold only by subscription and in sets; cloth binding, \$18; half levant, \$36.

A Free-Trade Pleader.

"The Tariff and the Trusts," by Franklin Pierce, of the New York Bar, is an attack upon the tariff with horse, foot, and artillery. It is intended to show that the tariff is directly responsible for the trusts, and that the interests of the trusts are directly

inimical to those of the people. The subject is handled from many different points of view, from those of the laborer, the farmer, and the manufacturer. We have a history of the tariff in America, Germany, and England, and a dissertation of its effects upon public virtue and its tendency toward socialism. Finally we have a remedy, which is to be found in a popular refusal to support any candidate or to recognize any political badge inconsistent with radical tariff reform.

The book shows marked ability. It is in the popular vein, earnest, logical, and persuasive. Its facts are carefully arranged, its statistics apparently accurate, and its general arrangement leaves nothing to be desired. But it is preëminently the work of the special pleader, and perhaps none the less valuable upon that account. He says, for instance, that the customary index of national prosperity is the wealth of the great corporations, and that the welfare of the consumers is a matter of little importance. Nothing could be further from the facts. Never before has the actual position of the consumer been an affair of more anxious scrutiny than it is now, when the wage scale and its corresponding purchasing power is considered as the most reliable barometer of national conditions. All the way through the book we find generalizations of this kind that appeal rather to prejudice than to thought, and that belong more rightly to the advocate than to the judge. But the book should be read, if only on the principle that political questions of this magnitude should be the subject of constant popular study and ought not to be relegated to the eve of election contests.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

For the End of Wars.

"The New Internationalism," by Harold Bolce, is an attempt to indicate some of the great commercial and financial forces that will so unify the interests of the world as to make war impossible, and break down the boundaries across which the nations snarl at each other. The author argues that the whole world is engaged in the same pursuit of money-getting and that amity would be far more productive of suc-

cess than discord. His argument is well sustained and his book is bright and readable, but he falls into the fatal fallacy of inferring that nations continue to fight because they have not yet recognized that their material interests lie all in the opposite direction. The new internationalism is a fact in human nature and it will make for righteousness, but if war is to be eventually banished it will be by appeals to the heart and not to the head. War is a luxury that the animal man still allows to himself and for which he is willing to pay a well-understood price. But the book is a good one, because it stimulates thought about international barriers and the extent to which they act against the common good.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A Human Vengeance.

E. Phillips Oppenheim never wrote a better story than "The Malefactor." The hero goes to prison for ten years in order to protect the honor of a woman, and he comes out of prison with every spark of kindness apparently extinct and with the avowed intention of seeking vengeance upon women in general. The subsequent relations between Sir Wingrave Seton and Lady Ruth Barrington are admirably told and the plot is unfolded with peculiar skill. Stories of vengeance are usually fascinating, but nearly always immoral and debasing in their tendency. "The Malefactor" is a fine sketch of human nature, but it displays the finer rather than the baser aspects of character. It points upward instead of downward, which is the secret of all art, literary or otherwise.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

With Mosby's Men.

"Mosby's Men," by John H. Alexander, is one of the best books of adventure ever written, and it's all of it true. Mosby's men made history, and the author helped them to do it, marched with them, fought with them, and shared their triumphs. Mr. Alexander said that he began to absorb the war spirit from the time of the John Brown raid. At the age of fourteen he

belonged to a military company of boys, and having secured a pistol and a pair of cavalry boots, he struck out for the Southern Army and joined Mosby. He tells of the vicissitudes that befell the force, of its long marches and incessant fighting, and he does it without egotism, modestly as a soldier should.

Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; \$2.00.

In the Confederate Navy.

"The Life and Services of John Newland Maffitt," by his widow, Mrs Emma Martin Maffitt, is the story of one of the bravest sailors that the country has produced. He was born at sea, and he passed nearly the whole of his life upon the water. He entered the service of the Confederate States in 1861, commanded the *Cecile* and the *Gordon*, rendering substantial service to his cause, and ultimately being placed in control of the *Florida*, the *Albemarle*, and the *Owl*. In recording the achievements of her husband, Mrs Maffitt has added substantially to our historical knowledge, and she has done it accurately, with perhaps an over-much attention to detail.

Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$3.

A Fine New England Story.

"By the Light of the Soul," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, is one of the cleverest books that have yet come from that lady's pen. It is a story of an untimely youthful marriage and of the situations that arise therefrom. The plot is an improbable one and we may believe that nothing like it ever occurred, but vivid writing and a warm, sympathetic touch have produced a story that deserves popularity.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"Truthful Jane," by Florence Morse Kingsley, is a charming story of an English girl who runs away to America in order to escape from the position of a poor relation. Of her adventures in America, and of the satisfactory ending thereto, the book itself must tell. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

By Harry Thurston Peck.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Nothing is so easy to criticize as history, simply because every reader makes his own peculiar demands upon the historian. The history that is merely a personal story of national leaders, as are usually the histories of Europe, excites a just condemnation because it overlooks the real constituents of human progress. The history that reflects the political partisanship of the writer is no less open to blame because an insidious egoism has been allowed to obscure a proclaimed mission. Indeed the historians who have written history as it should be written are few and far between and it may be indeed that their pioneer is yet to come. We have an abundance of brilliant historical writings but their brilliance too often comes from their faults rather than from their virtues. Macaulay, for example, fascinates and enthalls but the wary reader fights off the enchantment lest he should be beguiled into believing what he reads.

"Twenty Years of the Republic," by Harry Thurston Peck, is one of the most readable books that have ever trespassed upon the history shelves of the library. As a history its only fault is that it is not historical. It is a haphazard collection of political casuistry, a toothsome dessert to the historical banquet, but to be regarded neither as real food nor real drink. The author has tried to be interesting and he has succeeded. He has tried so hard that he has excluded everything in the national life of twenty years that does not lend itself to scintillating treatment or adjust itself to a popular taste for smart and clever things.

American historians ought to have learned from the errors of their European predecessors, who supposed that the trivialities of dress and the moral and mental obliquities of kings and queens constituted a national record. Our own writers ought now to recognize that they are dealing with a great nation at a time when its development is most replete with the makings of real history. If Dr. Peck had the serious intention of writing a history he should have cultivated a greater power of discrimination between national events worthy of record and the sensationalisms and chit chat worthy only of oblivion. For example, great national issues were at stake in the fight between Cleveland and Blaine, but we are presented with a picture of the struggle in which policies have been placed in the almost invisible background, and wherein the center of the stage is occupied by Mr. Cleveland's youthful indiscretion and the relative dates of Mr. Blaine's marriage and the birth of his first child. In the same way we are treated to an unnecessary description of Mr. Cleveland's wedding and the annoyances caused to him and his wife by the insolent curiosity of newspaper reporters. We are told:

They went by special train to a cottage which had been placed at their disposal at Deer Park in the mountains of Maryland. Public interest in the marriage was so great that the press of the country went far beyond the limits of what was permissible. On the following morning the President was astonished to find that a pavilion had been reared directly opposite his cottage and that a throng of newspaper correspondents were collected there, provided with field-glasses so as not to lose even the slightest detail which a bold-eyed curiosity could discover. This annoying espionage continued for several days and fully justified some biting sentences which were written with regard to the editors who permitted such a breach of elemental courtesy.

There is more to the same effect, but the far-reaching social disturbances that marked the same year—1886—are dismissed in a manner that can only be called cursory and with a wholly inadequate attempt to assign to them their true significance.

Mr. Cleveland's personal peculiarities are not a part of legitimate history, nor are the personal peculiarities of any other national character, but Dr. Peck seems to suppose that history consists of little else. Chambermaids' gossip, the scandal of the newspapers, the little tittle-tattle of the street are all served up to us as events worthy of consideration and as though the deeps of the national life had no other purpose than to throw such scum as this to the surface. Miss Cleveland wrote her other's speeches; he copied his speeches from the encyclopedia; he quarrelled with

his sister because she published a book, and she quarrelled with her brother because he got married. Here, too, is one of various quotations from popular skits intended to show the plebeian tastes of the President:

Servant (to Mr. Cleveland)—The cook wants to know, sir, what you will have for dinner, sir?

Mr. Cleveland—Isn't Miss Cleveland in?

Servant—She dines out, sir.

Mr. Cleveland—Oh, yes. I had forgotten that. Dinner—let me see. Rose dines out and Dan is at Old Point Comfort. Good enough. We'll have pig's feet, fried onions, and a bottle of Extra Dry.

These things are interesting gossip at the right place and time but what right have they in "Twenty Years of the Republic?" We do not believe that the main qualification of the historian is a capacity for listening on the back stairs, peeping through keyholes or interviewing the chambermaid.

Dr. Peck leads us—but always with the same delightful attention to superficials—through the Cleveland administration on to the Republican rally and the Presidency of Mr. Harrison, whose personal habits receive their usual share of attention. He says:

Mr. Harrison, unfortunately for himself, had two separate and distinct manners. With the members of his own household and a very few others he was genial, hearty, and spontaneously cordial. But to the rest of the world he exhibited a wholly different and most unsympathetic demeanor. His tone and manner were as cold as ice. He lacked that most delightful of all gifts—responsiveness. To strangers and even to political friends who had to do with him, he appeared almost ungracious in his aloofness and indifference. Those who talked with him were met with a frigid look from two expressionless steel-gray eyes; and their remarks were sometimes answered by a few chill monosyllables devoid of the slightest note of interest. The President had also some rather unpleasant little personal traits and habits which offended many of his visitors; so that on the whole an unfavorable impression got abroad with regard to Mr. Harrison as an individual.

At a time when America was taking her position as a dominating factor in foreign affairs, so immense a change is entitled to a fuller attention than is given to it by Dr. Peck. Some of the salient points of the Samoan dispute are touched upon and we are treated to a graphic incident of the Berlin Conference which began on April 29, 1889:

Prince Bismarck's object was to make a treaty which should recognize the political predominance of Germany in Samoa. After he had set forth his views the American commissioners opposed them absolutely. They insisted that the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, should share alike and that the rights of each should be recognized as equal. Bismarck was a great actor. He could assume at will a tremendous indignation and work himself into a rage which his huge bulk of body made really awe-inspiring. He now resorted to this device and frowned portentously as he growled out sentences that seemed full of menace. The Americans were fully impressed by his manner and they cabled to Secretary Blaine informing him that the Chancellor was very irritable. Mr. Blaine at once flashed back the terse reply, "The extent of the Chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights."

The trouble with Italy, resulting from the New Orleans disturbances, receives a passing mention, perhaps as much as the incident deserves. Of course there was never the slightest chance of war, although Italy's navy was a formidable fighting force. An English naval officer who was in New York at the time is quoted as saying: "You people want more ships for your navy. Just let those Italian fellows send over a fleet. Then you take the fleet and there you are."

The Chilian difficulty of 1891 was more serious and its causes are succinctly stated. The election of 1902, Cleveland's second term, the Venezuelan dispute, the election of 1896, McKinley's term and the war with Spain practically complete the work, but all the way through we have effects rather than causes, the surface rather than the deeps, and the spectacular rather than the permanent.

Dr. Peck certainly gives a vivid reality to the events of the Spanish War, although his preferences evidently lie with the navy rather than with the army. Admiral

Dewey receives full justice at his hands while some of the incidents related of the British Captain Chichester are worthy of remembrance. Chichester found his natural antipathy in the German Admiral Diedrichs and lost no opportunity to thwart and rebuke him. Upon one occasion Diedrichs called upon Chichester to persuade him to join in a protest against American procedure:

"Ah," said Captain Chichester, shaking his head with seeming grief, "I don't see how I can join you in your protest. I've been looking up all the authorities and I find that this American admiral is so deadly right in everything he does that if we make a protest we shall only show that we know nothing at all about international law."

On another occasion when von Diederich called he saw displayed upon the British captain's writing table a large red book. In course of conversation he chanced to enquire what the book might be.

"That," said Captain Chichester, "is a book on Naval Etiquette."

"Indeed," remarked the German, "I wasn't aware that such a book existed."

"Ah," cried Captain Chichester, with suspicious eagerness, "let me present you with it. You really ought to read it. I'm sure you must need it awfully. You will learn an immense deal from it."

Dewey's threat to Diedrichs that "if he wants a fight he can have it now" is recalled and the ensuing colloquy of the German with Captain Chichester is related:

"Have you instructions as to your action in case of actual hostilities between myself and the American squadron?"

"Yes," replied Captain Chichester, "I have."

"May I ask then," continued the German, "to be informed as to the nature of those instructions?"

"There are only two persons here," said the British captain, "who knows what my instructions are. One of those persons is myself, and the other is—Admiral Dewey."

The volume closes with chapters upon President Roosevelt and The Transformed Republic. Its concluding words are a sketch of present day conditions, corruption, defiance of law, social selfishness. All these things are but the inch-marks of an infinite progress. They will take their place as parts of an ultimate completeness of which they can not mar the fullness nor the beauty. In the words of Lincoln, "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or any equal hope in the whole world?"

Dr. Peck's work is readable from cover to cover. It is so readable that we can forget and forgive the pretensions of its title to be the story of "Twenty Years of the Republic."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, whom the great public know as "Lucas Malet," is now in London. Her home is at Eversley, the old parish of her father, Charles Kingsley, and she is not likely to begin a new book until she is back in her house there. Mrs. Harrison's latest novel, "The Far Horizon," promises to repeat in America the success it has had in England.

If we can not solve our race problems we can usually find some enterprising foreigner who will do it for us. H. G. Wells has recently said: "I have dealt," he says, in speaking of his writings on America, "very frankly with the color question, and it is quite possible that I may ultimately make it my subject and give a large portion of my life to it."

The child-labor crusade shows no signs of languishing, so far as the February magazines are concerned. In this month's *Woman's Home Companion* Senator Beveridge outlines his proposed remedy for the evil; Mr. Markham continues his "Hoe-Man in the Making" series in the *Cosmopolitan* with an article on the child slaves of the tobacco factories; in the *Atlantic* Mr. Mary Applewhite Bacon tells of what she saw in the Southern cotton-mills, and Mr. B. O. Flower in the *Arena* makes a strong editorial plea for united action in stamping out the shameful conditions now existing.

"The Secret Key and Other Verses," by George Essex Evans, proves to us that Australia has a new poet and one of a singularly pleasing and musical power. Mr. Evans' work is uniformly good. Published by Angus & Robertson, Sydney.

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PRINCESS CHIC AND ALABAMA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The American Theatre pre-disposes one to cheerfulness even before the performance of "Princess Chic" begins. In the first place, it is, as proudly set forth on the programme, in a Class A building. In the second place, since the advent of our delicious February spring, the mud of Market street has dried, and the street has been swept clean. The psychological effect of this improvement accompanies one to the interior of the theatre, which is bright, and warm, and gay, and is built on traditional lines comfortably unsuggestive of our present makeshift stage of existence. On the walls of the auditorium there is one reminder of it in the shape of several coils of fire-hose, which hang in full sight ready to flood the building and quench our great enemy at a moment's notice.

I have a theory that people in general—excepting, perhaps, the very old, and those constituting the rank crop of voluntary paupers that has sprung up within the year—have taken hold of the dull duties of life with more willingness; with ardor, even with relief, since our great tragedy. The homely routine of duty, the free play of the instinct which impels us to work out the purposes of our lives, whether they be merely to secure means for subsistence, for the making of a quiet home, or toward the accomplishment of some loftier ambition, were never more welcome than when they came to displace bewilderment and despair. Everywhere we see greater zest and activity in daily work which has ceased to be drudgery, and in the theatre this spirit is manifest. Nobody ever accuses players of balking at their daily task, but yet it could not have been in my imagination that, in this reorganization of what amounts to a group of local players, there was a fresher ring to their voices, a livelier play of the impulse with which they throw themselves into the mimic life of the stage. The chorus girls came dashing on, all in brilliant red, their silken cloaks fluttering like flames around their shapely limbs, as they aligned down the stage and raised their fresh young voices in a ringing chorus. The men had already made their appearance, and sang their initial "Follow" chorus with fine effect.

"Princess Chic" is emphatically a success. The music is especially tuneful, and the story has romance and continuity. It is an opera that runs to picturesqueness, and even has a slightly historical flavor. This, of course, has a tendency to let down the comedy parts. Poor Teddy Webb! I was sorry for him. He was simply spoiling for a chance to grapple with something worthy of his steel, but the part of the duke's steward is one that necessitates a comedian working like a cart-horse for a very scant crop of laughter. However, one can not have everything in a musical comedy, and since we have picturesqueness of setting, romance, tunefulness, excellent voices, and fine-looking women, who can complain?

Aida Hemmi has developed both in voice and stage presence since her Tivoli days. She and Maud Beatty are a massive pair, with voices to match. The rôle of Princess Chic is a very desirable one. The soprano has numerous opportunities for bewitching costumes, and Aida Hemmi was seen to especial advantage in the dress of the pretended envoy, whose imperious airs she carried off very well. Like Maud Berri, whom we first saw here in this rôle, she is too overpowering physically to make so striking an appearance in the peasant dress, in which daintiness and trimness are the requisite qualifications. These are fulfilled in the person of Frieda Wisner, a pretty little inaudible butterfly, who sways and flutters coquettishly through all the trained allurements of the musical comedy sourette. Maud Beatty could easily make two of her. How startling is this contralto's deep voice when it first flows out, a volume of massive music. It leaves a hunger in the ear for more, which is partially appeased by her singing of "The Lovelight in Your Eyes."

The male voices, too, are very fine. Francis Carrier, a singer with a good voice and fine presence, enacts the rôle of Charles the Bold, Duke of Brngundy, a fiercely mustached and imperialed personage with a passion for war, and a fancy for dazzling the eye with a great deal of effective sword-play. Mr. Smith's marquis, too, was well sung, with a tenor that fairly made you jump, so virile and penetrating did it

ring out the challenge of a debonnaire spirit. I left with reluctance at the end of the first act, and wooed to temporary oblivion of changed conditions, almost started with surprise and consternation at the aspect of the street, in contrast to its brightness when we had entered the theatre. We were going to the Colonial, around the corner. The Colonial was born before the earthquake, and was probably intended to be a cheap, up-town theatre. Now it is away down town, on McAllister near Jones. The performance being in full blast within, and nothing and nobody save the ruins without, the cheering glow of the electric sign for the time being was quenched. Darkness and mystery reigned below the graceful galleried façade of the building. Not a soul was in sight save a gaspipe-ish looking personage who was lurking in the ruins opposite, probably for the harmless purpose of lighting a cigar. A dim red light threw a faint glow over the hopeful sign of a neighboring café. And, far up the street, many blocks away, glittered the electric lights of the new up town. It was to weep.

But inside all was bright and cheerful. A good-sized audience nearly filled the hall-like auditorium. Like the Novelty and the Central, the Colonial has no upper circles. Like the American, it has a fire-hose on its walls. And all three are alike in the cheering fact that they are drawing good houses.

"Alabama," the play whose quiet fragrant sentiment was eagerly enjoyed by the public, to the surprise of the managers who had rejected it, when Augustus Thomas first brought it forward, still holds its power to charm, in spite of, perhaps because of, its tinge of old-fashionedness. For, besides this studied old-fashionedness, it has acquired the flavor of an earlier period than ours, going by play-writing standards. "Arizona," which is no longer a play of the day, is quite briskly modern in comparison.

It is a very appreciable number of years since the New York company came out with Stoddard, the intense, in the rôle of old Colonel Preston. How we started at the concentrated fury with which he hurled the lie and the challenging wine into the face of the insulter. Norval McGregor did it differently. His was the more deliberate act of one who sternly adheres to what he conceives to be the duty of a Southern gentleman when a woman is traduced. The character of this self-centered old Southron, full of antique prejudices, and a haughty intolerance, veiled by the careful courtesy of the old school for all that is outside of his own world of life and thought, was well conceived and carefully worked out by the author. Mr. McGregor had a thorough grasp of the rôle, and his presentation was admirable.

There was a subdued tone about the entire performance, which evidenced a fostering care and solicitude on some one's part—Mr. Bacon's probably—to preserve the idyllic Southern atmosphere of the play unmarred. The attempt succeeded and the audience abandoned itself with quiet pleasure to the charm of atmosphere and sentiment so remote from "the fever called living" through which we are struggling. This is not to say that there was anything remarkable about the performance, but it was in keeping. There were some minor members of the company whose rawness and histrionic gawkiness excited the youthful intolerance of a couple of neighbors, who groaned slightly at each of their appearances, and confided to each other their convictions that the offending players were "ferce." But generally speaking the performance was good. Izetta Jewell I did not know, forgetting that the leading lady has always played the part of Mrs. Page. But there is something about the accustomed heart-break in a leading lady's tones which always catches the trained ear, and in spite of the glacial love scene in the third act, due partly, I think, to the ultra-restraint of Wilfred Roger, and partly to the author's solicitude to preserve the quiet sentiment of the piece, Miss Jewell shows signs of being a player of taste and discernment.

Frank Bacon and A. Burt Wesner made a likable pair of the Colonel and the Squire, and Bessie Bacon played prettily the rôle of Cary Preston, "the Alabama blossom." It is a rôle that must be welcome to the ingénue of a company for the opportunity it affords for prominence and stage centers, and, conversely, I do not believe that leading ladies take kindly to the comparatively unimportant part of Mrs. Page. But we in the audience should never quarrel with

that element of naturalness in a play which denies the limelight to one central figure. In real life only Bonapartes, Pompadours, and a few rebels against tradition and convention that are bathed in the fierce white light that beats upon a celebrity, the rest of the world being forced to content themselves with the most fugitive transits across the stage centers of existence.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Rosenthal Concerts.

Musical circles both here and across the bay are anxiously awaiting the appearance of Moriz Rosenthal, in some respects the most marvelous pianist living and one who possesses individuality in the highest degree. So great is the demand already that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to give three concerts here in place of two, as originally announced. The dates will be Thursday evening, February 28 (his only evening concert), and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, March 2 and 3, at Christian Science hall, corner Sacramento and Scott Streets. The programmes will be exceptionally interesting. The prices will be \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, and seats will be on sale next Saturday morning, February 23, at Kohler & Chase's, corner of Franklin and Sutter Streets, and also at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Van Ness Avenue, just above California Street, where complete programmes may be obtained.

Mail orders addressed to Will L. Greenbaum may be sent to either box-office, but to receive attention must have money order or check enclosed.

The Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum for next week will include Charles E. Evans, the famous comedian of Evans and Hoey "Parlor Match" fame, who is now making his first vaudeville tour in a one-act farce by George Arliss, named "It's Up to You, William." His company includes Elizabeth Barry, Helena Phillips, Louise Skillman, and Charles H. Hopper. The other new people will be the Four Rianos, animal actors, grotesque acrobats, and pantomimists; Cameron and Flanagan, in "On and Off," a behind-the-scenes skit; Allan Shaw, palmist and coin and card manipulator, and Shields and Rogers, in their exhibition of lassoing. Eleanor Falke, the singing comedienne; the Bedouin Arabs; Nellie Beaumont and Company; the Lasky-Rolfe Quintette, and new motion pictures will complete the entertainment. The success of the daily matinees is so great that it has been wisely concluded to make them a permanent institution.

The Singing Girl.

Sunday night will terminate the two weeks' successful run of "The Princess Chic," at the American Theatre. This delightful comic opera has been the means of attracting large and representative audiences to the Market Street playhouse during the period of its clever presentation by the San Francisco Opera Company.

Monday night, February 18, will see the beginning of a two weeks' run of the beautiful comic opera, "The Singing Girl," the book of which is by Harry B. Smith, the libretto by Stanislaus Stange, and the music by Victor Herbert. This is the opera in which Alice Neilson scored her first and greatest success, and everything will be done in the San Francisco Opera Company's presentation to attain the efficiency which has always marked its success.

"Salome" at the Colonial Theatre.

Manager Kurtzig, of the Colonial, offers San Francisco its first view of Oscar Wilde's much-talked-of tragedy, "Salome," as he has announced the work for the coming week at the McAllister Street playhouse. The drama has been the chief topic of conversation in theatrical gossip for weeks, the recent tumult in the Metropolitan Opera House management coming from the production of Richard Strauss's opera, which is Wilde's tragedy with musical accompaniment. It is safe to say that the Colonial Theatre presentation will attract more attention than any other production of the season, and few play-goers will care to miss it.

"The Virginian" at the Novelty Theatre.

Dustin Farnum, with a strong supporting company, is playing a highly successful season at the Novelty Theatre, presenting "The Virginian." The play runs all next

AMUSEMENTS.

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

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"THE SINGING GIRL"

Book by Harry B. Smith Music by Victor Herbert

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"Salome"

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Bargain Matinee Wednesday, 25c all over the house.

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Second and last week begins SUNDAY NIGHT

Special Matinee Sunday—Regular Matinee Saturday

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in the dramatization of Owen Wister's story of the plains

The Virginian

Next attraction—Creston Clarke in

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ROSENTHAL

"The Devil Incarnate of the Piano,"—Hugs H'elf.

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SACRAMENTO and SCOTT.

Thursday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:15—Saturday afternoon,

March 2, at 2:30—Sunday afternoon, March 3, at 2:30.

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MARCH 1. Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

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VANITY FAIR.

The two leading American hostesses of the London season will be Mrs. Chauncey of Brooklyn and Mrs. Q. C. Glasgow of Richmond, Va. Mrs. Cloman will also do her share of entertaining. Mrs. Cloman is about to be presented at Court by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. She is the wife of Captain Cloman, the new military attaché at the American embassy and is immensely wealthy.

Common gossip has found a wife for Prince Arthur of Connaught, nephew and special favorite of King Edward. Lady Marjorie Manners is said to have captured the princely heart, although the king objected to the match on the ground that both the parties chiefly concerned are too poor to set up housekeeping on the scale that would be required of them. Lady Marjorie, who is a young woman of resource as well as of diplomacy, thereupon proposed to make both ends meet by opening a linen establishment wherein she would doubtless have done a thriving trade. Needless to say the king capitulated with the honors of war and promised to have another search in the royal stocking with a view to finding the necessary coin.

Lady Marjorie Manners is the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, who obtained immortal fame by writing

Let Art and Science, Laws and Commerce die,
But keep alive our old nobility.

It is true he perpetrated these lines a long time ago, but the public memory is tenacious of a good thing.

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., is said to be troubled in her mind because her eldest son has announced his intention of joining the British army. His late grandfather had other ideas for him. He hoped to see his grandson at the head of the biggest commercial enterprise of its kind in the world, but a mistake was made when the boys were sent to Rugby where they would naturally become saturated with ideas the reverse of commercial and perhaps the reverse of American.

Señor Corea, the Nicaraguan minister, is to marry Miss India Belle Fleming, a Washington society beauty, and the daughter of Colonel Robert I. Fleming. It will be remembered that Señor Corea's former engagement to Mrs. Jordan was broken off because of stories that his blood was not of the pure Caucasian tint that is so essential.

The elopement of Reed Knox, the son of Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, and Bessie McCook of New York provided Washington with the sensation of a day. The young people went away in an automobile and were married in Christ Episcopal Church, but why they should choose this unconventional mode of marriage remains still to be explained. They have been recognized as lovers for a long time past and the parental omens were auspicious, although Senator Knox had suggested to his son that it might be well for him to wait awhile until he was able to support a wife. Hard-hearted fathers have always talked thus and sons have always resented such cold practicalities as intolerable, but in this instance young Knox cut the Gordian knot for himself and started on his matrimonial pilgrimage by the automobile route. There was no need to ask for the parental pardon, although no doubt the drama was carried out to the last and time-honored scene. Senator Knox had the pardon all ready. He said that, "The fact is, having looked a little into this matter, I have discovered that I have by a very simple process become possessed of a mighty fine daughter, and have my son just as before. What is that? I have been spared the trouble of a big, formal wedding. You can say that everything is forgiven, so far as I am concerned, with eminent satisfaction."

The bride is 21 years old, petite, and with auburn hair, and she is just out of school.

Marmaduke, writing to his "dear lady Betty," in *London Truth*, describes a new mechanical departure which might well be adopted in place of the inanities so common at society functions. Having been invited to dine with a peer of the realm, he says: "On entering the dining-room, I perceived a row of gramophones occupying a place where formerly stood the side-

board, and I presently discovered that a number of levers in front of the host enabled his lordship to control each instrument. We had scarcely sat down before Lord ——— lowered a lever, and a gramophone at once began to repeat in a loud voice several excellent stories—some obviously composed for the occasion, and others so old that few but the moderately well-read could have known them before.

"His lordship later explained to us one especial merit the new system possessed—namely, that it rendered it unnecessary to invite clever people to the house. He now merely pays those objectionable persons a fee to invent stories and repeat them to the record, which latter afterwards retells them through the instrument. Intelligence is a peculiarly offensive form of vulgarity.

"By the time we had finished the fish, all the guests exhibited the first symptoms of talkativeness. Some had ventured to remark that the weather was bad; others had inquired of their neighbors if the latter had seen some particular play; an ex-Secretary of State had expressed the hope that the lady to his right had not yet had an attack of influenza this year, and had found the observation so successful that he had immediately expressed the same hope to the lady on his left. One of our most prominent millionaires, however, had scored the greatest success of the entertainment—so far as the latter had gone—by dropping two 'h's' in one sentence, a performance which proved his claim to that respect which only the uneducated rich are entitled to command.

"Our host promptly reversed the first lever and lowered the one by its side, and at once another gramophone repeated a series of waltzes which had been played into the instrument by the massed bands of the Guards. Had an eighty-one ton gun been fired in the hall not a single guest could have heard the report, so loud was the performance. This increased enormously the self-confidence of each one of us, so much so, indeed, that my neighbor acquired sufficient courage to ask me if I was going on to a reception after dinner, if I was fond of dancing, and if I knew the latest millionaire whose successful manipulations of other people's money have earned for him the admiration of every well-disposed person."

A society writer asks: When will women learn that to eat and drink moderately, take plenty of exercise, and every possible bit of fresh air they can get, is the way to do their very best by their faces and figures?

There is a perfect craze for slender figures just now, induced, of course, largely by the incoming of the Princess Empire gown.

Almost every woman one knows is doing something—dieting, being masked, and worrying herself over her weight, which positively declines to get less. These are the days of the figure, the face taking a secondary place because it is on the figure that our sex depends for style, and we are worshippers of style in these days. We have figures on our minds badly enough, and with some it is actually an obsession.

Dining at a smart restaurant the other night we noticed that several women sent away course after course, almost untouched, and dined apparently, on fillet of beef unaccompanied. The waiters showed much concern, the head waiter looked downhearted, the men of the party conscientiously covered the shortcomings of the ladies and watched us with favor consuming the good things the chefs had provided.

The others were dieting, and one was hilarious because in three months she had got rid of six pounds in weight; another was depressed because her abstinence was having no effect, and a third was better in health and bigger in person.

They were really all rather funny; they weighed themselves twice a day, and kept a register like a temperature chart and in their treatment studied what really was the best thing for them.

Still, they were none of them sylph-like, though each had quite a nice form.

By the death of Sir Henry de Bathe, the father-in-law of Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Hugo Gerald de Bathe, Mrs. Langtry's husband, succeeds to the title, so that the famous actress will henceforth have the right to be addressed as Lady de Bathe. But we shall not like her any more under the new name.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

There is a general expectation that King Oscar of Sweden intends to abdicate the throne in favor of Crown Prince Gustaf. June 6 is mentioned as a probable date, as this will be his golden wedding anniversary.

Lloyd C. Griscom, late minister to Tokio and the successor of Henry White as Ambassador to Italy, has arranged to take over the lease of the Del Drago Palace at Rome, now occupied by Mr. White. Mr. Griscom will assume his new post about March 4.

John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston, is editor of the *Republic*, a weekly religious newspaper. He is a Harvard graduate, popular alike with workmen and business men, as his successive terms in the Massachusetts Senate and in Congress have given evidence.

James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., is a rival of Andrew Carnegie in the giving away of libraries. He has been doing this for years. His libraries are smaller than Carnegie's gifts and are given to small communities, to ministers and educators who cannot afford to purchase them.

Ludwig Fulda, one of the greatest German dramatists, who visited America some time ago, has been sending advance copies of his "Impressions" to friends in this country, and these impressions are said to be written in a more laudatory vein probably than any other foreigner who has ever toured the new world.

William Keith, one of the most widely known California artists, has been exhibiting in London. Mr. Keith lost his studio and all that it contained in the fire in San Francisco, but immediately set to work as

if nothing had happened. The paintings shown in London were painted since that calamity, and this was their first exhibition.

Private information at Washington indicates that Rear Admiral Evans ("Fighting Bob") will soon ask to be retired from active service in the navy because of ill health. Thus far Admiral Evans has not applied for a transfer to the retired list. President Roosevelt is anxious that he should remain in charge of the Atlantic fleet, although his cruise of two years will expire this spring. He will not reach the statutory age for retirement for two years.

At an exhibition recently in New York at the National Arts Club, the Century Company showed some remarkable wood engravings by Timothy Cole, one of the very few men whose skill has been able to keep this art of reproduction from being supplanted entirely by the much less expensive mechanical processes. Mr. Cole's work practically consists wholly of engraving from Italian, Dutch, Flemish, English and Spanish painters, mainly old masters. For some time after Mr. Cole became an engraver he lived in Bath Beach, L. I. There, as the older residents remember, two crippled boys were his care and companions, and if he went out into the country with one of them and the boy became tired he would mount him pickaback, and thus the odd looking couple would make their way home. A board for bed; water, nuts, and fruit his fare for years; not only face but head clean shaven, and dressed in blue jeans, Mr. Cole impresses stranger and acquaintance as an odd mixture of priest and farmer. When wood engraving was a prosperous profession he had many pupils. Twenty-four years ago he went to Europe, and there he has remained, executing within that time some 175 wood engravings of the schools referred to.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Professor Brander Matthews tells of an undergraduate student of science who was asked: "What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body?" The youth hesitated a moment, and then responded: "The result would be some very interesting by-products."

From one of the big ranches in the San Joaquin Valley an elderly workman, not addicted to vacations, recently made a trip to San Francisco. The postmaster on his return said to him, employing a word needlessly complex and long: "Well, Jabez, how did you like the metropolis?" "Wot say?" asked the old man. "How did you like the metropolis?" he repeated. "Twan't open," said he.

Entertaining a children's party at a certain millionaire's house in New York, Miss Shedlock, a professional teller of stories to juveniles, happened to employ the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." A little boy questioned the proverb promptly. "But wasn't the worm foolish," he asked, "to get up early and be caught?" "My dear," said Miss Shedlock, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was just getting home."

In a recent biography it is related that Talleyrand, sent across the channel on the matter of a diplomatic question between England and France, learned there that the French king had been deposed and that his mission was prematurely at an end. He had not been very favorably received. The queen had turned her back on him when presented at St. James's. "She did quite right," said Talleyrand, afterward. "Her majesty is very ugly."

When the Indiana Legislature mine investigating committee began its sittings, one of the first things Senator Cavins (the chairman) did was to order a large bottle of water, that those who spoke might not thirst. "Did you say water, Senator?" queried Representative Johnson, a member of the committee. "Water may be the correct drink, but the committee hasn't been consulted and I am opposed to any sumptuary legislation on the part of the chairman."

On one occasion his caustic wit cost Wilde a lucrative and sorely needed position. It was shortly after Wilde's Oxford days that he called by appointment upon a very noble duke who required a tutor for his two sons. He was a very great duke, with a very high opinion of himself, and his manner so jarred Wilde that when asked: "And would you—ah—would you expect to eat with the family?" he snapped out, "That would depend altogether on how the family behaved at meals."

Mrs. Hetty Green, in an interview in New York, has condemned the excesses of modern society. "And with all these excesses," she said, "with all these swimming parties and monkey dinners and horse teas, what is the result? A fashionable hostess greeted a young man at a dance, 'So glad to see you,' she said, 'But where is your brother? Why didn't he come, too?' 'He couldn't,' the young man explained. 'Only one of us could come. So we tossed up for it.' 'Tossed up! How delightful!' cried the hostess. 'And you won't!' The young man yawned and answered absently: 'No; I lost.'"

Senator Clay tells of a negro who was elected a justice of the peace in Georgia during reconstruction times. His first case was one where the defendant asked for a trial by jury. The negro justice presided with great dignity while the witnesses were examined and the lawyers summed up. Then everybody waited for him to charge the jury. He did not know what to do. Finally a friendly lawyer leaned over the bench and said: "Charge the jury! This is the time to charge the jury." The justice arose and looked at the jury. "Gentlemen ob de jury," he said, "dis yer's a mighty small case an' I'll only charge you-all a dollar an' a half apiece."

A statute forbids the burial of human bodies in the city of Albany. Bishop Doane, it is said, was very anxious to have

passed a special act permitting the interment of his remains, when he should die, in the cathedral at Albany. After quite a struggle the good man succeeded in getting his act passed by the law-makers, but what was his astonishment and chagrin to observe a most extraordinary provision in the text. After the usual verbiage there was a clause that ran something like this. "We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the cathedral at Albany. This act to take effect immediately."

A congressman on a visit to New York the other day called on an old friend, an alderman, down town. While they were chatting an Italian couple came in and asked in broken English if the alderman would unite them in marriage. The alderman performed the ceremony, and, after accepting the modest fee, politely handed the bride an umbrella. The congressman observed the proceedings gravely, and, after the couple went out asked: "Do you always do that, Charles?" "Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes." "No, I mean give the bride a present." "A present! Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the alderman. "No, it was mine," replied the congressman, sadly.

A physician who has for fifteen years been one of the doctors of the Actors' Fund and who has attended hundreds of actors with no compensation whatever, wrote recently to a prominent manager and asked for some theatre tickets. His request was refused, the manager asking what the doctor had ever done that he should be entitled to receive theatre tickets gratis. The physician immediately replied. His letter contained a brief recital of his services to theatrical people. In conclusion he said: "Despite my services, as named above, I should not have thought of asking you for tickets had it not been that upon the occasion of the death of Mr. Blank you assured me that if you could ever serve me in any way whatever you would consider it a favor if I would call upon you. However, I bear you no ill will on account of your present action. I was very glad to attend Mr. Blank when he died in your box-office, and I should be happy to do as much for you at any time."

A poor man went about in Nebraska looking for work. He obtained a job in a village sawing wood. The sawyer interested his employer, and finally confessed the reason of his poverty. He was an inventor, and had spent his substance on a device to keep horses off barbed-wire fences. The idea seemed promising to the Nebraskan, and he finally paid \$2000 for the right to sell the device in his State. The sample was sent later. It was a signboard to be hung on the fence, and read as follows:

NOTICE TO HORSES.

Dangerous—Keep Away!

With the signboard came a pair of spectacles for the use of near-sighted horses!

A hotel man in New Hampshire was surprised to see one of his women guests come down stairs several nights running, fill her pitcher from the water cooler in the hall, and return quietly to her room again. Accordingly, on the fourth or fifth night, he approached her politely, took the pitcher from her hands, and filled it himself. If you would ring, madam," he said, "this would be always done for you. There is no occasion for you ever to come down yourself for water." And he carried the pitcher up to her room for her, and pointed to the bell beside her bed. "That is the bell," he said. The lady started in surprise. "That the bell," she exclaimed. "Why, the bellboy told me that was the fire alarm, and I wasn't to touch it on any account except in case of fire."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Helen Meiggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peveril Meiggs, of Santa Barbara, to Frederick Thompson, of this city, took place on Saturday, February 2, in El Paso, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are now the guests of the bride's parents, in Santa Barbara, but will later come here.

The members of the Burlingame Club celebrated Mardi Gras with a *bal masque* at their club house. About two hundred members and guests were present.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Jennie Crocker. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Barbara Parrott, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Jeannette von Schroeder, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Alice Herrin, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. Stuart Lowery, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Dr. Biddle, U. S. N., Mr. George Cadwalader, and Mr. Percy King.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at their home, on Broadway. Twelve guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Peixotto, Dr. H. J. Stewart and Miss Frances Stewart entertained at a costume dinner on Thursday of last week at the Stewart home, on California Street. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bruguiere, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Mr. Joseph Eastland, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. George de Long, and Mr. Frank Goad.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Fourteen guests were present.

Mrs. William R. Sherwood was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Saturday last in honor of Mrs. Armsby. Those present were: Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, and Mrs. H. F. Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a bridge party on Thursday evening of last week at their home, on Washington Street. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. James Robinson, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Mrs. Edward Pond entertained eleven tables of guests at bridge on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall was the hostess at a bridge party on Saturday last at which she entertained a number of guests.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge entertained forty guests at bridge at her home, on Franklin Street, on Friday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. G. P. Reynolds entertained at a tea on Wednesday of last week at her home, on Yerba Buena, in honor of Mrs. James H. Bull. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Arthur Marix, Mrs. Charles P. Perkins, Mrs. C. C. Fewell, Mrs. Katharine Shirley, and Mrs. Wilbur Flagg.

Miss Margaret Postlethwaite entertained at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Bradford Darrach.

Mrs. Harrison Smith entertained on Monday of last week at an informal tea.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan will go down shortly to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, whose wedding was recently celebrated

in London, have gone to Egypt for a two months' stay.

Mrs. William S. Tevis has returned to her country place in Bakersfield, after spending several days in the city.

Mrs. A. S. Lilley will return in a few days from a three weeks' stay at Santa Barbara.

Count de la Rocca left early last week for his home in Paris, to spend several months.

Miss Florence Selby and Miss Edith Selby of Oakland, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year, have recently returned to America.

Mr. Harry Gillig arrived recently from the East and will spend several months here.

Mrs. James M. Allen has returned from a brief trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left on Tuesday of last week for Arizona, where he will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Robert J. Wood has gone to Monterey for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford have closed their San Mateo home temporarily and are spending a few months in the city.

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White and Miss Ethel Shorb have recently been the guests of Captain and Mrs. Bull at Yerba Buena Island.

Mr. Thomas Barbour has returned to San Francisco after a stay of several months in the East.

Mrs. James Cunningham arrived last week from the East on a fortnight business trip and is the guest of her sister, Miss Hale.

Mr. John A. Hooper, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Evelyn Norwood, and Miss Edna Hamilton have returned from a fortnight's stay in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John D. Tallant, Miss Elsie Tallant, and Miss Audrey Tallant left recently for Europe, where they will travel for nearly a year.

Miss Merrit Reid, who has been visiting in the East for several months past, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., will leave New York today for San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas returned to San Francisco this week after several months' stay in the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Baggett and Miss Nell Rose Baggett, who have recently returned from a trip to Tennessee, have taken a house on Pacific Avenue for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Hamilton, who have been the guests of Mayor and Mrs. Dunning at Burlingame for the past two months, are now in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne have returned from a stay abroad of several months' duration. They will reopen their country place at Mountain View shortly.

Mrs. Charles H. Poor, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her daughter, the wife of Colonel Maus, the commanding officer of the Monterey Presidio.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finn, the Rev. and Mrs. James E. Freeman, M. H. Thompson, R. R. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hale Lewis, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Blackwell, Mrs. F. S. Crawford and Miss Sadie Crawford, W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Belle-Oudry, J. M. Gardiner, Mrs. W. E. Dougherty, of Oakland; Mr. R. H. Wiles, Mrs. H. B. Sommers, Mr. J. M. Gingrich, Mr. P. D. Febb, of Chicago.

Mrs. L. P. Wiel and her son, Eli, left for Boston this week to visit relatives and friends for several weeks.

Captain L. E. Lyon, of 2811 College Avenue, Berkeley, left last Saturday evening for New York for a stay of a few weeks.

Mr. Eugene Korn left this week for a visit of a month in New York.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Dr. A. W. Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. G. X. Wendling, Mr. David Rich, Mr. R. R. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wilson, Mr. Ernest L. McCormick, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bates, of San Francisco; Dr. Louis Lohse, Dr. C. C. Shinnick, of Oakland.

The recent death of Colonel J. F. Y. Blake in New York by inhalation of gas, ends a picturesque career. He organized the famous Irish brigade in the Transvaal, helping the Boers in their three years' struggle against the British conquest. The colonel was the son of an Irishman, which explains his delight in fighting England. He was a West Pointer of the class of 1880, and he resigned from our army in 1889, after the Indian warfare was over, because in this country it seemed as if there would never be another war. Had he continued, the Spanish and Philippine conflicts might have given him the opportunities for military service under his own flag which his adventurous and warlike nature craved.

A Woman's Prayer.

Give me a heart to know the right,
To feel the truth's all-searching light
Shine o'er the dull, dread doubts of life
And bring out Duty, from the strife
Of self-love with my highest good
And noblest reach of womanhood!
But—turn the light, that I may win
The gift of blindness to my neighbor's sin.
—S. R. B.

San Francisco, Feb. 2, 1907.

The Paintings of Jules Pages.

The coming exhibition at Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, 1744 California Street, on February 20 of the pictures of Jules Pages ought to arouse more than the ordinary amount of interest usually displayed by San Franciscans in matters pertaining to art. Mr. Pages returns to us after ten years of hard work the proud possessor of the "Medaille d'Or du Salon," the first to be bestowed upon a Californian, and with the distinction of having his Salon picture of 1904 purchased by the French government to hang in the Luxembourg, which brought him the "Hors concours," which means "beyond competition," and entitles the holder to exhibit his work at the Salon without its passing the jury, an honor granted to but six Americans so far—Sargent, Seymour, Thomas Miller, of St. Louis, and Pages, of California. Not alone for all this, but for the rare merit, diversity of subjects, and masterly treatment of the thirty or more canvases that will comprise the exhibition, should genuine interest be aroused.

A recent visit to the *atelier* of his father in this city, who is also an artist well known during the time of Tavernier, Rix, Brooks, Robinson, Virgil Williams, and others, revealed the pictures that are about to be shown to the San Francisco public for the first time. There are several interiors of the homes of the people of Brittany and Holland, modest and homely subjects, no doubt, but treated in a mellow chiaroscuro that is satisfying and delightful to the lover of quiet color. In direct contrast, painted in a manner entirely different, brilliant with sunlight, the sands glistening with the moisture of the waves, are three or four pictures of children at play on the seashore along the coast of Brittany. There are, also, delightful bits of the canals of Venice, several sunlit gardens in the vicinity of Rome, studies of a few figures of the female nude, painted in studio interiors, and last, but not least, some sketches of "old Chinatown" in San Francisco, of an added value now as remembrances of a portion of our old city that is now a mass of ruins.

It is to be hoped that the exhibition will prove a success financially to the artist who has returned to us a credit to his native city. Upon the encouragement given him, in this, the first exhibition of his own work in San Francisco, will depend the length of his stay, which even if it were of but a few months' duration, could not help but be beneficial to the cause of art, by the opportunity given the student to study the methods and works of Jules Pages.

ADA ROMER SHAWHAN.

Miners get \$4 per day at Goldfield, says the *Bullfrog Miner*, carpenters \$6, painters \$6 and \$6.50, clerks per month \$75 to \$90 stenographers per week \$30 to \$50, mine superintendents per day \$10 to \$30, waiters per day \$4, bartenders \$7.50. Rooms rent from \$25 to \$40 per month, and board costs from \$1 to \$3 per day.

At the beginning of the new year there were in London thirty-two West End and thirty-five suburban theatres, and sixty-four West End and suburban music halls—all within sight of St. Paul's.

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.


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The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace"

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers



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Seagoing Gasoline Schooner Yacht LILIAN. Most Magnificent Pleasure Boat on the Pacific Coast. Owner being unable to use same for year or more prefers to sell rather than have yacht remain idle. Dining room and galley on deck; four large staterooms, saloon and bathroom below deck all finished in mahogany. Yacht is completely found in every respect, and everything is in excellent condition. Further particulars of FRANK N. TANDY, 24 Market St., San Francisco.

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Automatic Heat Regulation. Perfect Combustion

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Joseph B. Girard, Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Crittenden, U. S. A., who was ordered transferred on January 26 from the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., to the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., was retired at his own request after thirty years' service, on January 31.

Captain B. F. Tilly, U. S. N., was recently in Washington, D. C., undergoing examination for promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

Captain Charles Plummer Perkins, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as commanding officer of the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Major Manly B. Curry, Pay Department, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines and ordered to proceed to San Francisco, and thence to New York City, for duty.

Major Zerah W. Torrey, U. S. A., Inspector-General, Pacific Division, has gone on his annual tour of inspection of the Department of Columbia, and will be absent for two or three months.

Captain Walter L. Clarke, Signal Corps, U. S. A., Benicia barracks, has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for one month's additional leave.

Captain Lawrence D. Cabell, U. S. A., recently promoted from First Lieutenant, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the Quartermaster's Department. Captain Cabell is ordered to report in person to the Depot Quartermaster at San Francisco for temporary duty as his assistant and as assistant to the General Superintendent, Army Transport Service.

Captain John A. Murtagh, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., who was granted one month's leave of absence, has had that leave extended one month.

Captain Charles W. Farr, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered from the Division Hospital, Manila, to San Francisco for treatment.

Lieutenant John M. Craig, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is at the Presidio of San Francisco awaiting orders before joining his regiment in Colorado.

Lieutenant Dennis P. Quinlan, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Army General Hospital, Presidio, of San Francisco, for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Benjamin B. McCroskey, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Alcatraz, has been transferred to the Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Fielding L. Poindexter, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Fork Union Military Academy, Fork Union, Virginia, and will proceed there for duty.

Lieutenant George O. Duncan, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, at such time as he may designate for examination by the board.

Nominations for promotion in the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., sent to the Senate on January 31 include Major E. T. Brown, U. S. A.; Major Adam Slaker, U. S. A.; Major Henry H. Ludlow, U. S. A.; Captain Harry L. Hawthorne, U. S. A.

Troop K, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, U. S. A., commanding, has gone to Boise Barracks, Idaho, for station.

The Presidio Club held a meeting recently at which the following officers were elected: President, Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A.; Chief Quartermaster Department of California; Secretary and Treasurer, Captain Solomon Avery, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; directors: Captain James F. Brady, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Charles C. Pulsis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Daniel W. Hand, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

The bachelor officers of the Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., gave a large ball on Tuesday evening last in the newly completed barracks building on Alcatraz Island.

Five nations will enter the balloon contest in St. Louis next October for the James Gordon Bennett Cup. The United States will defend the cup, and the others are France, Germany, Spain and England. Each nation will be represented by three aeronauts, so that there will be at least fifteen balloons in the contest. Italy and Belgium were represented in the contest last year, but neither of these nations has so far signified a purpose to enter the race this fall.

Artists at Del Monte.

For some time there has been talk of utilizing the wall space of the large ball-room of Hotel Del Monte for an exhibition of representative work of California artists. A number of the wielders of the brush were invited to spend a few days at the hotel and further discuss the matter. Several meetings were held, a committee of artists now settled near Monterey was selected to superintend changes to be made in the wall decoration, etc., and a jury was chosen to pass upon work sent in, so that the exhibit might be kept up to a high standard. The party were entertained throughout their stay, one evening they being the guests of Mr. A. D. Shepard at dinner, given in one of the private rooms. Those who sat about the table were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fonda, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. Holden Warner, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Hoffman, Miss Florence Lundberg, Miss Anna Frances Briggs, Miss Isabel Hunter, Miss Evelyn McCormack, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Miss Bryan, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Charles Rollo Peters, Xavia Martinez, Eugene Neuhaus, C. Chapel Judson, G. Cadenasso, and his son Leone Cadenasso.

During the intense cold of the mid-winter wild animals from the mountains were forced down to the settlements for food, writes an Afton, Va., correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and adds this strange account: Mrs. James Ingram late on Thursday afternoon started for the home of a neighbor, carrying her baby. It was agreed that her husband should meet her at a fence near a small body of woods, take the child, and go with her the rest of the way. The woman started later than she intended, and it was dark and cold when she reached the fence, where she saw, dimly, a figure on the other side. She called her husband by name and handed over the infant. To her astonishment the figure disappeared without a word, taking the baby with it. Next morning the tracks of an immense bear were found leading on through the woods and upward toward the mountain. No sign was even seen of the infant.

Madame Calvé, as well known in New York as in Paris, produced a sensation during her recent professional visit to Dresden. Just as a performance of "Carmen" was drawing to a close the audience became painfully aware of an altercation between the great cantatrice and the German tenor. Surprise gave way to something like panic when the lady was distinctly heard to use a word that is more particularly associated with the last defiance hurled at the English soldiers by General Cambronne on the field at Waterloo. The sensibilities of the King of Saxony were so shocked that he immediately left the theatre and on the following day Madame Calvé received a pointed intimation from the police that her room would be preferred to her company. Free license in language, even from the lips of an operatic star, is not to be tolerated by the musical circles of Dresden.

It is related of General Sterling Price that he once stopped at an humble cabin in Missouri and asked for supper. The good wife of the house was thrown into a flutter of excitement over entertaining her distinguished guest, and profuse with apologies for the not very tempting menu, consisting of corn dodgers, boiled collards, and wheat coffee sweetened with sorghum. The hungry officer ate heartily of the coarse food, but not relishing the over-sweet coffee, passed his cup, saying: "Not quite so much molasses, please." "The idee!" gasped the loyal hostess. "Catch me skimpin' your sweetenin'"—as she tilted the molasses jug upward while amber ropes of sweetenin' overflowed cup and saucer and threatened disaster to the spotless homespun cloth. "Why" (enthusiastically) "that coffee would be none too good for General Price if 'twas all molasses!"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Atherton's now classic suggestion to the editor of the *London Times* that he should go where the weather is warmer than it is in the Klondike, she has been asked by that journal to write the biography of Alexander Hamilton in its new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." This shows the editor to be very forgiving or very clever.

Lenten Oratorio Presentation.

Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" will be sung by the choir of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, at a special oratorio evening, Thursday, February 28. It is believed that this will be the first production in California of this important choral work. The music of this great composition by the most famous Bohemian composer is very difficult, and the choir has been working upon it assiduously since last August. For this occasion the chorus will be augmented by the addition of a number of prominent soloists of Oakland and San Francisco, who have been invited to participate. The solo parts will be sung by Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano; Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto; Mr. Carl Anderson, tenor; and Mr. Henry L. Perry, bass. The presentation will be under the direction of Mr. Alexander Stewart, with Miss Virginie de Fremery as organist. Members of other choirs and choral organizations around the bay will be specially invited to attend.

When Miss Mary Cassatt was named among the beneficiaries of President Alexander J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad the other day, comparatively few persons associated the late railway magnate with the noted woman artist whom Paris has placed near Whistler and Sargent as the only American ambassadress at the supreme court of art. President Cassatt was her brother, and was scarcely more distinguished in the railway than she is in the art world. By a curious coincidence a score of her latest and, according to the Paris dictum, finest paintings reached this country for private exhibition the day that President Cassatt died. Miss Cassatt has a strong predilection for pictures of child life, and has painted many that will be valued more and more highly as the years go by.

Ex-Governor Frank W. Higgins, of New York, died at his home in Olean, February 12. Mr. Higgins was 38 years of age before he received his first political office, when he became a State Senator. He served three terms and was then elected Lieutenant-Governor for the term of 1905-07. During his term as Governor, the insurance scandal and banking scandals combined to break down his health. When the Republican convention at Saratoga was discussing the nomination for a second term, Governor Higgins refused to be a candidate. It was thought at the time that the White House dictated the move. Now it seems it was really the Governor's bad health.

T. W. Hobron, ex-commandore of the Hawaii Yacht Club, is in the city and is enthusiastic over the prospects of another ocean yacht race from this coast to the islands. The race of last year, which was won by the schooner Lurline, owned and sailed by Commodore Sinclair, of the South Coast Yacht Club, was held under the auspices of the Honolulu yachtsmen and proved a success, but the enthusiasts are looking forward to a much better race next time. The event will be held in 1908, and will be handled by the South Coast Yacht Club, of Los Angeles.

Congressman Englebright of California has had passed in the House of Representatives a bill introduced by his predecessor, Governor Gillett. The measure proposes to amend the act creating the California Debris Commission by providing that where it shall appear to the commission that hydraulic mining may be carried on without damage to navigable rivers and lands adjacent thereto, an order may be issued authorizing such mining to be carried on without requiring the construction of any restraining or impounding works or any settling reservoirs.

Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff, violinists, will appear here early in April in some novel concerts. Rarely heard work for two violins will be a special feature, and at the Greek Theatre they will be heard in Mozart's concerto for violin, viola, and orchestra, Mrs. Petschnikoff playing the violin part and Mr. Petschnikoff the viola.

Annie Russell, with the entire cast and the elaborate production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will soon start for a tour through the West, including San Francisco. The production will be taken in its entirety, by special train, exactly as seen at the Astor Theatre, New York.

A Mule of Parts.

The sick mule, says the *Sahetha*, Kan., *Herald*, in reviewing an amateur performance of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," was composed of Wayne Kimmel as the front legs and Willie Bell as the hind legs. Now, the question is, which showed the greater histrionic art, the front legs or the back legs? The front legs were certainly very sympathetic and showed a fine conception of the character being portrayed. Still, the back legs were easy and natural, and entered into the part with a vim and abandon that made one instinctively pat the mule on the back in a conciliatory manner before passing behind the animal. The hind legs were so perfect in action that it seemed a shame that they could not turn around and how during the applause. But the front legs divided honors with the back legs in every respect, and it was equally unfortunate that the front legs could not bow to the applause. We do not want to have it understood that we wish to have the back legs cast a shadow over the front legs. Both front and back legs were fine and dandy. In delivery the hind legs may have just a shade the best of it, but this is natural, as the hind legs are supposed to be the business end. The front legs were *par excellence* in gesture, expressing with fine delicacy what was supposed to transpire with the back legs. The back legs would then take up the cue and get in its work. It was superb. It was grand. Neither front nor back legs could have been a better actor.

Blanche Walsh, the well-known actress, has just invented and patented a punctureless tire for automobile wheels. The new tire is made up of highly tempered steel springs in the shape of circular bands that fit over a solid tire.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Miss Gabber was so cold yesterday she could not speak." "Aw, g'wan!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Father—Why did you run away, Franz?
Franz—Because mamma was so unkind.
Father—That is no reason. Do I run away?—*Wiener Caricaturen.*

"That hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago. Had it pressed twice and exchanged it once for a new one at a café."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Miss Passy—Oh, it's very good of you, Captain, to invite me for the first waltz.
The Captain—Don't mention it, ma'am. This is a Charity Ball.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Mrs. A—That woman next door bought a hat exactly like mine. *Mr. A*—Didn't it make you mad? *Mrs. A*—Not a bit; I gave mine to her cook.—*Illustrated Bits.*

"Where shall we run in this item about Senator Graft's retirement?" the reporter asked. "Under 'Public Improvements,'" said the news editor.—*Los Angeles Times.*

His Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her?
Her Father—Just between you and me, my dear, I don't know her yet.—*Chicago News.*

Borrowers—By the way, Knox, did I leave my umbrella at your office yesterday?
Knox—You left an umbrella, but I don't know whether it was yours or not.—*Chicago News.*

Nan—How attentive young Mr. Allgawn is to his pretty wife! *Fan*—I don't wonder you notice it, but you must have been misinformed. They are not married yet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed "as one vast plain"? *Smart Student*—The one that works in a gunpowder mill.—*Chums.*

Gladys—I am going to buy an automobile and I want you to go along and help me select one. *Cousin Jack*—Not for me, little girl. Why, I even wouldn't pick you out a husband.—*Puck.*

"Is your family entertaining this season?" inquired the society devotee. "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls seem kind of amusing to me, but everybody else seems to take 'em seriously."—*Washington Star.*

"There are times when machinery seems almost human." "Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline. "I am frequently unable to be sure whether I am fooling with my automobile or it is fooling with me."—*Washington Star.*

"Now that my wife is doing the cooking herself she can accomplish with \$10 worth of food twice as much as our late cook did." "You don't say?" "Yes; at any rate I get twice as much dyspepsia."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Clerk—You can't get a room here for that man; he's drunk. *Man (supporting a weary friend)*—That's all right; what of that? *Clerk*—This is a temperance hotel. *Man*—Well, he's too drunk now to know the difference.—*Army and Navy Life.*

"I learned that the performance was no good, so I did not get you the matinee tickets as you wished." "The fact that the show is no good doesn't alter the fact that I have a new dress to show off, does it?"—*Houston Post.*

"We come near lynching the wrong man yesterday," said Cactus Cal: "just ready to swing him off, too." "But just then you discovered the mistake, eh?" remarked the tourist. "What luck!" "Wuzn't it though? The worst I ever hear tell of."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mrs. Bacon—Pins are not used in China. Clothes are fastened with buttons and buttonholes, or with loops and frogs; and a person is considered untidy who resorts to such makeshifts as pins. *Mr. Bacon*—That's a good thing to know; a man can hug a girl with impunity in China.—*Non-keepers Statesman.*

First Dude—How is it that you get invitations to balls, parties, weddings, and other festivities? *Second Dude*—It is the simplest thing in the world, my dear fellow. When I suspect that any of my big-wig acquaintances are going to give one, I tell 'em I shall be out of town. They immediately say it is safe to invite me. They do so,

and, lo and behold! I bob up serenely. Strategy, my boy, strategy!—*Tid-Bits.*

"You have lived way out in the suburbs ever since I have known you." "Yes." "Isn't it inconvenient?" "Quite the opposite; you have no idea how many excuses a suburbanite can find for getting home late."—*Houston Post.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Financial.

Swift and straight as flight of crow,
Softly as the April snow,
Lightly as a word once spoken—
Melts a V when once it's broken.
—*The Bohemian.*

The Mystical Moment.

There was a young person named Tate,
Who invited a friend at 8.8.
They dined tête à tête,
So I can not relate
What Tate ate tête à tête at 8.8.
—*London Chronicle.*

More Fruit in Fiction.

Professor Van Dyke up at Princeton
Said to Churchill: "I really think, Winston,
That writing a story
Will bring you more glory
Than engaging in this fruitless business of trying
to defeat Burnham for the Senate."
—*The Gridiron Club.*

The Man Who Makes Epigrams.

Of pests that blight the one that's "bright!"
You'll find the worst of all.
He thinks his forte is small talk
And his talk indeed is small.
He boasts he's not "a Bromide,"
That his wit flows fresh and free,
And it's very free and very fresh,
If you are asking me.
His talk is small, his voice is large,
He brings the subjects 'round
So be may say how "the other day"
He said a thing profound.
He "fairly dotes on epigrams"
And says "such cutting things"—
At least he says he says them,
But doubt to us still clings.
But best we'd like his cutting words
He says were his retort.
If he'd make them still more cutting and
Forever cut them short.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A New Haven editor once hired an English reporter, whose first assignment was to a big fire in a near-by town. Arriving at the place, the reporter found great masses of flames pouring from the huge factory building. He seemed nonplussed, and didn't know what to do. Finally he sent back to the office this telegram: "Have arrived and the fire is burning fiercely. What shall I do?" Of course, he was sent to write up the fire, but as it was now too late for the afternoon edition, Mr. Troup said something under his breath, and sent back the following reply: "Find out where the fire is the hottest and jump in."

While dining with friends in Cambridge, Phillips Brooks described with much enthusiasm a college service he had recently attended. "It was an inspiration to see all those young men singing so heartily. Especially they seemed to throw their whole souls into the hymn:

'Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'

Even Dr. X., the president of the college, sang as if he felt the contagion of inspiration. "Dr. X. sang that?" broke in an incredulous listener. "Does Dr. X. believe that?" "Oh, no," replied Bishop Brooks, quickly, "he was merely asking for information."

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "is one of those old-fashioned railroaders. He began as a brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in a private car to inspect it he walks over it." "I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.—*Cleveland Press.*

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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11:00A	9:50A	1:05P	2:30P
1:45P	11:00A	2:30P	4:30P
1:45P	1:45P	4:30P	5:45P
Saturday	4:35P	5:45P	9:30P

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argoey and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leeds Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	8.00
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Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
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Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	6.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

STEAMSHIP LINES.

American Line	
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON	
St. Louis.....Feb. 23	New York.....Mar. 16
Philadelphia.....Mar. 2	St. Louis.....Mar. 23
PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL	
Merion.....Feb. 23	Noordland.....Mar. 16
Haverford.....Mar. 9	Friesland.....Mar. 23
Atlantic Transport Line	
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT	
Minnetonka.....Feb. 23	Minnebaha.....Mar. 23
Minneapolis.....Mar. 9	Mesaba.....Mar. 30
Holland-America Line	
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE	
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.	
Statendam Feb. 20, 10 a.m.	N. Amst'dam Mar. 20, 10 a.m.
Rydam, Feb. 27, 5 a.m.	Statendam Mar. 27, 10 a.m.
Noordam, Mar. 6, 10 a.m.	Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a.m.

Red Star Line	
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS	
Finland.....Feb. 20	Kronland.....Mar. 9
Zeeland.....Mar. 2	Vaderland.....Mar. 16

White Star Line	
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL	
Majestic.....Feb. 20	Baltic.....Mar. 13
Oceanic.....Feb. 27	Majestic.....Mar. 20
Teutonia.....Mar. 6	Cedric.....Mar. 22
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON	
*Adriatic.....May 22, 1 p.m.	June 19, July 17
Teutonic.....May 29, 10 a.m.	June 26, July 24
Oceanic.....June 5, 2 p.m.	July 3, July 31
Majestic.....June 12, 10 a.m.	July 10, Aug. 7
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Republic.....March 16, noon

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S. S. America Maru, Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1907

S. S. Nippon Maru, Wednesday, Mar. 13, 1907

S. S. Hong Kong Maru.....

.....Wednesday, April 10, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc.

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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1563.

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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New San Francisco.

It is nearly a year since our famous smash-up, and still there is no assured answer to the ten thousand—or ten million—questions which everybody is asking and has been asking since last April as to the future adjustments of the business activities of San Francisco. It will be remembered that as soon as our wholesale people could get their breath after the events of that fateful April week, the greater number established themselves collectively somewhere over in the district beyond the Third and Townsend Street station—just where few of us have had the curiosity or the physical hardihood to find out—and that they still remain here. Immediately following the fire what remained of our retail business gathered itself together in Fillmore Street, which from that time until now has remained the more popular centre of the city. Today, probably, Fillmore Street is more thronged than any other in the city, by a margin of at least twenty-five per cent., and possibly more. It is what upper Market Street used to be, in that it is im-

mensely active and prosperous, without being fashionable. Fillmore Street undeniably gets the crowd, but it is not attractive to what retail merchants style the carriage trade.

The more fashionable establishments were a little slow in coming together after the disaster, but they did come finally to a concerted movement which for the last few months has made Van Ness Avenue the centre of everything that is most brilliant in the shop life of the city. There have been plenty of buyers in San Francisco in the period which began about September last—buyers for the most costly silks and embroideries, for the best to be had in furniture and imported rugs, for books, for the most beautiful gowns, for silverware, for jewels—for everything, in short, which can contribute to taste, to fashion, or to luxury. Wherever the money has come from, there has at least been plenty of it, and the establishments which cater to luxury have never been more temptingly arrayed or more liberally patronized. Today there is not anywhere in the United States, except, perhaps, in New York City, a retail street more inviting in its offerings to the buyer with a full purse than Van Ness Avenue.

The Argonaut has believed from the first that in its final readjustments the first-class retail trade of San Francisco—and this is the trade which gives to every city its brilliance and tone, establishes its promenades and regulates the channels of its active life—would find itself in pretty much its old locations. We have believed that the large capital invested in Post Street, Geary Street, Sutter Street, and Grant Avenue properties would seek to reclaim its connections with the better sort of retail trade by providing for it promptly the facilities which it normally requires. We have believed that the instinct of old and well-known establishments, like the White House, Sloane's furniture store, Shreve's, the City of Paris, and a score of others, would coöperate with the energy of lot-owners to get back to the old stands. Not everybody, by any means, has held to this notion; for we have heard it constantly asserted that Van Ness Avenue has only been brought by the disaster to the character for which it has long been destined. It has been an opinion very widely entertained that retail business, having gotten itself established, even though as an emergency measure, nearer the best residence districts, would not return to the old streets. To go back, it has been argued, would be to move from a near point to a far point, to establish itself in the midst of a depopulated region and to come, at least for several years, in proximity to the noise, the confusion, and the dirt of reconstructive operations.

The matter is still under general discussion, but events, as we interpret them, are slowly working out, measurably, at least, in line with the Argonaut's expectations. The Palace Hotel is to be more magnificent than before on the historic site. The St. Francis Hotel, on Union Square, is not only being restored, but very much enlarged. The Shreve establishment is to occupy the beautiful building at Grant Avenue and Post Street, into which it had moved only a few weeks before the disaster. Even more significant, perhaps, of the future of our retail district is the arrangement just announced by which the White House, after a vain attempt to come to terms with the owners of its old location, at Post and Kearny Streets, has taken a twenty-year lease of the Sullivan property, at the southeast corner of Sutter Street and Grant Avenue. Mrs. Sullivan is to erect upon this property, which runs 275 feet on Sutter Street and 137½ on Grant Avenue, a four-story-and-basement structure, estimated to cost \$800,000, and to be devoted wholly to the uses of the White House. The land, exclusive of the building, is assumed to be worth a mil-

lion dollars, making a total investment of \$1,800,000. It is an interesting detail that the gross rental to be paid for this property in the twenty years' lease period will aggregate approximately \$2,500,000.

To one familiar with the instinct, the habit, and the general "values" of things, it appears inevitable that the location of these four establishments, or rather let us call them institutions—the Palace Hotel, the White House, Shreve's, and the St. Francis—will fix absolutely the main lines of the future retail district. Where Macgregor sits is the head of the table. Where these establishments are, there will come the others of their class—that class which makes the centre and core of the fashionable and brilliant life of the city.

Probably, we think, the change of the White House from Kearny Street to Grant Avenue will be an adverse fact with respect to the character of the former thoroughfare and a distinct aid to the latter. It will also help Sutter Street, and perhaps give it rank as the chief central east-and-west thoroughfare of San Francisco. It will make Sutter Street a rival upon equal terms with Post, which in recent times has had the better of the fashionable traffic. All these movements together, we think, will tend to bring the retail district in its centre a little to the west of Kearny Street. No doubt the owners of the old White House corner have adequate motives for declining to come to terms with Mr. Weill; but from the standpoint of the outsider, it looks as if they had lost a chance to hold their property to the old character. Incidentally their course has been a distinct and probably a fatal loss to Kearny Street. What the effect of the moving back of the retail district may have upon the fortunes of the new Palace Hotel is, of course, mere matter of speculation. It is to be remembered in this connection that the Palace Hotel has always been on the wrong side of Market Street, and that the St. Francis, in conjunction with the Fairmont, will tend to carry the line of hotel traffic further to the west than formerly. It is said that no city ever yet had enough hotel room, and we are not likely to make a new record in San Francisco. Probably there will be patronage more than enough for all our hotels, old and new, wherever they may be located.

The future of Van Ness Avenue is an interesting question. What Mr. Claus Spreckels thinks about it—and Mr. Spreckels has the reputation for thinking on very straight lines—is made manifest by the work now actively in progress of restoring his stately home. And yet, in spite of Mr. Spreckels's hopefulness, we can not believe that Van Ness will ever reestablish itself as a residence street. The frontage has become so immensely valuable as to be within the reach only of millionaires, and millionaires commonly prefer to quarter themselves in the newer districts, where fine views are to be had. For a time, probably, Van Ness will attempt to hold the fashionable retail trade, and when this trade abandons it, as we believe it surely will, this fine thoroughfare will, we think, become the home of churches, club houses, theatres, and of fashionable hotels, and apartments houses, of which the old Marie Antoinette and the St. Dunstan were the forerunners.

The splendid group of class A structures, of which the Crocker building, the Merchants' Exchange building, and the Spreckels building are typical examples, and which so far withstood the assaults of earthquake and fire as to be renewable, are bound in the nature of things to exert a profound influence in reestablishing the active life of the city in its old habitat. Some two-score or more of these first-class structures, no one of which actually succumbed, are now in process

of rehabilitation, and some of them are already being put, either wholly or in part, to commercial uses. Already the Kohl, the Flood, and the Monadnock buildings, to which the damage was relatively small, are centres of business, and especially of professional activities. By July 1 many of these buildings will be so far reconstructed as to be available for general office purposes, and within a year all of them will be practically as good as new. We are told that, in three cases out of four, it is the wish of former tenants of these buildings to return to them—to occupy again the familiar rooms. We are told further that in several of the buildings slowly approaching restoration every room has been spoken for. Unquestionably the professional life of the city will be re-established in the old quarter, even long before the area between "down town" and Van Ness Avenue shall be built up. It is a case where the facilities afforded by buildings not completely destroyed coöperate with the instinct, habit, and sentiment which call men back to places once familiar.

Another demonstration of the all-powerful force of habit, of established relationship between landlord and tenant, of the disposition to run in the familiar groove, is afforded by the rapid reconstruction of Chinatown in its old situation on the slope of the Clay Street hill. It will be remembered that immediately after the fire there was a lot of talk about moving Chinatown to some other less valuable and less conspicuous locality. City beautifiers, architects, artists, indeed pretty much everybody excepting the Chinese themselves and their landlords, decided that Chinatown must go. But Chinatown has not gone. The Chinese themselves did not wish to change; the landowners did not see where they could get other, and equally profitable, tenants. At bottom, the people at large did not wish to see the old Chinatown abolished, because, for all its smells and other abominations, it has been one of the fixed features and one of the real distinctions of San Francisco. No other part of the city is now building up faster than Chinatown. The large rentals paid for property in that region have stimulated the enterprise of landlords, and caused them to make light of high prices for materials and for labor, with the other disadvantages which have beset and oppressed rebuilders generally. There were in old Chinatown some twenty-seven Chinese holders of real property, and in every instance, we are told, these Oriental landowners have been prompt in the work of restoring their property upon lines better than before. Chinatown is not going to afford the grand Oriental spectacle which somebody planned for it early after the fire, but it is going to be infinitely better than it was.

Speculation about the future of the California Street hill—Nob Hill, as it has been called—has come to an end. The Fairmont Hotel, which was not badly damaged, will occupy the Fair block, and there will be nothing else just like it in the hotel line in the round world. What the character of this great hostelry will be, is, of course, to be determined by the judgment and taste of its owners. And, since we are gossiping, there are some questionings upon this point. It is thought by many that if the owners of the property had had an adequate sense of the values of things they would not have established a patent medicine factory, even temporarily, in its basement. Let us hope that sensibilities which were not quite nice at one point may be keener when it comes to defining and fixing the style and tone of the future Fairmont.

To the west of the Fairmont lies the Flood property, which has been purchased by the Pacific-Union Club, an association of gentlemen resourceful enough to do anything that they may deem essential to their comfort or to the dignity of an exclusive social organization. In the Flood property the Pacific-Union people will have a unique situation, and for the dignity of the club, as well as for the dignity of the city, they ought, and no doubt will, do something very handsome. The Pacific-Union Club, from the basis of its standing and of its resources, ought to set an example of elegance in construction. It ought to give to San Francisco a club building embodying the best constructive art of this era—a building that will stand as a permanent ornament to the city.

To the west of the Flood property lies the Huntington property, which we have been told its present owner, the widow of the late Collis P. Huntington, is willing to bestow in some suitable and beneficent way. It has been suggested that a proper use of this beautiful site would be for a great library, or a woman's club, or a general centre for feminine activities of an organized sort. Mrs. Huntington, it is said, will hold the property until there shall be presented to her some project for its use in every way appropriate.

The Crocker property, which lies eastward from the Huntington lot, has been given over to the uses of the Episcopal Church, and is destined, no doubt, to become the site of a great cathedral. Cathedral building, however, goes slow in a country where religious beneficence is so divided. New York, in something like ten years, has succeeded in building one arch of the great cathedral of "St. John the Divine." At this rate, the general edifice ought to be completed according to its magnificent plan about 10,000 A. D. Let us hope that Bishop Nichols will be either less ambitious in his building scheme or find a way to move faster.

No plan for the improvement of the site of the Stanford house at the south crest of the California Street hill has been announced. The property belongs or is in some way attached to Stanford University, and, no doubt, it will ultimately be made the city headquarters of that institution. For the property of the Hopkins Art Institute, immediately to the west, there is under way a modest building, suitable for the purposes of the Institute until such time as somebody may provide means for a fine structure. Art enthusiasm is just now at a low ebb; there are so many practical and necessary things to be done that nobody feels like taking up a cause which, though admittedly important, can afford to wait. What is to be done with those lots on the hill which have long been occupied as private homes we have no information. Probably they will be rebuilt as before.

The wholesale district, as we have already said, is still over in the neighborhood of the Third and Townsend Street station, but it is hardly likely that it will remain there. Many of the larger jobbers and jobbing manufacturers own the property where their former establishments stood, and these will naturally return to the old stands. Some establishments which have come in since the smash-up are quartering themselves along the base of Rincon Hill. The hill itself stands a serious problem in the development of what ought to be a fine district. It long ago ceased to be possible as a first-class residence district. It was further damaged by the cutting through of Second Street. The finishing touch of its misfortunes came with the fire. It ought to be cut down to the common level. The job would be colossal truly, but when done the space which the hill occupies would be ideal for a wholesale or manufacturing centre. Other things press more immediately upon the attention and resources of San Francisco, and Rincon Hill is probably doomed to a long career of shanty-town conditions.

It is interesting to note the growth of a distinct business centre out Mission way, beginning about Fifteenth Street and extending to the south along Mission and Valencia some ten or fifteen blocks. Long before the fire this was a neighborhood shopping district of some importance, but under the influence of new conditions it is very rapidly going ahead on independent lines. Banks, theatres, department stores of a secondary sort, furniture houses, small factories—these things are developing amazingly. The Mission is now almost a city by itself, and choice corners, which before the fire could have been bought for \$200 to \$250 per front foot, now find ready sale at nearly double these figures. What the effect of complete down-town restoration will have upon this new development in the Mission it would not be safe to prophesy.

The Governor's Appointments.

When ex-Governor Pardee, in the closing weeks of his official life, loaded up the administrative service of the State with a considerable number of men representative of his own political aims and animosities, calculated by their predispositions and resentments rather to embarrass than to promote

the administration of his successor, many of us thought that he had done a very mischievous and a very wrong thing. When, shortly after taking office and before the State Senate had taken action, Governor Gillett withdrew a batch of these appointments, many of us thought he had done a very unseemly thing. In the opinion of most thoughtful citizens, the whole proceeding involved a species of battledore and shuttlecock, out of taste and in violence to the dignities of the gubernatorial office. We had seen Governor Pardee withhold until the eleventh hour a lot of appointments, not in the interest of the public service, but rather in promotion of his own political fortunes. We had seen something like the trading off of political preferments to the building up of the Pardee vote in the Santa Cruz convention. On the other hand, we had seen a lot of rather cheap politics in precisely the same spirit and to the same ends in the working up of the Gillett vote in the same convention. What followed, unseemly as it was, did not surprise anybody, because we have been long used to that sort of thing. We have grown accustomed to observation, time out of mind, of the Governor's authority prostituted to the miserable business of personal and factional promotion.

Perhaps we ought not to blame any particular governor for a vice which, under a loose system, has been common to all governors. No man is a law unto himself; no man is at liberty, in politics or in anything else, to follow his precise ideals. In politics, in business, in everything dependent upon human coöperation, men must either keep out of the game or play it as it is presented to them, and in the immediate instance both Pardee and Gillett have only followed the course as it was laid out for them by the traditions and the practice of State politics and in response to the expectations of political associates. We are glad to believe that both these gentlemen would have preferred, if the cards had been so arranged as to allow them to do it, to proceed upon more nearly ideal lines.

It is the theory of the Constitution and the statutes of California that the Governor, whoever he may be, shall have the support and co-operation of a considerable body of subordinate functionaries who have directly in hand certain administrative responsibilities. To this end the appointment of these functionaries has been placed in the hands of the Governor. The idea is, or was, that the Governor would choose men in sympathy with his own purposes, and would thus be able to organize an administrative machine whose several parts would work together harmoniously and effectively. Now it ought to be possible to so organize the system that it may in some reasonable degree match the theory and the purpose, and this appears to be the idea of a bill which has been introduced into the Assembly by Mr. Beardsley in amendment of the Political Code, specifically designed to provide "a uniform term of office for certain officers and officials * * * where the appointment is given to the Governor; * * * and to provide for the termination of terms of office; * * * to provide for the appointment of their successors; * * * also for the removal of such appointees; and to prevent the retaining or delaying of such appointments, etc. Briefly stated, this measure requires that the term of every public official created by the Legislature and where the appointment is given to the Governor, shall terminate on the first Monday of July succeeding the inauguration of such Governor. At least ten days prior to the date above specified the Governor shall name a successor to every public office subject to his appointive authority. Where the Senate fails to confirm an appointment made with its advice and consent, the appointee of the Governor shall hold office until twenty days after the beginning of the next session of the Senate. Power of removal is given to the Governor at any time. It is specified that the provisions of this measure shall not apply to Regents of the State University, to the Bank Commissioners, or to the Board of Prison Directors.

To the *Argonaut* this looks like a good bill. While it does not, indeed, actually take State appointments out of politics, it does to a very great extent minimize the evils to our politics so long associated with the system of delay and barter which has obtained in connection with the official service of the State. It is calculated to give to each Governor the naming of those who are to stand

associated with him in State affairs, and therefore to secure the unity of purpose and the harmony of action essential to an effective administration.

It is a specious and perhaps a legitimate objection to this measure that it would terminate the tenure of men recently appointed to office by ex-Governor Pardee and give the naming of their successors to Governor Gillett. The last-named gentleman has himself criticized the measure as involving a kind of "cheap politics" in which he has no ambition to play a part. In spite of his withdrawal of certain nominations made by Governor Pardee, he declares that he has no stomach for a project which would at a stroke legislate the friends of Pardee out of office. We think Governor Gillett takes a narrow view of the matter. The fact that the proposed law would terminate the tenure of a large group of officials holding under appointment from Pardee would not of itself throw them out of their employments—most certainly it would not do so unless Governor Gillett so wills it, since the power to rename them will be in his own hands. We can appreciate his embarrassment in a situation thus at odds with the practice of politics, but he ought to be man enough to do what is right in the matter, and, if the dilemma shall come upon him, we believe he will find the resolution to meet it fairly. That the Governor immediately in authority wishes to avoid a political embarrassment, is no sound reason why a measure demanded by common sense and the interest of the State should be pushed to one side.

Governor Gillett might easily relieve himself of embarrassment by declaring in advance of the enactment of this law that he will prove his disinterestedness by promptly reappointing those who would suffer by it. It would indeed be a very unusual course for a man in politics; it would undoubtedly meet criticism at the hands of many of his political friends. At the same time, it could not fail to command respect among men of all factions and all parties, and we venture to suggest that it would, upon the instant, establish Governor Gillett upon a plane of personal and political character higher than that upon which any Governor of California has stood in many a long day. Incidentally it may be remarked that no way could possibly be found so effective in breaking down any political or moral hold which ex-Governor Pardee as a factional leader may have in California. Political faction lives upon animosities and resentments. If Governor Gillett should at a stroke show himself superior to these petty motives, it would give to him and his administration a moral strength that would disarm all factional opposition.

The X Ray and the Lady.

The pleasures of anticipation have been aroused by a report that an X ray installation is to be attached to the customs department of the United States, and that it will be used for the detection of contraband articles carried on the persons of arriving travelers. Such an apparatus is said to be already in use in France, and we are assured that the results have been astonishing. This we can well believe.

The unthinking and the unimaginative are liable to pass over an announcement of this kind without the deliberation that its importance deserves. Who can doubt that the X ray would add a new and delightful variety to travel and cause the wandering American to anticipate a fresh thrill upon his arrival and a still more pointed welcome to the land of his birth. For the foreigner we need not speak, as he is in no way backward in speaking for himself. The profanity of many languages has been exhausted in denunciation of the American custom-house, and we doubt if any linguistic possibilities remain for this new and startling departure. But this remains to be seen.

For what, after all, is the X ray expected to do, and how is it applied? Possibly they are not so squeamish in France as we are here, but it seems to be the practice there to invite the greatly daring traveler to enter a perfectly dark room. The X ray is then applied, and under its persuasive influence the victim becomes, as it were, transparent, and anything that is less private than his conscience comes into the delighted view of the operator. In this way jewelry, gloves, laces, and precious stones have been discovered, and the time-honored ex-

pedient of concealing diamonds under the tongue—and elsewhere—has been brought to naught. The French customs officials are said to be delighted, and doubtless they have their reasons. It is easy to understand the spirit of emulation that has entered into our own officials.

What tales they would be able to unfold and what sumptuary secrets—other than those with which the custom-house is legitimately concerned—would be at their mercy! Women are said to be the chief offenders so far as smuggling is concerned, and the miraculous vision of the X ray would naturally be projected with peculiar penetration in their direction. Of the mysteries of woman and her attire we profess no knowledge whatever. As a matter of conscience and principle we have believed that here, at least, things are always and absolutely what they seem to be, and therefore we have resolutely closed our eyes to the very positive contrary evidence furnished by the modest advertisement columns of our ladies' newspapers, at which we have sometimes inadvertently and shudderingly glanced. Recalling with blushes what we have seen, we remember how often women are there depicted by themselves as seeking by art to compensate for the unkind denials of nature, changing the feminine landscape, so to speak, and altering the features of its geography. We have seen pictures of women who are semibald, but who can be restored to beauty by means of a vividly depicted wig. Worse still, we have seen pictures of other women holding in their hands and apparently ready for application certain appliances which, so we have been informed, are intended to give plumpness and rotundity where a hard-hearted nature has given the reverse. We have refrained from looking closely at these advertisements and still more from reading the printed advocacy that accompanies them. A native modesty has impelled us to turn the pages as rapidly as possible whenever, in the course of our journalistic duties, we have been confronted with these embarrassing and pictorial announcements in which so little is left to the imagination and which are so well within the comprehension even of a mere man. But we now tremble with apprehension lest a piece of mechanism without heart or the power to blush shall confirm our suspicions and actually turn these contrivances into matters of official record, and so draw an indisputable line between art and nature. We may well ask where this invasion of the privacies of life is to cease. There are still some things—and especially in the matter of feminine attire—that we do not wish to know, that we positively shrink from knowing, in spite of the efforts of the ladies' journals to instruct us. In these things we like to be deceived. Here, at least, ignorance has been bliss, and with wisdom will come prosaic disillusionment. There are some things that even a custom-house officer ought not to know.

State and Church in France.

A considerable number of Americans have been persuaded into a protest against the action of the French Government in severing the tie that has hitherto existed between Church and State in France. They have allowed themselves to be convinced that in some way injustice has been committed against the church and that the cause of religion in general has suffered at the hands of hostile secular authority. It is not easy to understand by what process this illusion has been produced, nor how it is possible to maintain in the same breath that the attitude of the American Government toward religion is everything that it ought to be, while the policy pursued by the Government of France is everything that it ought not to be.

As a matter of fact, France is now doing at the eleventh hour what America did from the start, but she is doing it with all the disadvantages of history, tradition, and the existence of vested interests. France is disestablishing her church, and she is therefore placing herself in direct line with a cardinal principle of the American system, which declares that the State has no just relation with religion, and least of all any right to discriminate between its various forms. In effecting this change she has to meet the same property problems that England had to face when the Irish church was disestablished, and that will still lie in front of her when the time shall come for disestablishing the churches in Scot-

land and England. That is to say, France had to determine as to the future control of national property which had been devoted to church uses, but which was still national in every sense of the word. She had also to arrange for the administration of the property which actually belonged to the churches themselves.

The scheme by which religious associations were to be formed for the vesting of church property, in other words, for the organization of legal property-holders, can only be described as unjust or confiscatory by an extraordinary perversion of intelligence and judgment. In the hands of these associations, that is to say into the hands of the incorporated churches themselves, all purely church property was to be vested, while property purchased by the State and belonging to the State was to be lent to the churches concerned. That such proposals were eminently fair was recognized by French churchmen in general, who were prepared to give cheerful compliance. They would have done so, and the whole question would have been settled with a minimum of friction, but for the impolitic and maladroit diplomacy of the Vatican, which denounced the project as unjust and created a resistance that otherwise would not have been thought of.

The issue has been deliberately clouded for the benefit of Americans. We are assured that Mr. Brand does not say his prayers and that Mr. Clemenceau does not keep all the ten commandments. The coercion that all civilized countries apply to those who break the law is denounced as brutal hardship inflicted wantonly upon venerable priests. The efforts of the Government to combat naked and unashamed treason are paraded as cruelties unparalleled since the middle ages. All the arts and the wiles of clerical diplomacy have been employed to create a foreign sentiment and to pillory the French Government as persecutors of priests and as haters of religion.

No one in the least acquainted with the real situation in France can be so misled. No one with one spark of Americanism would tolerate the clerical pretensions under which France has suffered. The church in France has not been outraged, religion has not been persecuted, and the innocent have not been offended. The indignation of the Vatican arises from none of these causes, but only because its claim that Italian priests shall be the real rulers of France has been rejected and denied, and because the French people have asserted their own sovereignty in their own country. It was clerical influence that produced and sustained the Dreyfus tragedy, it was clerical influence that clamored its discontent because the French president avoided the serious complications with Italy that he would have occasioned had he officially visited the Vatican and so given his high recognition to a claimant for temporal power over the Roman States. It is extraordinary that any American should be found to declare hostility to a policy in France that the founders of American independence believed to be vital to the life of their own nation. Nor can it be believed that such hostility will continue when the issues have been understood and when it is recognized that the French people are defending their own integrity and establishing the equality of all religious faiths before the supreme law of their land.

A Bad Business All Round.

When Mayor Schmitz and the San Francisco Board of Education were invited to come to Washington to confer with the President about the Japanese school question, they should have replied that the matter was not one whose consideration called for official discussion at their hands three thousand miles away from California. They might have added that their authority and their functions were local in character, limited to San Francisco, under the laws of the State of California and within the guarantees of the Federal Constitution. This stand would have been invincible, and it would have been in maintenance not only of the rights but of the dignities of California. Acceptance of the President's summons was, in effect, a surrender, because it carried with it an acknowledgment of national authority where no such authority in fact exists. What happened afterwards was mere matter of course. It should have surprised nobody, and in truth it has surprised nobody. It may be

characterized as a supine and shameful giving away of California's constitutional right to regulate her own domestic affairs according to the judgment and the wishes of her own people.

Having already given away the case by accepting the call to Washington, it followed naturally that everything else connected with it should be given away. All the bold talk about demanding reciprocal concessions came to nothing when once this little coterie of cheap men got under the shadow of the big stick. Instead of standing up for the rights and the dignities of their State, instead of holding firm for the judgment and the wishes of California, they listened to the President's demands and meekly did what he told them to do.

Now we have suggestions of an arrangement which the President hopes to be able to make with the Japanese Government as the price of California's surrender. Whether the arrangement will go through or not seems to be entirely dependent on Japan. It is Japan's wishes, not ours, that are to control in this settlement, if indeed there shall be a settlement. Our point in the contention has already been conceded; it now remains to be seen if Japan will reward our humility and complaisance by permitting us to determine whether or not we shall prohibit Japanese who may be living in our Islands of Hawaii from coming on to the mainland. Thus it is passed up to Japan to determine a matter of American domestic policy. Since when has American pride fallen so low as to beg of a foreign country the privilege of regulating its domestic affairs according to its own ideas of justice and prudence? Not since the last tribute was paid to the Algiers pirates more than a century ago has American diplomacy been guilty of such violence to our national spirit.

Of our local agents in this transaction—of Mayor Schmitz and his Board of Education—nothing more need be said. They are merely cheap lay figures in an incident wherein the chief part has been played by a President who has forgotten the traditions and dignities of his office. It is the President whose precipitancy and whose lack of perception have involved us in two proceedings of supreme folly, one a surrender of the just powers of a State, the other a surrender of national authority and pride. Senator Newlands, speaking on the floor of the Senate on Monday last, summarized the situation precisely. "I believe," he said, "that the President of the United States has created a difficulty which he now seeks to remedy. Had he in the first instance met the demand of Japan with insistence that the domestic affairs of the State of California were outside the control of the President of the United States, and had he sought to insure lasting friendship between the two countries by urging a treaty that would prevent economic friction upon our own soil caused by the juxtaposition of two laboring classes, differing essentially in their standards of life and their standard of wages, I believe there would have been no danger of the enmity of the Japanese. Instead of that the President has created a movement upon the Pacific Coast that will not rest until it ends in Japanese exclusion."

Here we have a suggestion of what is bound to follow as a secondary result of the President's heedless and infatuated course. We are going to have here an anti-Japanese movement matching the movement of twenty years or more ago against the Chinese, made more serious by the organization of labor under the leadership of reckless demagogues. To have avoided all this with the social confusion and the economic loss which is bound to follow it, would have been a simple matter if, as Senator Newlands suggests, the course of the President had been actuated by decent respect for the constitutional rights of California, and by the simple mandates of modesty and common sense.

As to State Division.

Some six or eight years ago, when the Owl train was put on between San Francisco and Los Angeles, thus connecting the northern and southern districts overnight, it was fondly believed that the State division movement had been quieted forever. The facility which the Owl afforded to business men practically nullified the arguments then most effectively urged for cutting California into two States. The issue, however, does not down—at least, it does not stay down. Nobody in Northern or Central

California can see either rhyme or reason in the suggestion for division; nevertheless the idea continues to survive in the south, where there is at all times an undertone of agitation to the end of forming an independent State organization. That there is, even in the south, anything like a fixed and widespread popular sentiment for State division we very much doubt. Probably the movement, if it may be so called, has little better foundation than the ambition of certain forces, personal, journalistic, and political, to aggrandize the honors and the emoluments of independent State organization.

Be this as it may, there has been a good deal of quiet talk at Sacramento ever since the Legislature came together in favor of action leading up to division of the State. The project is supported upon several grounds. It is argued that there is an essential difference between the traditions, purposes, the tone of the northern and southern populations. It is asserted that these differences are so positive as to make political coöperation unsatisfactory, at least from the standpoint of the minor partner, the south. Southern California, it is said, has special motives of political and social action which she ought to have the privilege of enforcing by her own methods and at the hands of her own agents. She is, it is further urged, abundantly able to maintain an independent State government, and, this being so, it is demanded to know what reason there can be in denying her this privilege. On top of these local motives for division there is presented another argument, namely, that the Pacific Coast region, as a whole, ought to have a larger and more effective representation in the United States Senate than at present.

In all this presentment the *Argonaut* sees but two points worth considering. If the people of the southern counties don't want to live with us in political domesticity, if they have yearnings and ambitions to go it alone, if they think they would be happier and more prosperous by themselves, we would not restrain them. An enforced political relationship, maintained in violation of a fixed sentiment, is not a relationship in which Northern California ought to take any satisfaction. We can not see any reason in the sentiment as it is represented to exist; indeed, we question its existence. But if it does exist—if Southern California prefers divorce—then let her go.

The other point—the matter of senatorial representation—is of more importance. In the organization of the West into States, there has been too little thought of the ultimate relative strength of the old and the new parts of the country in the national Senate. The States which front on the Atlantic seaboard—not counting the Gulf States—contribute twenty-eight members to the Senate. The States which front on the Pacific seaboard contribute six Senators. It would, indeed, be well for the interests of the Pacific Coast if it could be more adequately represented at the point of numbers than under the existing scheme. It is to be remembered that the East is exceedingly jealous of its preponderant power in the Senate and that its jealousy was no small part of the general motive which joined Oklahoma with Indian Territory unwillingly in Statehood, and which has recently attempted to combine New Mexico with Arizona.

There is, let it be frankly admitted, a point as to representation in the Senate, but we can not consent that it is serious enough to overcome the multitude of sound reasons why California should retain her traditional boundaries with the political organization under which she has advanced in half a century from a remote wilderness to a place of distinction among the countries of the world.

Joseph H. Choate, formerly ambassador to Great Britain, has sounded a note of warning to the President and the Secretary of State not to encroach upon the duties of Congress and the State legislatures. He said that he was often asked by Englishmen what would happen if the federal power should encroach upon the State, or the State power upon the federal. This is his answer: "I told them there was but one instance of that, one fatal question of sovereignty, and then we had resorted to arms. Henceforth in case of conflict of authority all will be settled peaceably by the supreme court, without resorting to threats or force. In our federal government there should be no encroachment of the executive upon the judiciary, or upon the legislature, nor should there be any encroachment of the legislature upon the judiciary or the executive. But what if this should arise? I point at that juncture to the United States Supreme Court as the final authority."

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Vice-President Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks recently gave a dinner at Washington and Eugene E. Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, was among the guests.

It has been pointed out that Senator Foraker does not court a Presidential nomination, but he feels that he can't be blamed if, in the course of his duties as champion of the downtrodden, he incurs it.

Vice-President Fairbanks has summed up his views on a question upon which he has not expressed himself publicly since he became the head of the United States Senate, saying, "The corporations must know who is the boss."

It is somewhat disappointing to learn that Oklahoma has a candidate for United States Senator who is a banker and is worth several million dollars. One naturally looks for a little originality in a new community like Oklahoma.

During Elihu Root's Canadian visit he was accompanied by Mrs. Root and by Miss Root. They were the guests of Lord Strathcona, at Montreal. Mr. Root is reticent on the subject of his conversations with Lord Grey, at Ottawa, but it is understood that he endeavored to advance a policy leading to a fuller coöperative understanding between all American peoples.

Senator Proctor of Vermont is getting old. His voice always has been remarkable for its power. It now is as strong as ever, but it is a wonder to those who hear him when they contrast his tall, thin figure and drooping shoulders with the powerful fullness of his voice. He is a shrewd business man and has made a fortune by his investments in Washington real estate.

Mayor McClellan, of New York, wants the supreme court at Albany to imprison the Attorney-General for daring to continue the suit to secure a recount of the votes at the last mayoralty election. The mayor should strike higher than this while he is about it, as Governor Hughes himself advocated the recount law, and in so doing he was supported by a large section of public opinion that wishes to see justice done, even though the heavens fall.

Professor de Maartens, Russian Imperial Councillor of State, complains that his mission in relation to the forthcoming Hague conference has been complicated by the fact that Washington and London have manifested a disposition to introduce the question of the limitation of armaments and the Drago doctrine. He does not believe that a discussion of these questions, especially that of the limitation of armaments, can produce practical results.

Champ Clark, of Missouri, in the course of a speech on the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill, expressed his views upon the future of President Roosevelt. He said: "It has been suggested that he be elected to the Senate of the United States. I am not the adviser of the people of New York, but if they are to continue in the unhappy habit of sending Republicans to that body, my voice is for Roosevelt for that position. The subsequent proceedings would be decidedly interesting."

The new Senator from Delaware, Harry A. Richardson, is a man of marked integrity. Once the bank of which he was president was wrecked, the teller having stolen \$107,000, which was \$7000 more than the capital of the institution. After talking over the matter with his wife all night he appeared on the bank steps in the morning and told the throngs of depositors that he would guarantee their accounts with every dollar of his fortune. Inside of a year the bank was on its feet again.

Mr. Bryan's thoughts turn to the Presidency as naturally as "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." In telling of his visit to a certain datto in the Philippines, he said it was asked how many guns should be fired as a salute for the American. As Mr. Bryan held no official position, this point of etiquette was left to the discretion of the datto. "When I counted twenty-one guns, the number designated for the President, I felt pleased," confessed the speaker, "and when forty-two guns were fired I thought it a delicate hint about a second term. But sixty-three puzzled me, and when I counted one hundred, the performance lost its significance."

There are at least two irreconcilables in the Senate. During the consideration of the Army Appropriation bill Senator Bacon made an attack on the President, declaring that he sets up governments on foreign soils, dismisses parliaments or sets up parliaments and dismisses or raises foreign armies. This assertion was made after inquiries to secure an expression as to the probable length of time the American occupation of Cuba would continue had brought out no definite information. Senator Tillman, while the Cuban matter was under discussion, declared that Secretary Taft had licensed horse stealing in the island and cited an instance in support of his charges.

Poultney Bigelow, the American writer, lately returned to New York and signaled his return after an absence of a few weeks by firing a broadside at Theodore Roosevelt and the part the President has played in exploiting the Panama canal. "President Roosevelt has given it out," he said, "that the American workmen have lowered the level of the canal sixty-five feet at the Culebra cut. That is far from the truth. The fact is that they have not lowered it a single inch at that point. During the last six years the French worked on the canal they took out more dirt proportionately than the Americans have done so far. The trouble with Roosevelt is that he allowed the people down there to stuff him with fiction about how the dirt was flying. As for the so-called Taft reservoir at Colon, that is a pure fake. I walked across the bottom of this supposed lake last spring, and did not even get my feet wet."

ENGLAND AND THE PEERS.

By Piccadilly.

The House of Lords finds itself at the present time in water that is undeniably hot. By its rejection of the Education Bill it has directly thwarted the most radical parliament of the age, and it has practically asserted the principle that the direct representatives of the people are, and must remain, impotent in the presence of caste and ecclesiastical prejudice and tradition. As the lords have done with the Education Bill, so they will do with all radical legislation, and the problem of Peers versus People has therefore stepped into the front rank of political questions.

No one knows what the Government will do, because Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has not yet spoken. Mr. Birrell, of the Board of Education, contents himself with saying in a general way that "something must be done," that the nation "will not submit to it," etc., but we are still in the dark as to the particular weapon that the Government will draw, or whether it will deal with the problem in its wider or its narrower aspects. It can either focus its energies upon the passage of this particular bill, or it can deal with the whole question of the obstruction of the House of Lords, past, present, and to come.

There is more than one way in which the peers can be forced to their knees in any particular emergency. For example, the Prime Minister can create any number of new peers that may be needed to swamp the opposition of the present house. He can make John Burns a peer, or Keir Hardie, or any of the other labor stalwarts, and he could send such men as these to the upper chamber in small batches, with the assurance that there were plenty more to follow, until the hostile majority should be submerged. Another way would be to tack the Education Bill to a money bill and so remove it from the sphere of the House of Lords, which has nothing to do with finance.

But we may be fairly sure that the Prime Minister will do none of these things. The Education Bill is a small matter compared with the principle that allows a hereditary and non-representative house to throw a permanent dam across the river of progressive and liberal legislation. The rejection of the Education Bill is a symptom of the disease, but not the disease itself, and the Government, recalling what may almost be called the dying charge of Mr. Gladstone, is certain to attempt some permanent and radical curtailment of a veto power which is inconsistent with democracy.

The popular cry for the abolition of the House of Lords has, of course, no significance whatever. It is periodic, and is to be heard whenever some action upon the part of the upper house calls attention to the logically indefensible proposition that a man shall legislate simply because he is the son of his father, who also legislated. Civilization is fairly well agreed upon the necessity of some kind of revisionary chamber that shall act as a drag upon the wheels when progress is too rapid for safety. The history of the House of Lords is not a discreditable one. It has never been lacking in a wide patriotism that class prejudice has not been allowed to obscure. Evils there must necessarily be wherever the hereditary principle is allowed to sway, but in the case of the House of Lords these evils have been mitigated by custom and habit. The peers of England have had their full share, and more than their share, of disreputable and worthless sons who have, of course, a right to their legislative seats, but who, as a matter of fact, have been almost invariably excluded by the very real barrier of sentiment and traditional virtue. Nor is the House of Lords by any means so exclusive as its enemies have represented. It is still the coveted reward of exceptional political merit, and although men of such transcendent abilities as Gladstone have refused what would in their case have been incongruous honors, the upper house has been constantly recruited from the finest examples of parliamentary character that the House of Commons could furnish. This incessant recruiting process has measurably served to preserve unbroken the link between the peers and the people, and to keep the upper house in touch with the political wisdom of the masses.

Without such a process the House of Lords would become extinct. Hereditary political power has little meaning for the man who has no sons, and, in spite of popular belief to the contrary, it may be said that the lords are but ill observers of the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. Of the ten peers recently created, it was said that they had only one son among them, and the number of childless, or, at least, sonless, lords, is considerable. Of the soldier peers, who have been thus rewarded for military services, neither Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, nor Lord Kitchener has a son (the son of Lord Roberts, it will be remembered, having been killed in the Transvaal). Other peerages that, for the same reason, are practically life dignities are those of Lord Estcourt, Lord Northcote, Lord Alverstone, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Lister, and Lord Rathmore. Many of these men were raised to the peerage as a reward for eminent services, commercial, military, legal, and scientific, and can therefore hardly come under the ban of the hereditary legislator. Thus, Lord Mount Stephen was president of the Canadian Pacific Railway and as much a plain man of the plain people as any one could be, and is so still in spite of his dignities. His case is analogous to that of many others, and it is, therefore, a gross error to look upon the House of Lords as representative only of a narrow and exclusive aristocratic caste. It is not, and it can never become so, while it is thus steadily recruited from the ranks of statesmanship, commerce, art, and science.

All this will be remembered in the future, as it has been always remembered in the past, when the clouds of popular

irritation are blown away. The House of Lords will not be abolished, because it is a necessary part of the governing machine, but there will certainly be a resolute effort to curtail its power and to limit its veto to certain new boundaries demanded by the forward exigencies of modern politics. In the meantime popular energy is exhausting itself in fulminations, which will not be entirely fruitless, but which will certainly fall very far short of their avowed aim. Threatened men live long, especially when they are members of the House of Lords.

London, Feb. 9, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

Home the Maid Came.

Home the Maid came from her Lover's meeting.
Came with reddened hands. The mother question'd:
"Wherewith have thy hands got reddened? Maiden!"
Said the maiden: "I have plucked some roses,
And upon the thorns my hands have wounded."
She again came from her Lover's meeting.
Came with crimson lips. The mother question'd:
"Wherewith have thy lips got crimson? Maiden!"
Said the maiden: "I have eaten strawberries,
And my lips I with their juice have painted."
She again came from her Lover's meeting.
Came with pallid cheeks. The mother question'd:
"Wherewith are thy cheeks so pallid? Maiden!"
Said the maiden: "Make a grave, O Mother!
Hide me there and place a cross thereover!
And cut on the cross what now I tell thee:—

"Once she came home, and her hands were reddened,
For hetwixt her Lover's hands they reddened;
Once she came home, and her lips were crimson,
'Neath her Lover's lips they had grown crimson;
Last, she came home, and her cheeks were pallid,
For they blanch'd beneath her Lover's treason."
—From the German of Johan Ludvig Runeberg, by E. Magnusson and E. H. Palmer.

Of Ill-Hap.

(From the Thousand and One Nights.)

Fate has two days, untroubled one, the other lowering;
And life two parts, the one content, the other sorrowing.
Say unto him that taunteth us with Fortune's peridy:—
At whom but those whose heads are high doth Fate its arrows fling?
If that the hands of Time have made their plaything of our life,
Till for its long-protracted kiss ill-hap upon us spring,
Dost thou not see the hurricane, what time the wild winds blow,
Smite down the stately trees alone, and spare each lesser thing?
Lo! in the skies are many stars, no one can tell their tale;
But to the sun and moon alone eclipse brings darkening.
The earth hears many a pleasant herb, and many a pleasant tree;
But none is stoned save only those to which the fair fruit cling.
Look on the sea, and how the waifs float up upon the foam,
But in its deepest depths of blue the pearls have sojourning.
—From the Arabian, by John Payne.

The Spectre Caravan.

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were stretch'd around;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,
And the camel-hones that strew'd the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my hand,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray hatched vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold!—a sudden sandquake,—and between the earth and moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;
Then our couriers gasp'd with terror, and a thrill shook every man;
And the cry was—"Allah Akhar! 'tis the Spectre Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens hearing pitchers in their hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sumless as the sands!

More and more! the phantom-pageant overshadow'd all the plains:
Yea! the ghastly camel-hones arose, and grew to camel-trains;
And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs,—
Here a-foot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet liech and found,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more for ever!—still they swept in pomp along,
Till I ask'd me,—Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-throng?
Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Bahelmandeh Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles, every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry Bismillah! and that mighty Name shall banish every fear."

"Courage comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-West,—
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson vest,—

And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor-winds of Morn!"
—From the German of Freiligrath, by James Clarence Mangan.

A modern system of hydrotherapy, or the water cure system for insanity, will be installed by Director Coplin in the Philadelphia Hospital for the Insane. It is claimed that in many cases of chronic insanity a marked improvement, and often a cure, is wrought. "Just as a Turkish bath seems to absorb from the system the poison of liquor, so the water treatment seems to absorb the elements which, directly or indirectly, cause insanity," says Dr. Coplin. "I have heard of cases where patients who had to be strapped hands and feet when they were first placed in the bath, were so much improved after an hour or two that their violence disappeared."

PREVENTING RAILWAY COLLISIONS.

Studies of Conditions and Causes from Reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

One of the many valuable features of the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission is its bulletins of railroad accidents, issued quarterly, and presenting official information so arranged and classified that exact knowledge may be gained concerning a subject which is seldom treated with understanding or even approximate accuracy by the daily press, though it is one that yields an alarming number and quantity of sensational news "stories." The number of railroad accidents is large, and their cost in life and limb, as well as in property, is not to be minimized, but it is certainly a matter of public concern to know where the fault lies, and what efforts promise most for securing safety for travelers. The bulletins of the Commission illuminate those points, and careful study of them makes impressive some unavoidable conclusions.

In the bulletins collisions are considered particularly, as it is this class of accident which has caused so much discussion of block signal systems and excessive hours of work on the part of the railroad employees. For the period from October 1, 1901, to June 30, 1906, these reports show a total of 448 of what have been defined as serious collisions. Those collisions which were caused by the negligence of the trainmen or enginemen comprise 317 accidents, involving damage to engines, cars, and roadway of \$3,343,965, and resulting in the death of 904 persons and the injury of 3992 others. Stated in percentages, the collisions due to negligence of trainmen and enginemen comprised 70.7 per cent. of the number of accidents, and resulted in 70 per cent. of the money damage, 80.1 per cent. of the deaths and 78.1 per cent. of the personal injuries.

As a separate class, have been taken those accidents wherein the Interstate Commerce Commission reports show that the man or men charged with responsibility for the accident had been on duty more than 16 hours preceding the occurrence. This definition of excessive hours as being more than 16 is assumed not because 16 hours is the limit beyond which a railway employee may not work without endangering safety of trains, but because it is the limit named in the bill now pending in Congress. It should not be overlooked that in these "excessive hours" cases, the facts of negligence and of the men having worked more than 16 hours are only coincident, and not necessarily effect and cause. The total number of these "excessive hours" collisions was 24, resulting in property loss of \$136,115, the death of 20 persons and the injury of 85 others. In percentages of the total number of serious collisions covered by the table, the number of accidents in this class was 5.4 per cent, the property damage 2.9 per cent, the number of deaths 1.8 per cent., and the number of personal injuries 1.7 per cent. of the respective totals.

Serious collisions due to causes other than negligence of trainmen and enginemen and excessive hours include those cases wherein the negligence was that of dispatchers and signal operators. The number of accidents so classified was 107, entailing property loss of \$1,297,135, and resulting in the death of 205 persons and injury of 1034. The number of accidents from other causes was 23.9 per cent., property damage 27.1 per cent., number killed 18.1 per cent., and the number injured 20.2 per cent. of the respective totals. The total damage because of the 448 collisions was reported as \$4,777,215, the total number of persons killed as 1129, and the total injured as 5111. It should be remembered that "damage" as used in the tables means damage to engines, cars, and roadway, and does not include expenditures by the claim and legal departments of the railways in connection with those fatalities and injuries.

The most striking point brought out in this analysis is the extremely small number of accidents wherein it has been shown that the employees concerned have been working an excessive number of hours, and the even smaller relative proportion of the number of fatalities and number of personal injuries which resulted from these few accidents. The preceding statement presents the totals of a classification based upon the negligence of employees. The 448 collisions have also been classified in another way to show the efficiency of signal systems.

Collisions as to which automatic block signals would have given warning include 331 of the serious collisions, and show a strong argument in favor of the adoption of automatic block signals; but even had warning been given in these 331 cases there is no reason to presume that all of these accidents would have been prevented, inasmuch as 94 per cent. of the collisions are seen to have been due to errors of signal men and disregard of signals by trainmen and enginemen.

The residue of the serious collisions which the Interstate Commerce Commission has reported are those wherein automatic block signals would have afforded no additional protection. These are 68 in number and constitute 15.2 of the total. The number of persons killed and injured and the property damage is in each case somewhat less than 15.2 per cent. of the respective total.

It would appear to an unprejudiced observer that discipline among the employees is still to be regarded as the prime factor in the prevention of accidents. When the public learns that everything inimical to discipline in the great army of railway employees adds just that much more to the danger the public incurs in traveling, then there may be hope that the blame will be more justly placed, that discussion of the subject will lack the prejudice often displayed, and that the reform which railway managers are as anxious to see inaugurated as is the public, will be helped and not hindered.

Leipzig University will celebrate its 500th anniversary in 1909.

MONSIEUR ET MADAME.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A man marries to please himself and not his maiden aunts, and if Aunt Marjorie and Aunt Lettie can not reconcile themselves to my wife the loss will certainly be theirs. Fancy not being able to reconcile yourself to Marie! The very idea is preposterous. Aunt Lettie says that for an artist to marry his model is the worst of bad taste. That, of course, depends a good deal upon the model, and Marie is—well, Marie. After winning the statuette prize at the École des Arts, I suppose I may fairly call myself an artist, but I'm not at all obliged to work for money, and if I choose I can spend the remainder of my life in making statuettes of Marie and filling every room in the house with them, and not at all a bad idea.

What a wonderful difference a woman does make to a room. I mean, of course, Marie. I always thought my *atelier* in the Latin Quarter at Paris was the dreariest, dingiest den under heaven, until Marie came. I noticed a difference in the place before she had been sitting for her first hour, and after she had gone everything got a bit gray and dingy again, and then I knew what it was. The skull which I had bought for anatomical purposes was more irritating in its manner than I had ever known it before, and as for the suit of Crusader chain armor, which I had purchased because it was of no earthly use to me, I simply lost patience with it altogether and kicked it into a corner of the room. I could not be really friendly with either of them any more.

I was doing a head of Athene, and the moment I saw Marie I knew I had found what I wanted. I didn't come across her in the ordinary way. I mean she didn't come to my studio asking for work. She didn't pose very often, and then only to the best men. She happened to bring up a letter from the *concierge*, and when she saw my Athene through the half-open door she came right in to look at it. She was always like that, just as frank and comradely as possible, and with a wonderful little wise way about her. I tell you there wasn't a student in the neighborhood who would have dared to deny her the respect due to his own sister. It never seemed to occur to her that she was as beautiful as the sunrise, and that art students have a way of their own in such matters. She stood upon her own level, and it just never entered into her head that others might not stand quite so high. Anyway, they had to pull up to it when she was around. And so she came right into my room and put her head upon one side and her hands behind her, with her little white arms bare to the elbow, and looked at my Athene. Then she gave a little ecstatic jump, and made the most delicious tiny *moue* you can imagine. "Ah, Monsieur Marvin," she said, "but that will be charming. Tell me, monsieur, is it not wonderful to think that in the so rough clay one can hide away one's own beautiful fancy and then work and work until it comes to the surface? It is to create with just one thought, is it not, monsieur?"

Now this was more than I deserved, because I had only done the first rough modeling, but I veritably believe the little witch could see an artist's ideal behind the faulty expression. I know she put new heart into young Roland upstairs, whose conceptions were sublime, and that was all there was to it until she made him believe in himself. She was standing right in front of me when she made this pretty little speech, and there was something in the turn of her head that showed me just like an inspiration what Athene ought to look like, although, of course, in reality Athene wasn't half so beautiful—couldn't possibly have been. "Mademoiselle," I said, "if you would sit for me we would have an Athene *hors de concurrence*. Otherwise I fear the ideal will remain hidden away in the clay like a diamond in the mine, and it will never see the light at all."

She looked at me a little doubtfully, gave me a most bewitching little courtesy, shook her black hair back from her forehead, where it had a habit of falling in the most adorable confusion, and jumped like a bird on to the stool. "Monsieur does me too much honor," she said.

And that is how Marie came to sit for me. How she did brighten up the old studio, to be sure. Even when she was not there I could remember that she had been there, and I could count the hours until she would come again. Only to fancy that she was sitting there filled the room with a radiance, and I even took pity on the poor old skull and restored him to his shelf, so that he might participate in the sunshine and amend his ways. As for Athene, it was well-nigh impossible to impress that lady's martial features upon clay with Marie's dimpling face before me, and I would tell her so, and then the little woman would be very stern, threatening to discontinue the sittings unless I would pay exclusive attention to the shape and poise of her head and forget everything else. Of course, that was absurdly impossible. Now and then she would come early and put the studio to rights, and sometimes she would stay after the sitting was over and we would have tea together *à l'Américain*. I taught her how to make tea as it should be made, and scolded her for her obstinate refusal to wait until the water was boiling. Then she would pout and sulk so entrancingly that I would have given my fortune to be allowed to drive away the frown in the only legitimate way, but I should indeed have been bold to attempt that with Marie. All the same, I believed she liked to be scolded.

It was very much like making love, wasn't it? Well, it was making love upon my part, although for a long time it was only an excess of camaraderie upon hers. Her presence had become a perfect intoxication to me, even when I was working alone a thought of her

would act like an inspiration down to my very finger tips. But I never dared to tell her so, never dared to hint at what she was to me, never ventured to overstep the line which her goodness and defenselessness had drawn around her. Once I asked her to accompany me on a half-holiday trip to St. Cloud. It may be that something in my manner was more ardent than my words, for she hesitated and flushed under my gaze, and then she said, "But I have not the time, monsieur, and to take walks is not to work."

"But, mademoiselle, one half day only, and the Athene is nearly finished."

She suddenly turned from me as though half-petulantly, and then in a moment I saw that she was crying. What had I done and how had I hurt her? Apologies for every conceivable offense rushed to my lips, but she interrupted—

"Ah, monsieur, it is not that. Never has your heart been more kind than now, but when the Athene is finished, then I, too—" and she covered her face with her hands and ran from the studio. I did not see her again for two days, and then she came back just as though nothing had happened, apparently as care free as a sunbeam, except once, when she interpreted the meaning and the message of a glance, and raised a warning finger with a "Not one word, monsieur, not one word," and the half-sad laughter on her face was like a ripple on a lake. Then I knew.

Truly the Athene was nearly finished, and it would be none too soon for the exhibition. Marie's interest in the work was boundless, her admiration and praise unstinted. But I myself was far from satisfied. Work as I would, the expression which I longed to stamp upon the clay eluded me. I knew that just the pressure of a finger tip, rightly done, would give me the picture that was in my mind, but, try as I would, it evaded me. Marie was all concern, all sympathy. To her eyes the work was already perfect and she would stand before it, with her head bent, first to one side and then to the other, smiling deliciously into the impassive and ungrateful face of the goddess, until I wondered how even moist clay could be so irresponsible. I tried to explain to her the imperfection which baffled me, but it was of no avail, and she resented my criticisms as though she herself had been the artist. And so there were many little quarrels, and when I was more insistent than usual Marie would pout and relapse into silence, or else she would interrupt the expression of my gravest opinions by breaking out into some entirely frivolous and irrelevant little song, with "*au clair de la lune*" as a refrain at the end of every second line. And then, in the secret places of my heart, I knelt and worshipped her, or took her in my arms and kissed her into silence, but only in imagination, and that seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable until I told myself that it was prophetic.

But one day, after the usual quarrel, Marie stamped her little foot in a manner altogether terrifying, and, with a droop of her eyelids which was intended to be dignified, but which was only entrancing, she said: "I will say no more, monsieur. Your Athene is perfect, absolutely and entirely. Your disputations prove to me that you are wrong." And, with that display of feminine logic, she suddenly held her little handkerchief in front of the Athene and kissed it full on the mouth through the dainty cambric.

Fancy such a wanton waste on a clay model! It was not only a sinful extravagance, but it was an imprudence, because the clay was moist. After completing this prodigality she stepped back and stamped her foot again with an added defiance, and, in my adoration of her wilful beauty, I looked at her for long seconds before glancing at the Athene which had been thus sanctified. When I did look a sudden bewilderment seized me, and I pirouetted wildly in front of it, shouting, "Eureka, Eureka, found at last!"

And found it certainly was. It could have been nothing else but the light imprint of those delicious living lips upon the dead clay which had given the one touch needed, the touch for which I had searched and longed. After all, it was not surprising. She could have kissed a smile into the face of a stone tiger.

Of course, I could not make her see for herself the miracle that she had wrought. That would have been to admit defeat, and she has told me since that she never under any circumstances allows herself to be contradicted. Indeed, she avows that she only kissed the handkerchief, and did not touch the model at all. Even then the wastefulness would be the same, but this for the moment I forgive in view of future amends.

Now, the next quarrel was the very last one up to date. The Athene had been triumphantly finished and sent to the exhibition-room. Marie and I celebrated its departure with a feast in the studio. We had tea, and, of course, as I was not watching her at the moment, she poured on the water before it was boiling, and when I remonstrated she raised her eyebrows petulantly and said something about "such trivialities," and also that the water certainly was boiling because it had been on the stove "ever so long." In addition to the tea we had cakes and *pain d'épices* and those long chocolate rolls with the mysterious white paste inside. But, in spite of all these external marks of festivity, there was unquestionably a gloom over the studio, and the vacant place on the work-table where the Athene had stood looked at us reproachfully, while the skull distinctly sneered in the most unpleasant possible manner.

I began to talk vivaciously about the next piece of work I should undertake, and Marie suggested a head of Hercules, with an almost imperceptible toss of her own little head, but I knew that there were tears in her voice, although she says now that it was only my conceit that made me think so. And then the *concierge* came to the door with a letter upon which there was ten centimes to pay. Because I had no change, Marie paid it for me,

and I said that I would repay her at once, but all the same I vowed to myself that I never would.

The sight of the contents of the envelope reminded me of a delicious little pleasantry which I had devised, and which yet was no more than justice. It was a printer's proof of the official catalogue of the École exhibits, and I tossed it across to Marie, and then watched delightedly while she was finding the entry of the Athene.

She looked at it blankly, and then, with her round eyes open to the fullest extent, she said, "But what does it mean, monsieur? Who has made an error so stupid?"

I took the paper from her and read what I expected to read, having myself supplied the words:

"No. 27. Tête d'Athene, par Charles Marvin et Marie Cabot."

She stood up, and for the first time I saw her really angry. "But, monsieur," she said, "it is cruel. This I have not deserved, to be thus ridiculed."

"But, Mademoiselle—Marie," I pleaded, "believe me, I meant no jest. On my honor, the work was yours as much as mine, and without such acknowledgment I could not exhibit."

But she was not to be comforted. She covered her face with her hands, and I saw the tears trickling through, and then, as I ineffectually strove to make amends, she sobbed, "It is so absurd, so ridiculous. Everybody will know and everybody will laugh, and wherever I go I shall be ashamed. Two different names to one little model. It is a *bêtise*, a *bêtise*."

"But, Marie," I expostulated, "it is but a proof, and by a stroke of the pen I will change it. See, I will do it even now"—taking up a pencil and trying to draw her fingers from her face. "Look, dear child, I will put it right, and whoever laughs shall not laugh a second time. See, now"—and I made her look, but the little tear-stained face was almost more than I could bear.

None the less, I took my fate in both hands, and as she watched me I carefully erased both names and inserted above them the words, "par Monsieur et Madame Charles Marvin."

Marie gave a little hurt cry, but, knowing that it was a case of now or never, I caught her in my arms and would not let her say a word until I knew that I had won her. What I myself said I do not know, and Marie says that she does not know either and if I had not stopped her she would have said that neither did she care. But the amended proof was sent back, and before the judges assembled the catalogue was justified.

It may seem strange to us, though the fact nevertheless remains, that the veterans of the grand army of Napoleon, weighed down by age and glory, were men of whom few had passed their thirty-fifth year! It was a time of rash and short living, with an early age and no overtures of real youth—a time when we find Thackeray ridiculing De Florac for holding claims on being still a young man at the age of thirty-five! The average man of today carries the spirit and power of youth into an age which a century ago was regarded as bordering on the shady side of existence, says Dr. A. E. Gibson in the *Medical Brief*. The buoyancy and vigor characteristic of our present middle-aged man make it, in most cases, extremely difficult to approach any fair degree of accuracy in determining the age of a person passing along the ascension scale between forty and fifty-five. And what is said of man refers, of course, in equal, if not in still more accentuated degree, to woman. One of the causes of this remarkable arrest of old age lies undoubtedly in the increasing indulgence of our time in healthy outdoor sports, with their care-free and worry-free abandon.

The famous old Santa Fé trail is to be marked so that its location will not be forgotten. The school children of Kansas were asked to contribute a penny each to secure suitable markers for this pioneer highway of progress, and 369,166 responded. With this fund the trail will be outlined in an enduring manner from Kansas City to Santa Fé, 800 miles as the caravans made it, the time consumed for the round trip being 110 days. It is believed the trail dates back to 1540, when a Spanish adventurer led an expedition from Mexico as far north as Kansas. But it was not until the beginning of the last century that the American trader and pioneer utilized the long trail that stretched out into the wilderness of the new El Dorado.

The Aero Club of France attempts to settle some vexed questions of nomenclature. It declares that "aeronef" describes a flying machine heavier than air; that is, an apparatus having no gas bag. "Aeronefs" are divided into several classes: "Helicoptera," machines depending on screws for flight; "aeroplanes," machines in which equilibrium depends on plane surfaces, and "orthoptera," mechanical birds and machines propelled by the flapping of wings. The expression "aviator," very often incorrectly employed, should be applied only to the pilot of an "aeronef," as "aeronaut" is applied to the pilot of a gas balloon.

Many German cities now have their Richard Wagner streets, but Greater Berlin is going to name a whole quarter after him. In the Friedenau district there is to be a Wagner Place, from which there will radiate eight streets named after the heroines in Wagner's operas: Elsa, Eva, Sieglinde, Senta, Isolde, Ortrud, Guttrune, and Kundry.

The eldest son of the kings of France bore the title Dauphin. In 1349 Humbert, the last of the princes of Dauphine, having no issue, left his dominions to the King of France on condition that the King's eldest son should be styled the Dauphin. After the revolution of 1830 the title was abolished.

THE THIRTEEN CLUB.

By Jerome A. Hart.

Looking over some old letters and note-books—that escaped the great fire—I ran across this epistle the other day:

San Francisco, June 20, 1882.

My Dear Hart:—

On the evening of the 23d of June, 1881, you were one of thirteen who by chance sat down to dinner together at the Bohemian Club. You are still alive and able to enjoy a repast of similar if not of superior quality. If you will again be one of the same party next Friday at 6 P. M., you will confer a favor upon the other twelve. We trust in this gathering to exemplify clearly (1) that the Bohemian philosophy, assisted by the Bohemian stomach, is always able to overwhelm superstition; (2) that through the consumption of matter, mind will assert its prerogative; (3) that by means of linguistic eloquence we can settle superstition's hash for all time.

Yours in the flesh,

E. L. G. STEELE, Sire.

P. S.—I am manifestly the appropriate Sire, being the thirteenth man to sit down at table that night a year ago.

Fasted to this with a rusty wire clip I found a letter from the United States Consul at Nagasaki and a black-bordered booklet. Of the letter I shall speak later. The booklet bore on its obverse a skull and cross-bones about the size of a saucer. On the last page was a gruesome representation of a ferocious yet maternal owl, who in an ancient coop was hatching out thirteen skulls. Just breaking from these cranial eggs were thirteen little strangers that, as they extended their clammy, viscid wings, it was plainly to be seen were owl chicks. Under this cheerful picture was the legend, "*Memento homo, quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*" And on another page were the names of thirteen men, the founders of the Bohemian Thirteen Club. The signatures are autographs, all in lead-pencil, and all so firm and legible that it is evident that on that particular night either ostentatious virtue or secret terror of death had kept all the guests entirely sober. The signatures are as follows:

E. L. G. Steele.	Frank B. Reynolds.
Alexander G. Hawes.	Sidney M. Smith.
Max Taubles.	H. J. Brady.
W. B. Davenport.	Frank Washington.
Tom C. Grout.	Raoul Martinez.
Joe King.	William P. Dewey.

Jerome A. Hart.

The gathering thus selected by hazard and summoned by Sire Steele duly met at the appointed time, all sound in wind and limb. When the solids of the dinner had been disposed of, the Sire addressed the Thirteen and congratulated them on their having thus refuted the ancient and mouldy superstition that if thirteen sat down to table together one would die before the year was out. His remarks were greeted with earnest applause. He then congratulated the members of the club on the absolute freedom from superstition shown by all of them—"all of them," he said, solemnly, "save one. The weak member is Hart." The eyes of the rest of the Thirteeners were fixed solemnly and inquiringly on me. The Sire went on to explain. "When I received a reply from Mr. Hart," he said, "I noted with pain that he put in his letter the initials, D. V. This custom is an ancient and exploded superstition. He was afraid to reply outright, and say explicitly that he would be here. Being evidently a slave to superstition, he interpolated these timid initials, D. V., thereby implying that he would come 'God willing.' What ought to be done with such a man?"

An animated discussion arose, and it was decided to expel me. I defended myself as well as I could; I pleaded that I believed in predestination, foreordination, and infant damnation; that as there had been an earthquake only a few months before, I realized that I could not control either the movements of the earth or the people on it; that therefore I cautiously used these initials in all matters involving futurity. My excuses were listened to in grim silence, and unanimously rejected. Thereupon, I pointed out that if they expelled me the club would immediately and forthwith cease and determine. I admitted that a Thirteen Club might continue to exist with less than thirteen members when some of them were dead, but that it certainly could not *begin* to exist with only twelve. This, I asseverated, was apparent to the meanest intellect, even that of a superstitious person. Thus the impending death of the Thirteen Club before any of the thirteen died at last carried conviction to the minds of the members, and I was, therefore, reflected and told not to do it again.

The first dinner of the Thirteen Club was like most dinners, and had nothing abnormal in its service or its toasts. Aside from the fact that the members openly and loudly condemned superstition (some of them furtively crossing their fingers while doing so), the toasts smacked of the usual after-dinner oratory. But when the second annual dinner arrived, the members were so gratified that no member had died in the interim that they relaxed a little and gave free rein to their imaginations. The table was decorated with funereal flowers; the music was of a funereal character; everything was of a studiously depressing nature except the spirits of the guests. These rose superior to their mournful environment.

With each succeeding year the Thirteen Club grew bolder, the funereal paraphernalia more elaborate, the mortuary ceremonies more melancholy. It was at the third dinner that the club surpassed itself. The bill of fare was printed on a heavy, black-bordered paper with the skull and cross-bones of the club on the title page. (This was the booklet I found with the old letters.) At the top of the menu were the words "*hic jacet.*" The items of the bill of fare were not funereal, the only remarkable thing being the number of courses, of which there were thirteen. But in those days dinners were more profuse than they are now. In these thirteen courses I do not count the different

desserts, of which there were three, but the staples merely. I note two kinds of fish, pompano and whitebait; two *entrées* and a *relevé*; a roast joint, and game as well; likewise an *entremets* between the game and the dessert. Nowadays, fortunately, dinners are more simple. In the item of wines I notice also a difference from the simpler tastes of today. It seems incredible, but there are thirteen kinds of wine. Purely to show the degenerate youth of today what the three-bottle men of an elder time were in the habit of drinking, with death staring them in the face, I will put down the list.

Rudesheimer.	Chateau Margaux.
Marcobrunner.	Chateau La Rose.
Chablis.	Chateau Lafite.
Madère.	Macon.
Nérès.	Romanée Conti.
Chateau Yquem.	Roederer.

Veuve Cliquot.

This list of wines is very appropriately headed by Rabelais's remark, "I drink no more than a sponge." It is indeed an amazing list. If any man could not find what he wanted in such a catalogue he would be hard to please. There are two white Rhine wines, one white Burgundy, one white Sauterne, two of the old-fashioned table wines our grandfathers drank, Madeira and Sherry, three red Bordeaux, two red Burgundies, and two champagnes, a dry and a sweet. If the Thirteen Club always partook of wines so freely, it is to me a wonder, not that any of them died, but that any of them did not.

For this dinner there had been devised by some gloomy Thirteener an elaborate list of superstitions to be violated. As a slight weakness had been detected on the part of some of the bold haters of superstition—as they had been found crossing their fingers, carrying amulets, saying their prayers backwards, and muttering other invocations when made to toe the mark—they were all forced to violate at least one superstition. The old saw says, "It is bad luck to walk under a ladder." Therefore a ladder, decorated with Easter lilies, was hung over the door, and every man coming in to dinner had to pass under it. As most of them did not know it was there, we got all of them under it safely without their knowledge. This expedient occurred to me when I found that the waiters, in laying the table, refused to pass under the ladder. There were several doors to the dining-room, but the service door involved a roundabout route from the kitchen, thereby running the danger of cooling the viands. The waiters, therefore, were in the habit of serving the dinner through the main door. But on this occasion they absolutely refused to pass under the fatal ladder. Warned by the waiters' alarm, we did not notify the weak-kneed diners, and we got them all under the ladder before they sat down.

Printed on the bill of fare appeared the thirteen superstitions to be violated during the evening. These interlarded the thirteen courses and the thirteen kinds of wine. They began, as already set forth, with "walking under a ladder." At each member's cover was a miniature pen-knife. At the second course each man presented to his neighbor a pen-knife, thus cutting friendship. With the next course every man solemnly spilled his salt. One man who was detected casting it over his left shoulder, to avert the omen, was formally reprimanded from the chair. There were thirteen little mirrors, one at each cover, and every man at the fourth course broke his mirror. At the fifth, each made "evil eyes," which suggested forcibly the rustic diversion at English country fairs known as "grinning through a horse-collar." The next ceremony was spilling wine. Then came the belling of the black cat, when the gigantic grimalkin called "the Doctor," who was the club mascot at the time, was formally belled. Next packs of cards were brought on and cut; these devil's picture-books were so ingeniously arranged with elastic bands that it was impossible to cut any other card than the unlucky Nine of Diamonds. Then the Sire formally presented to his neighbor an opal ring, the stone which brings ill luck. This was presented to the next man, and so on formally around the table, until it returned to the giver, bringing him ill-luck, too. A property moon had been prepared on the wall, and at the tenth course the lights were turned down, and the entire Thirteen rose and solemnly looked at the moon over their left shoulders, thus insuring bad luck for the month. The eleventh superstition was a toast to the illustrious memory of Jonah; the twelfth was "success to Friday," while the dinner closed with an invocation to the owl, bird of night and gloom.

The music of the evening was well intentioned. It included Beethoven's Funeral March, the Dead March in "Saul," Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," and the Brindisi from "Lucretia Borgia." We had intended to procure thirteen pieces of funeral music, but we found that the band leader had brought only four, so the rest of the evening we filled up with the coon songs of the period.

This paraphernalia of gloom may seem somewhat cumbersome on reading it over, but it did not strike us so. We enjoyed ourselves hugely. Not the least of the enjoyable things, to my thinking, was to note the horror-stricken strangers who happened to be in the club and who occasionally glanced in through the open door under the fatal ladder. Not a few superstitious Bohemians looked in with them, and I shall never forget the ashen face of Stuart Taylor, who was inveigled by some jokers into standing under the lily-laden ladder for several minutes. He grew positively ill, I was told, and had to be taken home. As for the quaking waiters, they moved around with an appearance of pallid disapproval. I had occasion to leave the dining-room for a few moments to consult with the steward about serving promptly the *zabaione*, a certain hot *entremets*, confectioned of white of egg and champagne. I found the steward engaged in remonstrating with a strange waiter. It seems a number of the regulars had that evening been seized with a violent desire to "take a day off," and had put on substitutes. This particular waiter had

stood it as long as he could, but about the middle of the dinner he threw up his job. He was disappalling himself of his swallow-tail when I appeared in the kitchen, and his remark so struck me that I remember it still. He said to the remonstrating steward: "No, sirc! I've been a-hashin' all my life, and I've hashed in all sorts of hasheries, but this knocks me. Not any more for your Uncle! Why, there'll be a judgment on them fellers in there, and don't you furgit it!"

But the judgment—if judgments there be—did not come for years. The next dinner, however, was a little more funereal even than this one. At the next dinner the table was made in the shape of a coffin-lid and the tablecloth was black. At each man's place was laid a white square of cloth. Not thirteen, nor thirty, nor three-and-thirty kinds of wine could lift the gloom from that reunion. It was highly successful from a mortuary standpoint, but as a convivial gathering it was a distinct failure.

Just before the date of the next dinner came the first death in the Thirteen Club. The first to go was Max Taubles. He was an Austrian, long a resident of Vienna, and tinged with much of the Viennese gaiety. He was a man with a good knowledge of art, of music, of letters—a many-sided man. Taubles went to Korea on some sort of a mission—I never knew exactly what. At that time Clarence Greathouse, the San Francisco lawyer, and Consul-General to Japan, was to become adviser to the King of Korea. Taubles, who was in correspondence with him, then left hurriedly for the Land of the Morning Calm. He was warned that smallpox is rife in Korea nearly all the time, and advised to get vaccinated; but he was opposed to vaccination, and refused. He had been in the country only a few weeks when he fell a victim to the peculiarly virulent type of smallpox that prevails there, and in not many days he passed into the other world.

The letter from Consul John M. Birch contained details concerning Max Taubles's death from Lieut. George C. Foulk, U. S. Chargé d'Affaires at Séoul, Korea, who wrote: "Mr. Taubles was attacked by smallpox of a very virulent type. He was made aware of his critical condition, and made a testamentary statement. He probably suffered very much, but he made no complaint, and died very quietly. He expired March 15th, 1886."

With the first death of one of the Thirteen, the Thirteen Club died. It was all very well in the beginning to talk of the members sitting down with the empty chair, "Hurrah for the next that dies!" and all that sort of thing. But when it came to looking in cold blood at the empty chair—reflecting that only a few months before it was occupied by a living, breathing man, whose voice you could hear, whose hand you could press—that in a short time there would be other empty chairs, possibly your own—the thoughts evoked were not convivial, but unpleasant. So the Thirteen Club lasted as long as no member died, and as soon as the first member died then the Thirteen Club died, too.

It lasted for about six years, which would seem to dispose effectually of the old superstition that if thirteen sit down at table together one will die before the year is out.

After the death of Max Taubles a number of years passed before another death occurred among the remaining twelve. Of the thirteen enumerated above, five are now dead. The other eight, I believe, are all in the flesh, and I hope they may long remain so. That eight out of thirteen should survive for so long a period as 26 years certainly shows that membership in a Thirteen Club does not impair longevity.

San Francisco, February 18, 1907.

If Napoleon's enemies could have looked into his boxes of books, especially after 1809, or seen the instructions he sent to his librarian, they might have anticipated the future more accurately, declares an essayist in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He always "read up," for a coming campaign, the history, geography, institutions of the country and people with whom he was going to come in contact. It is exceedingly interesting to see this projection of his thought into the future, as indicated by his reading. This is particularly true of the Russian campaign. From December, 1811, Napoleon's book orders have the importance of State secrets. In that month we find him ordering works giving information concerning the topography of Russia, especially Lithuania, under the head of rivers, roads, forests, marshes, and so forth; a detailed account in French of the campaigns of Charles XII in Poland and Russia; a history of Courland, and anything which could be found of an historical, geographical, and topographical nature about Riga, Livonia, and the other Baltic provinces of Russia; the work of the English Colonel Wilson on the Russian army, translated from the English, a manuscript copy of which he remembers to have seen either in the Bibliothèque Impériale or in the cabinet of the emperor at the Tuileries; the account of the Russian army by De Plotko. Yet he is not too absorbed in the midst of these instructions to see that Montaigne's Essays are put in the box.

It has been announced that the Keil canal is to be widened at a cost of many millions in order to enable it to admit vessels of the *Dreadnought* type. The Kaiser Wilhelm canal was opened in 1895 by the German emperor. It is 64 miles long and has locks only at its extremities at Holtneau and Brunsbüttel. The width is 197 feet. Its naval value to Germany is said to be equal to 15 men of war.

The monks of St. Bernard, in the Alps, are soon to appear as automobilists. They have received permission to run automobiles between the hospices of Grand St. Bernard and Simplon, and Domo d'Ossola and Aosta. The chauffeurs will be chosen from the monks themselves, who will wear cowls.

VITTORIA COLONNA AND MARGHERITA.

Contrast in the Loves of Michelangelo and Raphael.

"Whenever we consider the life of great men to whom a place of honor has been given in the history of humanity, we find that the psychological moment of their career coincides with their first meeting with a power almost equal to their own—with a kindred spirit capable of appreciating and discussing the higher problems of life and art. But to my mind the great men have found the long-sought-for happiness only when the ideal woman has stepped across their path. We can not conceive of the greatness of Dante without Beatrice, of Petrarch without Laura, of Raphael without Margherita, of Tasso without Eleonora, and for the same reason we can not separate Michelangelo from the sweet and noble figure of Vittoria Colonna."

These are the introductory words to a sketch of Vittoria Colonna in a beautiful volume, "The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani, the eminent archaeologist. Professor Lanciani devotes considerable space in his scholarly book to the women whose influence counted so much in the transformation of Rome from a mediæval into a modern city. The distinguished author singles out Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Pescara, as the typical lady of culture and noble birth of the early 16th century, on account of her powerful intellect, sincere piety, unremitting spirit of charity, and life-long devotion to the memory of her husband. Following are excerpts from the author's sketch of the illustrious lady's life-story.

It was at this juncture that Vittoria met Michelangelo for the first time, and it seems that after such a long period of sorrow and solitude (1525-36) the pure and intellectual intercourse with the great man raised her spirits once more and made her life more cheerful. The following five years, which she passed in Rome, mark the happiest period in the life of both.

Few specimens remain of Vittoria's correspondence with Michelangelo. A letter written by her apropos of a sketch of a crucifix, which the master had submitted for her approval, begins with the graceful address, "Unico Maestro Michelangelo et mio singularissimo amico" (Unique master and my most special friend), and ends with a request to be allowed to keep the design as a dear remembrance of their friendship.

Contemporary authors testify to the platonic affection of Michelangelo for Vittoria. Condivi has left us an account of the great artist's last sight of her:

"In particular, he greatly loved the Marchesa di Pescara, of whose divine spirit he was enamoured, being in return dearly beloved by her. He still preserves many of her letters breathing honorable and most tender affection. . . . He, for his part, loved her so that I remember to have heard him say that he regretted nothing except that, when he went to visit her upon the moment of her passage from this life, he did not kiss her forehead or her face, as he did kiss her hand. Her death was the cause that oftentimes he dwelt astonished, thinking of it, even as a man bereft of sense."

She was exquisitely cultured, and her salon was the rendezvous of artists, poets, sculptors, and statesmen:

Vittoria, besides her knowledge of classic literature, wrote with equal grace in Italian prose and verse. Her poems were first printed at Parma in 1538, under the title of "Rhymes of the divine Vittoria Colonna," which title, however exaggerated, bears testimony of the great veneration in which she was held even in her lifetime by her countrymen. The poetical vein with which she was gifted was no less captivating to them than the grace of her person; because in those happy days of the first quarter of the sixteenth century no one could shine in society unless he was a follower of the muses. Everyone indulged in rhymes; a pious cardinal like Bembo, a grave historian like Giovio, a spirited warrior like Julius II, an artist like Michelangelo. Vittoria wrote also a pamphlet on the "Passions of the Redeemer," printed at Bologna in 1557, which, owing to the search made for it by the dreaded Court of the Inquisition at the time of Paul IV. has now become a bibliographical curiosity.

In striking contrast to the "pure and intellectual intercourse" of Vittoria and Michelangelo is the story of Raphael and Margherita, "the Fornarina." During the nine years of their liaison, Raphael lavished the treasures of his genius on the charming "daughter of the baker":

During these nine years Raphael repaid

the love of Margherita with immortality. He reproduced her likeness in the fresco of Heliodorus, in the Madonna di San Sisto, in the Transfiguration, in the Parnassus under the attributes of Clio. Vasari says that he also painted several portraits of her, of which three are alleged to be existing: one in the Uffizi, one in the Barberini, the last in the Pitti gallery. The Barberini portrait shows a type of courtesan so vulgar that many critics deny it to be the work of the master; yet we have in favor of its authenticity the words of Alexander VII, who in his "Commentaries" says that the only genuine, but otherwise indifferent, portrait of the *mercetrice* was the one which, from the house of the Santafora had passed into that of the Boncompagni, and which bore the name of Raphael Vrbinas written in gold letters on the band encircling the left arm of the girl.

Did Raphael love the Fornarina with a love ready to overcome all obstacles, and to face adversity and sorrow for her sake? I am afraid we must answer in the negative. When Agostino Chigi, wearied of the dilatory habits of the painter of the "story of Cupid and Psyche," caused the Fornarina, the suspected origin of his idleness, to be spirited away, Raphael did not show much concern, and remained as good a friend of the banker as ever.

Again, Raphael is lying on his deathbed, and the Fornarina is kneeling by his side, sobbing in bitter despair. A messenger from the Pope is announced, bringing to the dying man the benediction "In articulo mortis," but he declines to enter the room and fulfill his mission unless the one who represents an illicit liaison is driven away from the house. Raphael allows the stricken woman to be torn from his side, depriving her of the privilege of hearing his last words, a privilege which nine years of devoted love had given her the right of claiming. If the artist had really loved the beautiful model, what consideration would have prevented his making Margherita his lawful wife at the moment of death? Was he afraid, or did he have no desire to perform an act of justice towards one who had played such an active part in making his name immortal? The reason is that the exhortations of the attending priests made him repent of the irregularities of his past life, and compensate, as far as possible, the wrong done to Maria Bibbiena, by acknowledging her most solemnly to have been his affianced wife.

The subsequent fate of Margherita was a matter of conjecture until 1897, when certain fortunate inquiries made by the late Antonio Valeri put us in the way of discovering the truth. After the heart-rending scene in the Piazza del Pantheon, when, beside herself with grief, she was driven away by the mourners, the girl fell into a kind of lethargy and a melancholy mood, from which she was roused only by the determination to enter a monastery and lead for the rest of her days the life of a recluse. The resolve was carried into execution, with the help of Cardinal Bibbiena, and the sorrowing woman was received into the congregation of Saint Apollonia, near the church of Santi Margherita ed Emidio in Trastevere.

No account of the women of the Renaissance would be complete that did not mention the educated courtesans of the age, the "*cortigiane oneste*."

The "*cortigiane oneste*" were an outcome of the literary and social reform brought about by the Humanists, a revival, so to speak, of the age of Pericles and Aspasia. The poets, historians, archaeologists, and philosophers of those days could not find responsive minds or sympathetic advisers in the ignorant, superstitious, ungraceful housewives; while the rivals of the latter, with the wonderful adaptability of the Italian women of the Renaissance, had identified themselves with the "intellectuals" from the opening of the Accademia Romana di Pomponio Leto. They were no longer the audacious and noisy set, the exploits of which have been chronicled by Poggio, Pannofino, and the Panormita, but appeared before the court and the public as women of modest and graceful behavior, good conversationalists, learned in Greek and Latin literature, poetesses, musicians, and charming hostesses whose salons were opened to the best society. To this class belonged Tullia d'Aragona, Isabella de Luna, Imperia, la Saltarella, Madrema, Camilla, and Beatrice, whose talents have been sung by the greatest poets, and whose features have been immortalized by the greatest artists.

When Tullia d'Aragona reached Ferrara, in June, 1537, the representative of Mantua to the ducal court wrote to Isabella d'Este in the following terms: "I have to record the arrival among us of a gentle lady, so modest in behavior, so fascinating in manners, that we can not help considering her something divine; she sings impromptu all kinds of airs and *motets*; she keeps herself in touch with the events of the day, and we can not suggest subject of discussion with which she does not appear conversant. There is not one lady in

Ferrara, not even the Duchess of Pescara, that can stand comparison with Tullia." This coupling together of the names of Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Pescara, the purest and noblest woman of the century, with that of Tullia d'Aragona proves two points—that virtue had become a very vague expression in the age preceding the Reformation, and that if vice was coupled with beauty of form and quick, bright intelligence, the Duchess of Pescara herself and the stern Michelangelo were ready to forget the one in consideration for the others. Tullia appears over and over again in the dramatic correspondence of the day; for instance, in a letter written by Piero Vettori to Filippo Strozzi, on February 14, 1531, in which he acknowledges he is writing it in the boudoir of the beautiful girl whose advice is so often valuable to him. Vettori was not the only foreign representative in Rome to follow the fashion of the day; because any diplomatist, anxious to gather information on court intrigues or society scandals, or to outwit his colleagues in a special case, was obliged to seek the help of the one or more of these Egerias, whose salons thus turned—to mutual advantage—into regular chancelleries.

This is perhaps the reason why Tullia, on her visit to Florence in 1535 was excused from wearing the statutory yellow veil, although the reason given was that such a distinguished follower of the Muses and of the divine Plato ought not to be submitted to the ordinary police regulations.

That these brilliant but unprincipled women were recognized as social equals by the higher classes of Rome in the sixteenth century is revealed in the following:

Thanks to the general perversion of morals which characterizes the Humanistic period, the *cortigiane oneste* had gained an equal footing with ladies of rank and virtue, and they could be seen sharing the same seats and receiving the same welcome in churches, in public gatherings, and in the houses of certain members of the Curia. In the theatrical performance offered by Giacomo Serra to his circle of acquaintances on the eve of the Epiphany of 1513, half of the seats were occupied by Spanish *cortigiane*, although the guest of honor for the evening was the Pope's favorite, the son of Isabella d'Este, Federigo Gonzaga, then only 12 years old.

It is true that in the majority of cases the behavior of these women was not only decent, but decidedly more refined than that of the many ladies of rank; and that the education they gave to their children was better than that given to many young scions of the Roman patriciate. The daughter of Imperia, the "queen of beauty" of the time of Leo X. preferred to kill herself rather than to fall the victim of the governor of Siena, where she lived in retirement. Imperia, herself, having succumbed to a fatal illness in the prime of youth, was buried in the church of San Gregorio al Celio, in a marble tomb bearing the following inscription:

IMPERIA CORTISANA ROMANA
QUAE DIGNA TANTO NOMINE
RARAE INTER HOMINES FORMAE
SPECIMEN DEDIT
VIXIT ANNOS XXVI DIES XII
OBIT MDXI DIE XV AVGUSTI.

Whenever the Tortora left her house for church or for a promenade, four footmen, two pages, one maid, and several admirers formed her escort. Lucrezia Portia attended mass surrounded by ten pages and ten maids. The Padovana included in her suite many secretaries and clerks from her banking and money-lending establishment. The Panta is said to have squandered in a few years the sum of three hundred thousand scudi, the revenue of a province.

After having enjoyed immunity and received encouragement from every quarter for about half a century, these "Muses of the Renaissance" underwent their first persecution at the approach of the Jubilee of 1525, by order of the austere Pope Adrian VI. "Alas!" exclaims Andrea Calino on the eve of his pilgrimage, "what a sad Jubilee we expect to have, since Rome has been deprived of its best attraction."

Lanciani gives a luminous description of the Renaissance in Rome from the pontificate of Julius II to that of Paul III. The work is profusely illustrated.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$5 net.

St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, was crowded on the afternoon of February 9 with members of the American colony and British aristocracy to attend the marriage of Walter Burns, M. P., nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan, and Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cavendish-Bentinck, and granddaughter of Mrs. Maturin Livingston, of New York. King Edward sent the bride a diamond and amethyst pendant with an autograph note.

CURRENT VERSE.

Music.

There is an organ in my elm,
A harp within my maple tree;
And Maestro Wind from each compels
An equal harmony;—

At morning a sonata clear,
A symphony superb at noon;
And with the soft descent of eve
A pure and pensive tune.

What need have I in crowded towns
To seek for grand orchestral scores,
When daily through my casement drift
These airs of out-of-doors!
—Clinton Scollard in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Sand Swallows of Minneapolis.

White cliff and rolling river,
And over them only the sky.
Thus has the Master-giver
Housed them and let them fly.
Age upon age follows,
Races and forests fall;
Still nest the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

I, that am young a dreaming,
And you, that are centuries old,
Both know the swift wings gleaming—
I and Père Louis, the bold!
Fleeing the red foe's pyres,
Two hundred years ago,
Found he these soaring choirs
Where now wide cities grow.

Hail to ye, winged warders!
In your carven watch-towers high;
Be ye, perchance, recorders
Of that hero-world gone by:
Oh, for those storied pages,
Tales of my sword-won land,
That ye hold through the changing ages
In your caves of the snow-white sand.

White breast and brown wings swerving,
And under them ever the roar
Of brown Mississippi, curving
Adown his cliff-locked shore.
Bard after warrior follows,
Yet never to bard shall fall
The lore of the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.
—Chester Firkins.

Compensation.

I know the sorrows of the last abyss;
I walked the cold black pools without a star;
I lay on rock of unseemly flint and spar;
I heard the execrable serpent hiss;
I dreamed of sun, fruit-tree, and virgin's kiss;
I awoke alone with midnight near and far,
And everlasting hunger, keen to mar;
But I arose, and my reward is this:

I am no more one more amid the throng;
Thou name be naught, and lips forever weak,
I seem to know at last of mighty song;
And with no blush, no tremor on the cheek,
I do claim consort with the great and strong
Who suffered ill and had the gift to speak.
—William Ellery Leonard.

The City Lights.

The stars of heaven are paler than the lights.
That gleam beside them sixteen stories high;
Outlined against the blackness of the sky
Tall buildings glimmer through the frosty nights.

The stars of heaven in stately silence move
Beyond the circle of the window-gleams.
But dazzled by the fitful lower beams,
I think not of the light that shines above.

But when I speed upon the outbound train,
The lights of earth mist-hidden fade away;
And quietly the stars resume their sway,
And shine in peace above the world again.
—Anna Louise Strong.

The burning of the art treasures in John Wanamaker's home, of manuscript Lincoln and Washington letters, of rare books and pictures impossible to replace, is a public as well as a private loss. Of such objects no man can be more than a trustee for posterity, remarks the *New York World*. The loss of the manuscript letters recalls the burning of Major Lambert's collection of similar treasures in Philadelphia only a short time ago. Mr. Wanamaker had reason to suppose that he had protected the greater part of his collections by a fire-wall cutting off the art galleries from the rest of his house, but the galleries went with the rest when the blazing wall of the house crashed through their roof.

Ten automobile owners are defendants in the Middlesex County (Massachusetts) courts in damage suits for personal injuries suffered by pedestrians and horse-drivers, amounting in total to nearly ninety-five thousand dollars, according to the *Providence Journal*. It is almost as hazardous to be an automobilist these days as it is to be a trolley-car corporation.

An imperial decree, issued in St. Petersburg, February 9, provides for the issue of \$35,000,000 in 4 per cent. state rentes to meet the famine relief expenses and the urgent extraordinary expenditure, as shown in the Russian budget statement.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. James Bryce, the wife of the new British Ambassador, is not entirely a stranger to America. Two years ago she accompanied her husband upon a lecturing tour through the chief cities of the country and formed the nucleus of a circle of social acquaintances.

The Russian Government has authorized the organization of a lottery for the benefit of General Count Zeppelin's further experiments in airship building, and other German States are likely to join in the movement. Zeppelin has expended every dollar of his personal fortune in experimenting with aerial navigation.

The very large and interested audiences that are greeting Peary in his illustrated lectures on his last dash for the pole falsify entirely the assumption that polar exploration is not given genuine popular support. From his lecture receipts alone the commander may be able to do much toward financing the next expedition which he hopes to organize.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland has been elected chairman of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. He will also act as its chief counsel at a salary of \$25,000 a year. In addition he will act as referee in cases of dispute between the companies. The position of secretary of the association has been offered to J. V. Barry, State Superintendent of Insurance for Michigan.

President Roosevelt's artistic sensibilities have been offended by the designs on the gold coins now in use, and he has requested a New York artist to prepare new ones. According to law the designs can not be changed oftener than once in 25 years. The law also provides that each coin shall bear the emblem of liberty, the year of coinage, and the words *E Pluribus Unum*. The present gold coins have been in use almost fifty years.

Henry Meiggs, once of San Francisco, is the builder of the famous Peruvian railway from Callao to Oroya, which crosses the Western Cordilleras at an elevation of 15,565 feet at a distance from the coast of only 106 miles. This line will in all probability be a part of the Pan-American, and

in its successful operation over the Andes the greatest engineering feat demanded by the entire plan has been met and overcome. This road is the highest line in operation in the world. It rises by a four per cent. grade to an elevation as great as the peaks of the Swiss Alps, and this without the use of cog rails or cables.

Frederick T. Gates, chairman of the general education board to which John D. Rockefeller gave \$32,000,000 two weeks ago, says that the income from this gift and the income from Mr. Rockefeller's prior gift of \$11,000,000, will be used to increase the resources of various educational institutions in this country, within the next decade, by from \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000. That is to say, the board will aim to stimulate local pride in and generosity toward universities and colleges. As an immediate result of the big gift, the board will extend its agricultural demonstration work to all of the southern States. It is predicted that this work, which consists in conducting model farms on educational lines, means the agricultural rejuvenation of the South.

Mrs. Olive Logan, newspaper writer, author and actress, known to the woman suffragists, and friend of many notable people of a generation gone, after years of struggling in adverse circumstances, will live for the rest of her life in a luxurious apartment in New York City. This is because of the bounty of Lady Cook, formerly well known as Tennessee Claflin. Napoleon III honored Mrs. Logan's first husband, Henry C. de Lillie, of New York, with the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Mrs. Logan was much at that court with her husband. Queen Eugenie personally complimented her on the publication of a series of letters she had sent to papers in this country entitled "Scenes of Paris Life." Augustin Daly's first really successful play, "Surf, or Life at Long Branch," she wrote. She was a close friend of Grant and Lincoln. Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade were pleased to call her their friend, and James G. Blaine exerted himself to secure for her a special ambassador's passport when traveling in Europe, which granted her extraordinary powers and exemptions.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the Frozen North.

"The White Darkness," by Lawrence Mott, is a collection of short stories, most of them relating to the daily life of the Canadian mounted police. If the author's intention was to show us some of the realities of life in the frozen north, he has admirably succeeded. The incidents upon which he founds his stories are well chosen, and to an unusual extent he has the power of narrating events in such a way that the simplicity of telling robs them not at all of the pathos, the manliness, and the endurance that they depict. Stories of this kind are a refreshing antidote to much of the poison of modern fiction, because they deal with principles of human nature that are universal.

Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

Dr. Mudd's Vindication.

"The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd," edited by his daughter, Miss Nettie Mudd, is the story of the country doctor who set the leg of John Wilkes Booth after the assassination of Lincoln and who fell under suspicion of being an accomplice of the murderer. His sentence of life imprisonment, his attempted escape, the efforts to secure his release, and his subsequent liberation by President Johnson, are all set forth here and they make a big book. Indeed, the book seems to be much bigger than the case demands, but the fullness with which the facts are presented is due to the laudable desire of a daughter to vindicate her father's memory. The book is eminently readable, and as one of history's sidelights it has its distinct importance.

Published by the Neale Publishing Co.,

A Good Novel.

"The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," by Mrs. Henry De la Pasture, will probably be widely read. It contains no startling plot, and nothing is left to the imagination, but it is bright and pleasing, with interest well sustained and with nothing to shock the sense of probability. The "lonely lady" is a young girl who comes from the country

to visit an aged relative who lives in splendor in Grosvenor Square. The relative is at once taken ill, and the girl is left for weeks to the society of her own thoughts and to the companionship of servants. Eventually the old lady dies, leaving her property to the girl's brother, who is on active military duty in Somaliland, and who is unfortunately shot there, so that we are unable to judge if he is quite so much of a beau chevalier as his sister supposes. There is a duke in the story, and with this hint of its conclusion the reader may be left to the pleasant hours that this book will certainly give.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

New Publications.

"Strauss's Salomé," a guide to the opera, with musical illustrations, by Lawrence Gilman, is an attempt to satisfy the widespread curiosity awakened by the music of the opera. It is not a study of the drama as a review of its salient features, and as such it will be welcome in certain circles of musical students. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

"Seven Steps to the Cross," by the Rev. Ernest Bradley, rector of St. Paul's, San Rafael, California, is a devotional work, simply and earnestly written, "suitable for Lent and more particularly for Good Friday." Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; 60 cents.

"The Diamond Ship," by Max Pemberton, is a story of adventure, pure and simple, in which probabilities and possibilities are recklessly sacrificed to the situation. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Ibsen, the Man, His Art and His Significance," by Haldane Macfall, is an attempt, in the author's own words, "to give an impressionistic picture of the man . . . and a rough estimate of his genius." It is a powerful sketch written with the energy of enthusiasm; the life picture of an over-abused and an over-lauded man. The volume contains portraits on vellum of Ibsen, Bjornsen, and G. Bernard Shaw, done by Mr. Simpson. Published by the Morgan Shepard Company, New York; \$1.50.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Something About Whistler.

"The Works of James McNeill Whistler," by Elisabeth Luther Cary, is an effort to express the pleasure that may be taken by an untechnical observer in the art of a great artist. The critics of Whistler have not, in the opinion of the authoress, laid enough stress upon the expressive and human qualities of Whistler's work. The study has been too esoteric and too technical to reveal the man himself, and his art has therefore been as much misunderstood as his strange personality. Whistler has been miscomprehended in the very effort to do him honor.

This book succeeds in its effort as a more technical work could not do. It shows us the influences that combined to make Whistler what he became, his French and English environment, and the effect upon his genius of Japanese coloring and composition. It combats the commonly accepted impression that Whistler painted sketches only, or that the apparent effortlessness of his work was other than the result of persistent effort. His work "is never without the suggestion that it was done for the sweet pleasure of the doing." Whistler's "propositions" are quoted, as showing the motive that runs through his work:

A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared.

To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labor, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view.

Industry in art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same in the production is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work.

This book is full of good things. It is written temperately and judiciously, and with but the smallest suggestion of hero worship. Type and binding are excellent, and not the least of its good features are the reproductions, fifteen in number, of Whistler's pictures. Mention should also be made of the list of paintings in oil and in water color, pastels, and drawings which completes a volume that students of art should not only read but own.

Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

A Lost Opportunity.

"Principles of Secondary Education," by Charles de Garmo, Professor of the Science and Art of Education in Cornell University, is a non-critical examination of the teaching conferred by our high schools. It is an able, analytic, and exhaustive review of things as they are, and an invaluable work for those who wish to know what is being done and what it is hoped to do along existing lines.

But this book will be a disappointing one to those who look upon modern education with wide-open and understanding eyes. In a book professing to treat of the whole subject of secondary education we should have wished to see some vigorous arraignment of the faults of the present system, some recognition of its failure to fit its victims to take up the work of the world, and to lay strong and capable hands upon the industrial trade which is in danger of passing away from us. We are not satisfied with an academic consideration of things as they are, nor in an acquiescence in pedagogic traditions that have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. We want strong guidance in this matter and a voice that will be heard.

Professor de Garmo recognizes what education ought to be, but he makes the mistake of supposing that we are in some way upon the road to it. He says: "Every important form of commercial and industrial activity, as well as every phase of institutional and professional life, demands its technically trained leaders, so that we must have schools not only for statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and divines, but for engineers, architects, chemists, merchants, industrial workers of every grade, and even for foresters and agriculturists." Why "even" for agriculturists? Why must we assume a preference to statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and divines? Ability along these lines will inevitably find its own, even without the training of the high school, but just where special training is most needed—in agriculture, for example—there we find it

most wanting. We are very tired of a system that supposes itself to exist for the benefit of the learned professions, and that condescendingly allows the working millions of the nation, who pay nearly the whole bill, to pick up such crumbs as they can find. The book is an able one within its limitations, but a lost opportunity is always to be regretted.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Life in France.

"The Secret of Toni," by Mrs. Molly Elliott Seawell, is a well-told story of French life without any very striking plot or incident, but pleasing, simple, and faithful to life. It sketches the careers of two boys, one of whom runs away from home in consequence of a trivial charge against him, and, after meeting with many vicissitudes, eventually finds his way into the army, where he meets his old companion, now a lieutenant. They both marry the girls of their schoolboy choice, and the curtain rings down on every prospect of happiness and prosperity.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Wilson the Naturalist.

Professor James Southall Wilson has written a biography of Alexander Wilson, poet and naturalist, a worthy tribute to a man who lived long enough to establish a great scientific reputation but unfortunately not long enough to reach the point that his extraordinary abilities had marked out for him. Professor Southall has given us a fine analysis of Wilson's character and of his poetry, selecting the essentials with care and concluding with the full texts of the best of his poetry, such as "The American Blue Bird," "Watty and Meg," "The Invitation," and others.

Published by The Neale Publishing Co., New York; \$2.00.

The Smithsonian Institution.

The annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year ending June 30, 1905, is a volume of unusual interest. In addition to the statistical and other information relating to the progress of the Institution, the report contains twenty-three articles embracing the main lines of scientific advance for the year. Among these may be mentioned "New Measurements of the Distance of the Sun," by A. R. Hinks; "Submarine Navigation," by Sir William H. White; "The Geographical Results of the Thibet Mission," by Sir Frank Younghusband; and "The Fight Against Yellow Fever," by A. Dastre. The illustrations are of the usual excellence.

Published from the Government Printing Office, Washington.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Longmans, Green & Co. will have "The Letters of Queen Victoria" from 1837 to 1861 ready for publication late in the spring. These letters are edited by Arthur C. Benson and Viscount Esher.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in a letter to the *London Times*, says that a popular American writer now commands royalties of 20 per cent. of the retail price of his book, and expects to sell 50,000 copies, making a profit of \$15,000. This is good news. Only a short time ago a novel which reached a circulation of 5,000 copies was reasonably successful. Mrs. Atherton argues against cheap new books—50-cent books. When publishers bring out new books in this form, she says, the author suffers, unless his story—she is speaking chiefly of novels—has previously been profitably serialized. The largest royalty paid on 50-cent books is 5 cents a copy.

A new book on the great emperor is on the way—the "Fall of Napoleon," by Oscar Browning. It begins with the return to Paris after the Russian disaster, and closes with a complete history of the surrender of Aix.

The administration in France has been foster-mother to many now eminent authors. J. K. Huysmans wrote nearly all his work in his office at the Ministry of the Interior. Gêard could afford to wait for public taste to come around to him at the Hotel de Ville, where he has a post. Henri Rochefort worked there in the Department of Public Buildings. A writer of a fairly good play, or novel, or a journalist of any talent can also, if his life bears inspection, hope to marry a fairly rich only daughter. Taine could marry, when he did not earn \$1,000 a year, the only daughter of

a wealthy house decorator, and look forward to combining literary gains with the Chair of Aesthetics at the École des Beaux Arts.

The trustees of the public library at Malden, Mass., announce that they will not "put in circulation a novel which a decent woman may not read to a decent man without blushing." As this is a standard of excellence which can not be applied a priori, it may be necessary to appoint a committee to exercise the novel censorship. The difficulty of finding a decent man will be equalled only by that of submitting a decent woman to such an ordeal.

Mme. Waddington, the American widow of an ex-Premier of France who was subsequently ambassador to various European courts, and well known as the author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," and of another volume with special reference to court life in Rome, has lately been writing a series of papers on French country life. As the wife of a Frenchman she enjoyed the privilege possessed by few foreigners of entering French family circles of various social ranks. The result of her observations, which will appear soon in *Scribner's Magazine*, should be of great value.

Maeterlinck on Tolstoy.

Concerning Tolstoy's recent attack on Shakespeare's plays, M. Maeterlinck does not spare to speak the truth, almost brutal as it is, regarding his present incapacity for judgment. He pays all honor to Tolstoy's past achievements in literature; but he adds that "it is none the less true that the grand old man of Yasnaya Poliana gives to his faithful admirers a painful spectacle." It must be remembered that M. Maeterlinck properly belongs to this class, and that he has often expressed the warmest enthusiasm for Tolstoy; but he deprecates the folly which invests the utterances of his latter years with a factitious value calculated to injure his fame with saner observers rather than to maintain it. He regrets that Tolstoy "has no friend, not to tell him that the hour has come to be silent—for one must not grieve aged men with such a past as his—but to let him imagine that he is speaking to the world while carefully taking the requisite precautions that his voice, which no longer is the voice of his genius, is not allowed to torment those who wish to keep for his work respect and admiration."

A London theatrical writer says: "The Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare festival this year will give us another stage Don Quixote, for F. R. Benson has announced his intention of appearing as the hero of Cervantes's famous romance in a new play by G. E. Morrison and R. P. Stewart. It is not inappropriate that a play fashioned out of the masterpiece of Shakespeare's great Spanish contemporary should be produced at the festival, and the authors have endeavored to preserve, as far as the exigencies of the stage will permit, the spirit and atmosphere of Cervantes's work."

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THE VIRGINIAN AND VAUDEVILLE

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

No doubt it is rank heresy to say so, but in my opinion the best acting in "The Virginian" is not done by the star. Dustin Farnum, in many ways, is all that a star should be. He has exceedingly fine eyes—which he uses too much—a deep, manly voice—which he rumbles too much—and a big, fine, athletic figure, of which the height and picturesqueness, reinforced by his good looks, easily make him the dominant stage figure, even without the assistance of a rôle that keeps him, at each and every moment of his appearance, right in the centre of the dramatic movement. Yet it is the features, the accents, the personality of Trampas, rather than those of the Virginian, "the man in ten thousand," that follow one as a haunting presence after the play is over.

The Virginian—still in the play, as in the book, without other name than that given him by his cowboy nicknames—is a hero of romance. Trampas is a type drawn from reality. The Virginian—I speak of the one in the play, not the book—has the habits of his kind, acquired during a long run of popular favor. He shoots glances, and gives starts, that fill the dramatic landscape. He turns his back on his sweetheart, and battles silently with his emotion, while she converses feelingly with a heaving shoulder. I am firmly convinced that people in real life, unless they are trying to hide evidences that they have been rifling the jam-pots, never turn their backs upon those with whom they are conversing in the rude manner commonly employed by the heroes and heroines of the drama. A little too self-consciously romantic, and heroic—that is the trouble with Dustin Farnum's Virginian. His is a figure of the stage, not of life. The actor is almost ideally suited to the rôle and his impersonation has the appropriate charm. It is acted in character. One feels that the Virginian is true blue, a sterling man, or rather hero. And there's the difference. Trampas is not Frank Campeau, cleverly acting a fat part, but Trampas, Trampas, always Trampas,—a subtle, forceful desperado of the West,—a curious, magnetic rascal, whose charm and ascendancy over the men he dominates one easily recognizes. Mr. Campeau has the art of significance. Each word, look, gesture, indicates some meaning of character or motive. Every syllable is telling. Yet he scarcely ever raises his voice. Even in his singing of "Ten Thousand Cattle Straying," whether he was on or off the stage, whether it was carelessly hummed or sung in full voice, I noticed this same peculiarity.

The first two acts of "The Virginian" give little indication of the intense, almost painful interest which grips the spectator during the lynching act. The first is practically all comedy, and not particularly good comedy at that. The shrill-voiced ranch women are fatiguing enough to drive one back East. The elegance of the society ladies is grotesque, childish, like that of children playing "lady go to see." The love scenes are all right, but I shouldn't wonder if Owen Wister himself rather scorned some of the details of that first act, making an exception, probably in favor of the Virginian's tentative wooing, and the jovial Westernism of the four cowboys, so very well presented by Messrs. Musson, Vail, Muir, and Nelson.

Mr. Bennett Musson's Steve is, in its way, almost as vivid and haunting as Mr. Campeau's Trampas. Poor Steve, his fate bites into the soul. So young, so lovable, so weak! Only an actor of Mr. Musson's sincerity and simple, natural charm should play the rôle. It is a wonder that he has retained that genuineness of tone and directness of style, for he has been long and successfully identified with the rôle, and popular success makes an atmosphere in which the simpler truths do not flourish.

I am curious to know if to others, as to me, the character of Mollie Wood, the Vermont sweetheart of the Virginian, is, in its dramatic guise, so singularly without charm. She is such a constitutional snubber, is the pretty Vermont, and is so fully equipped with all the narrow little standards to which others must conform that she gives the impression of being a terrible little prig, hopelessly self-satisfied, and almost inaccessible to the broad, easy tolerance of the West, and equally uncomprehending as well of the necessity of a sterner code of reprisal in frontier life.

There is something missing in the dramatic translation of the character; a lack of that delicate, elusive, reticent, frost-flower charm which may not belong to Mollie Wood in the book, but which, if it softened the angles of her uncompromising uprightness and downrightness, would account for the cowboys' bashful worship of her. Miss Mabel Wright is rather well suited, both in manner and appearance, to depict a correct New England maiden transplanted to a hectic Western atmosphere. Miss Wright's standards of acting, however, are artificial. She lacks ease, spontaneity. She "gets up" a pretty expression—rather too sweet and sugary—and sustains it for an appreciably long interval upon her countenance, as if it were too admirable to relinquish. I think, on the whole, the dramatists, one of whom is Owen Wister himself, have been a little unfair to the New England school-teacher.

Nobody missed her in Horse Thief Pass. Nobody regretted that for a whole act the gentle presence of woman was lacking. For here, concentrated in a scene of a half-hour's length, was put bodily before us a vivid excerpt of life in the wild West in one of its most characteristic phases: the pursuit, the capture, and the punishment of cattle-thieves. Compared to the rest of the play, the act is as a masterpiece to a farce. So great was the tension that everything in the play preceding this act seemed like mere fooling. We see the lawless four about their night fire. Spanish Ed—a life-like character, excellently represented by Charles R. Gilbert—is the only one who yields to fear. But the sense of peril, of apprehension, in the breast of the onlooker, is paramount. Then suddenly the cattle-thieves are surrounded. In the ensuing dialogue not a word is wasted. The two who are caught know that they must die. Steve accepts his doom with simple, matter-of-fact bravery. "Spanish" crumples up like a plant exposed to a blast of withering heat.

The grim story terminates in the last act in a battle for survival between Trampas, the desperado, and the Virginian, the supporter of law and order. The result is unknown, unguessed, until the last moment: an admirable method of sustaining the interest at a high tension to the fall of the curtain.

There is a general resemblance to the old Orpheum in the topography of the new. When seated close to the curtain it is quite possible to forget, unless between acts, when one falls to perusing the interesting legends on the advertising curtain, that the new Rialto is fifteen blocks farther up town than the old. The bill is exceptionally entertaining this week, there being practically no act but what is good of its kind.

The Bedouin Arabs, "Whirlwinds of the Sahara," as they are billed, are a group of eight acrobats whose tumbling is phenomenal. They have been here before, and nobody who has seen the wind-up of their act, in which their gayly bedizen bodies go through such complexities of somersaulting and such rapid revolutions as to lose all resemblance to humanity, will be apt to forget them.

The Rianos, also remarkable tumblers, give an unusually novel act, in which two of their number represent monkeys, and in a comedy sketch of little talk and much action cleverly imitate the freakish capers and agile antics of their simian models.

Eleanor Falke, the singing comedienne, has a light, fresh, pure soprano which she does not misuse in the usual vaudeville style. With a demure demeanor, into which she quickly introduces a dash of mischief and gay witchery, she twinkles through an act of song and dance, leading the house a willing captive to her charms.

One of the best things on the programme is "On and Off," a turn performed by Cameron and Flanagan, in which this pair begin in black face, and continue as if behind the curtain, to where we have the illusion of following them, and witnessing the removal of their make-up, while they have a wordy war, a reconciliation to soft music, with a touch of home sentiment thrown in and a pleasant wind-up in the shape of a humorous dialogue and a song and dance, which is supposed to be a rehearsal for an ensuing performance. The novelty and surprise of the whole thing, and the pleasure in seeing the two black-face comedians transformed to a pair of personable and pleasant-faced young Caucasians, is very enjoyable.

Another good thing on the bill, the George Arliss farce, presented by Charles E. Evans, has nothing novel in either motive or treatment, but nevertheless it, also,

is thoroughly amusing. The four performers act well, and Charles H. Hopper, Mr. Evans's main support, is almost as good a comedian as the famous leader of the troupe. The piece contains the old, familiar motive of a pair of gay husbands, returned from an illegitimate holiday, industriously putting forth heroic efforts to hoodwink a pair of trusting wives. The shifts, the verbal subterfuges, the hopeful inspirations of deceit and the subsequent cold douches of discovery through which the guilty pair pass, appeal as ever to the masculine sense of humor, and the audience fairly rocked in ecstatic mirth over a performance which was acted with such cleverness and spirit as almost to lend the zest of novelty to a thoroughly familiar situation.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Orpheum.

Lee Harrison, who heads the new bill at the Orpheum, will be remembered as the principal comedian of the Rogers Brothers Company. He will introduce his characteristic songs and stories from real life. An engagement of extraordinary interest, which will prove a great gratification to music lovers, is that of the two male stars of the Lombardi Opera Company, Olinto Lombardi and Guido Cocotti. It is limited to one week. A diverting novelty will be Claire Beasy's performing cats, the greatest feline actors in the world, who have been specially imported from Europe by the Orpheum Circuit Company. Dorothy Kenton, "the girl with the banjo," who has won international reputation, will be another great attraction. The three dancing Mitchells, clever colored performers, will be a popular feature of the bill, which will also include the Four Rianos, Cameron and Flanagan in "On and Off," Allan Shaw, and new Orpheum motion pictures. It will be the last week of Chas. E. Evans and his capable company in their merry farce.

Farewell to the Lombardi Company.

At the Novelty Theatre on Sunday afternoon and night, February 24, the Lombardi Italian Grand Opera Company will give its two farewell performances in this city. The organization has arranged to appear at the matinée in a great quartette of acts from the notable successes. The second act of "Lucia," with its great sextette, will be heard, and following comes an act from "Chopin"; the remainder of the programme will include the fourth act of "Favorita" and the fourth act of "Rigoletto." Such favorites as Tromben, Salvaneschi, Russo, Pacini, Martinez-Patti will be heard. The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be sung on Sunday night by Giorgi, Millon, Franceschini, D'Ottavi, Martinez-Patti, Antola, Pacini, and Scifoni. The prices are \$1.50, \$1.00, and 50 cents.

Creston Clarke at the Novelty.

In relinquishing the difficult rôle of "Monsieur Beaucaire" for the equally trying one of the Rev. John Morton, in "The Ragged Messenger," Creston Clarke steps from the finery of a prince of the gayest court France ever saw into the plainer garb of a minister of the present day. He wears them both with equal grace. As masterful as his portrayal of "Monsieur Beaucaire" undoubtedly was, another word is needed to describe his work this season. Mr. Clarke naturally is the star, but every one of his supporting company is not far behind him. Mr. Clarke opens his engagement at the Novelty Theatre next Monday night.

The American Theatre.

"The Singing Girl," at the American Theatre, justifies all the praise that has been given the comic opera, and the capable company now presenting it. There is no brighter, more tuneful, or more attractive musical piece now before the public. There are good parts for the leading members of the San Francisco Opera Company, and they make the most of them. The opera will run another week.

"Salome" at the Colonial Theatre.

The production of Oscar Wilde's tragedy, "Salome," at the Colonial Theatre the present week has been one of the great dramatic events of the season. The company and the management have won new laurels in this presentation. The play will be continued another week, and it is safe to say that few playgoers will willingly miss seeing it.

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"Salome"

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Bargain Matinee Wednesday, 25c all over the house.

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"The Ragged Messenger"

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VANITY FAIR.

Berlin society has been in a state of temporary coma as a result of the painful discovery that fashionable leaders are not only addicted to gambling, but that they make good their inevitable losses by stealing money from the charitable institutions that are allowed to occupy some of their surplus leisure. The apparent affluence of some of these ladies has long been a matter for comment. They lost sums that would have made their guardsman brothers or cousins wince, and the explanation of the mystery has produced something like consternation. A beautiful young matron, a favorite at court, who always took a leading, and, it now seems, a lucrative part in charitable bazaars, is shown to have systematically pocketed every gold coin that she received, turning over the silver only to the charity for which she showed so self-interested an enthusiasm. At a recent charity fête one lady was publicly horsewhipped by another who had caught her in the act of stealing charity money, and another lady who was searched was found to have gold coins concealed upon every part of her person, the folds of her dress, her shoes, and even her stockings, yielding their golden treasure.

This has naturally brought up the whole question of the part played by fashionable ladies in charitable undertakings. Ministers of all denominations find themselves in unaccustomed agreement in their denunciations of charity bazaars, which have simply become social functions whose success in raising funds is dearly purchased at the cost of the moral degradation of some of the prominent ladies who are anxious to help, but who only help themselves. That these ladies should gamble is bad enough; it is still worse that they should steal from the poor in order to pay their gambling losses, but they are gradually led into courses even more repulsive. When ladies first sold their kisses for charity the innovation was received with laughter as a daring, and perhaps harmless, unconvictionality. But what are we to say of the regular tariff that has now become the rule at some of these butterfly society functions that masquerade in the name of charity where \$2.50 is the price for a kiss on the bare arm, and \$10.00 for one on the lips.

Mrs. William Ellis Corey, formerly the wife of the president of the United States Steel Corporation, has purchased a beautiful house on Washington Heights, New York City, and has already occupied it. There are so few detached houses, such as this is, left in New York City that their owners are looked upon with considerable envy, and Mrs. Corey is considered fortunate in securing a building with so many attractions.

Not long ago an old and most elegant Bostonian was saying that, after all, English society was the most amusing, because you got at the real feelings of people who called a spade a spade and thought there was nothing that might not be discussed. "And they are especially outspoken on the subject of food," continues the critical Bostonian, who went on to relate that an English woman of great rank was dining in his Beacon Street house one night, where the coffee was served as usual in the drawing-room. "What is in that little jug?" demanded the marchioness loudly, as the butler passed. "That is cream," said the host, "in case the coffee is very bad." The English lady immediately tasted her coffee with much enthusiasm and called loudly to the servant: "Give me some of that milk." Characteristically delightful, remarked the old gentleman from Boston, who had probably never wounded any one's feelings in his long life.

London actresses are indignant at a recent judicial decision which means that any photographer can use the head of an actress in juxtaposition with any kind of a body and sell the resulting picture to the public. The complainant was a Miss Gertie Miller, who objected to being represented in decidedly scanty attire and as creeping out of an egg shell. But the judge held that this is a décolleté age and that the lady must put up with the caricature as best she may.

Washington society is perturbed over a number of things as the Lenten season begins. For one thing, it is tired. This has been a busy winter at the capital, with

innumerable dances, dinner parties, receptions, and various functions. The host of débutantes has caused life to move on at a swifter pace than usual. Bridge has also taken up much time and energy, more than heretofore, so the gossips say, and has also drawn more heavily on the exchequer. Then such heavy functions as the White House receptions and the momentous dinner parties given by hosts and hostesses who own big and fashionable residences have added to the burdens resting upon the social devotees. Altogether, it has been a hard winter and an extremely busy one.

Miss Fola La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette, is to marry A. H. Rogers, a political lieutenant of her father. Miss La Follette is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Before she finished her course there she decided to go on the stage as her father had done many years ago. Circumstances which prevented him from becoming an actor instead of a politician did not stand in her way. Her first professional engagement was with a company comprised largely of college students touring the Northwest in 1904. The next season saw her in the East. Eventually she appeared with companies playing on Broadway and in the larger cities of New England. We may now assume that Miss La Follette's dramatic career is at an end.

There seems to be no particular reason why women should not ride astride, as they already do in countries where horse-riding is a matter of stern necessity. In no other way can so firm a seat be secured or so much physical benefit obtained. Many society leaders in England have already succumbed to common sense in this matter, and among them may be mentioned Lady Castlereagh, Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the Duchess of Westminster, and the Hon. Mrs. Fairbairn. Women explorers never think of riding in any other way, and in Oriental countries, where womanly grace and modesty are cultivated virtues, the practice is universal. Little girls should certainly not be allowed to use the side-saddle, which gives to the body a twist that is likely to be permanent.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, lecturing before King Edward and the Royal Geographical Society on his explorations, described his ascent of the Mountains of the Moon, the highest range in Africa. The Duke said: "To these summits, which crowned my efforts, I gave the names of Margherita and Alexandra, in order that under the auspices of these two royal ladies the memory of two nations may be handed down to posterity—of Italy, the name of which resounded for the first time on these snows in our shouts of victory, and of England, which in its marvelous colonial expansion carries civilization even to the slopes of these remote mountains." The betrothal of the duke and Princess Helene of Serbia has been announced. The princess is a beautiful young woman and is popular in England, where she visits frequently.

A New York theatre manager, in his determination to get all the business that is going, has arranged to supply chaperons for ladies who would otherwise be debarred from the pleasures of the theatre. A New York writer, bent upon sampling these hired proprieties, says that this is the proceeding: "I assume a timid sparrow expression and approach the box office. 'I want an escort to take me home after the theatre,' I announced.

"'Certainly,' replied the escort supplier. 'Name, please, and where do you want to go?'

"Suppose I were to say Podunk or Hoboken. I wondered. Would I get a man just the same? The query was answered by a tall lady in glasses, who said she lived in Jersey City and wanted an escort to take her across the ferry and put her on the trolley car on the Jersey side.

"We were both assured of masculine company and returned to the theatre.

"When it was all over I went out to find my sturdy oak. There they stood—the five of them—all clothed in uniform with caps bearing 'Sothorn-Marlowe Escort' on them.

"There was the lady from Jersey City, and it must be confessed my sturdy oak, who bore the name of Mr. James Wilson, had the best of it as far as distance was concerned.

"How do you like being an official escort to any woman when you haven't any

choice in the matter at all?' I inquired as Mr. Wilson accompanied me out of the lobby after I had approached him and inquired which of the escorts belonged to me.

"I don't mind. We've only just begun tonight," replied the escort. "I get \$2 an evening and expenses, so I don't think that's bad, do you?"

"It depends upon the female you draw in the lottery," I replied as Mr. Wilson—mind you—paid the fare."

Royalties and the like are no longer novelties upon the variety stage, but they are not necessarily successful ones. The Princess de Chimay, who was Miss Ward, was by no means a drawing card when her notorious romance had worn off. The Marquise de Morny has shocked even the routs of the Moulin Rouge in Paris, and has retreated for a time into what she calls private life. Princess Pignatelli was a modified success as a diva, and now it seems that the European stage is to be enriched or otherwise by the appearance of a Princess Romanoff, "a genuine cousin" of the Czar. The disturbed state of Russia has left the lady hard up, which must be a distressing situation for "a genuine cousin" of the Czar. To the spurious article, of course, it would not matter. The princess has, therefore, decided to fall back upon her talents, and she is likely to get an unbiased criticism of those talents for the first time in her life.

King Edward's domestic economies are not endeavoring him to the army of servants at Buckingham Palace, who have been trained to look upon royal largesse as the chief constituent of their incomes. The Christmas presents this year were not nearly so valuable as they have been in the past, and fell a long way behind the costly

gifts by which Queen Victoria was used to prove her generosity. The royal footmen are the loudest in their complaints. They are all army men and stand over six feet one in height. During the time of the late queen they were so needlessly numerous that Sir Henry Ponsonby frequently complained of their idleness. Now their number has been decreased to the point where it is possible to find something for them all to do, and the Christmas gifts have been decreased as well.

Another royal economist is the German Emperor, who has never himself been guilty of luxurious living and who hates to see it in others. The Kaiser recently dined with the officers of a smart lancer regiment at Potsdam, who thought that they could give their guest no greater pleasure than by a lavish display of extravagant delicacies. His majesty said nothing at the time, but he evidently did a great deal of thinking. Within a few days the Minister of War conveyed the imperial wishes that extravagances of this kind must stop, and that a bill of fare consisting of soup, fish, vegetables, a joint, butter and cheese was good enough for any one, even an army officer. There must be only one kind of wine, with a single glass of champagne, and no liqueurs or other after-dinner beverages.

One of the richest prizes offered to aeronauts is that of a London newspaper—\$50,000 for the first machine that can cover the distance between London and Manchester, allowing two stops for fuel. Another \$50,000 is offered by a Paris journal for a flight beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning and reaching London in twenty-four hours.

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An Indiana woman, as she examined the fowl brought from the market, said to her little son: "Did the grocer tell you this turkey was quite fresh?" "No'm," the boy answered. "He just said to hurry home with it as fast as I could."

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, tells a story of an Irishman who wanted to be naturalized. "Have you read the Constitution of the United States?" asked the judge before whom he appeared. "I have not," says Pat. "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" asked the judge. "No, sir," said Pat. "Well, what have you read?" asked the judge testily. "Well, yer honor," says Pat. "I have red hairs on my neck."

Two young ladies were making their first essay at golf. "Dear me!" said the first young lady. "What shall I do now? My ball is in a hole." The second young lady took out a book of instructions. "Let me see," she said, turning the pages. "I presume you must now take a stick of the right shape and get it out." "Oh, yes, of course," said the first young woman. "See if you can find me a stick shaped like a dustpan and brush."

A certain man died and a clergyman was engaged to offer the eulogy. The worthy dominie prepared a sermon of exceeding length, but just before he entered the parlor to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked: "My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?" "He didn't have none," the boy replied. "Ma was with him to the end."

Some time ago the Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind chaplain of the House, expressed, in the presence of Speaker Cannon, a desire to be chaplain of the Senate. "Uncle Joe's" ire began to rise. "What do you want to go over there for?" he asked, sharply. "Don't you realize that while the House is a flower garden, the Senate is a graveyard?" "I know," replied the chaplain, in his gentle voice, "but our stay is longer in a graveyard than in a flower garden!"

When P. T. Barnum was at the head of his "great moral show" it was his rule to send complimentary tickets to clergymen, and the custom is continued to this day. Not long ago, after the Rev. Dr. Walker succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, in Hartford, there came to the parsonage, addressed to Dr. Hawks, tickets for the circus, with the compliments of the famous showman. Dr. Walker studied the tickets for a moment and then remarked: "Dr. Hawks is dead and Mr. Barnum is dead; evidently they haven't met."

One of the old governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected, and his wife, having never seen a steamboat or a railroad, and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital. When the governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along." The brother telegraphed: "She's afraid even to look at the engine." The governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time he sent off the following command: "Bill, you blindfold Melinda and back her on to the train."

When Prince Bismarck first went as the representative of Prussia to the Federal Diet at Frankfurt, Prussia was of very small account compared with Austria, and Bismarck found that he was treated with indifference at his hotel. He was given a room which had not even a bell, and when he complained he was told that what was good enough for other travelers was good enough for the Prussian delegate. Bismarck said no more, but early the next morning the hotel was startled by a tremendous explosion. The landlord came rushing into Bismarck's room to know what was the matter, and was told that as there

was no bell, the Prussian delegate had arranged with his valet to fire a pistol whenever he required his services. Bismarck got his bell without delay.

The great Von Moltke never wasted words and despised anything that approached garrulity in others. On one occasion he was leaving Berlin on a railway journey. Just before the train pulled out of the station, a captain of hussars entered the general's compartment and recognizing him, saluted with "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" Two hours later the train slowed up at a way station. The captain rose, after sitting in silence during the journey, saluted, and with another "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" left the train. Turning to one of his companions, Von Moltke said, with an expression of disgust, "Intolerable gas-bag!"

Some time ago the Osage Indians were called into council. It was in the Indian Territory and an election was approaching at which the noble red men would exercise that great privilege, the ballot. The Democrats prepared a feast for them. They barbecued beef and fed the Indians well. And the Indians were "for" the Democrats. Then the Republicans invited them to a barbecue, and they were "for" the Republicans. After it was all over the Indians met. One of them addressed the meeting. "Democrat good; feed Indian," he said. "Republican good; feed Indian full." Then he continued: "Both good; Indian go home." Then they went.

President Roosevelt likes to leave the White House at times and make informal calls on his friends. One night last winter he strolled up to Attorney-General Moody's house and rang the bell. The negro butler came to the door. He peered out suspiciously and asked: "What you-all want?" "I should like to see Mr. Moody," "Mr. Moody ain't in to nobody." "Oh, I guess he will see me. Tell him the President is here." "The President?" said the butler, suspiciously. "Yes, the President." The butler pulled the door almost shut. He looked at Mr. Roosevelt's slouch hat with disdainful eye and inquired, scornfully: "President of what?"

In a little out-of-the-way street in Boston is a small drug store, the proprietor of which is a peppery little old Irishman, and most of his customers are fellow countrymen. Not long ago one appeared and desired to purchase 10 cents' worth of sulphur. The druggist weighed out the proper amount and was about to wrap it up when the would-be purchaser interrupted: "Sure, an' is that all I get for ten cents?" "Faith, is it a barrel ye'll be expecting?" the druggist retorted. "It is not, but I know a place where I can get more than that for five cents," the other asserted. "Ye do?" the little old fellow exclaimed, dashing the chemical back into the box. "An' I know a place where ye'll get a lot more than that for nothin' at all!"

Rear-Admiral F. W. Dickins tells of a very rich and very economical financier who was making preparations for a Christmas ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne. "This," he said, "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those young people who will come to my Christmas ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway." Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine. A day or two before Christmas, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half-page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph: "Try our celebrated champagne at \$1.25 a quart, as ordered by the eminent financier, Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming Christmas ball."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel Marston, daughter of Mr. C. G. Marston, of Alameda, to Mr. Frederick Winslow Read, of Stockton. Their marriage will take place on Wednesday, April 3.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn Levkowitz, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Levkowitz, of Alameda, to Mr. Sterling Beckwith Hubbard, of Cleveland, Ohio.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Charlotte Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Russell Wilson, to Mr. George Cadwalader, will take place on Saturday, March 2.

The marriage of Miss Helen Sinclair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sinclair, of Mendocino County, to Mr. Bruce Cornwall, of this city, took place on Thursday evening, February 14, at Hotel Coronado, Coronado. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt, of the First Unitarian Church, San Francisco. Miss Emily Johnson, of this city, was maid of honor and the bride's only attendant, and Mr. Ernest Sinclair, the bride's brother, was the best man. Only relatives and the closest friends were present at the ceremony and the supper which followed. Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall will live in San Francisco after their wedding journey.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker entertained at a bridge party on Monday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which Mrs. L. L. Baker was the guest of honor. Among the guests were: Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. W. R. Snedberg, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Thomas Dibblee, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mrs. Rosenstock, Mrs. R. B. Cutter, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Emma Butter, Mrs. Frank Anderson, and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday evening of last week at her home on Broderick Street, at which she entertained about fifty guests.

The reorganization of the Monday Night Skating Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, is complete, and the following dates have been chosen for the meetings: February 25, April 1, April 15, and April 29.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, who have been the guests of Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Ness, will leave next week for their home in Boston.

Miss Sophie Coleman and Miss Lucie Gwin Coleman will go shortly to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Miss Edith Berry has returned from a visit to Miss Elizabeth Livermore in Santa Barbara.

Miss Florence Dunham, of San Francisco, has recently arrived in Paris.

Miss Sara Drum returned this week from a sojourn at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Claude Bloch has arrived from the East and expects to make her home here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kent, for the next two years, while her

husband, Lieutenant Bloch, U. S. N., is on sea duty.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson has returned from the East, but Mrs. Johnson was delayed by the slight illness of their son, Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark are spending the week end at Del Monte.

Miss Lucie King has recently been the guest of Mrs. W. P. Fuller at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clark is seriously ill at a sanitarium in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Patrice Cosgrave, who have been East for some time, have taken a house in Macon, Georgia, Mr. Winship's old home, and will probably go to Canada for the summer months.

Miss Mildred Lacy, of Santa Barbara, who has been visiting friends in this city, leaves shortly for Tonopah, where she will be the guest of Mrs. John Kerchen (née Livingston).

Mrs. Dorothea Klumpke Roberts has arrived from her home in Paris, and is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins has arrived from her home in Pasadena and is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. M. P. Huntington, and her sister, Mrs. Brockway Metcalf.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Postley, of New York, are at present staying at Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Arthur Fisher, Miss Barbara Small, and their guest, Miss Pearl Seeley, of Los Angeles, left last week for Portland, en route to Boise Barracks, Idaho, where Lieutenant Fisher, U. S. A., has been ordered recently.

Mrs. William Boericke has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, who returned recently from Honolulu, have taken apartments at El Drisco on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Estill Stephens has returned to her home in Sacramento, after a fortnight's stay here with friends.

Mr. Raymond Armsby has sailed recently from New York for Europe, where he will travel until late in the summer.

Mrs. John S. Harnes will leave about the first of March for Europe, where she will remain for six months or more.

Mr. Joseph Rosborough has left for a visit to the City of Mexico.

Mrs. William Kohl and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury left last week for a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze came up from Del Monte last week for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Harry Benson.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Anita Harvey left on Saturday last for a brief Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock are spending the week end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale was recently the guest of Miss Louisa Breeze at Del Monte for a few days.

Miss Lily McCalla went down this week to Santa Barbara for a brief visit to her parents, Admiral and Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla.

Mrs. James Cunningham will leave on Tuesday next for her home in New York, after a stay here of about three weeks with her sister, Miss Hale. She will be accompanied East by Miss Helen Thomas, who goes to join her father in New York.

Mrs. William P. Morgan will go down next week to Santa Barbara to spend a few weeks.

Miss Margaret Stow, of Santa Barbara, left town on Thursday for Santa Cruz, where she will be the guest of Miss Josephine Deming for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Helen Baker, and Miss Marion Baker went down in their motor to Monterey on Thursday, and are spending a week at Del Monte.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. Clyde P. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zinkand, Mr. W. H. Davenport, Mr. Ralph H. Grover, Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Chase, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Mr. D. Davenport, of San Francisco; Dr. T. A. Williams, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wilson, of Berkeley; Mr. M. B. Rankin, Miss Rankin, of Portland.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Preston, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Clapp, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. David Pepper, Jr., and Miss P. D. Bowie, of Philadelphia; J. P. Murphy and Miss Murphy, of Portland, Maine; William P. Stevens and J. S. Holden, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rand, of British Columbia; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Gibson and Miss Gibson, of Toronto, Ontario; L. D. Harmon and R. C. Brown, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Miss Margaret Young, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. Kleiber, of New York; Mrs. Ida Franc and Miss Laura Franc, of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Reid, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ryland, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Christy, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. King, Miss King, and D. C. Bradford, of Omaha, and E. J. Ostrander and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver, of Chicago.

The Rosenthal Programmes.

The programme offered by Moriz Rosenthal for his concerts in this city can be described only by the word "stupendous." At each recital he plays two important sonatas, excepting Sunday afternoon, when Schumann's "Carnevale" is given, with a Beethoven sonata.

At his first concert and only evening appearance, next Thursday, February 28, at Christian Science Hall, corner of Sacramento and Scott Streets, his programme will consist of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata"; Chopin's Sonata, Op. 58; Berceuse, Scherzo in B flat minor, and Valse (arranged as a contrapuntal study in thirds by Rosenthal), Chopin; a Nocturne, by Henselt, and "Papillons" and Humoresque and Fugato on themes by Johann Strauss, by Rosenthal.

At the Saturday matinée the offering will be Weber's brilliant sonata in A flat; Chopin's in B flat minor (the one with the glorious funeral march); "La Tendre Nanette," by Couperin; Brahms's Variations on a Paganini theme; three Chopin preludes, and the Valse, Op. 42, and a wonderful transcription of "The Blue Danube Waltz," by Rosenthal.

The Sunday matinée programme will include Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 109; Schumann's "Carnevale"; a group of important Chopin works, and the great "Don Juan" Fantasia, by Liszt.

On Friday afternoon, March 1, Rosenthal will enjoy the distinction of being the first soloist engaged by the University of California for one of its symphony concerts. On that occasion the master will play the Chopin E minor concerto and Liszt's in E flat, with the University Orchestra of 70 men, under J. Fred Wolfe.

Seats for all of the above great musical treats may now be obtained at Kohler & Chase's, corner of Sutter and Franklin Streets, and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness Avenue, just above California Street.

Mail orders will be carefully attended to, if accompanied by check or money order addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at either box offices.

The San Carlo Opera Company.

San Francisco is not to be cheated out of its season of real grand opera this year, even by the great disaster, for Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged for a short season by the San Carlo Opera Company, numbering nearly two hundred people, and one of the finest operatic organizations ever heard in this country.

There will be such principals as Nordica, Alice Nielsen, Tarquini, Deyrenne, Constantino (a tenor in the Caruso class), Campanari, Fornari, Martin, and other well-known artists from the Teatro San Carlo, in Naples. Maestro Conti will be the principal conductor, and the orchestra will number fifty musicians, all of whom travel with the company. There will be a chorus of fifty and a ballet of twenty-four. Among the works to be produced is the latest European sensation, "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

The season will be given at the Chutes Theatre, as the capacity there is so large that this enormous organization will be able to play for less than half the prices charged by the big New York companies, notwithstanding the fact that the San Carlo Company is fully as large and as well equipped. The prices will be \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.00, which is no more than Nordica got for song recitals in this city. Had the company been booked at one of the downtown houses, with the limited capacity the largest of them has, it would have been necessary to charge from \$2.00 up to \$6.00 in order to make expenses of the enormous aggregation. The acoustics at the Chutes Theatre are good, and an enjoyable season is assured.

Isaac Glazier, a pioneer and former resident of San Francisco, who died in Frankfort on Main a short time ago, left for charitable institutions in this city the sum of \$15,000. This amount was distributed last week to various associations.

At the present rate of progress New York City will be the art centre of the world before this century is half finished, for the treasures of the world's galleries and museums are being carried to Manhattan Island.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will pay San Francisco a visit in the near future. She was a popular success at the Columbia Theatre two years ago.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Lee arrived on the transport *Thomas* last week and left for the East, although they expect to return to California to live.

Rear-Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., retired, Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry, are spending the winter in Washington, D. C.

Brigadier-General George P. Borden, U. S. A., retired, who was until his recent retirement colonel of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, U. S. A., returned on the transport *Thomas* from Manila and has gone to New York, where he will make his home permanently.

Brigadier-General Winfield S. Edgerly, U. S. A., who arrived on the last transport from Manila, has received orders to assume command of the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia. General and Mrs. Edgerly have left for a brief trip to Southern California before going East.

Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Hull, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Thomas* last week from Manila, and left at once for Chicago, where he goes for duty as Judge-Advocate of the Department of the Lakes.

Major William Stephenson, surgeon, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has returned to his station from Boise Barracks, Idaho, where he went with Troop K, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A. Major Stephenson has been ordered to the Philippines, and will sail April 5.

Captain William G. Haan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now in Havana, Cuba, has been ordered to proceed, at such time as may be deemed necessary, to Fort Monroe, Virginia, to report in person to Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Coffin, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain Eugene T. Wilson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Coffin, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board, Fort Monroe, Virginia, at such time as he may be required, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain Merriweather Walker, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Mason, after a leave of absence spent in the East. He expects to sail during the summer for the Philippines.

Captain Courtland Nixon, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect upon his being relieved from duty as assistant to the quartermaster at Fort Mason.

Captain George V. H. Mosely, U. S. A., who was aid-de-camp to Major-General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A., until the latter's recent retirement, has gone to join his regiment, the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., at Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month leave of absence, to take effect upon his leaving the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Charles G. Lawrence, Eighteenth Company, Philippine Scouts, arrived on the transport *Thomas* from the Philippines, his station being at Bulao, Samar. He is on leave and has gone to Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenant Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., arrived on the transport *Thomas* from the Orient last week, and is here awaiting orders. He was accompanied by Mrs. Kempff, formerly Miss Alice Brigham.

First Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Monroe, Virginia, from the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C., for examination for promotion, and then to return to the hospital.

First Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Coffin, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board, Fort Monroe, Virginia, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant William F. L. Simpson, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived on Wednesday of last week on the transport *Thomas*, en route to join his regiment at Fort Missoula, Montana. Lieutenant Simpson spent two days here as the guest of his father, Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., military secretary of the Department of California, leaving on Friday.

Second Lieutenant George C. Roekwell, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report by letter without delay to Major Edward Champe Carter, surgeon, U. S. A., president of the examining board at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now on duty at the

Military Academy, West Point, is ordered to report in person to General George S. Grimes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board, at Fort Meyer, Virginia, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

The resignation by Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, Artillery Corps, of his commission as an officer of the army, has been accepted by the President, to take effect March 20.

Lieutenant James P. Castleman, Squadron and Commissary, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, was ordered to proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding general of the department on Tuesday, February 5, for consultation.

Dr. C. E. Riggs, U. S. N., who has been stationed at Yerba Buena, sailed on Thursday on the *Siberia* for Yokohama, where he will be stationed.

Dr. Leonard Hughes, U. S. A., has returned from two months' leave of absence, spent in the East, and is ordered to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, for station.

Examining and Supervising Dental Surgeon John S. Marshall, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence for one month, on surgeon's certificate of disability, with permission to apply to the military secretary of the army for an extension of fifteen days.

The following officers are appointed members of an examining board for promotion of officers of the Field Artillery, at the Presidio of San Francisco: Colonel Sydney W. Taylor, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Lotus Niles, U. S. A.; Major William Stephenson, U. S. A.; Major Edward Brown, U. S. A., and Captain Albert E. Truby, U. S. A.

The following officers have been appointed members of an examining board for the promotion of officers of the Coast Artillery at the Presidio of San Francisco: Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Slaker, U. S. A.; Fort Baker; Major Charles H. Hunter, U. S. A.; Major John W. Ruckman, U. S. A.; Captain James L. Kennedy, U. S. A., and Captain Carroll D. Buck, U. S. A.

Captain John L. Hayden, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain William L. Kenly, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Edward F. McGlachlin, Jr., Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; First Lieutenant Raymond W. Briggs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Second Lieutenant Thomas B. Doe, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Second Lieutenant Lloyd P. Horsfall, Artillery, U. S. A., are ordered to report in person to Colonel Sydney W. Taylor, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board, Presidio of San Francisco, for examination to determine their fitness for promotion. Captain Hayden, Captain McGlachlin and Captain Kenly are in the Philippines, and arrive here in March.

A board of officers, to consist of Captain William C. Davis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Arthur T. Ballentine, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., was appointed upon recommendation of the chief quartermaster of the Department of California, to meet at the office of the depot quartermaster, 1086 North Point Street, San Francisco, to examine and report upon the fuel oil furnished by Mr. William S. Miller for use on the steamer *General Miffin*, under his contract dated August 28, 1906.

Lieutenant James G. Hannah, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant John B. Shuman, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Maynard A. Wells, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Manuel M. Garrett, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Rolland W. Case, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., are detailed as members of the general court-martial appointed at Camp McKinley, Honolulu, H. T.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at a hop in the Presidio club-room last night (Friday).

Raymond Hitchcock will not only appear in "The Golliver" during his engagement at the Novelty Theatre, but will also present a new piece, the initial performance of which is scheduled for this month at Washington.

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" will be seen here shortly.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Take my seat, madam." "I thank you, sir, but I get off here, too."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Sillicus—How can a man tell when he is really in love? *Cynicus*—He can't tell till it's too late.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Slummer—My poor woman, does your husband always drink like this? *Mrs. Hogan*—No, mum. Sometimes I gets out of work.—*Life*.

"Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" "Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order, or cash."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Mr. Bach—I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house. *Mr. Benedict*—Yes; we burn nearly twice the gas we used to.—*Boston Transcript*.

Jack—I hear that Miss Passé is engaged. *Dick*—Is that so? Who is the happy man? *Jack*—Old man Passé, of course.—*Familie Journal*.

"That new roomer paid two thousand dollars for that violin he practices on." "I wish he'd trade it for a ten-dollar violin he could play."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I am afraid, darling, you will very soon forget me." "How can you think so—see, I have tied two knots in my pocket handkerchief."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

Chairman—I'm sure we be all very sorry our secretary is not here tonight. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.—*Punch*.

Charwoman (mending carpet)—I never thought as 'ow I should come to this, mum. Me that was that well eddicated that afore I was married I couldn't even make a beef pudden.—*Punch*.

"Most iv th' ol' marrid men I know threat their wives like a rockin'-chair, a great comfort whin they're tired, but apt to be in th' way at other times."—*Mr. Dooley's Dissertations*.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" the young man inquired. "Learn to love you?" exclaimed the rapturous maid. "Harold, I could give lessons at it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Why force your child to learn figures as so early an age?" "That's all right. I want him to be able to tell the number when he is knocked down by an automobile."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"But you know, madam, that in Turkey a bride never sees her husband before the wedding day." *Lady (wife of an inveterate chubman)*—How odd! We never see our husbands after!—*Literary Digest*.

Her Husband—If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it. *His Wife*—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. *Her Husband*—Well, you heard what I said.—*Chicago News*.

Proud Owner of New Cottage—I've been wondering what creepers to put on the cottage. Which do you think would be best, John? *The Gardener*—Well, sir, one of them Virginias would cover it up quickest.—*Punch*.

She—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwarz? *He*—No, I couldn't hear anything. *She*—Why not? *He*—Two ladies sat in front of me and chattered the whole evening about how much they loved music.—*Kleiner Witzblatt*.

"A woman always insists on having the last word," remarked the man who thinks he knows human nature. "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, grimly, "and, as a rule, also the first word and most of the intermediate words."—*Washington Star*.

"I did intend to go down town to look at some stockings today," remarked Mrs. Schoppen, "but it was raining, so I just stayed home." "Why," remarked her husband, absent-mindedly, "that's the best time to see them."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Passenger (in slow train, to conductor)—I say, what on earth is this train crawling along so slowly for? Round the corners we hardly move at all. *Conductor*—Ah, but you see, sir, we have ten baskets of eggs in the baggage-car.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Do you think that people will ever be able to secure a perfectly satisfactory government?" "I doubt it," said Senator So. "History shows that no gov-

ernment has been perfectly satisfactory to more than one person at a time, and he was the one who happened to be the boss."—*Washington Star*.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—*New York Press*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Parting Shot.

'Tis often said that money talks.
To this I must agree;
For all that ever came my way
Soon said "Good-bye" to me.
—*Ridgway's*.

A Toast.

Here's to the stork.
A most valuable bird,
That inhabits the residence districts.
He doesn't sing tunes,
Nor yield any plumes,
But he helps out the vital statistics.
—*Portland Oregonian*.

A Calculating Passion.

'Tis love that makes the world go 'round,
'Tis love that keeps you broke—
When you buy candy by the pound,
You can't afford to smoke.

'Tis love that makes the world go 'round,
And makes you spend your bunch;
You give the maid a diamond ring,
And—huy a heer for lunch.
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

The Open Shop.

All his life in a union mine,
He earned his daily bread;
They buried him in a union grave
When the union man was dead.

He had a union doctor,
Likewise a union nurse;
They got a union coffin,
Also a union hearse.

And then he went to Heaven,
But to stay he didn't care;
He kicked and scowled because he said
Non-union men were there.

He then went to the other place,
Produced his union card,
When Satan threw an honest face
And studied good and hard.

And then he laughed, his hands did rub
Till you'd thought he'd never stop;
"Why, hless your soul," said Beelzebub,
"This is an open shop."—*The Apprentice*.

Henry M. Hyde relates that he gave half of the manuscript of his latest novel to a young woman typist to copy, telling her that the rest of the story would not be ready for several weeks, and that she would be notified when to call for it. Five days later she went to the office of Mr. Hyde and asked for the remainder of the manuscript. "You know I said it would not be ready for some weeks," the author answered. "I'll let you know when it is ready." The young woman came back within forty-eight hours. "I thought perhaps you might have got it done," she apologized. Mr. Hyde shook his head. "Well," she went on, "won't you please tell me which one of them she finally married. Then I won't bother you again." "I don't know yet, myself," was the answer. "She doesn't seem able to make up her mind. That's just what's causing the delay."

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

One day two ladies hired a cab and paid the driver his dollar for their ride with the following coins: a twenty-five-cent piece, three dimes, five five-cent pieces, a three-cent piece, two two-cent pieces, and thirteen pennies. After looking at the miscellany for a moment, the driver smiled broadly, and asked, whimsically, "Well, well, now, and how long have you been saving up for this nice little treat today?"

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

By virtue of a resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of the

Pacific-Union Club

and a vote of the members, the property of the Club, located on the northeast corner of

Post and Stockton Streets

is offered for sale

Sealed bids, addressed to the

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO

will be received at any time prior to **MARCH 1st**, for the entire property, located as follows: 80 feet on Post Street, 120 feet on Stockton Street, 100 feet on Stockton Place. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Mark envelopes "Sealed bid for Pacific-Union Club Site."

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9:50A	8:25A	9:50A	10:40A	1:05P	
1:45P	11:00A		1:05P		
Saturday	1:45P		2:30P	4:30P	Saturday
4:55P	3:15P		5:45P	9:30P	

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	4.25
Argosy and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Horse Beautiful and Argonaut	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	8.00
Ont West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

STEAMSHIP LINES.

American Line
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Philadelphia....Mar. 2, Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
New York....Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11, June 8
St. Louis....Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18, June 15
Celtic, 20,904 tons....Apr. 6, May 4

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Haverford....Mar. 9 | Friesland....Mar. 23
Noordland....Mar. 16 | Merion....Mar. 30

Atlantic Transport Line
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Minneapolis....Mar. 9, Apr. 13, May 11
Minnehaha....Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
Mesaba....Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
Minnetonka....Apr. 6, May 4, June 1

Holland-America Line
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Noordam, Feb. 27, 5 a m N. Amsterdam.....
Ryndam, Mar. 6, 10 a m Statendam Mar. 27, 10 a m
Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a m Noordam, Apr. 3, 9 a m

Red Star Line
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Zeeland....Mar. 2, Mar. 30, Apr. 27
Kroonland....Mar. 9, Apr. 6, May 4
Vaderland....Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11
Finland....Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18

White Star Line
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Oceanic....Feb. 27, Mar. 27, Apr. 24
Teutonic....Mar. 6, Apr. 3, May 1
Baltic....Mar. 13, Apr. 10, May 8
Majestic....Mar. 20, Apr. 17, May 15
Cedric....Mar. 22, Apr. 19

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Celtic....April 6, noon; May 4
*Adriatic....May 22, June 19, July 17
Teutonic....May 29, June 26, July 24
Oceanic....June 5, July 3, July 31
Majestic....June 12, July 10, Aug. 7

*New, 25,000 tons; has elevator, gymnasium, Turkish baths, and band.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Cymric....Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
Arabia....May 9, June 6
Republic....May 30, July 3

To the Mediterranean, via Azores
FROM NEW YORK
Celtic....March 2, 7 a m—21,000 tons
Cretic....Mar. 30, noon; May 9, June 20
Republic....Apr. 20, 10 a m

FROM BOSTON
Republic....March 16, noon
Canonic....Apr. 10, 8:30 a m; May 18
Roma....Apr. 27, 10 a m

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Room 207 Monadnock Bldg, San Francisco

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

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S. S. Nippon Maru...Wednesday, Mar. 13, 1907
S. S. Hong Kong Maru....Wednesday, April 10, 1907
S. S. America Maru (calls at Manila)....Friday, May 3, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, James Flood Building.

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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1564.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 2, 1907.

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Published at 915 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN

EDITOR

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The Relief Fund.

One who reads the daily newspapers these days even casually may learn that human nature, in spite of the developments of ten centuries, is essentially what it was in the days when the Roman populace, debauched by idleness and pauperism, clamored for free bread and the delights of the circus. We read that in two at least of our so-called relief camps there are organized "social clubs" for the "mutual entertainment and improvement" of their members. We read of one public entertainment in which two young women, "becomingly gowned," gave recitations, while another sang (to piano accompaniment) an operatic selection with such art as to win the plaudits of a "discriminating audience." We read, too, of a formal ceremonial in honor of Washington's birthday in which a reliefer, one Livingstone by name, delivered an address described as "powerful" in its logic and eloquent in its "patriotic fervor." We read also that a bold burglar has entered the premises of one distressed receiver of bounty, despoiling her of "jewels" to the value of \$1200, besides destroying in sheer wantonness "securities" to the value of \$4000. We read that in another relief camp there was "cheerful and generous response" to a subscription to buy instruments for a

glee club, about to be organized in preparation for the summer evenings so soon to come. We read also of the organization of a "relief camp citizens' club," thus early getting in shape for the coming municipal campaign.

All of which—with much more of the same sort—goes to convince the *Argonaut* that a time has come when San Francisco ought to get out of the relief business and require that whoever chooses to live here shall address himself or herself in honorable fashion to the business of earning a livelihood. The *Argonaut* believes that a time has come when the bestowal of "relief" has become a positive mischief, a demoralization to those who receive, a swindle upon those who give, a bad example to the public, and a menace to the self-respect of our citizenship in general. The *Argonaut* believes that never since the days of gold in California has there been a time when self-respecting industry could more surely or more easily find its just reward, than now: and this being so, the *Argonaut* believes the continuation of general out-door relief to be essentially wrong and an essentially mischievous thing. We believe that the whole relief business ought to be wound up in the shortest possible order, the relief camps razed, and the necessary duties of sympathy and charity reestablished upon their ordinary and normal basis.

A single instance, which has come within the *Argonaut's* immediate knowledge, may serve to illustrate the individual demoralization which the relief camps are promoting. A well-known physician had, previous to the fire, in his employ for several years a capable and self-respecting woman whose duty it was to receive his patients and make them comfortable pending his leisure to give attention to them. A week or two ago he met this young woman on the street and, thinking as much of providing her with employment as of his own necessities, invited her to return to the familiar service. She came, remained for a single day, then announced that she would give up her place, since, on account of the earthquake, she had become too nervous to live inside a house and would rather return to her friends, who were established in the Park. Incidentally she remarked that she had grown so accustomed to the "jolly evenings in camp" that it seemed insufferably dreary and dull in the house where she had previously lived happily and in contented spirit for half a dozen years. This woman had been transformed by the relief camp from an industrious and useful member of society to a confirmed vagrant, openly preferring idleness, with dependence upon charity, to honorably earning her living.

Instances like this, we are told, might be multiplied indefinitely. They tend all to the same effect—to exhibit and to emphasize the demoralization which follows the acceptance of charity when the need of it is not positive and when something akin to fraud is necessary to gain it.

Of the great fund provided by the world out of its sympathies for the relief of suffering in San Francisco consequent upon the disaster of last April, there now remains, all told, something like three and a half million dollars available and unexpended. Of this vast sum, approximately one and one-half million dollars is in the hands of the local Relief Committee, and approximately two millions is in the hands of the national Red Cross Society at Washington City. Those who have been receiving relief look upon this fund as a property justly their own and out of which they are entitled to support so long as it lasts. It is only a few months ago, it will be remembered, since there was an organized movement on the part of relief takers to wrest this

fund, or so much of it as is in San Francisco, from the hands of the Relief Committee on the theory that they were withholding it from those for whom it was given and to whom it therefore belongs. We have therefore a considerable element so completely pauperized as to regard relief-taking as a species of professionalism in relation to which they have certain fixed and vested rights. It is a case where sympathy and charity have overshot the mark and have developed and confirmed the condition which they were intended to cure.

There is another element upon which the excessive bounty of the relief fund is working demoralization. We refer to our customary charities and to those who in times past have found occupation in the relief of distress. Of course, the abnormal conditions of the past ten months have tended to devitalize the ordinary and charitable habit of our people. Dependence upon the relief fund has been universal among those who receive charity, and there has been little need, therefore, for a kind of beneficent activity which in normal times appeals to the prosperous classes and tends to keep these classes in touch and in kindly sympathy with distress. The rich among us, accustomed as they have been to a free-handed beneficence, and to a certain personal attention to the afflicted and the distressed, are losing their charitable habit. A thoughtful woman, of ample fortune, who for some years past has been active in good works in and about San Francisco, has spoken to the editor of the *Argonaut* upon this point with deep anxiety. "Charity," she said, "is the blessing not only of the poor, but of the rich as well. Deny to those who have, the privilege of bestowing of their bounty upon those who have not, and you destroy a spirit which society can not safely be without. Among my friends and acquaintances I can easily count a score of wealthy women who are suffering a very positive kind of demoralization because the special conditions of this year have destroyed the field in which habitually they have been more or less active. Can you not find a way to say impressively to those in authority in this matter that the sooner we get back to our natural conditions the better it will be, in my opinion, not only for the poor of San Francisco, but for the rich?"

We understand that those into whose hands the management of relief affairs has fallen have been a good deal embarrassed at the point of disposing of the funds in their charge, and to some extent, no doubt, it is out of this embarrassment there has been developed the rehabilitation scheme, so-called, under which it has been sought to reestablish persons who suffered in their business connections by the disaster. Under any circumstances we believe this project to be one of doubtful propriety. The case is one, in the nature of things, subject to abuse by misrepresentation and fraud. Under any direct bounty system advantage is far more likely to accrue to shameless and persistent beggar than to genuine and to modest merit. The deserving and self-helpful man is usually the last man who applies for such assistance; and it is certain that such a man will not urge his claims with half the insistence of the habitual and unblushing beggar for favors.

The *Argonaut* hears a suggestion in relation to the relief fund which commends itself, both at the points of beneficent purpose and of working practicality. This suggestion is to the effect that the San Francisco Relief Committee turn over the funds in its hands—a million and a half dollars, or thereabouts—to the National Red Cross Society, with this understanding, namely, that the funds so bestowed shall be added to the fund already in the

hands of the National Red Cross Society (approximately two million dollars) and that the combined fund shall be employed in the creation and endowment at San Francisco of a great and permanent Red Cross Hospital. There are many suggestions of advantage in this project. It would bring to an end the present demoralizing system of relief where no relief is really needed; it would give us an institution which could not fail to be of great service to the suffering and the afflicted; it would afford a facility of great advantage to students in medicine and surgery; it would stand as a lasting memorial of the sympathy and the charity of the world in our hour of need. Established under the initiative and administration of the National Red Cross, it would prevent any possible development of the spirit of jealousy on the part of local persons or interests. Somebody may be able to suggest a better way of disposing of the relief fund, but up this time we have heard no suggestion which, to the *Argonaut*, seems as good as this.

Perhaps, before leaving this subject, it ought to be said that whispers of scandal heard from time to time with respect to the disposition of relief funds have been without foundation. Nobody has brought a reasonably accredited charge against anybody in connection with this whole vast business. It goes without saying that there may have been some extravagances and mistakes. Nobody can give away six or seven million dollars, or the hundredth part of it, to a hundred thousand people without making mistakes. There is not a business man in San Francisco so skillful that he can spend a million dollars, or the tenth part of it, with no points of uncertainty or waste. Infallibility in the disbursement of money is as impracticable and impossible as any other species of infallibility. The distributors of relief moneys in San Francisco have had a great responsibility and a great problem. That they have in every detail of their work done wisely we will not contend; but that they have been honest, that they have been diligent, that they have been careful, and that they have, broadly speaking, been successful, we do believe. It speaks well for San Francisco that amid the confusions and the troubles of the past ten months she has been able to command for an onerous and unremunerated service a group of citizens like those who have given their time and their energies to the labors and the problems of relief administration.

Harry Thaw.

Is Harry Thaw insane? Was he insane when he shot down Stanford White? These are questions which the lawyers and the doctors are just now very busy in fighting over. The *Argonaut* has a theory of its own, a theory not new, not striking, not involving a world of scientific knowledge, perhaps not worth considering from the standpoint of the professional "alienists" who stand about as near agreement as doctors are traditionally presumed ever to get.

Harry Thaw, we fancy, was born as sane as the average child. He grew up amid conditions and under indulgences which gave no discipline, no restraint to his moods or passions. He was petted by his family, coddled by hired servants, fed, protected, safeguarded from every wind that blew, picked up when he fell down, saved against the stern lessons which Nature in her kindness, when left to her own course, teaches all the children of men. When little Harry Thaw grew to be big Harry Thaw, when the passions of maturer nature came to him, there was the same stupid and cruel policy of protection, license, and indulgence. For him there was no need to get his bread by the sweat of his brow, and, per consequence, there came to him nothing of mental and moral hardihood, of responsible, poised, moralized manhood. For him there was no discipline of the public school, with its heedlessness of artificial differences, with its disregard of who's who, with its contempt of effeminate niceties, with its putting aside of precedence, with its stimulus of all the qualities which make a man. There was for this youth not even the restraints of the social rank which the Thaw family claimed as its own, because the Thaw family were mere people of yesterday, with no family traditions, no fixed family policy, no sense of family responsibility, no real respect for anybody, not even themselves. All Harry Thaw was ever taught was that he was

rich, and that being rich he might do as he pleased, give rein to his passions, let loose his appetites, feed to the full every demand and whim of animal sense.

Is a man who grows up under these conditions sane, in the sense that the disciplined and normal man is sane? Most assuredly he is not. He may not, indeed, be deranged in his mind, but he is, in the nature of things, mentally and morally undeveloped—degenerate in the sense that the untaught, unused mind is always degenerate. If his passions called him, his resort was to the lowest of vices; if animal anger moved him, there was no act too low, no resentment too cowardly for his debased mind and his undisciplined body; if bitterness and vengeance took possession of him, as in the case of his rival in an illicit love, he shot him down. He was insane in the sense that nothing in his wretched life had ever served to lift his nature above the level of animal passions, to restrain his hand from any act to which an abused and capricious and fallow mind might prompt it. The man was insane in the sense that he was unsane; he was irresponsible in the sense that he had no development of character sufficient to stay his hand when it turned to murder. He was in his resentment and rage a mere untamed beast, as little controlled by a sense of moral responsibility as the tiger whelp that ranges for its prey. That a creature thus insane should be regarded as irresponsible before the law we will not say. That such a one has been even more sinned against than sinning we will not disclaim. But we should be the last to assert that one thus mentally and morally benumbed should have the right to go unrestrained among his fellows. Insane the man is, we do believe, in the sense that he is a creature of no moral development, but he has no right to live in the world of normal men, to be a menace to the peace and safety of society.

An Appeal.

There is a situation over in Berkeley which ought to command the attention of the State Legislature—and at once. We refer to the pitifully inadequate pay of a body of minor professors and instructors attached to the State University. The condition is one which not only calls for attention, but which cries aloud for it, and which can not be neglected without injustice, and possibly without scandal.

In part, owing to the general advance in the prices of all commodities, in part owing to the special advance in rents occasioned by the San Francisco smash-up, the cost of living at Berkeley, as at other places near this city, has sharply advanced. It takes today one hundred dollars or more to do what could have been done for seventy-five dollars a year ago. Now the adjustment of salaries for minor professorships and instructorships was made long ago, when Berkeley was a village and when village prices prevailed. Even then, for the day of small things, the salary arrangements were pitifully low and inadequate. Under present conditions, with the cost of living advanced at every point, a minor professor or instructor who has no private source of income—and none of them has—must choose either between abandoning his calling, his only possible way of serving the world and of gaining mere bread, or of dragging along under conditions only a little above the starvation line. The situation is really pitiful. We could give instances that would make readers of the *Argonaut* swallow lumps in their throats.

These young men hold with the State an implied if not a positive contract with respect to their professional employments. They have given their youth to the acquirement of special knowledges which the State has undertaken in employing them to conserve and apply. To force them now to go forth into the world and seek their livelihood by other means would be the very acme of cruelty, for they have no other means. In all practical money-getting ways they are as helpless as children. The State which employs them ought to pay them enough to enable them to live in decency and comfort, according to the moderate standards of university life and habit. A body of State employees, associated with our higher life, ought not to be forced to a career of wretched poverty, a career in which hope itself is almost shut out. If we are going to maintain a school of higher culture, let us for the sake not only of propriety, but of decency and humanity, so maintain it that those who perform its

duties and labors may live in reasonable comfort and in the atmosphere of moderate sufficiency and of professional self-respect.

We do not over-emphasize the situation. It presses grievously upon a body of worthy public servants and upon their dependent families. It can not be passed over by a State prosperous as California is without serious dereliction. We urge the matter upon the State Legislature and upon Governor Gillett. Do not, gentlemen, we beg of you, deny this group of State servants in their distress that attention which will inform you of their need and of their claims. Do not give to a mere scheme of town-site promotion an amount of interest and of study that you deny to the legitimate demands of a group of deserving men whose professional separation from the world leaves them without art or practice in the promotion of their own just claim upon the State.

The Capital Removal Project.

For the third time within ten years there is a proposal to remove the capital of California from Sacramento, where it was established more than half a century ago by the founders of the State. Previously San Jose was the objective point, that city making a bid to the tune of a million dollars in the form of a building site and a cash bonus. The present offer comes from Berkeley, where a group of real estate promoters have offered a site of forty acres immediately north of the present town and safely beyond the mile limit from the State University, wherein liquors may not be sold. This latest invitation is backed by the usual arts of town-site promotion, and though it is only a week old it has already been marked by a free excursion in which a few legislators participated and which was tremendously enjoyed by some hundred "attachés" of the law-making body accompanied by an appreciative entourage of lady friends. This party was sumptuously banqueted and given a whirl around the college town in automobiles, with opportunity to look over upon the pleasantly green fields where it is hoped to rear the new capitol and about which it is hoped the wide-lying acreage will take on new and enlarged values.

Sacramento was chosen as the seat of the State government of California partly on account of geography, for then, as now, it was very near the geographical centre of the State, and partly because it was then the chief centre of political, social, and business interests. The people of Sacramento provided the site—or part of it—which, under the name of Capitol Park, has since then been elaborately embellished at great cost. The State, about forty years ago, erected at a cost of approximately three million dollars the present capitol building, which has at various times been added to and which just now is undergoing reconstruction under an appropriation of approximately \$350,000, provided by the Legislature of 1905. The capitol building is a vast structure, surprisingly well built, attractive in its architecture and suited admirably to the purposes of the State government. Its only notable deficiency is at the point of provision for the State Library, a magnificent collection, said to be the third best State library in the United States, and not equalled anywhere west of Chicago. So exceptional a collection ought to have a building of its own, whether the capital shall remain at Sacramento or be moved elsewhere. In all other respects those departments of the State government established at the State capital are approximately and comfortably housed, or will be when the building now undergoing reconstruction shall again be fit for occupancy.

The argument for Berkeley is specious and not without a basis in effective reasons; and if today the State of California were seeking a place *de novo* to establish its capital, they would be overwhelming. The site offered by the Berkeley real estate men is a beautiful one, on the western slope of the North Berkeley hills, and looking into the eye of the Golden Gate. Go the wide world round and you will scarcely find a situation more noble, with climatic conditions more charming than here. It is reachable from San Francisco in forty minutes, and it is in immediate proximity to the State University, with its other great collection of books and historical records. At Berkeley the State capital would be within arms-length of San Francisco and the

bay cities, including San Jose, and it would perhaps be a little more convenient of access to the people of California who habitually frequent San Francisco and who go to Sacramento only when some special errand takes them there.

The Berkeley movement counts upon all these facts and influences. It counts also upon the very important fact that all the larger centres of population, including Los Angeles, lie to the south of Sacramento and in practically closer relations to Berkeley than to the present capital city. It is the claim of the Berkeley promoters that if the matter shall go to the people for determination, as now seems likely, dependence may be had upon the natural preferences, not only of the cities about the bay, including San Francisco, but of the coast regions north and south, of Southern California, of the San Joaquin Valley, and of Sonoma, Napa, and other regions immediately to the north.

It is to be regretted that a movement which has much, both in fact and in theory, to commend it should have had its origin in a scheme of town-lot speculation, and that it should not have been content to rest its ease upon a fair statement of its legitimate advantages. It is to be regretted that in their argument the Berkeleyites should have stigmatized our beautiful State capital as an "outgrown, worn-out, ill-planned, and uncreditable" structure. That this is not a fair description—that it is not the truth—is, of course, common knowledge. It is to be regretted, too, that an effort should have been made to discredit the climate of Sacramento, which is the characteristic climate of California—especially of our great interior valleys—the chief field of our productive industries and the main source of our wealth. The climate of Sacramento, too, is that brilliant traditional "glorious climate" which gave to California its earliest fame and which has been the theme of poetry and romance since time out of mind. To discredit the climate of Sacramento as "unsuited" to the purposes of the State capital is to stigmatize the climate of four-fifths of California—of those great areas which form the basis of our material prosperity and where a large proportion of our people maintain, and will continue to maintain, their homes.

The claim put forth that to "locate the capital at Berkeley would prevent waste in time and money," is, we think, over-hopeful, in view of the history of capital enterprises in other States. To create a State capital, with its accessories, on a bare hillside in these days of colossal and costly construction, is not a thing to be undertaken lightly. No man who knows how these things are done, when States undertake to do them, will consent that the job is an easy one or that it is likely to be accomplished except at tremendous cost. The *Argonaut* has had some observation of these matters, and it ventures the prediction that if this work shall be undertaken at Berkeley, ten millions of dollars will be expended in the next twenty years, and that not even then will the end be in sight. To undertake the construction of a new capitol upon a plan harmonious with the ideals and standards of the time will be, in effect, to fasten upon the people of California for a full generation to come an annual tax equal to one-fourth the legitimate cost of State government. We do not say that the people of California should not undertake it. That is a matter for the business judgment of the State to determine; but such a project ought not to be gone into without full knowledge of what it means in the way of taxation. Let no citizen fool himself with the notion that there will be "prevention of waste," or any other form of economy in such an undertaking.

It is, we have noticed, a common practice in proposals of the sort to appeal for favor by an offer of some species of bounty. In the present instance the offer is forty acres of land, worth, we presume, anywhere from \$30,000 to \$50,000. This kind of offer is easy, since its acceptance would, of course, enormously enhance values of adjacent property, held by the promoters. This is the real basis of their generosity—the milk in this particular cocoanut. Now, the *Argonaut* maintains, in spite of precedent, that it would be improper, most undignified and wholly out of keeping for the State to accept a gift of this sort, which under close analysis must bear something of the aspect of a bribe.

In a matter of this sort the State should not accept anybody's bounty, much less should it lend itself to a scheme of town-site booming. If a new capitol site is desired, it should be made a matter of careful examination and inquiry at the hands of a competent commission, and the place best suited for the purposes in view should be bought and paid for. Any other course smacks more or less—rather more than less—of cajolment and jobbery, and is out of harmony with every ideal of the proprieties and the dignities of statehood.

As the *Argonaut* looks at the matter, there appears to be just one good reason for bringing the State capital to or near San Francisco, and this reason is one which may be answered adequately in another way. The State Library is not properly placed at Sacramento. It remains there a magnificent but little used treasury of things which ought to be easily available. Especially since the destruction of San Francisco's libraries, there is need at or near the commercial centre of the State for that which lies all but useless at Sacramento. But the *Argonaut* fails to see that it is necessary to bring the State government to San Francisco bay in order to bring the library. There is no reason why the library could not be brought down and suitably housed on the grounds of the State University. So placed, it would serve every purpose proposed in connection with reestablishment of the seat of government, besides adding immeasurably to the resources of the university itself. (If the thing most desirable in the removal project is the bringing of the library here, then why not, in common sense, move the library down, without disturbing the present arrangements of the State government in its general departments.)

As to Sacramento, there may be urged in her behalf, not merely the geographical centralism of her position, her excellent facilities for transportation, but those traditions and sentiments which are justly valued in their relations to human affairs. Sacramento is the historic as well as the political capital of California. Here is Sutter's Fort, marking the spot where the standard of American pretensions and patriotic spirit was first reared. Here was the home of those revered historic personages which give to our pioneer history so much of its dignity and of its romance. Here was enacted that series of events which gives to historic California its significance and its inspiration. These things the *Argonaut* believes to be worth cherishing. We should sacrifice much, we should in a sense cut off and disconnect ourselves as a commonwealth from our historic beginnings by tearing up the roots of our State government from the soil where the argonauts planted them. We see no adequate reasons for a change which would seem still further to remove from our visions the days of gold, the days of old.

Sacramento may blame herself chiefly for this recurrence of a proposal which a discreet course on her part would have made both ridiculous and impertinent. Sacramento, be it said frankly, has never fairly conceived her own responsibilities as the seat of State government. In all the fifty years and more of her capitalship she has never maintained a hotel in which men of civilized habits and instincts could be decently lodged, decently fed, or decently washed. With the finest water supply on earth at her very doors, she has allowed her supply pipes to carry, especially in season when the Legislature is in session, a murky fluid which stirs the disgust and resentment of such persons as maintain the habit of bathing, even in winter. Sacramento has seemed to regard the State government as her particular oyster upon which her youth and her age were entitled to feed without stint. Under the influences of proximity she has loaded up every department of the minor service of the State with her sons and daughters, until the thing has become a byword and a sneer. Sacramento has furnished no small proportion of that idle, useless, and offending army of "attachés" which have turned every recent session of Legislature into a source of scandal and contempt. Perhaps more serious even than all this in its effects upon legislative sentiment, is the fact that Sacramento has maintained through many years a vulgar yellow newspaper, imbued with the narrowest spirit, confirmed in an obsolete provincial habit,

fixed in the character of the rustic smart-aleck, devoid of integrity and decency as of real capacity or real power, devoting its whole pestiferous energy to a pettifogging policy of railery and defamation. Members of the Legislature, time out of mind, have suffered under the jabs of this journalistic mosquito and have grown weary of it. Again and again has Sacramento disclaimed responsibility for this enemy to her social and political peace, but she has continued to support it and to allow it to carry forward unchecked its course of petty, sinister irritations. Justly is she charged with harboring this "Town Bully," and justly today is she writhing under its misrepresentation of her sentiment in connection with the capital removal project. This newspaper, having stirred the Legislature to anger and resentment, made manifest in its favor to the Berkeley project, now declares that Sacramento cares nothing about the whole matter. It is a lie, of course. Sacramento resents it as a lie. But the Legislature asks, if this newspaper represents you, why do you allow it to live? If Sacramento is to lose the capital it will be because she has permitted this "Town Bully," which draws its substance from her, to raise up and embitter enemies against her hour of hazard.

We believe Sacramento can hold the capital, in spite of the Berkeley boomers, if she will coordinate her energies and put her case fairly before the people. The legislative part of the programme will, in all likelihood, carry, but final determination will be with the people. Sacramento's fight for the capital—we say fight, for it will be a fight—will therefore be a broad one. Her task is to make adequate provision for the entertainment of persons visiting the seat of government, the curbing among her people of the desire to serve the State and to be paid out of its coffers, exposition of the facts of her climatic and health conditions, demonstration of the cost of creating a new seat of State government, and, above all, the bridling of that impertinent and pestiferous yellow newspaper, which since time out of mind has misrepresented her spirit and sentiment and repaid her bounty by defaming her character and raising up enemies against her.

Socialism in Germany.

If the German emperor is able to extract any considerable amount of satisfaction from the results of the recent elections, he must be the owner of a very buoyant disposition. To talk about a Socialist defeat is sheer nonsense, and no one will recognize this more clearly than the emperor himself when his first elation at a timely respite has passed over. It is indeed a respite, and nothing more, and only those in whom the wish is father to the thought will continue to say that the Socialists have been crushed or that the threat of their domination has been sensibly lessened. As a matter of fact, the Socialists polled more votes than they ever did before, and that their advance in parliamentary power has been momentarily checked is due simply to the fact that Clericals, Conservatives and Moderates succeeded in whipping to the voting booths an unusually large number of their so-called followers. A "victory" that has been won by means of a forced spasm on the part of those who are usually indifferent and apathetic is not much to boast about, and there is at present no evidence that a single Socialist was convinced of the error of his ways or that a single vote was actually wrested from them. On the contrary, they added to their strength by over 240,000 votes, while the Clerical gain was 398,000 votes. And as a further dash of cold water, it must be remembered that it was an unholy combination of Clerical and Socialist that caused the recent dissolution. Such a team can hardly be very harmonious, but it ran before, and it may run again if the emperor should show himself rebellious to the behests of Mother Church.

But it would be a mistake to put too narrow an interpretation upon German Socialism and its progress, or to argue from the fact that it is by far the largest party in the German Empire; that we are likely soon to see the abolition of capital or the nationalization of the means of production. Socialism is a very wide term, and means different things in different countries. Political parties in opposition are rarely definite in their creeds, and a mission of general destructiveness gives to them all the cohesion that they need and for which parties in

power must defend on definite and intellectual agreement. German Socialism is practically the party of discontent, into which are driven all those who are of a mind to resist imperial encroachment and to demand democratic institutions. While Karl Marx is the intellectual apostle of German Socialists, there is a strong and widespread disinclination either to accept his economic teachings or to regard them as articles of faith. Von Vollmar, Bernstein, and Heine have their substantial followings of men, who would rather mend than end, and who have every expectation of accomplishing substantial reforms along constitutional lines. While Herr Bebel is the recognized parliamentary leader, there can be no doubt that Socialism owes its recent advance to more moderate men, who are willing enough to fight under his orders so long as a destructive policy is the order of the day, but who would quickly separate themselves from him on constructive lines. German Socialists are opportunists, and they know the danger of swapping horses in mid-stream.

Even Herr Bebel can hardly be called an extremist. When the question of a general strike was brought before the German Socialist Congress, it was vigorously opposed by Bebel. Three million Socialists were involved, and it rested practically upon this one man to declare peace or war, and he threw his weight upon the side of peace. Like a good player, he kept his best card in reserve, while securing all the advantage of its possession by an outspoken declaration that he would play it as a last resource. Every one knew the mad scheme that was fermenting in the mind of the emperor, who is constitutionally incapable of understanding that physical force is the last appeal of the people as well as of their rulers. If the Socialist advance could be stopped in no other way, the emperor undoubtedly intended first to pass laws against popular combinations and secondly to deprive of their votes those whom he believed unfit to use them. Either of these measures would be the signal for conflagration, and Herr Bebel said as much. In that case the question would no longer be open; "then we should be compelled; there could be no bargaining; we should have to go into action, even if we had to remain dead on the field."

The German emperor has been a conspicuous success abroad and a conspicuous failure at home. He has kept the empire at peace, and this should be counted unto him for righteousness on the principle of giving even the devil his due. In this respect he has falsified innumerable prophecies that were made when the sword of his grandfather was placed in his hands. But at home he has been simply obsessed with the spirit of the divine right of kings, and democratic institutions have been the spectres haunting his reign. Parliaments, trade unions, political and social combinations, represent to him the quintessence of evil and the personification of everything that ought not to exist. Social democracy in Germany means opposition to one-man rule; it embodies the spirit of resistance to dictatorship. One day it may mean something more if it should ever undertake to build as well as to tear down, but at the present time it is the necessary result of the survival in Germany of the foolish old tattered ideals of the middle ages. If Germany were to win her way to full constitutional government, her Socialists would become simply one of the great political parties into which all well-ordered States naturally resolve themselves.

A "Militant" Failure.

Something like three months ago there was started simultaneously in fourteen cities of the United States (including San Francisco) with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, a "militant weekly" newspaper, which modestly declared its purpose to exhibit to a waiting world something entirely new and of superlative merit in the way of newspapering. *Ridgway's*—for so this journalistic wonder was styled—was to be the creation of a group of "selective minds," whatever that may have been thought to mean, and it was to accomplish amazing things in the way of instructing and reforming the understanding, the opinions, the manners, and the morals of the American people. After less than half a dozen issues, all but four of the fourteen branches suspended publication, and now comes the announcement that the remnant of the group has for sufficient reasons quit the game. A scheme of colossal pretensions has

come to complete disaster. In an essay some three pages long in his final number, Mr. Ridgway sets forth the reasons, which may be summarized briefly to the effect that not enough people bought the paper and not enough advertised in it. The incident is notable, not more upon the basis of its extraordinary pretensions and its melodramatic collapse, than because it stands related to certain general and fixed principles which govern the business of newspaper-making in the United States and elsewhere. This principle is one of so much interest that we shall recite the Ridgway story from its beginning, not because in itself it is a matter of any importance, but because it points a lesson in the field of broader morals in which all human successes and human failures have their roots.

Mr. Erman Ridgway and Mr. John Adams Thayer were and are a pair of glib and graciously mannered youths, who up to two years ago were employed worthily in soliciting advertising in New York City. They had address, energy, commercial push, and the kind of tact which wins business, and to these merits they quickly added an overweening self-assurance. They became impressed with the notion that the main thing and the whole thing about journalism is business-getting. Being as they were very efficient business-getters, they quickly conceived themselves to be great editors, and under the inspiration of this not uncommon phase of commercial big-head, they picked up off the publisher's bargain-counter a languishing magazine—*Everybody's*—which not even the commercial genius of John Wanamaker had been able to galvanize into a profit-winner. Ridgway and Thayer proceeded to "get business" for *Everybody's*, leaving for the moment its editorial department in the hands of Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, who is not unknown in San Francisco. By a combination of editorial judgment and pertinacity, Mr. Cosgrave induced Thomas Lawson, of Boston, to write "Frenzied Finance" for *Everybody's*. It was a success which speedily lost to Mr. Cosgrave his editorship, because Ridgway and Thayer, of course, discovered almost immediately that not Cosgrave but themselves were the authors of their editorial fortunes. As the chapters of "Frenzied Finance" were reeled off month by month, *Everybody's Magazine* expanded in an almost unexampled way, and with this expansion there was a corresponding outswelling of the chests and of the hatbands of that eminent pair of business-getters and editorialists, Messrs. Ridgway and Thayer. A time came, indeed, when Mr. Thayer realized the limitations of the business-getter in journalism, but not so with Mr. Ridgway. Here was a born genius who literally knew it all by instinct. Was he not, indeed, the "editor" of a magazine which had had a growth unparalleled in the history of American journalism? If his editorship was not responsible for this development, pray what was? Cosgrave's trained professional insight and Tom Lawson's pen were forgotten in the development of egotism which Mr. Ridgway's survey of *Everybody's* extraordinary success had brought about. Having accomplished such wonders with *Everybody's*, Mr. Ridgway turned to the conquering of new worlds, and the hydra-headed "militant weekly" which has just been so tenderly laid away in fourteen graves was the outcome of his efforts.

The primary reason why *Ridgway's* failed is because it had not the first right to existence. It was the conception not of an editorial mind but of a business-getter, who conceived himself an editorial Napoleon. It was a thing born not in breadth of knowledge, not in moral purpose, but in the brain of a business-getter in whom an accidental and temporary success had begotten an inverted sense of things. In his business-getter's conceit, Mr. Ridgway forgot, if indeed he ever knew, that in any sound scheme of journalism—we speak of real journalism, not merely of the advertising business, of which the daily newspapers are examples—the business-getter's part, important as it is, is nevertheless accessory, secondary, and subordinate—that the real vitality and justification of such journalism lies in its intellectual and moral rather than in its commercial character. Mr. Ridgway's scheme has collapsed completely and ignominiously, because he undertook the impossible task of founding a journal of lofty pretensions upon the conceptions of an advertising solicitor.

No doubt, Mr. Ridgway thought himself a man of moral and intellectual conceptions. No doubt, the whole breed of muck-rakers, to whom he stands closely related in a business-getting way, regard themselves in the same light. They fail to understand that muck-raking in its essential character is mere sensationalism, of a better sort to be sure, but close kin to the sensation-mongering which exploits itself in poster type and red ink. The temporary success of *Everybody's Magazine* and of *McClure's Magazine* under the hand of the muck-rakers, has misled a group of publishers and writers with the notion that a new principle in human and literary interest has been discovered. They lack the wit to see that the thing is not new; furthermore that its success is based upon a mere temporary mood. They lack the history and the judgment to know that in the world of intellect and morals nothing that is merely destructive in character has ever more than a transient vogue. Already there are indications of weariness with the muck-raker and his work on the part of the public. The normal man is a hopeful man; the normal mind emphasizes the good in things rather than the bad. It is the cheerful and the hopeful song that inspires the heart. The work that lasts, the work that grows, the work that helps the world, the work that establishes and maintains character, is the work that is founded not in suspicion but in confidence, not in the "militant" spirit, that proceeds not by destruction but by construction.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Historic Treasure.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.
BERKELEY, February 20, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Mrs. H. H. Bancroft recently placed in my hands a valuable package of documents and letters to be added to the Bancroft Library at the university. The articles had been found at the Walnut Creek home of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and they were very generously interpreted as belonging to the library which the university had purchased. In looking them over I find objects of priceless value. There is among them, for instance, the original book containing the constitution and signatures of members (716 names) of the Vigilance Committee of 1851; there are important portions of the records of the committee, scattered memoranda and letters involving some of the most important episodes in its existence, and a large number of letters of Sutter, Nathan Spear, Vallejo, Leese, representing the earliest conditions in the State prior to the discovery of gold.

One of these letters in particular has interested me. It was written by Jacob P. Leese at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), which he spells Yearva Buana, and dated August the first, 1836, being addressed to Nathan Spear, who was then I believe a resident of Monterey. Jacob Leese had just settled in Yerba Buena, and evidently entertained optimistic views concerning the future of San Francisco, for he says: "Leigh low and look out sharp for this Place as we are a going to do a snorting Business. Do not make yourself uneasy about Business here for all gows on straight." Jacob Leese was the first merchant of San Francisco. This letter is written within a month or two of his arrival. He was really the second settler, Mr. William A. Richardson being the first. He established his general store in the neighborhood of what became Portsmouth Square, though he afterwards removed to the shore of the bay and erected a very substantial building on what is now the west side of Montgomery Street at the corner of Commercial. His enthusiasm for the prospects of business in San Francisco makes him a model and an inspiration for San Francisco merchants of all time.

Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. I. WHEELER.

My Argonaut.

(With apologies to E. A. Poe.)

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That the *Argonaut* sprang into life,
To be read, and loved, by me—

And neither earthquake's fearful shock
Nor fires that swept to the sea,
Have yet dissevered, or withheld
My *Argonaut* from me.

L. A. FOLSON.

Old Town, Maine.

The Hon. Alton B. Parker, late candidate against Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency and for many years Chief Justice of New York, gave it as his opinion at the recent dinner of the Maryland Society that the President had the constitutional power to discharge the Brownsville rioters from the army, and that neither the legislative nor the judicial branch of the Government has any right to interfere in the matter.

Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, has called in the Audit Company, of New York, to assist in probing the charges of extravagance in connection with the Capitol building, preferred by State Treasurer Berry. The company will work under direction of the Capitol Investigating Committee appointed by the Legislature. Treasurer Berry has asked to be represented by counsel before the committee.

BLACK BUTTERFLIES.

How They Presaged Evil for the Girl Who Loved Lieutenant Taunton.

The devotion of her look was affording amusement to the chaperons and elderly officers, who, by reason of physical infirmities, were convinced that dancing is a hollow vanity, and therefore abstained from it, but not from comments upon people and frocks, which have been definitely proven not to be vanities, and are indulged in by the most potent, grave, and reverend *signors*, and have their sanction.

She was dancing with Taunton, waltzing the long-stepped, fast, gliding waltz which the cavalry is apt to affect, and which has in it the dash and *verve* commonly supposed to be attributes of that gallant branch of the service.

It was a case of true love, and had not run smooth. Miss Rossini was torn between a desire to obey her parents and the wish to give way to Taunton's entreaties. The outcome of the conflict has been written beforehand in the book of life these thousands of centuries. A weakness of will—sweetly feminine, but trying when it is not one's self who wields the power—was her worst fault. Her promises were governed entirely by the speaker of the moment. To her father she swore eternal renunciation of Taunton; to Taunton, eternal fidelity in her love; and yet, if untruth is to be judged only by its intention, she was not guilty of falsehood. The time had passed, some two weeks before, when she might with honesty tell her father that she would give the first lieutenant up forever. Moreover, Captain Rossini had begun to lose faith in the promises. At last she replied to his remonstrances, one day, that she loved Taunton, that he loved her, and that she meant eventually to marry him. At this she turned first red, and then pale, but remained firm against all the paternal wrath poured on her head with a vehemence and force of language calculated to impress her with the deep respect a child should nourish toward the author of its being. To his choice epithets she made no reply. The humor of the situation struck her even then—the vast paradox of paternal reverence. But she showed the obstinacy which lies at the bottom of even a weak nature, which is part of the instinct of self-preservation, and she held her tongue.

The strain was telling on her, however. She was greatly changed from the girl who, but six months before, had come back from school to the gayety and adulation of a big army post. The suffering gave a sweetness to her rather cool prettiness, which lent her charm. The garrison was sorry for her; it did all in its power to help along the meetings of this much-enamored couple, and succeeded only too well.

Captain and Mrs. Rossini were persons of a type not prevalent in the service, with an eye very much to the main chance, worldly wise to a degree. A rich man "back East," who had taken a fancy to the little boarding-school miss, and who sent numerous letters, rolls of music, hooks, and boxes of candy, was looked upon as a far better match than a first lieutenant, even a most exemplary first lieutenant, as Taunton certainly was. When Taunton's attentions had become too marked, he had been forbidden the house and Lucia had been commanded to repulse him. The mere fact that she promised faithfully to do so, in presence of her father's wrath, had no influence on her when once she was thrown with her lover. It was a choice of evils; whether she should oppose her parents or Taunton, and she chose the former as less unpleasant.

Just at first they kept their meetings secret, but once they were discovered, they threw aside concealment and saw each other openly under the very eyes of the powerless father and mother. They took long rides among the foothills, long walks around the outskirts of the garrison, Taunton striding along with his fine head very erect, his gray eyes seeing nothing but the girl at his side, who picked her way daintily among the litter of tin cans and broken bottles and old horseshoes that marked the approach to the post. There were no leafy bowers under which to stroll, and no velvety sward to press their feet upon; but they could well afford to ignore the surroundings; it is only later in life that we learn the value of the background of the picture. By common consent they avoided straying to the creek, where the willows and cottonwoods were thick and green; the "men" and their sweethearts held that field. At the hops, too, they danced together a great deal of the time and made no secret of their infatuation. Captain Rossini looked savage and Mrs. Rossini was manifestly uneasy, but an open scene was not to be thought of, public opinion being against the parents. There were had half-hours and tearful nights for Lucia after each defiance, but there was more sweet in Taunton's love than bitter in her father's fury.

And so it happened that the long notes of the "Santiago" were bearing the two onward with the other dancers, snatches of singing, of laughter, and of conversation sounding with the music, until there broke in suddenly, drowning it all, a clang, a roar, a hellow of thunder. The music hesitated for an instant; for an instant there was a cessation of movement and exclamations of fear; then the bright figures swayed on and the chatter was resumed, and the damp, cool wind of a summer shower blew over them while the rain beat down on the roof and ground.

But Taunton's eyes had lost, somehow, the look of perfect content; the girl's head was farther away from his shoulder, and the swing had gone from their step. They stopped by an open window to let the fresh wind blow over them. There came a sudden gust which wafted in a great dark butterfly that, in the rays of artificial light, seemed dead black, the omen of impending harm. It fluttered for an instant, dazzled and wind-beaten; fluttered

and circled around, then, spreading its shadow wings, it floated steadily, relentlessly upon Taunton and the girl beside him. She watched it with parted lips and frightened eyes as it came toward her out of the lightning-streaked night, and neither moved until it sank and settled on her light hair. Then she threw up both arms and brushed it off with a heavy blow. The creature of the night flew out into the storm again with a drooping wing.

An orderly crossed the hop-room to the adjutant, who was speaking to the band-master, but none of the listening ears could hear the soldier's message.

"Well, play it if you can find the music," the adjutant said, coolly, then wheeled about and followed the orderly.

He was back again in ten minutes, speaking hurriedly to Taunton. Taunton answered, bowed his head, and, turning away, crossed the room to where Captain Rossini stood with his daughter.

"Good-evening, captain," he said, and waiting for no reply, put his hand on Lucia's arm and drew her aside with an air of proprietorship that left the father aghast.

"Lucia, listen, dear. I've hardly time for even this good-by. Don't look so frightened; it amounts to nothing. Some trouble over at the agency that makes it necessary for me to go up there instantly with a detachment. You know there has been expectation of trouble for some time. My dear child, you must not look like that; how silly of a soldier's daughter! I tell you I'll be back in a few days. If you are going to faint, come out in the air; the rain has stopped."

She took his arm and let him drag her out upon the steps. The music came to them from within and smothered the sound of their voices.

"Marion, you aren't going to go away? How can you, how can you?" she said, in a whisper.

"How can I? Why, because I'm ordered. But I've an order for you, in turn."

"Well?" She bent her fan and worked her fingers nervously, still leaning hard on his arm.

"You must go with me instantly and tell your father."

"I won't," she answered, with set teeth.

"Why, but Lucia, you will if I say so."

"I won't."

"Then I'll do it alone."

"I can't stop you, but if you do I shall hate you—as much as I have loved you."

"But why? He must be told some time. I'm in a fearful hurry. As a matter of fact, I've no right to be here now; if the C. O. catches me, I'll get the dickens. Come along and tell him."

"I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

"What makes you so obstinate? It's not like you."

"It's like me sometimes. It's like me when I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of papa. I wouldn't mind so dreadfully if you were going to be here, but I think it's mean and cowardly of you to leave me to bear the brunt of it all alone for days and days. It might kill me. I'm about worried to death now."

A tear dropped on Taunton's hand and melted his firmness in a moment. He began to plead. "But, Lucia, he must know in a few weeks at most. I've let you persuade me too long already. We ought to have been brave and open in the first place, or else have gone up and made our confession immediately. What the deuce ever made me give in to your silly fears, I can't understand."

"You were glad enough to get me 'most anyway."

"I suppose that's it. But let me tell your father now. It would be so much better in case—anything were to happen to me."

"Oh, Marion, there's no danger, is there?"

"Probably not. But you can't always be sure. You see, it would be better to have it over with if I should get—hurt."

"You won't. I'm sure you won't. Don't tell him yet. Marion, please don't, and oh, don't get killed! Do you think the black butterfly meant anything—do you?"

"Of course not. Lucia, I'm doing wrong to give in to you. I know it, and—here comes Murray, he mustn't catch me here. Good-by, little girl, good-by. I wish you were braver. *Adios.*"

Taunton ran down the steps, and, keeping in the shadow of the buildings, strode off to the troop quarters. And the girl stood there in the darkness looking with wide eyes up at the sky, where gray, thick clouds drifted together and apart, showing patches of starry black heavens and covering them over as quickly. The cottonwoods rustled in the wind, and her hair blew about her face, all damp and clinging. She bent her fan until one of the sticks snapped, and started at the sound. She turned about and looked at the barracks where F Troop was making ready to depart—a portion of the troop, that is. Men ran by alone, or leading horses; orderlies galloped beneath the shadow of the trees. Shaking with cold she stood there, her heart seemed numb and still. From the open doors of the soldiers' quarters fell hars of light, and uniformed figures passed in and out, forward and backward. She saw Taunton run along and hurry to his house. In five minutes he was back again in scouting-clothes. All this the light from the barracks showed her. When he had started for his quarters, she had wavered for a second, almost determined to go to him and tell him she would do as he wished. But, as usual, it ended in indecision. It would be all right when he came back, it would be time enough then. She threw up her arm and brushed away a flying black thing, whose big soft wings had touched her cheek.

The music had stopped, and begun again, and again stopped while she stood there. People had passed her by, going out, but they had not seen her in the shadow of the corner.

There came a sudden silence. The leaves of the trees

stopped their whisperings, the wind died away in the night, the voices about ceased their murmuring, the rain-drops clung to the branches; and out from the silence came the word of command which all the garrison and the rigid woman were waiting to hear: "Prepare to mount. *Monnt.*"

A clash of accoutrements, a tramping of hoofs, the wind blew fresh once more, the leaves rustled and shook down the drops, and the world went on.

The woman brushed her hair from her eyes, gathered up her skirts, and walked home alone.

It was a beautiful morning after the storm. Every one was on the porches watching guard-mounting with as much interest as if it had never been gone through before, deeply engrossed in the choosing of the commanding officer's orderly.

A second lieutenant sat upon the steps of Captain Rossini's quarters, beside the captain's fair daughter, who was smiling and talking in her old lively way. The second lieutenant reflected that she could not have been much in love with Taunton after all; she seemed in nowise depressed by his absence on an expedition which was not quite safe, at best. The second lieutenant gathered hopes, for there was a lingering fondness for the pretty creature in his own heart.

So they talked and laughed and watched guard-mounting in the sunshine of the cool summer morning. When it was over, and the adjutant, and officer of the day, and ex-officer of the day were going their ways, there came a sound of the hoofs of a galloping horse, and a courier from the agency drew up at the commandant's quarters, while the people on the porches craned their necks and strained their ears in a vain attempt to hear the mud-splashed man's message.

The Rossini's house was next to the commanding officer's. Lucia jumped up and ran down near the courier.

"Lucia! come back here! What do you mean?" thundered the captain, indulging in some assorted oaths.

She wheeled about and faced him. "I am going to see what has happened to my husband," she said, deliberately, and did not wait to notice the look on his dark face. The second lieutenant leaned against the railing for support.

The courier's words were low; but Lucia heard the tidings of death as plainly as if he had shouted them aloud. She flushed—and then turned very pale. There came a queer thud in her heart and a whirl in her head, and all she saw was thousands upon thousands of black butterflies that flew around her. She laughed and put up her hands to seize them, bit at them, struck at them, shook her clenched fists at them, fighting off the dull wings that only herself could see.—*Gwendolen Overton. Reprinted from the Argonaut, 1896, request of several readers.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Beggar Maid.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Rare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and loveliness mien
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"
—Lord Tennyson.

Blow High, Blow Low.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea.
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that send along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
Over flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The hurling of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low.
—Charles Dibdin.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art.
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would enwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close.
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose
—Thomas J.

"TAVERNIER, ARTISTE-PEINTRE."

By Jerome A. Hart.

Among the Bohemian artists of Old San Francisco, perhaps the most distinctive, personally and artistically, was Jules Tavernier. On his studio door there hung a weather-beaten board bearing the legend I have put at the head of this chapter. He looked on this sign-board with special affection, as it had decorated the door of his studio in the Latin Quarter, where doubtless many a creditor had vainly banged on the old board when Tavernier's oak was sported.

Tavernier came to San Francisco some time in the seventies in company with Paul Frenzeny, another artist, after a hair-raising journey across the plains looking for Indian pictures for the Eastern pictorials. Frenzeny soon left here, but Tavernier remained.

I did not come to know Tavernier well until I met him at the "Jinks Committee Camp" in the Sonoma redwoods, in 1883. I had gone up with the "Advance Committee" to select and prepare the grounds for the Midsummer Jinks. Already installed on the Russian River we found an Artists' Camp, the members of which, if my memory serves me, were Tavernier, John Stanton, Rodriguez, and Joullin; the last three were then long-legged boys, full of enthusiasm for their chosen calling. Marion Wells, the sculptor, was also in the redwoods, but he was one of our party.

Although Tavernier had gone to the woods intent on making sketches for possible pictures, he speedily threw over his own work and devoted himself to ours. Among Tavernier's rules for the simple life were these—never to permit business to interfere with pleasure, never to do today what could be put off until tomorrow, and never to put off until tomorrow what could be put off until next week.

The Artists' Camp was on the river bluff, about a mile and a half from the Bohemian Camp. The three youthful neophytes worked hard all day, assiduously sketching, but Tavernier, who spent nearly all his time with us, worked even harder, but with no prospect of remuneration. For it was our work, and not his. He sent down to San Francisco for some *détrempe* ("distemper"—the sort of stuff scene-painters use), and when it came he performed marvels with his brush. For every tent a canvas sign was painted, giving each local habitation a name, with some symbolic picture. Tavernier detested whist and all sorts of enforced silence; therefore to one especially large tent with two entrances, he affixed two distinct signs—the one was "Whist Room," the other "*Salle de Conversation*."

Tavernier was an early-English spelling reformer, but he was too early—his efforts in that line were received with even less favor than those of President Roosevelt. Hence I was assigned the double duty of toning up his feeble spelling and mixing his paints. As Marion Wells, not far away, was engaged in constructing a gigantic plaster statue of St. John of Bohemia, I likewise assisted as mortar-mixer for that plastic branch of art. Therefore, I may with justice say that I have been a humble follower—in fact, a camp follower—of the two sister arts of painting and sculpture.

One day a group of young women from a camping party some miles down the river appeared on the scene, and watched with much curiosity the operations of painter and sculptor. I was wearing a very large, broad-brimmed straw hat; as I was the *nouveau* of the forest studio, Tavernier as *maitre* had amused himself by decorating my head-piece one day when I was asleep. This painted slander purported to be my coat of arms, and bore on its various quarterings a champagne glass, an inkstand, a book, and an owl; I was assured by my Boss Painter that it typified my tastes, literary, nocturnal, and Bohemian. This polychromatic head-piece attracted the attention of the young campers in bloomers, and they begged for similar souvenirs. With the same fickleness with which Tavernier had thrown over his own work he threw over our Jinks work, and devoted himself for some hours to painting the straw hats of the bloomer ladies. During this time Sculptor Wells and his mortar-mixer, to wit, myself, sat on lime-barrels and regarded this proceeding, at times apostrophizing Jules for his propensity to use his palette hand in lieu of a mahlstick while he was painting a gorgeous corsage bouquet on the linen plastron of one of the bloomer ladies.

But all things have an end. The last of the camper girls was painted and dismissed, and Tavernier, having finished his tent signs, turned his attention to a pair of enormous *portières*, designed for the unveiling of Marion Wells's statue of St. John. The crown of this statue was some fifty feet high from the ground, and it was no small task to paint curtains reaching to such a height and giving the necessary effect of depth. As the statue stood between two lofty redwood trees, the effect was unique and impressive. This piece of work gave me for the first time an idea of Tavernier's amazing versatility: the average artist would find it difficult to paint even the stiff drop-curtain of the scene-painters. How much more difficult, then, to paint these lofty *portières* on our primitive paint-frame, rigged in the redwoods.

Perhaps it is not easy to paint any kind of a curtain. Zeuxis painted grapes so naturally that the birds came out and pecked at them. His rival, Parrhasius, led him up to a curtain and paused. "Draw aside the curtain, that we may see the picture," said Zeuxis. "You see the picture before you," replied Parrhasius. "It is the curtain." So Zeuxis lost the prize, for he had deceived only the birds, but Parrhasius had deceived an artist.

As a boy I read that (with some difficulty) in the "New Gradatim." So it must be true.

I came to learn that Tavernier could paint anything. He could paint in oils, in water color, in monochrome, in black and white, in pastel. He could do anything, from miniature to scene-painting. He was very clever at illustrating. He could work on the block for wood-engraving—a process that is now a lost art. He drew the striking picture of the "Indian Maiden at the Golden Gate" which was used for the title-page of the Christmas *Argonaut* in 1880. Probably that fine block was the last piece of high-grade wood-engraving executed on the Pacific Coast.

Tavernier was a wonder in composition, in draughtsmanship, in color; he did some pastels of the Kilauea crater of Mauna Loa which seemed fantastic art-visions to those who had not viewed the eruptions.

I do not speak of his routine work, although his pictures were highly prized and brought good prices. Furthermore, they are numerous—or were, before the fire—and therefore familiar to many. But there were several artists of the time of whom that might be said. What impressed me in Tavernier was not only his genius but his versatility. He could do anything with a brush—or without a brush, for he could paint with his spatulated thumb. His brain worked like lightning, and when he was taken in travail with an idea, his wonderful hands—for he sometimes painted with both of them—strove to keep up with his electric brain.

Some of his best work, to my thinking, was his rapid, sketch-like cartoons. At a Bohemian dinner given to Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, in 1888, the *menu* was painted by Tavernier. It was a redwood scene; down one of the dim aisles of the forest came a troop of Indian girls, their arms filled with the gorgeous eschscholtzias, Mariposa lilies, and other rich California wild flowers. Against a giant trunk was hung an Indian shield, crowned by an owl, while in the foreground lay a heap of redwood "shakes," moss-covered and old, on the face of one of which the artist painted the *menu*.

At a dinner given to Eugene Dewey, in 1882, when he was leaving San Francisco to reside in New York, Tavernier painted a unique cartoon, which set forth the *menu* graphically. Round and round there wound a picturesque procession, headed by a jolly, round *chef* bearing a tureen, and each course was symbolized by some attribute of its name—for example, *Pouche à la Romaine* was indicated by a group of laughing peasant girls bearing a punch-bowl, and wearing the peculiar headdress one sees in the *Campagna Romana*.

Tavernier once grew displeased with the club, accusing it of having fallen from its high ideals. Hence, one Jinks night there were three cartoons—the High Jinks Cartoon, the Low Jinks Cartoon, and the Tavernier Cartoon. The third, without the knowledge of the Jinks Committee, was brought in by the artist under his arm, and installed on an easel just outside the Jinks room. There it faced the Bohemians as they emerged after the High Jinks on their way to supper. It was an allegorical cartoon, the artist's idea being: *Bohemia is fallen into the hands of the Bourgeois—crawling spiders have spun their nets over Bohemia's halls—The owl takes flight from Bohemia*. In effect, the cartoon represented a Bohemia where trade and barter were followed, and where there were money-changers, as in the Temple. All sorts of Bohemians were depicted as employed in their accustomed pursuits except the artists—there was no representation of a painter selling a picture in the club. Still, I have known it done.

This cartoon gave great offense to the merchant princes present, which enormously gratified Tavernier. At the close of the evening he took it away, declaring that it was "too good for the *Bourgeois*," and it never was hung on the walls of the club.

After our meeting in the redwood grove, the next time I saw Tavernier working with a free hand was when the directors of the Art Association decided to give a big dinner to the artists of the Art Association. It was a sort of love feast—a lot of artists who had gone forth in rebellion had been brought back in amity, and the directors considered it politic to give a big dinner. The artists in return offered to decorate the rooms of the Art Association in some unique and elaborate fashion. When the idea was suggested to Tavernier, his imagination at once took fire. He ran around the rooms, indicating rapidly his scheme of decoration. Canvas was procured, and an elaborate treatment of walls and ceilings sketched out. On a richly decorated frieze, large medallion frames were painted which were destined to hold the portraits of the great artists of all time. In the Art Association library were found numerous volumes containing suggestions for mural decorations. There were other volumes containing portraits of artists. There were also many photographs from the famous room in the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence, where there are hundreds of portraits of artists painted by themselves. The young of the art tribe were set to work manufacturing stencils, and speedily they were painting elaborate arabesque cornices around the walls. Painters with an architectural kink painted pilasters and pagodas, while vistas of columns at the ends of the rooms receded into the dim distance. Non-practicable windows gave upon formal gardens, where fountains plashed and sun-dials numbered non-sunny hours.

To the artists whose scope was neither landscapes nor rectangles there was allotted the task of painting the portraits of dead-and-gone worthies. It was to this task, when the grand plan had been approved and put into execution, that Tavernier devoted himself. Around him were many buckets of distemper paint, and soon he was so splashed with color that his blouse looked like Joseph's coat.

Virgil Williams, then director of the Art Association and an artist of much ability, had never worked in distemper. He was much interested—nay, fascinated—by the

rapidity of Tavernier's work—as who would not be? Virgil, therefore, determined to try it himself. He got a portrait of some dead great man—I think it was Michael Angelo.

But scarcely had he got fairly to work when Michael's grim features began rapidly to fade. Virgil put a little more color on his canvas, but from a dark brunette, Michael became a light chocolate color, then a Chinese yellow. While the alarmed Virgil was hastening to get another bucket of paint, the creator of "Moses" rapidly changed into a blonde. As the agitated painter feebly dabbed his brush upon his palette, Michael Angelo became an Albino, and was rapidly fading away into a spirit photograph when Tavernier came along.

"*Sapristi*, Vergile!" he cried. "More dark colors! *Plus foncées, mon bonhomme*."

Virgil did not know the peculiarity of these paints of rapidly lightening in tint as they dry.

* * * * *

Tavernier's abomination was the sleek citizen, the prosperous person, the millionaire. He stigmatized all such under the generic term of *Bourgeois*. When they were aggravated cases he called them *Sacré Bourgeois*, or if they were hopeless Pharisees, *Sacré Canaille*. It mattered little to him that the despised rich men bought his pictures, for he looked upon them merely as Philistines, and therefore to be despoiled. If a *Bourgeois* gave him a commission and Tavernier was interested in the commission (which was rare), or in the *Bourgeois* (which was rarer), he put into the picture his best work. But if he was not interested in either *Bourgeois* or commission (which was very often the case), it was difficult to get him to do any work at all. Frequently he would block out the canvas with a few strokes, and in that condition it might remain for months. This was particularly the case if the art patron made a money advance on the commission.

There came to me one day a sorrowing millionaire who had given Tavernier an order for a picture. Months had passed, he told me, and not only was there no sign of its completion, but there was no sign of its beginning.

"How do you know this?" I inquired. "Do you go to his studio?"

"Oh, yes; frequently," replied the melancholy millionaire. "I drop in every now and then and ask him if he has done anything on the picture."

"That's bad," I remarked, reflectively, "very bad indeed. You'd better stay away from the studio. But have you made any advance on the price?"

"Yes, indeed," said the millionaire, looking more hopeful. "The moment Tavernier asked me for an advance I let him have what he asked."

"That is bad again," I commented, "in fact, so bad that I fear the case is hopeless. Tavernier never finishes a picture on which he has received an advance."

"Is that so?" cried the chop-fallen millionaire. "Why, bless my soul, what a very remarkable person! I thought if I accommodated him with a loan he would be grateful."

"That is exactly what is the matter," I explained. "In Tavernier's eyes you are no longer an art patron, you are now a creditor. You have completely transformed your position toward him. Now that he owes you money he looks on you with dislike and fear." And I shook my head discouragingly.

"Can nothing be done?" asked the melancholy millionaire.

"I am afraid not," I replied. "I fear your advancing money has ended the matter."

But Mæcenas urged me strongly to act as an intermediary, and influence Tavernier to complete the picture. He really was very anxious to have it hanging on his walls. It was intended to be a symbolical treatment of "Bohemia," with owls and things.

The millionaire's entreaties finally moved me, and I consented to undertake the delicate task. I demanded *carte blanche* in the matter of expense, which was agreed to.

"How are you going to begin?" asked the millionaire.

"Well, I intend to send up to Tavernier some good red wine."

"With my name on it, I presume?" inquired the modest millionaire.

"Oh, no," I replied, "anonymously, with the expressman sworn to secrecy." And, noticing the discomfiture of my millionaire friend, I added: "Be not disturbed; he will know in good time that it came from you. I merely wish to surround it at first with a pleasant and provocative mystery."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the millionaire; and he added, briskly, "I have some very good Zinfandel at the house, that we drink when there is no company. Suppose you send up a cask of that?"

"Indeed, no," I said, severely. "no Zinfandel shall go to Tavernier from the mysterious donor. He never drinks Zinfandel except when he is broke."

"What will you send him then?" inquired the millionaire.

"I intend to send him a couple of cases of Barton and Guestier St. Julian—the kind that comes wire-wound."

"Why, that costs more than a dollar a bottle," faltered the millionaire.

"A dollar fifty," I corrected.

"And don't you think that two cases will—"

"You are right," I interrupted, "two cases will not be enough; it seems small and measly, so we will make it three."

The millionaire turned pale, and withdrew while it was yet time.

After sending up the St. Julian I waited a decent interval of a day or two, and then followed it with several dozens of bottled beer. Tavernier was an ardent Frenchman, but had no absurd prejudice against the blonde

beverage of the hated Teuton. The beer was followed by a large quantity of the costliest Russian cigarettes. And my fourth envoy consisted of half a dozen bottles of the finest French cognac and half a dozen bottles of assorted liqueurs. One could thus concoction one's own *chasse-café*, *hein?*

After a day or two I dropped into Tavernier's studio to spy out the land. His studio and his living-rooms were adjoining. It was late in the afternoon, and as twilight fell Tavernier began illuminating by lighting candles. Evidently difficulties had arisen with an insolent gas company, and negotiations had been broken off. I remarked that the candles were thrust into wire-wound Barton and Guester bottles.

"How, then, artist of the hidden riches," cried I, "is it that you drink of the high-priced wines of the Medoc, while your friend the sculptor"—indicating Marion Wells—"and the poor writer are forced to drink either the little blue of Gascony or the red ink of California? Explain, O *ricchissime* artist! Explain this mystery!"

"I believe you, then. It is indeed a mystery!" cried Tavernier. "*Sapristi!* since several days an unknown bombards us with the fine wines, the cognac, the liqueurs, the cigarettes—and what know I? *Crénom!* Yet no one knows from whom they come."

And after he and Marion Wells had indulged in blind guessing as to the identity of the mysterious donor, I determined that the psychological moment had arrived.

"Listen, Jules," said I, "do you know Mr. Blank?"

"Do I know him? *Sapristi!* Do I know him? *Sacré Bourgeois!* Do I know him? *Sacré Canaille!* Do I know him? My faith, yes. And I owe him money. He gave me an order, and then loaned me money. *Crénom de nom!* But does this infamous *Bourgeois* think to buy an artist with his dirty money? I spit upon it! I despise him! I shall never paint his picture! *Jamais—jamais—au grand jamais!*"

"Be calm, Jules," said I, in explanation and propitiation. "You do him an injustice. He is not a *Sacré Bourgeois*. True, he is a *Bourgeois*, but with extenuating circumstances. He was born so—his father was *bourgeois*, his mother *bourgeoise*. True, he is rich—enormously, disgustingly rich. But that he can not help. He probably inherited riches, and has added to the crime with the years. But the poor man means well, and he admires you immensely."

"But he is a usurer, a pawnbroker, a Shylock!" cried Tavernier. "*Sapristi!* Because he has loaned me money he thinks he owns my brush, that he can enslave and debauch the art of Tavernier."

"Not so," I replied, "he worships you from afar. He tells me he has not been near your studio for weeks." Tavernier nodded assent. "And he said to me," I went on, "that he feared you did not like him, but he urged me to send you little envoys of wine and other things to suit your tastes. And he swore me to the most profound secrecy. I have broken my oath," I went on, "but I could not bear to have you rail at this generous, this simple-hearted, this admirable millionaire. Loathsome as is his capitalistic condition, he looks up at you as a worm in the mire looks up at a star. He admires and reveres you, Jules, for your genius. Do not, therefore, speak so harshly of this lowly *Bourgeois* who thus idolizes you."

Tavernier gazed at me for a few moments speechless. His long mustachios bristled. At first I thought it was with rage. But it was excitement. Rushing to a dark corner of the studio he dragged forth a canvas on a stretcher, placed it on an easel, and as it was already dark he lighted about six or eight candles in the millionaire's claret bottles, and went to work on the millionaire's canvas.

Some weeks elapsed. I had not seen Tavernier, and had avoided his studio. When dealing with irritable genuses and genuses I have always believed implicitly in Talleyrand's dictum, "Above all, not too much zeal."

At last I met my millionaire, and he informed me that the picture had been completed, delivered, and paid for. He was effusively grateful, thanked me, and gave me a cigar—a Key West cigar.

Leaving him, I repaired to Tavernier's studio. My knock for a time remained unanswered. But I was experienced in the artist's ways, and did not at once depart. After a time the door opened on a jar, and I was scrutinized through the crack. My identity being established, I was at once admitted, and the door carefully barred behind me. Within was a small circle of studio intimates. But there were no drinkables in sight, and Marion Wells was smoking a clay pipe. It was evident that the price of the picture had been already consumed.

I looked toward the easel, but it was empty. "The last time I was here, Jules," said I, "you had upon your easel a picture for that estimable citizen, Blank. I see it is gone. Have you finished it?"

"Finished it," cried Tavernier, with bristling mustachios. "*Ah, b'en, oui!* I believe you then! *Sapristi!* I have finished with it and with him. *Sergnongnongnon!*"

"Why, what has that good, that admirable *Bourgeois* done?" I asked in surprise. "He is not an admirable *Bourgeois*," replied Tavernier, bitterly, "he is a *Sacré Canaille!* What do you think he has done? *Je vous en donne en mille.* You could never guess. When he paid me for the picture he actually held out the money I owed him!"

Stupefied, I fell back into a chair, as around the studio there ran a low murmur of horror.

San Francisco, February 25, 1907.

General del Castillo has declared that "millions of lives" will be lost if the United States should attempt to deprive Cuba of her liberty.

DELMAS VERSUS JEROME.

By "Flaneur."

When the Thaw case has flickered out of the popular mind, it will still remain as a red-letter event in the annals of the law. It will be quoted and discussed among lawyers for many a long day, not for any importance inherent in the case itself, but as the cause of a forensic combat between East and West without a parallel in legal practice. There are very few instances where the prisoner himself has attracted less attention than the men who are defending and attacking him and far less than that of a witness. In the popular estimate of importance New York places Harry Thaw as a bad fourth. His wife is an easy first, Mr. Delmas of San Francisco comes second, and he is followed by Mr. Jerome.

That Mr. Delmas should become the chief defender of Harry Thaw, that he should take unquestioned precedence over the able men in New York already briefed in the case, may not be wholly surprising in San Francisco where he is known, but it is surprising here in New York where he is unknown, and where there is still a lurking belief that no good thing can come out of the West unless it comes young. But there is nowhere any desire to grudge the applause that has been fairly won or to deny a preeminence that has been proved day after day in open court. Before Mr. Delmas laid his hand upon the helm Harry Thaw's case was undeniably in a bad way. An incompetent witness had been introduced at the wrong time and had been torn into rags by Mr. Jerome. Everything seemed upside down or wrong side first, and the appeal to Mr. Delmas was almost a measure of desperation, but one that was instantly justified by the result. Radical errors were rectified, testimony that had been ruled out was successfully reintroduced in irreproachable guise, Mr. Jerome was forced to undertake the cross-examination of Mrs. Thaw at a time when his collection of evidence from chorus girls and the like was not half completed, and his most pointed attacks fell blunted and harmless before the shields of exquisite courtesy and inflexible determination that were unflinching interposed by his opponent. "The learned District Attorney" has not been so suavely complimented nor so persistently thwarted since he was first called to the bar, and it is probably a long time since he has been so effectively reproved. Mr. Jerome does not take reproach with a good grace, and he visibly frets under sarcasm, but Mr. Delmas is imperturbable in good and bad fortune alike. Public opinion here, when it once found its voice, was not slow to declare that the redoubtable Jerome had met his match, and that he must look sharply after his laurels. New York is generous in her appreciation when it has been fairly earned, and she has enjoyed to the full the rapier thrusts by which Mr. Delmas has foiled the more ponderous attacks of his opponent. The metropolis loves to be amused, to taste a new dish, or to feel a new thrill, and the great advocate from the West has deserved her gratitude.

The speculations of the street are not usually very profound, but they are always interesting when they concern themselves with the motives of public men. Just now there is a good deal of discussion as to the promptings that have led Mr. Jerome to throw himself into this unsavory fray with so much ardor. The duty of prosecution falls, of course, directly upon the office of the District Attorney, but Mr. Jerome very pointedly said, prior to the proceedings, that the shooting of Stanford White was an ordinary police court affray, and that it was removed by nothing but the wealth and social notoriety of the parties concerned from the ordinary and almost daily tragedies of low life with which every great city has to deal. Why, then, does Mr. Jerome give to it a personal attention and an assiduity that he certainly would not devote to it had it originated in the Bowery or had its chief figures been drawn from the great unwashed of the East side? The nature of the solution to this problem depends naturally upon the personal point of view and the favor or disfavor in which Mr. Jerome is personally held.

There are plenty of people in New York who still believe that Mr. Jerome is a moral idealist, and that he holds his great abilities at the service of commercial rectitude and social equality before the law. Every one believed that Thaw would be acquitted, not because of the strength of his cause, but because of his wealth and the influence that could be brought to bear upon his behalf. That being so, what more likely than that Jerome should see his opportunity to prevent a miscarriage of justice in favor of caste and wealth, and so assert and defend his ideal of the equality of all men before the law. Such is the contention of those to whom the District Attorney is still something of a hero, and who look upon him as the stern and unbending representative of the newer political thought.

But they are not in the majority. They would have been a year or so ago, when even Mr. Jerome's political opponents believed that he was at least consistent and sincere when he avowed his determination to hold the scales of justice, without fear or favor. But that was before the insurance scandals, and before the District Attorney showed so great an appreciation of the favors that he had received from some of the chief offenders, and perhaps also of the favors yet to come. Since that time there have been very many who have looked upon Mr. Jerome as nothing better than a fallen idol, and as one who came lamentably short of popular expectation. These are now the people who regard his present efforts as nothing more than a supreme bid for admiration and a desperate effort to rehabilitate himself by a great display of legal pyrotechnics in an attack upon caste and privilege.

But the spectacle of Jerome *versus* Delmas is a curious one from whatever point of view we may select. The man of ideals is pitted against the man of the world. It would

not be fair to say that Mr. Delmas has no ideals. Here in New York we are beginning to know something about him from his wandering fellow-citizens, and no man can be said to be without ideals who is uniformly courteous, and to whose credit, so we are told, stands many an act of unobtrusive kindness. If this be so, the ideals of Mr. Delmas are for practice and not for display. He simply acts upon them without preliminary announcement, if we may accept what is said of him here by those who claim his acquaintance, or who are familiar with his reputation. New York is willing to believe much upon the strength of what it has seen, and the incursion of Mr. Delmas into the life of the metropolis has been before an audience that was curious and skeptical, but that is now well disposed to admire and applaud.

New York, February 21, 1907.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Governor Hughes, of New York, has stated emphatically that he is not contemplating any investigation of the banks or banking system of Wall Street.

Poultney Bigelow was referring to President Roosevelt and not to himself when he said: "He seems to be impressed with the idea that everything he says and does is great."

Mr. Bryan during his recent visit to San Francisco was asked if he had formed any opinion on the Japanese question. He replied that he had nothing to say for publication.

Senator Hale has presented to the Senate the plans for a big battle-ship which is intended to "frighten the world." This vessel is to be 518 feet in length, 85 feet beam, and with a draft of over 29 feet.

The problem of what we shall do with our ex-Presidents presents no terrors to Senator Foraker, who recently expressed the opinion that the real question of the day is what to do with them before they reach the "ex" stage.

Congressman Samuel W. McCall, in an address before the Republican Club of New York, declared that there is a tendency "to overthrow the balance of the Constitution and to regulate all of us, even as to our spelling and our diet, from Washington."

General Grant is to be asked to explain what he meant when he said that his father, President Grant, would not have negotiated with an indicted mayor in order to secure the enforcement of a treaty, even though it were framed in violation of the Constitution.

The President has asked Postmaster-General Cortelyou as to whether it is possible to bar from the mails all newspapers that give the full, disgusting particulars of the Thaw case. He does not know whether such action is feasible, but if so, he wishes it to be taken.

Senator Lodge has made his appearance in the rôle of the original Tariff Reformer. So far from being "incensed," as alleged, at Governor Guild's activity in getting the Massachusetts Legislature to petition Congress for immediate tariff revision, Senator Lodge says that he is inexpressibly pleased by it.

Tariff pronouncements are just now very much in order. Secretary Shaw, speaking at Springfield, Mass., said he saw no harm in the fact that some American goods are exported at prices lower than those for which they sell at home. He insisted no trade regulation should be made to suit any particular section of the country.

Representative Clark of Florida has introduced resolutions requiring the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War to make complete statements to Congress of the amount of money the United States has expended on the Philippines since the signature of the treaty of peace with Spain and the amount of revenue this country has derived from the islands.

Secretary Taft, after a consultation with the President, has cabled to Governor Magoon at Havana authority to suspend for the time being the execution of the decree recently prepared, providing for an increase from 6000 to 12,000 of the rural guard of Cuba. This action has been taken in view of representations from all of the Cuban parties that the decree is inexpedient.

The real cause of Cardinal Hohenlohe's unpopularity in Vatican circles is said to be the fact that he acted as the messenger of Signor Crispi and conveyed to Pope Leo the following message: "Crispi has asked me to inform you that if you wish to leave he will not oppose it and will have you accompanied with all honors, but that Your Holiness will never be allowed to return to Rome."

A postal card addressed "Uncle Joe, care Uncle Sam, Washington, D. C.," arrived in the capital last week. The postoffice authorities promptly sent it to Speaker Cannon. The writer, a citizen of Columbus, Ohio, urged the speaker to "give us fewer battle-ships and railroad wrecks, smaller salaries and mileage bills, briefer congressional records, more postal routes and 1-cent postage."

It is understood that Congressman Hobson will present a bill to the House for an appropriation of sufficient size to put the country ahead of all other nations in respect to the navy. It is also known among his friends that he would like to be assigned to the House Naval Affairs Committee, but the chances are he will not be given a place on the committee, for the reason there will be no Democratic vacancy unless one of the present minority members should die. This committee is one of the most important in the House, and it is seldom that a new member is assigned to it.

THE "I AM" OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

"Christian Science," by Mark Twain, is a book with a purpose, a book that renders a service to the public, and a book that could have been written so efficiently by no other man. It may be unfortunate that we need so thick a coating of sugar to our social pills, that we will accept no serious message unless it amuse as well as instruct, and that laughter and self-reproach must go hand in hand, but so long as that is so we are lucky to have such a mentor as Mark Twain, whose slightest message finds an open door and a hearty welcome to every English-speaking home in this world of ours.

Mark Twain has shown to us—and to many of us for the first time—what Christian Science actually is as a philosophy and as an organization. It is with the organization that we are chiefly concerned. Of philosophies, America is strangely tolerant. Her broad catholicity allows every man to make a fool of himself in the way that best pleases him, and we hardly allow ourselves even to smile contemptuously at the crudest oddities of faith and creed. But toward dangerous organizations our attitude should be different. Credulity has a right to protection against itself, even as we protect children and idiots, and religious despotisms, like the commercial varieties, may easily become dangers to the State. We may allow ourselves the luxury of unrestrained laughter at Christian Science philosophy, but Mark Twain himself has shown us that Christian Science organization is a thing at which we can not very well afford to laugh.

But let us begin at the beginning and allow the author to tell his own story. He says that while in Austria some time ago he "fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation." There was no doctor, but as luck would have it a Christian Science lady practitioner who "could cure anything" was in the neighborhood, and a message was sent to her to ask for her aid. It was night and she could not come, but she sent a message begging the sufferer to make himself comfortable and to "remember that there was nothing the matter with me." Mark asks the messenger:

Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?

Yes.

And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?

Yes.

And struck another one and bounced again?

Yes.

And struck another one and bounced yet again?

Yes.

And broke the boulders?

Yes.

That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt, too?

I did. I told her what you told me; that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a harrack.

And it was after this that she wished me to remember that there was nothing the matter with me?

Those were her words.

After a night of anguish—at least it seemed to be anguish, for it had all the signs of it—the Christian Scientist put in an appearance, and the author received his initiation into the mysteries. He showed his tongue, and was asked to "return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with its dumb servants." He wished to offer his pulse but could not, "because the connection was broken":

Just at that point the Stubenmädchen trod on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a frenzy of cat profanity.

Is a cat's opinion about pain valuable?

A cat has no opinion; opinions proceed from mind only; the lower animals, being eternally perishable, have not been granted mind; without mind, opinion is impossible. She merely imagined she felt a pain—the cat?

She can not imagine a pain, for imagining is an effect of mind; without mind, there is no imagination. A cat has no imagination.

Then, she had a real pain?

Yes, she told you already that there is no thing as pain.

That is strange and interesting. I do

wonder what was the matter with the cat. Because, there being no such thing as real pain, and she not being able to imagine an imaginary one, it would seem that God, in His pity, has compensated the cat with some kind of a mysterious emotion usable when her tail is trodden upon, which, for the moment, joins cat and Christian in one common brotherhood of—

But Mark was not allowed to proceed. Such talk was immaterial and irrelevant, as the lawyers say; in fact, profanation and blasphemy and liable to do an injury. And so the treatment proceeds. The fundamental propositions of Christian Science are explained. They are under four heads: (1) God is all in all; (2) God is good. Good is mind; (3) God, spirit, being all, nothing is matter; (4) Life. God omnipotent good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. "There—now you see." There was a charm in these formulas which would cure all maladies. They could be read backward, or forward, or perpendicularly, or at any given angle, and they would always be found to agree.

Mark is cured of his comminuted fractures and the harrack projections gradually subside with dull clicks and sounds of gritting, and grinding, and rasping. He has a cold in the head and pain in the stomach also, and for these he summons a horse-doctor, who changes them into bots and blind staggers in order to get on to his own beat.

There is a reality about Christian Science. The author has no doubt about it. The man who can be persuaded to change all his habits of thought, to think cheerfully instead of despairingly, to see sun and blue sky overhead all the time instead of clouds and fog, must necessarily improve in health and perhaps in fortune. No one sees this more clearly than Mark Twain, who must therefore be himself responsible for no small measure of rational well-being of the physical kind. We have all been laughing with Mark Twain these many years and have fattened thereon. The author sees and applauds what is good in Christian Science, and he is willing enough to tip the scales in its favor whenever he can properly do so. He tells us a story of an old Civil War veteran—and he seems to believe it, too—who suffered from well-nigh all the ills that flesh is heir to for twenty years. Then he went to a Christian Scientist and got well at once, really and permanently well, and he is now "contented and happy." "That," says the author, "is a Christian Science monopoly." With thirty years' effort the Methodist Church had not been able to make that old soldier "contented and happy."

But there are other examples that Mark Twain can not swallow:

A little far Western girl of mine, equipped with an adult vocabulary, states her age and says "I thought I would write a demonstration to you!" She had a claim, derived from getting flung over a pony's head and landed on a rock pile. She saved herself from disaster by remembering to say "God is all" while she was in the air. I couldn't have done it. I shouldn't even have thought of it. I should have been too excited. Nothing but Christian Science would have enabled that child to do that calm and thoughtful and judicious thing in those circumstances. She came down on her head, and by all the rules she should have broken it; but the intervention of the formula prevented that, so the only claim resulting was a blackened eye. Monday morning it was still swollen and shut. At school it hurt pretty badly—that is, it seemed to. So I was excused, and went down to the basement and said, "Now I am depending on mamma instead of on God, and I will depend on God instead of mamma." No doubt this would have answered; but, to make sure, she added Mrs. Eddy to the team and recited the Scientific Statement of Being, which is one of the principal incantations, I judge. Then "I felt my eye opening." Why, dear, it would have opened an oyster. I think it is one of the touchiest things in child history, that pious little rat down cellar pumping away at the Scientific Statement of Being.

But it seems that Christian Science is applicable not only to human beings but even to animals, and here, too, the author has to draw a line. He is willing to believe, he is anxious to believe, but he has his limitations:

There is the account of the restoration to perfect health, in a single night, of a fatally injured horse, by the application of Christian Science. I can stand a good deal, but I recognize that the ice is getting pretty thin here. That horse had as many as fifty claims; how could he demonstrate over them? Could he do the All-Good, Good-Good, Good-Gracious, Liver, Bones, Truth,

All down but Nine, Set Them Up on the Other Alley? Could he intone the Scientific Statement of Being? Now, could he? Wouldn't it give him a relapse? Let us draw the line at horses—horses and furniture.

So much for the claims of Christian Science to heal the sick, whether men or horses. Mark Twain makes us laugh all the time, but he is fair, scrupulously fair. He holds no brief either for the churches or for the doctors, and he seems to think that a man has a perfect right to get cured in any way he pleases, or to stay uncured if he wishes. Indeed, he points out that although medical treatment by Christian Scientists may be illegal, so it would be illegal, and therefore immoral, for Jesus Christ himself to cure the sick if He should come amongst us in this twentieth century.

It is against the Christian Science organization that the author launches his fulminations, not at the things taught by the organization. He shows that the organization, with Mrs. Eddy at its head, is one vast scheme for making money. The dollar taint is over it all, and every book, every hymn, every by-law, every detail of an immense and complicated mechanism is intended to satisfy, not a mere commercial instinct, but a colossal and a grasping greed almost without its parallel in the history of religion. Already the income of the organization is vast. In the days to come it will be vaster:

In those days the Trust will have an income approaching five million dollars a day, and no expenses to be taken out of it; no taxes to pay and no charities to support. That last detail should not be lightly passed over by the reader; it is well entitled to attention.

No charities to support. No, not even to contribute to. One searches in vain the Trust's advertisements and the utterances of its organs for any suggestion that it spends a penny on orphans, widows, discharged prisoners, hospitals, ragged schools, night missions, city missions, libraries, old people's homes, or any other object that appeals to a human being's purse through his heart.

The author has hunted industriously to find a single farthing that has been spent upon any worthy object. Indeed, the officials openly avow that none of this vast income is so employed. "Sly? Deep? Judicious? The Trust understands its business. The Trust does not give itself away."

Christian Science does not admit that there are such things as evils. Why, then, should it give away its money for their alleviation? For Mrs. Eddy there is no such thing as matter unless it be coined into dollars. That is the only form in which matter appeals to Mrs. Eddy, and like the daughter of the horse-leech she cries "give, give," and she does not cry in vain.

We do not appreciate the extent to which Christian Science has spread, because it has been so quiet and insidious. Mrs. Eddy issues a charter for a new church every four days. Her adherents are like the sands of the seashore for multitude, and the wealthy and the aristocratic are to be found among them as well as the poor and the illiterate.

Four years ago there were six Christian Scientists in a certain town that I am acquainted with; a year ago there were two hundred and fifty there; they have built a church, and its membership now numbers four hundred. This has all been quietly done; done without frenzied revivals, without uniforms, brass bands, street parades, corner oratory, or any of the other customary persuasions to a godly life. Christian Science, like Mohammedanism, is "restricted" to the "unintelligent, the people who do not think." There lies the danger. It makes Christian Science formidable. It is "restricted" to ninety-nine one hundredths of the human race, and must be reckoned with by regular Christianity. And will be, as soon as it is too late.

Mark Twain devotes more than half his book to a description of Mrs. Eddy's personal power, and it is about this that we want to know. It is the personal equation that indicates motive, that separates beneficence from selfishness, and that enables us to form opinions that are just. We have already seen something of the spread of Christian Science, of the vast income that it enjoys, and of the things that it does not do with its money. It does not give one cent in charity. The river of its revenue flows onward steadily and, like most rivers, it flows always in one direction. Into what ocean does it ultimately fall, and what are we to think of the strange woman who controls this formidable movement?

Here at least the author is unsparing in

his condemnation, and the lash of his contemptuous sarcasm falls with an almost tiresome monotony. He wants to know who really wrote the book, "Science and Health," of which she claims the authorship, and which is sold to the faithful in such prodigious quantities and at such prodigious profits. Mark Twain seems to think that Mrs. Eddy certainly did not write this book. He believes that she wrote the preface and some few pages scattered here and there. In fact, wherever he finds a piece of quite intolerably bad English, a piece of hopelessly confused metaphor, an interlarding of detestable sentiment or a dash of twaddling poetry, there he recognizes Mrs. Eddy's handiwork, and by these signs he knows her. She herself seems to say that God wrote "Science and Health." Such at least is the inference for the world, but in her copyright application she takes all the blame on herself. She had to, says Mark, because at that time no foreigner could acquire copyright in the United States. After weighing Mrs. Eddy's own statements in all their native confusion and bewildering contradictions, we are told:

At last, through her personal testimony, we have a sure grip upon the following vital facts, and they settle the authorship of Science and Health beyond peradventure:

1. Mrs. Eddy furnished the ideas and the language.

2. God furnished the ideas and the language.

It is a great comfort to have the matter authoritatively settled.

Mrs. Eddy's beginning was with the publication of "Science and Health." She copyrighted it, as she does everything else. She would copyright "good morning; how do you do?" if she could, because "She is a careful person and knows the value of small things." Then she began to teach. Pupils came by the hundred and she charges them \$300 for seven lessons. It seems that God told her to make this charge. So that to criticize would be blasphemous. Then came the college with its scale of exorbitant fees—"tuition for all strictly in advance." The church was born, and it was no ordinary church, for it had at its head a woman whom Mark Twain seems to think is, in her own peculiar and malodorous way, the most remarkable woman that ever lived.

A great deal of attention is given by the author to the by-laws, and he does well to show us what these really mean, because their meaning is pregnant with instruction. A less diluted despotism never existed. The Roman Catholic Church in the days of its most arrogant power, of its greatest pretensions, never dared to claim such sovereignty over the hearts and lives of men as Mrs. Eddy exercises over her willing victims. We have here an organization that is not only undemocratic, but that is autocratic tyranny in its worst and its most hateful form. There is a Board of Directors, of which every member must be approved by Mrs. Eddy. The Board of Directors chooses a president—subject to the approval of Mrs. Eddy. There is a treasurer and a clerk—practically appointed by Mrs. Eddy. There is no Board of Trustees, but in case there should be one—it must be constituted by Mrs. Eddy. That is expressly provided for. The pulpits of the churches are occupied by readers—who are appointed by the Board of Directors, who are appointed by Mrs. Eddy. "If she objects to the nomination, said candidates shall not be chosen." The readers must read from Mrs. Eddy's book. They must utter no word of their own. There must be no preaching, no expounding, no eloquence, no glory, no influence. Mrs. Eddy has a copyright on all these things. No one can even join the church without the recommendation of one of Mrs. Eddy's creatures, by a member of one of the boards or directorships, which she uses as aliases:

She does not beseech and implore people to join her church. She knows the human race better than that. She gravely goes through the motions of reluctantly granting admission to the applicant as a favor to him. The idea is worth untold shekels. She does not stand at the gate of the fold with welcoming arms spread, and receive the lost sheep with glad emotion, and set up the fatted calf, and invite the neighbors and have a time. No, she looks upon him coldly, she snubs him, she says, "Who are you? Who is your sponsor? Who asked you to come here? Go away, and don't come again until you are invited."

And so all the way down the line until we do not know which to deplore the more

—the guileful cunning with which Mrs. Eddy makes of herself "the whole thing" down to the most insignificant detail, or the credulous complacency that allows her to do so. From the highest to the lowest all these officials and the members themselves are the personal chattels of Mrs. Eddy. No Emperor of Rome ever dared to snatch at such power, and many a ruler has lost his life for attempting one-half of what she has done. Any reader, for example, may be expelled by Mrs. Eddy without reason given or offence charged. "Has the Pope this power?—the other Pope?"—asks the author—"the one in Rome? . . . Not in America. And not elsewhere, we may believe."

Members, the common or garden variety, may be expelled in the same way. Any unlucky wight working against "what the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science understands is advantageous to the individual" and to the cause shall be expelled. No second chance—out he goes! Mesmerism or hypnotism is not allowed—except apparently to Mrs. Eddy herself. She says: "I possess a spiritual sense of what the malicious mental practitioner is mentally arguing which can not be deceived." It is no use to resist this sort of thing. The possessor of a spiritual sense has the right of way all the time.

Mrs. Eddy has written three hymns, and one of these three hymns must be sung at least once a month in every church. There was probably no other way to get them sung. These hymns are set to what Mark Twain calls "musical anguish." Then there is a Board of Education—owned by Mrs. Eddy. There are Public Teachers—similarly owned. There is a Board of Lectureship—of which the members are approved by Mrs. Eddy. There are Missionaries elected "like the rest of the domestics—annually," and under the same proprietorship. There is a creed—copyrighted by Mrs. Eddy—and there is a Publishing Association which once did not pay and which was therefore given by Mrs. Eddy to the National Christian Science Association (herself), but which was reclaimed and generously given to the Mother Church (herself again) as soon as it had been worked up to the dividend stage.

It is dreary reading, although we must laugh grimly all the time. Probably

Mrs. Eddy herself laughs when she thinks of it. We have only skimmed the cream off this book and not nearly all even of that. It is logical, pitiless, remorseless, and it comes from one of the most genial, tolerant and kindly of men. It is crushing, not from the power of the writer, but from the facts that he sets forth. Mark Twain seldom denounces and he never scolds. There was a time, he says, when Mrs. Eddy wanted money for the small things of life, like the rest of us. He does not think that her money passion has ever diminished in ferocity.

I do not think that she has ever allowed a dollar that had no friends to get by her alive, but I think her reason for wanting it has changed. I think she wants it now to increase and establish and perpetuate her power and glory with, not to add to her comforts and luxuries, not to furnish paint and fuss and feathers for vain display.

She is still reaching for the dollar, she will continue to reach for it; but not that she may spend it upon herself; not that she may expend it upon charities; not that she may indemnify an early deprivation, and clothe herself in a blaze of North Adams gauds; not that she may have nine breeds of pie for breakfast, as only the rich New Englander can; not that she may indulge any petty material vanity or appetite that once was hers, and prized and nursed, but that she may apply that dollar to statelier uses and place it where it may cast the metallic sheen of her glory farthest across the receding expanses of the globe.

Truly a remarkable book about a remarkable woman, and the writing of it was a public service.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The gossips have been unusually and almost indecently busy in their efforts to find a wife for Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Lady Curzon, who was Miss Leiter, of Chicago, has not been dead very long, and the same tattle-mongers who waxed eloquent in their efforts to describe his lordship's inconsolable grief, are now equally ready to suggest that he is about to console himself by marrying one of the most beautiful women of London society. Lord Curzon naturally feels affronted at the behavior of those who never allow human consideration or delicacy to stand in the way of a *bonne bouche*.

LITERARY NOTES.

California Botany.

"The Wild Flowers of California, Their Names, Haunts, and Habits," by Mary Elizabeth Parsons, with illustrations by Margaret Warriner Buck. This is a book for which California will have a warm welcome. Although it is not a new book, it will come with all the force of novelty, inasmuch as the plates for a new edition were in the press-rooms on the 18th of April, 1906, and therefore shared in the general fate of the city on that day. As a result, new plates had to be made, and with laudable courage it was determined to snatch advantage even from calamity and to produce an edition even better than the one that was contemplated. New flowers have been added, the nomenclature has been brought up to date, and other valuable improvements have been added. The result is a volume that gives fascination to California botany, a work that will by no means appeal only to the scientific, but that can be used as a companion and a familiar friend by all those who wish to cultivate intelligent acquaintance with the marvelous varieties of plant life around them.

The authoress has been happy in her skillful continuation of the popular and the advanced. Botanical students of long standing and research can use such a book with as much advantage as those who are looking merely for "first aid" or who wish to give a fresh element of intelligence and interest to their country rambles. The illustrations are numerous, carefully selected, and admirably drawn, and the book as a whole is so practical and so workmanlike as to attract new attention to the field life of California.

Published by Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, San Francisco.

The President at Play.

"Good Hunting," by Theodore Roosevelt, is a book that will owe much to the fact that it is written by the President of the United States, who not only found time to make himself acquainted with wapitis, bears, wolves, goats, and the like, but also to relate some of his more striking experiences with the inhabitants of the wild. It is an unpretentious volume of a hundred

pages, tastefully illustrated, and the stories are told without literary gorgeousness and in a plain matter-of-fact way. As the personal experiences of the President they will be read with interest, but it is hard to refrain from the reflection that such stories as these have been told with far more force and dramatic interest—although, perhaps, with not so much accuracy—by those who have made it their life business to tell them. It is the personal equation that gives to this book the charm that it unquestionably possesses.

It is to be noted with a feeling almost of consternation that President Roosevelt's reminiscences have not been written in the revised spelling, and it is hard to account for this, except on the supposition that constant reference to a card of "reformed" words was too wearisome. But that the political apostle of iconoclastic change should thus fall from grace is a poor encouragement to those who would fain follow his orthographic leadership.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.00.

New Publications.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have issued a list of their new spring books. Among these are "The Mystery of David Baldwin," by Henry Thomas Colestock, \$1.50; "The Greatest Fact in Modern History," by Whitelaw Reid, 75 cents; "Christ's Secret of Happiness," by Lyman Abbott, 75 cents; "Orthodox Socialism," by James E. Le Rossignol, \$1; "The Religious Value of the Old Testament," by Ambrose White Vernon, 90 cents; and "Much Adoe About Nothing," edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, 75 cents.

"Sea Yarns for Boys," by W. J. Henderson, is a collection of nautical adventures, most of them fantastic and many of them impossible. The stories are well told, but they seem to "play down" to the boy intelligence more than is necessary. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; 60 cents.

"The Peter Pan Alphabet," by Oliver Herford, a book for young children, cleverly written and artistically illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

A Historical Romance.

"The Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson, with illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood, is one of the most delightful romances that have been published for many a day, a story that does not pretend to be historical but that none the less shows us the way in which modern history may be made, and probably sometimes is made. It is historical enough to be fascinating, and although its events have never actually happened they are well within the bounds of possibility.

The hero is John Armitage, a young Austrian who has become Americanized, and the owner of a western ranch. We find him in Vienna at the time the story opens and the Prime Minister, Count Ferdinand von Stroeber, pleads with him to give up his democratic notions and to "do something for Austria." The Emperor King was old and ill. The Archduke Carl and his son Frederick Augustus, also imbued with democratic notions, had gone to America and were believed to be dead. The throne was likely to fall into the hands of the Archduke Francis, and this was just where it ought not to be. State documents of vital import had been stolen by conspirators and the situation required a strong hand. A few days later the Prime Minister is assassinated in furtherance of a plot to place Francis upon the throne, and John Armitage finds himself compelled to play the part of detective, and he not only identifies the murderers to his own satisfaction, but he recovers possession of the stolen papers.

From that time onward he is himself hunted by the friends of the Archduke Francis, who follow him to America, and make repeated attempts upon his life under the evident belief that he is some one who must be removed at all costs if the plot in favor of Francis is to succeed. Obviously he conceals an important identity under the democratic name that he has assumed. Of course there is a lady in the case, an American girl of wealthy and exclusive family, with whom Armitage gradually falls in love in spite of the efforts of his enemies to discredit him as a preliminary to his murder. The inference is skillfully drawn that John Armitage is actually Frederick Augustus, the son of the Archduke Carl, and therefore the heir to the Austrian throne. Whether this inference is correct must not be prematurely divulged. Those who are curious upon the point will be rewarded with a charming romance in which love and politics and adventure, midnight assassinations and moonlight meetings, the collapse of the guilty and the triumph of innocence are admirably blended without departure from the realm of the possible or even the probable.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

A Vacation Hunt.

"The Book of Camping and Woodcraft," by Horace Kephart, will be welcomed as a timely publication by those who look upon the annual vacation as a serious business and worthy of farseeing preparation. This book contains everything that the camper ought to know. It tells him what to take and what to leave at home; how to erect his tent; to build his fire; to get the better of his forest enemies; to find his way when he is lost, and to cure himself of the maladies and injuries incidental to roughing it. It is in fact a compendium of forest lore and of a size so compact and convenient that there is no excuse for leaving it at home.

Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"David Harum" has just made its appearance in London in a sixpenny edition. Stories by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, S. R. Crockett, and W. W. Jacobs are in the same list.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox sometimes deviates inadvertently into real poetry, and she has done so in The Gulf Stream, that appears in the February issue of the *Century Magazine*.

A graphic illustration of the trend of human thought is to be found in the statements of the *Publisher's Circular* as to the number of books printed was 8603, a number greater by 351 than that of the previous

year. Almost exactly a fourth (2108) were novels and juveniles, showing an increase of 375 works. The only other advance of importance was in educational books (127).

Mark Twain continues his autobiography in the *North American Review*, but with varying humor. His latest contribution seems to be a little forced.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Opening of the Van Ness Theatre.

There is great interest in the opening of the new Van Ness Theatre, which Gottlob, Marx & Co. are rushing to completion at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street. The playhouse is announced to be the finest San Francisco has ever had, and is intended to be the home for all of the leading attractions to visit San Francisco for some time to come. Every effort has been made to secure a theatre of great comfort and safety. Over a hundred and thirty running feet of exits have been placed in the building, and the wide aisles, large chairs and immense stairways will serve to allow the audiences to leave the building in less than two minutes.

The stage is the largest west of Chicago, and will be found of great value in the staging of Henry W. Savage's immense production of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," the opening attraction of the Van Ness Theatre.

The first performance is announced for the evening of Monday, March 11, and already the mail orders received by the management indicate a vast interest in the engagement.

The regular advance sale of seats begins Monday morning at the music-store of Kohler & Chase. The prices are to be \$3, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1.

There are to be but four performances of "Madam Butterfly." They will be given on the evenings of Monday, March 11; Tuesday, March 12; Wednesday evening, March 13, and a matinée, on Wednesday, March 13.

In cities where the opera has already been sung, society seems more deeply impressed with the fascinating music and story of Puccini's exquisite "Madam Butterfly" than with any opera or drama that has come to them for many moons. There is the fragrance of the flowers about the little Butterfly that gives pretty thrills to the gossip in all clubdom and social circles.

The Orpheum.

The only way to increase the prosperity of the Orpheum would be to enlarge the building. The high standard of excellence attained by the attractions at this theatre has imparted a new and artistic significance to the word vaudeville. The programme for the week beginning next Sunday matinée speaks for itself. Ned Wayburn's Dancing Daisies, accompanying Louise Mink, dance like fairies and sing like larks, and Miss Mink is a very versatile artiste. Frank Byron and Louise Langdon will make a bid for favor in a skit called "The Dude Detective," which the Eastern press declared to be one of the most absurdly funny of acts. Quigg, Mackey, and Nickerson call their performance "Comedy and Harmony." Each artist has a large number of musical instruments at his command, and all are comedians. The Flood Brothers, also three in number, comedy acrobats, will prove amusing. It will be the last week of Claire Beasy's performing cats; also the last of Dorothy Kenton, "The Girl with the Banjo," the Three Dancing Mitchells, and Lee Harrison and his humorous stories.

Nance O'Neil at the Novelty Theatre.

Miss Nance O'Neil, the tragedienne, will be presented at the Novelty Theatre, commencing next Monday, by her managers, Ira W. Jackson and William D. Reed, in a magnificent production of Victorien Sardou's great spectacular drama of the Inquisition, "The Sorceress." Miss O'Neil is said to have the best company that she has ever been surrounded with, and the rôle of Zoraya, the Moorish woman, is a part well suited to her noble talents. Scenically the production is described as a beautiful series of eye-pleasing pictures, lavish with coloring, delightful to the critical playgoer. A cast of forty players is required to present the drama. Three baggage-cars are needed to transport the scenic effects. There will be Saturday and Sunday matinées.

Creston Clarke closes his engagement at the Novelty on Sunday night. There will be a matinée on Sunday.

Crowell's New Spring Books

The Ministry of David Baldwin

A Novel, by Henry Thomas Colestock

This striking story is abreast of the times. Its hero, a young clergyman just out of the seminary, endeavors to preach the Bible in terms of modern criticism. He is declared "unsound," and is tempted to "suppress his message." The conflict which ensues between his duty and his desires is rivalled by the factional fights in the church itself. The characters are strongly and faithfully drawn.

With four full-page illustrations in color by E. Boyd Smith. 12mo. \$1.50.

The Greatest Fact in Modern History

By Whitelaw Reid

The rise of the United States among the great powers of the world is the subject of this book. A point of unique interest is the fact that it is based upon an address delivered by Ambassador Reid before an English audience.

New photogravure portrait, and typography by the Merrymount Press. 75 cents net. (Postage 8 cents.)

Christ's Secret of Happiness

By Lyman Abbott

A suggestive book in optimistic vein, written in Dr. Abbott's ablest manner, and of special value for Easter gifts. It contains eleven striking chapters, such as: "Three Kinds of Happiness," "The Spring of Perpetual Youth," and "The Blessedness of Battle."

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Orthodox Socialism

By James E. Le Rossignol, Professor of Economics in the University of Denver

One of the ablest writers on economics here defines broadly the creed of socialism, and points out its weaknesses. Strikes, labor unions, the struggle of mass with class, and the perpetual question of wages and profit come in for their share of intelligent attention. The book is worth pondering over by every earnest voter.

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The Religious Value of the Old Testament

By Ambrose White Vernon, Professor at Dartmouth College

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WILDE'S TRAGEDY, "SALOME."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

What with the production of the Strauss opera at the New York Metropolitan, the several revivals in the East of Oscar Wilde's drama upon which the opera is built, and the Sothorn-Marlowe presentation of "John the Baptist," there have been a good many Salomés upon the dramatic horizon. Therefore, the forethought of the managers of the Colonial in putting on "Salomé" at the present time has been the means of regaling San Franciscans with the latest dramatic sensation of the day.

There is scarcely a brand of curiosity keener than that pertaining to dramatic novelties. Every man would know for himself the savor that is setting his neighbor agog. And so the Colonial is full and running over these last two weeks, where, after the cheerful nonsense of the preliminary farce is over, people sit mute, held spell-bound in a curiously mingled fascination of beauty and horror.

The tragedy of "Salomé" is a peculiarly faithful interpreter of the taste, the talent, and the tendencies of the man that wrote it. For who was better fitted than Oscar Wilde, the devotee of super-refined estheticism, the connoisseur of morbidity, the artist in words to clothe that bare pronouncement in the Bible on John the Baptist's fate which has left unappeased the curiosity of twenty centuries, in the rich and glowing colors of a drama of sensuous beauty.

Rarely have we heard upon the stage such chiseled perfection of phrase. Wilde had saturated himself with the beauty of the most beautiful verses in the Psalms, and the Biblical style that he gives to many of the most remarkable passages of this amazing prose poem is not the least touch of the art shown in making possible the presentation of such a monstrous motive in dramatic form. What a touch of almost genius it was at the moment when Salomé first inspires in the listener a sense of repulsion to hear her chant of her suddenly kindled passion for the prophet in this majestic strain: "Thy hair is like clusters of grapes, like the clusters of black grapes that hang from the vine-trees of Edom in the land of the Edomites. Thy hair is like the cedars of Lebanon, like the great cedars of Lebanon that give their shade to the lions and to the robbers who would hide them by day. The long black nights, when the moon hides her face, when the stars are afraid, are not so black as thy hair. The silence that dwells in the forest is not so black. There is nothing in the world that is so black as thy hair."

It would be difficult to conceive of a holder, a more startling dramatic contrast than that made by Salomé turning "her golden eyes under their gilded eyelids" in enamored gaze upon the prophet, who feels that the body profaned by her gaze is "the temple of the Lord God."

And similarly the author has thrown out in strong relief this same inspired figure against the voluptuary Herod, who passes his life in a still frenzy of satiety.

The action of the play passes upon a terrace of Herod's palace, adjoining which is the cistern in which the prophet, known as Jokanaan, is confined.

Thither comes the virgin Salomé, chastely fleeing from the enamored importunities of Herod.

What consummate art Oscar Wilde has shown in thus for the time divesting the beholder of his earlier impression of the more sinister aspects in Salomé's character, and allowing her to be looked upon as a tender maiden shrinking in repulsion from "the mole's eyes" of Herod, and worthy to be enshrined in the passionately idealizing imaginings of the young Syrian.

The opening of the play, with its studied simplicity of phrase, its recurrent passages that go and come again like a refrain, and its atmosphere of weirdness and sombre portent, is in its general effect very Maeterlinckian. It is night, the moon shines, and love, chastened by a sense of brooding tragedy, is in the air. Into this wooing calm of a summer night is heard the denunciatory voice of the prophet, rising from the pit in which he is confined. He speaks of Herodias, the wanton one, she who "has filled the earth with the wine of her iniquities."

Salomé knows that it is of Herodias he speaks. She is mysteriously troubled by the voice, and deaf to the denials of the guards, who quote the commands of Herod, uses her beauty and fascination to persuade

the young Syrian captain to bring the prophet before her. He comes, wrapped about in a mystic isolation of thought, while from his lips flow, as if from mysterious sources of inspiration, "a rapid, ghastly river" of eloquence, presaging the wrath to come.

Salomé listens, fascinated, not by the holiness of the invocation, but by a strange, perverted desire to caress the wasted body of the prophet.

It is noticeable how many apt and pictorially striking smiles Wilde employs, which appeal to a purely visualized sense of beauty. The ascetic figure of Jokanaan is, to Salomé's infatuated vision, "all ivory statue," "an image of silver," "a column of ivory set upon feet of silver." The tragedy, indeed, abounds with exotic figures of speech, in which the things of ordinary life have been transformed by the poet's fancy "into something rich and strange." Before the eyes of the mind flow in gorgeous possession images which recall the colors of gold, and silver, and ivory, the bloom of flowers and fruit, the glowing of jewels.

To the young Syrian, steeped to the lips in a lover's sense of rapturous delight in his lady's beauty, Salomé's little feet are like white doves, her hands are butterflies. Salomé compares the voice of Jokanaan to a censer scattering strange perfumes, and his mouth to a branch of coral.

In the votive wreaths of voluptuous imagery which are offered to the summer moon whose beams light the action of the drama, he is compared by Salomé, to whom hitherto all men have been distasteful, to a silver flower, and again to a chaste goddess who has never known a lover; while Herod becomes very improper, and says things about the luminary that recall Walt Whitman's famous apostrophe to the "mad, naked summer night."

The cult of beauty, or of pure estheticism, is very curious in its effect upon human character—carried to extremes it is apt to be morally deteriorating. The beauty worshiper learns all too soon of the preponderance of bad taste in the world, and becomes charged with a sort of intellectual arrogance—a dangerous outcome, indeed. It is bad to look down upon one's fellow-beings, for who then is going to furnish standards toward which to reach upwards?

Oscar Wilde loved everything that appealed to the perception of beauty resident in the senses, but it was with a curiously perverted view that he looked upon the finer beauties of the spirit. To him they were viewed and appraised solely from the esthetic standpoint. He admired them only if they served as a picturesque foil to darker passions.

In "De Profundis" he was pleased to express not only admiration and appreciation of the character of Christ, but the growth of a sense of reverence and love for him—a feeling which suffering might have made possible, but which it is much more probable had been long before estheticized and intellectualized away from him forever.

In the writing of his tragedy, Wilde has made no pretense whatever of reverence, but has relentlessly plucked the figure of the prophet from its shrine because of the dramatic possibilities it offered as a contrast to Herod, the slave of sensuality, and to Salomé, the lovely yet terrible vessel of an unhallowed and unnatural love.

Salomé comes of a long and evil line. With her love is a malign obsession. It springs into full growth in a moment. She looks upon the pallid prophet, and finds him desirable. In one moment the fair virgin is worse than a Messalina; she is a repellent creature, writhing in the torment of a horrid, perverted passion for the inspired one who has looked upon God. As she pours forth her passion in burning speech, the young Syrian, in horror at the monstrous revelation, falls upon his sword.

Salomé does not cast even one glance at the corpse. The resistance of Jokanaan to her will serves but to inflame her further. She is an incarnate, insensate, soulless will. Living he denies her the kiss that she would lay upon his lips. Then, dead, he must suffer it.

So the drama plays itself out to its gory conclusion, while the spectators sit spellbound, at once admiring and loathing the talent which has given this play birth.

For, to its strange, baleful, sensuous beauty, its charm of jewelled lines, its abnormal, but dramatically powerful situations, its perfumed, stifling atmosphere of royal license and magnificent profligacy, one must pay, willing or unwilling, tribute. Unconscious, self-hypnotized hypocrite though he was while writing "De Pro-

fundis," Oscar Wilde was perfectly frank in the paganism of "Salomé." And, mingled with this, is a darker strain which suggests madness in the protagonists. The fancy of the dramatist might be that these people, suffocating in the mephitic vapors of sensual self-indulgence, are more than half mad. Herod perpetually hears a sound like the beating of wings, and trembles under the terrors of a guilty conscience. Salomé is a vampire, fattening upon the embraces of dead flesh.

The end is fitting. Only death is the solution, and to the beholder, the snapping of the life-cord of this youthful but terrible being comes as a relief.

It is fitting, too, that the brief but fearful drama should play itself out in a half light. So much the more readily does the imagination work untrammelled by the limitations of visible realities. So much the more truly do the players seem to be the characters whom they are impersonating.

From the acting point of view, the work of the principals deserves high praise.

In "Alabama" Mr. Wilfrid Roger impressed me as a player of admirably refined speech, who was afraid to let himself go. But in his Herod there is no self-distrust, no hesitation. He seems to have a thorough, instinctive conception of the manner of man Oscar Wilde designed the Tetrarch to be, and in part, manner, mood, voice, and gesture, he filled in the details of the portrait so vividly and so thoroughly in the spirit of the time that all sense of criticism gave way to high admiration.

With Izetta Jewell, while she is not temperamentally or in the matter of appearance suited to impersonate women of evil nature, yet she throws herself into the part of Salomé with such ardor and enthusiasm that she carries her auditors with her in fascinated subjugation. She gives her lines an excellent reading, and that alone is no slight feat. Many actresses of wide reputation would be unable to approach Miss Jewell's free, impassioned delivery of the words in which Salomé pours forth her passion for the prophet. Besides this elocutionary feat, the actress must have Salomé exhibit, in response to the pleadings of the Tetrarch, to be released from his oath, a settled, deadly intensity of purpose, that daunts her hearers; and when the princess apostrophizes the severed head, she must still preserve, in some degree at least, her charm of seductive femininity.

In these, and in other details, Miss Jewell was remarkably successful.

Mr. Norval McGregor's Jokanaan is also thoroughly appropriate, in all the essentials, to the character represented. He bore himself especially well in the trying scene of Salomé's advance, and his appearance in the prophet's dress, or lack of dress, had sufficient of the quality of wild, yet austere, beauty to lend some color of dramatic probability to the sudden passion of the princess. In fact, so thoroughly did these three players sustain their exacting roles that, with such talent to back them up, it is to be hoped the Colonial managers will ransack old play-books, if there are such things in this fire-swept town and give us, ever and anon, something more truly dramatic than is usually found in the light, unexacting prettiness of popular drama.

The other players showed the limitations to be expected. Poetry, even if it is prose poetry, is always difficult reading for the lips of the inexperienced. Maud Odelle's Herodias is a healthy, venomous, unimaginative animal—not so bad a portrait, perhaps, when one reads over the lines, and sees the author's conception. Harry Pollard's death scene is very effective, and he lends a wistful charm to the depiction of the brief dream of the young Syrian. The costumes are extremely handsome. As for the dance of the seven veils, no one need go to be shocked, or stay away for fear of that highly respectable sensation. Miss Jewell does the dance herself, quite prettily enough for a tyro. It is nothing more than graceful tripping and the waving of gauze scarfs in time to music, and when the seven veils are unwound from the lithe form of Salomé, to all appearance there are almost as many opaque petticoats left to calm the fears of the most conservative.

Ida M. Tarbell's serial "The Tariff in Our Times," now appearing in the *American*, is temporarily interrupted to make room in the February issue for the sketch called "He Knew Lincoln," in which Miss Tarbell presents a number of good Lincoln yarns in the vernacular of a backwoods friend of Lincoln in the early Illinois days.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Merchant Tailors' National Exchange has been holding a convention at the Hotel Astor, and the result is an announcement that really up-to-date and well-dressed men must wear evening clothes of blue or Oxford gray during the coming season. Foreseeing the consternation that such an ukase may cause, our sartorial tyrants hasten to assure us that by artificial light it is almost impossible to tell the blue or gray dress suit from the black, unless it is examined very closely. One naturally wonders why a change should be made under these circumstances, as it is hardly likely that we shall go round examining each other very closely in order to see whether such an order has been honored by its breach or its observance. But, of course, lots of people will do exactly what they are told, unrestrained by common sense, and no one knows this better than the tyrannical tailor.

Mrs. Alice Longworth is taking her place as a hostess in Washington society, and her Tuesday at-homes are becoming one of the weekly features of the capital. It is an open secret that the lady has political ambitions for her husband, and, perhaps, she is not far wrong in believing that one of the open doors to political preferment is to be found in the social observances for which she is so well fitted. One who had the good fortune to be within the charmed circle at one of Mrs. Longworth's receptions says: "Mistress Alice served us hot cake, too, fresh from the oven, as well as chocolate and tea. It was such a homey and motherly cake, with a nice, sticky, meringue roof to it. Miss Mabel Boardman, she of the Taft party and the Red Cross Society, an intimate friend of the President's daughter, poured chocolate at one end of the splendid great carved ebony dining table, while Mme. Alice's mother-in-law did the tea honors at the opposite end. There were lettuce and caviar sandwiches and bonbons and pink candle shades and other bric-a-brac in between."

We may charitably pass over the reference to lettuce and caviar sandwiches and bon-bons and pink candle shades as "bric-a-brac," in order to reach what must have been the event of the evening:

"Mrs. Longworth, senior, a delightful dame, handsome upon that occasion in a costume of violet veiling, said cozily, 'Do draw a chair up and let's chat a minute,' graciously, at that instant, serving a strange woman with a cup of her beverage. The recipient, turning to speak to a neighbor, had her elbow jostled. Kersplash plunged the tea down the front breadth of her best silver silk. The hostesses, in womanly sympathy, rushed to the rescue, but strangely, the victim refused all offers of hot water and sponge. She cherished the wet streak. Her gown had been baptized in a sacred fluid. Wash off the evidence of Alice Roosevelt's tea? Not on your life! It was a glorious stigmata. She was going back to her home in Wisconsin and show the folks by that damaged dress that she had been flocking with the quality in Washington. Otherwise, they mightn't believe it. Ocular evidence means much."

Fancy that! "Alice Roosevelt's tea," and a stained gown for preservation in a glass case as an heirloom for generations yet unborn. And it wasn't even "Alice Roosevelt" who upset the tea. It was Mrs. Longworth, senior, of whom the scribe politely and gallantly says that she was "handsome upon that occasion."

From the above vivid bit of descriptive writing we may be pardoned if we make one more extract. So far it has been Hamlet, without the Prince of Denmark, and it was necessary to drag in Nicholas Longworth himself, even if it had to be done by the heels. Here he is:

"At the Congressional reception at the White House the President's son-in-law showed for the second time this year that he wasn't too proud to flock with his colleagues, even if he had married into the royal family, by shambling laboriously in line, two by two, alongside of the "Senators and the Representatives," as the colored hackmen say here, into the real presence of the king. But Nick broke jail the minute he had done his little stunt for conscience' sake and joined his bride, queen regnant of the blueroom. And Alice was a dream at the time, dressed with the apotheosis of art."

Probably the worthy Congressman never did for himself a worse fate than to

be known as "the President's son-in-law." If Mrs. Longworth is alive to the situation she will frown upon all newspaper men, at social functions or otherwise, who refer to her husband in a way so fatal to his, or her, aspirations. Nothing could compensate for it, even though she herself be a "dream," and "dressed with the apotheosis of art."

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, leader of the 400, has been snubbed, distinctly and unmistakably snubbed, and by a mere musician. With a "bassoon player" in the mayoralty of San Francisco and an orchestra leader in New York bearding the society lion in her den, if so distressing a confusion of metaphors may be overlooked, we are indeed coming to a pretty pass. It occurred in this way: Music, of course, was a necessity at the great Fish dinner, if another infelicity of expression may be pardoned. Where should Mrs. Fish get the singers? Why, at the Metropolitan, of course, the particular hunting-ground of the rich and the ultra-fashionable. So, to Mr. Conreid she went, or rather Mr. Conreid came to her, as Mahomet went to the mountain. To the request of the handsome Mrs. Fish to rent a few singers, the urbane Conreid was agreeable—with conditions.

"May I ask if there will be singers from the—er—so-called opera-house in Thirty-fourth Street, madame?"

"There will be; yes," replied the lady.

"Then, madame, I must decline to permit any of my singers from accepting your very kind invitation to sing."

And the haughty social leader looked through, over and beyond the Herr Direktor and turned her back. Result, Mme. Donalds and Mm. Dalmores and Seveilhac were the songbirds that entertained the very select dinner party, which, after the repast, grew to the number of 200, the additional dropping in to hear the music.

An English contemporary tells us that a few Sundays ago the king and queen attended service in the private chapel at Chatsworth House. Seated on the floor of the chapel were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Princess Henry of Pless, Mr. Balfour and others. This, of course, is all very interesting, but we wonder why these distinguished people sat on the floor.

Lady Cook, perhaps better known as Tennessee Claflin, has been received at the White House, and she hastens to inform a palpitating world of the result. Lady Cook wanted to get the Presidential support for the so-called rights of women, but she seems to have had small comfort for her pains. The President said that he had great admiration for women, that they were the power behind the throne, and other glittering generalities of a like original nature, but as soon as Lady Cook was able to bring him down to bed-rock he was unkind enough to say that he did not see that much good had come as a result of giving votes to women, so far as it had been tried in Colorado and other States. He could not see that they would find their redemption in the ballot-box. But Lady Cook was satisfied. She had seen the President and she can now understand his marvelous popularity with the people.

The State of Oregon early next fall will start a carload of Oregon beauties eastward, so that the general public may obtain an idea of one of the advantages of life in the West. The young ladies are to give free drills and concerts in parks or other public places.

Other States have advertised what they can produce in timber, minerals, grain, and other commercial products; other States have boasted of the beauty of their scenery and the attractiveness of their cities. Oregon is going to show the rest of the nation a greater attraction—its girls.

Here are the plans and specifications for this bedazzling bevy:

Age, 18 to 25; weight, 120 to 140; complexion, brunettes; height, 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 8 inches; models of physical excellence; graceful carriage, with sufficient endurance to stand an hour's hard drill; ability to sing well in chorus; good eyesight—no glasses; no nervousness; no girls who wear corsets or tight shoes; certificates of form and good looks from responsible citizens, and endorsements from representative citizens as to good character, deportment and good health.

The girls will not represent any newspaper, section or organization, nor be chosen by contest of any kind, but are designated as an immigration allurements, purely for State benefit.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Gen. Benjamin Johannis Viljoen, the man who captured Dr. Jameson after the latter's premature South African raid, and later gained fame while fighting the British, is now postmaster of Chamberlain, N. M.

Mme. Th. Blanc Bentzon has been appointed chevalier of the Legion of Honor on the nomination of the French minister of public instruction. Since 1871 Mme. Bentzon has been actively engaged in translating into French some of the best English novels.

Lieutenant James Carroll, Curator of the Army Medical Museum, is to be given the remarkable promotion of major on the active list of the army. He helped investigate the yellow fever situation in Cuba in 1900, offered himself as a sacrifice to the mosquito transmission theory, and was the first volunteer to take the fever.

It is thought that President Roosevelt at the close of his term will visit Alaska and hunt big game. Robert W. Wiley, who has lived for seventeen years in that territory, was a visitor at the White House recently and told Mr. Roosevelt that Alaska is about the only place in North America where big game is really plentiful.

Joshua Pisa of the Isthmus of Panama and one of the greatest pearl merchants in the world is visiting Washington. He owns valuable concessions granted by the Panama government whereby he has almost a monopoly of the valuable oyster beds of the Pearl Islands, which are situated in the Pacific Ocean, seventy-five miles from the city of Panama. He ships his pearls mostly to Paris.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, was sixty years old, February 11. In an interview he said it was now time for him to knock off work and play a while. "For forty-five years I have been making experiments with electricity," said Mr. Edison, "but all these years I have been turning these experiments to commercial value so fast that I have not had a chance to play with electricity for the fun of the thing, just to see how much I can find out about it. But from tomorrow I am going to give up the commercial end of it and work in my laboratory purely as a scientist. That

will be the pleasure I have long been promising myself."

Sir Alfred Mosely, head of the National Education Commission, has sent a long letter to the London *Times*, in which he testifies to the facilities accorded the English school-teachers, sent to America at his instance, during their trip, and to the kindness with which they were received in the United States. He also pays a tribute to the excellence of the American educational system.

Sir Robert Hart, director-general of Chinese imperial customs, is to leave China for England on a two years' leave of absence, and he is not likely ever to return. This is regarded as the outcome of the appointment last summer of Chinese as customs commissioners. Sir Robert Hart, who is an Irishman by birth, has been in the Chinese customs service since 1859. He became director-general of Chinese customs—inland as well as maritime—in 1901.

While many of the great explorers of Africa—among them Barth, Speke, Livingstone, Burton, Rohlfs, Nachtigal, Stanley—have passed away, one of the pioneers, Georg Schweinfurth, celebrated his seventieth birthday a few weeks ago in perfect health, and as eager for work as ever. When he first visited Africa, in 1863, even the Nile regions were largely unknown. He explored the Delta, the deserts, the region between the Nile and the Red Sea; he learned Arabic, and soon became so acclimated that Africa seemed his real home—a paradise compared to Europe, with its "wretched, insufferable civilization." His "Heart of Africa" appeared in 1874, and was promptly translated into all the European languages. Although his specialty has been botany, he has made many important contributions to anthropology, among the more recent ones being an attempt to throw a light on Egyptian antiquity and origins by the aid of the botanical contents of old tombs.

The dealer who sends back to the producer a bottle or can that has held milk without cleaning the same, is liable to a fine of \$500 or a year in prison, under legislation just passed by the New York board of health.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

The German emperor's little daughter is credited with this incident. She was tired of all the old games, so said to her playmates: "I know what we will do. Let's play at being quite poor people—frightfully poor people who have only one or two footmen!"

A Berkeley bookseller, anxious to fill an order for a liberal patron, wired to Chicago for a copy of "Seekers after God," by Canon Farrar, and to his surprise and dismay received this reply: "No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

A well-to-do farmer up the State, who had sent his son to Philadelphia to begin life as a clerk, wrote to the merchant in whose employ he was, asking how the boy was getting along and where he slept nights. The merchant replied: "He sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

At one time the bailiff in charge of an English jury was sworn to keep them "without meat, drink, or fire." It was Justice Maule who gave the classic reply to the bailiff who inquired whether he might grant a jurymen's request for a glass of water: "Well, it is not meat, and I should not call it drink. Yes, you may."

William S. Gilbert's punctiliousness in the matter of good English is well known. The famous composer was one day standing outside his club where he was met by a man who said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but do you know a gentleman, a member of this club with one eye called Matthew?" "I can't say I do," responded Mr. Gilbert. "What is the name of his other eye?"

George Bernard Shaw is a great lover of music. In fact, before his plays became successful he made his living as a musical critic. He was invited by a friend one night to hear a string quartette from Italy. Expecting a treat, he accepted the invitation. And throughout the programme he sat with a stony look on his face. The friend, to draw a little praise from him, said: "Mr. Shaw, those men have been playing together for twelve years." "Twelve years?" said the other, in an incredulous voice. "Surely, we've been here longer than that."

In Rockville, Maryland, each year there is held a series of races "for all comers." On one such occasion the sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line. The patience of the starter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted; "bring him up! You'll get into trouble pretty soon, if you don't!" The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Irishman, yelled back: "I can't help it! This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till the door shuts, an' I ain't got no door!"

"A Cincinnati man who was in New York," says Attorney-General Ellis, of Ohio, "made use of a telephone booth in the Waldorf-Astoria to telephone to Jersey City. When he came out he asked the girl in charge for the bill. 'Twenty cents, please,' she said. 'Twenty cents?' he responded. 'That's too much for the distance.' 'I can't help it, sir,' she said icily, 'but that is the charge.' 'It's an outrage,' he retorted. 'Why, in Cincinnati a man can telephone to hell for 10 cents.' 'Yes,' said the girl, 'but you must remember that in Cincinnati the place you speak of is in the city limits.'"

One day the yardmaster asked an earnest employee at the round-house if he could run an engine. "Can O'd run an engine? If there's anything O'd rather do all day long it's run an engine." "Suppose you run that engine in the house." "O'd do it," bluffed Pat, and climbed to the cab. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the round-house. Pat saw the bumpers ahead and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Out she went—in again—out again. Then the yardmaster yelled: "I thought you said you could run an engine?" But Pat

had an answer ready: "O'd had her in three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"

One more instance of the power of punctuation. Even a comma may play the very mischief. Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the Nonconformist ministry, and to wear no sacerdotal garb. And he announced this intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my fellow-Christians." That delightful comma made him the laughing-stock of the university and the joy of the picture-shops, whose windows were flooded with illustrations of the Rev. N.Y.Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow-Christians.

Collecting Babuisms was one of the late Lady Curzon's hobbies in India. Perhaps the choicest specimen addressed to Lord Curzon occurred in a petition which began: "Your Orpulent and Predominant Excellency." In a letter a Babu spoke of his attainments: "As to my scholastic calibre, I was recently ejected from Calcutta University. I am now masticating." An Indian stationmaster, having been annoyed by a certain female milk hawk, addressed the following remonstrance to her employer: "Honored Sir,—I beg you will remove your handmaiden of milk, as she is not good fellow, and we can not stand her cheeks."

A lady had an amusing experience in a Buffalo street car. The car was empty, with the exception of one man, and he was the reverse of the car. As she entered he rose, made her an unsteady, but magnificent bow, and said, "Madam, please be kind enough to accept this plashie." Rather than offend the man, there was nothing else for her to do, so she thanked him and sat down. And for seven blocks he hung from the strap, swaying in the breeze, with not a soul in the car but the two. The lady says it is frequently that she is taken for other women, but never before had any one thought that she was a carfull.

Commodore Guest, some 30 years ago in command of the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., one day saw a laborer making some repairs on the sidewalk in front of the officers' quarters. At that time it was not the practice, as now, for officers to wear their uniforms when about the yard, and the commodore, not having his on, the laborer did not recognize him nor pay any attention to his criticism or suggestions of the way to do the work. This nettled the commodore and provoked him to ask with some spirit: "Do you know who I am?" My man, I am the commodore!" "To this the other replied suavely: "Be gob, you have a fine job; take good care of it, sor."

A man once moved to Concord who was proud of his war record, and he soon obtained a captain's appointment in the militia. He was a martinet. The first day he reviewed his company he examined every hair on their heads, every button on their coats. It was an ordeal for them. On the whole, the captain was pleased with his inspection. One thing dissatisfied him, though. His men all had clean-shaven upper lips. Some had side-whiskers, some had mutton-chops, some had goatees, some had patriotic chin beards. There was not one who had a mustache. The captain complimented his company in short speech, and concluded by saying: "Only one thing is lacking to make a crack, martial-looking company of you—mustaches. I want every man Jack of you to raise a mustache." At this order the men looked at one another, and a young farmer, stepping out from the ranks, saluted him and said: "What color will you have them, sir?"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, to Mr. George Cadwallader, will take place today (Saturday) at the home of the bride on California Street. The ceremony will be performed at high noon by Bishop Nichols. Miss Emily Wilson, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Lucie King, Miss Mary Keeney, and Miss Linda Cadwallader. Mr. Bert Cadwallader, the groom's brother, will be the best man, and Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Willard Drown, Mr. Percy King, and Mr. Oscar Cooper will be the ushers. Mr. Cadwallader and his bride will leave on their wedding journey and on their return will live here.

The marriage of Princess Louba Lobanoff-Rostovsky, daughter of Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky, to Mr. Jerome Barker Landfield of the University of California, took place on Thursday afternoon last, at the Russian Church, Cannes, France. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock. Mr. Landfield and his bride will come a little later to Berkeley to live.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the late Mr. John Stewart, to Captain Leonard Delacour Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., took place on Saturday, February 9, at the Church of St. Paul, Council Bluffs, Iowa. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Starr. Miss Curtis was the maid of honor, and Miss Marie Stewart, niece of the bride, was the bridesmaid. Lieutenant W. G. Doane, U. S. A., was the best man, and Major George O. Squier, U. S. A.; Captain C. W. Castle, U. S. A.; Captain William H. Oury, U. S. A.; Lieutenant E. Alexis Junet, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Otto B. Grim, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Lawrence P. Butler, U. S. A., were the ushers. After their wedding journey Captain and Mrs. Wildman returned to Fort Omaha, where they will be at home after March 1.

Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Burlingame Club, in honor of Miss Katrina Page-Brown. Among the guests were: Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Barbara Parrott, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Jeanette von Schroeder, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Frank Houghteling, Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. John Parrott, Jr., Mr. Stuart Lowery, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. W. S. Ronaldson, Mr. Joseph Parrott, and Mr. Gerald Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight entertained fourteen guests at luncheon on Washington's birthday at the Burlingame Club.

Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull entertained at a dinner at their home on Yerba Buena Island on Tuesday evening of last week. Those present were: Captain and Mrs. Arthur T. Marx, Dr. and Mrs. McEnery, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Flagg, Miss McEnery, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Ethel Shorb, Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N.; Dr. Biddle, U. S. N.; Paymaster Helmicks, U. S. N.; Paymaster Beecher, U. S. N., and Dr. Riggs, U. S. N.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges was the hostess at a chafing-dish dinner on Washington's birthday at her home on Broderick Street, at which she entertained Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Katharine Shirley, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Percy Towne, Mr. Dwight Leeper, Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N.; Mr. James Reid, and Dr. Pressley.

Mr. John M. Young was the host at a party which spent Washington's birthday on Mount Tamalpais. His guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Otis Burrage, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Louise Redington, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. William J. Goldsborough, and Dr. Albion Hewlett.

Mr. William H. Smith gave a dinner last

Thursday at The Severn. Among his guests were Miss Margaret Stowe, Miss Blanche Hollister, Mrs. Harvey Bassett, Mr. Charles S. Tripler, and Mr. Harvey Bassett.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, accompanied by Miss Helen Wheeler and Miss Virginia Vassault, has gone from Paris to Italy for a three weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan and Miss Katrina Page-Brown have gone to Coronado for polo week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bellville, of England, have been spending some time at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark.

Miss Mary Keeney has recently been the guest of Miss Barbara Parrott at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin have gone to Coronado to spend the week of the polo tournament.

Mrs. Charles Raoul Du Val has arrived from her home in France and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles W. Clark, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury have returned from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, who have spent the winter in San Mateo, will go south shortly to visit Mrs. Driscoll's parents in Santa Barbara.

Miss Bertha Sidney Smith left this week for an Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock went down last week from their San Rafael home for a stay at Del Monte.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and Miss Ella Morgan left on Monday for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle has been staying in Ross Valley as the guest of Mrs. George Roe.

Mrs. Warren D. Clark and Mrs. Frank Anderson, who spent Washington's birthday and the week-end at Del Monte, went down early this week to Santa Barbara for a brief stay.

Miss Lutie Collier has gone to the Collier country place in Lake County to join her mother, Mrs. William B. Collier, who has spent the winter there.

The Rev. Edward Morgan, of New York, is at present a guest of Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols at the Episcopal residence in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery have recently been guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Alice Herrin, and Mr. Emerson Warfield have returned from a motor trip to San José and Monterey.

Miss Mary Carrigan will arrive in New York early this month from Europe, and after a brief visit there will come to San Francisco, en route to the Philippines.

Mrs. James C. Drake, of Los Angeles, arrived here last week and has been a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick and Miss Redmond have returned to their Bakersfield ranch, after a sojourn at Coronado.

Mrs. J. J. Brice has returned to her home in Napa, after a stay of several days in the city.

Mrs. Patton and Miss Marion Chenery are at present in Italy, and will travel on the Continent during the summer.

Miss Eleanor Davenport has returned from a week's stay at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Charles M. Woods left last week for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Mrs. James M. Spalding.

Miss Azalea Keyes has returned from Paris and is the guest of her uncle, Mr. Alexander D. Keyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl are spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall (formerly Miss Helen Sinclair) have arrived from Southern California and are at the Cornwall house on Pacific Avenue for a few days' stay before going north.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have recently been guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green have returned from a brief Eastern trip.

Colonel and Mrs. T. Wain-Morgan Draper, Miss Elsa Draper, and Miss Dorothy Draper, who have been in the East since the summer, have taken a country place at Cedarhurst, New York, for several months.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has been living in Berkeley since the end of the summer, will come to San Francisco next week to spend a fortnight before going East.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dray, of Sacramento, were visitors in San Francisco recently.

Mr. Cutler Page has returned from a stay in Santa Barbara.

Among recent arrivals at the Byron Hot Springs Hotel were: Judge A. J. Fritz, Mr. Amos Burr, Mr. John Hammersmith, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. W.

B. Godfrey, Jr., Mr. Maxwell McNutt, of San Francisco; Miss Sadler, of Alameda.

The San Carlo Company Opera Season.

Definite arrangements are now completed for the season of grand opera in Italian and French to be given by the San Carlo Opera Company, under the management of Will Greenbaum and H. W. Bishop. The season will be for two weeks, but the first three nights will be devoted to Oakland, where the organization will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse, one of the finest auditoriums for opera in America. The opening date is Monday, March 18, and the bill will be "La Gioconda," with Mme. Nordica in the title-role. This is one of the great *diva's* best rôles. Constantino, the famous Spanish tenor, who is an artist in the Caruso class; Fornari, de Segurula, and Mmes. Monti-Baldini and Conti-Bolinetti will be in the cast. Tuesday evening, March 19, "La Bohème," with Alice Nielsen, Fely Deyrene, Campanari, Constantino, and a strong cast. Wednesday matinée, "Faust," with Nordica as Marguerite, and Martin as Faust. In the evening, "Carmen," with the beautiful Deyrene in the title-role. The four performances are all that have been allotted to Oakland. The box-office will open Monday, March 11, at Ye Liberty, and prices will be the same as in San Francisco.

The season in this city opens at the large and commodious Chutes Theatre, Thursday evening, March 21. A special entrance has been arranged, so that patrons need not walk through the Chutes garden but direct into the theatre, and a special car service will be provided.

The repertoire for the first week is: Thursday evening, "La Gioconda," with same cast as above; Friday evening, "La Bohème;" Saturday matinée, "Faust;" Saturday evening, "Carmen," and for Sunday evening a grand double bill, consisting of "Barber of Seville," with Nielsen, and "Pagliacci," with Deyrene.

The second week will be devoted to "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," with Tarquini, the great dramatic soprano, as Adrienne; "Traviata," "Les Huguenots," and a double bill of "Daughter of the Regiment" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Seats for the first week's performances will be ready Thursday, March 14, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Van Ness Avenue, just above California Street. On account of the large seating capacity, Mr. Greenbaum announces that he is able to place the price of seats at far below that charged by other companies of this size, the highest price for orchestra seats being but \$3, and from that down to \$1. Box and loge seats, \$4. Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order, and seats will be held at box-office unless a stamped envelope accompanies the order.

Mr. Henry Russell, who has managed some big seasons of opera in London and Italy, will personally supervise every performance.

The Rosenthal Concerts.

The matinées by Rosenthal, the great Austrian pianist, will attract music-lovers to Christian Science Hall, corner of Sacramento and Scott Streets, this Saturday and Sunday afternoons, March 2 and 3. The programmes are very interesting, the special features of the Saturday one being Weber's Sonata in A flat, Chopin's one with the great funeral march, and a fantasia on the "Blue Danube Waltzes" by the performer. At the Sunday concert he will play Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 109, Schumann's "Carnevale," and Liszt's "Don Juan Fantasia," in addition to other interesting and important works.

The box-office will be open at the hall Sunday after 10 A. M. So great is the demand that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have the artist return from Los Angeles and give a farewell concert Sunday afternoon, March 10. Seats for this affair will be ready next Thursday, March 7, at both Kohler & Chase's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

There are 1204 London cabmen between the ages of 60 and 70, 249 between the ages of 70 and 80, while seven return their age between 80 and 90! One almost suspects these seven old patriarchs of having carried sedan chairs in the pre-growler days, says the London *Chronicle*. At all events they are a living advertisement of London as a health resort, with beefsteak, overcoat, and muffler.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major Henry M. Morrow, judge advocate, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty as judge advocate of the Department of Luzon, Philippine Islands. Major Morrow was for some time stationed here as judge advocate of the Department of California.

Major Aaron H. Appel, surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippine Division and ordered to proceed to San Francisco on the first transport sailing after May 1 from Manila for this port. On his arrival here Major Appel will report by telegraph to the military secretary of the army for further orders.

Captain B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as commandant of the Navy Yard, League Island, Pennsylvania.

Commander John Allan Dougherty, U. S. N., sailed on the *China* yesterday (Friday) for Japan, where he goes as naval attaché, relieving Lieutenant-Commander Marble, U. S. N. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dougherty.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from further treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and upon the expiration of his leave of absence is ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Department of California for assignment to duty in that department.

Captain Carroll D. Buck, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted twelve days' leave of absence.

Lieutenant William D. Leahy, U. S. N., who was detached from the *Boston* and ordered home to wait orders, has arrived here and is with Mrs. Leahy at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. P. Harrington. Lieutenant Leahy will probably be ordered to the Naval Academy at Annapolis for duty in the near future.

Lieutenant Junius C. Gregory, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from temporary duty at the Presidio of Monterey and ordered to proceed to San Francisco, take station here and resume his duties in the army transport service. Lieutenant Gregory will report to the medical superintendent of the army transport service in San Francisco for duty.

Ensign S. M. Robinson, U. S. N., is discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, ordered home, and granted a sick leave of one month.

Contract Surgeon James R. Mount, U. S. A., having reported his arrival in San Francisco in compliance with orders heretofore issued, is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey for duty.

Lieutenant Thomas B. Doe, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco; Lieutenant A. A. Russell, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell; Lieutenant Edmund B. Gregory, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Vancouver Barracks, and Lieutenant Oscar Westover, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Vancouver Barracks, have been ordered to proceed to Benicia Arsenal and report in person, on or before March 4, to the commanding officer for examination with a view to selection for service for a period of four years in the Ordnance Department.

The following officers of the Artillery Corps have been ordered to appear before a board, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Slaker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is the president, for examination to determine their fitness for promotion: Captain Daniel W. Ketcham, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Granville Sevier, U. S. A.; Lieutenant James Wheeler, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Edward A. Stuart, U. S. A.; Lieutenant John McManus, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Harry W. McCauley, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Samuel D. McAlister, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Robert J. Arnold, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Elisha G. Abbott, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Frederick L. Dengler, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Kenneth C. Masteller, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Tillman Campbell, U. S. A.; Lieutenant J. G. Langdon, U. S. A.; Lieutenant William E. de Sombre, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Howard L. Martin, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Samuel Cardwell, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Charles J. Ferris, U. S. A.; Lieutenant James B. Taylor, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Avery J. Cooper, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Frank Gerre, U. S. A.; Lieutenant George P. Hawes, Jr., U. S. A.; Lieutenant Offner Hope, U. S. A.; Lieutenant John O'Neil, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Charles E. T. Sull, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, U. S. A.; Lieutenant W. J. Carpenter, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Julius C. Petersen, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Edward J. Cullen, U. S. A.

The title of military secretary, U. S. A., has by act of Congress been abandoned, and the former title of adjutant-general is again in use.

San Francisco Maternity Benefit.

In the first week after Easter an entertainment will be given for the benefit of the San Francisco Maternity. A play will be presented and a number of vaudeville specialties. Full particulars are promised later. Following is a list of the members of the board of officers of the Maternity: President, Mrs. Frederick Hewlett; Acting President, Mrs. Lowenberg; other officers, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. Margaret Deane, Mrs. J. K. Wilson, Mrs. John Metcalf, Miss M. K. Wallis, Mrs. James A. Cooper, Mrs. H. N. Gray, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. Chas. Slack, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. Fernando Pingst, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Joseph King, Mrs. W. H. McCormick, Mrs. Chas. H. Suydam, Mrs. Albert Huston, Mrs. Mary P. Huntington, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Dr. A. B. Spalding.

MARCH MAGAZINE VERSE.

Miniver Cheevy.

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever horn,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior hold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.
—Edwin Arlington Robinson in *Scribner's*.

March Secrets.

There's a secret in the thicket, there's a whisper in the air,
And a stir of sleepy grasses; and although the trees are bare,
There's a light along their branches, and a thickening of twigs;
And the pussy-willows don their dainty little periwigs.

All the meadow-pools are twinkling with the breezes and the sun,
While the wrinkles and the crinkles o'er their laughing faces run.
Hark! a hullfrog singing gayly at the bottom of his voice
Is inviting all creation to awaken and rejoice!

From the silence of the woodland comes the tinkle of the brook,
And a rustle, as of waking, in each sunny, sheltered nook;
For the west wind has a message, and the gentle rain a hint
Of earth-odors, and the presage of new melody and tint.

There's a secret in the thicket, there's a whisper in the air;
There's a mystery a-brewing, of which Lilac seems aware.
And a busy little lady-sparrow hither flies and yon,
While her mate upon the fence observes, "There's something going on!"
—Edna Kingsley Wallace in *The Broadway*.

The famous musician, Richard Strauss, whose opera, "Salomé," has been the subject of much discussion, was the son of a composer. He is, however, not related to the "waltz" family. His first music lessons were given by his mother when he was 4 years old. At the age of 6 he offered his first composition. It was a three-part song. This was before he could write in letters and his mother wrote in the words. She used to cover his school books with music paper. Whenever he had a chance he jotted down his ideas on the covers, which he found more attractive than the inside of the books.

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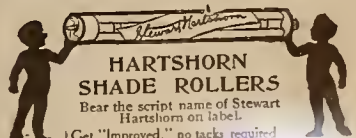
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Mama, is uncle Jake very wealthy?" "Enormously so, my dear." "What is he guilty of?"—*Life*.

Elsie—What did he do when you told him he must not see you any more? *Ada*—He turned down the light.—*Ally Sloper*.

She—That Mr. Scarey is the most chicken-hearted fellow I ever met. *He*—Possibly he was an incubator baby.—*Boston Record*.

"Do you believe that the good die young?" "I guess they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband is true."—*Houston Post*.

Madame (to her newly arrived maid servant)—What is that you are bringing in your hand? *Maid*—Oh, that is nothing but a little crockery cement.—*Meggen-dorfer Blätter*.

"What a well informed woman that Mrs. Wadleigh is, isn't she?" "Why shouldn't she be? Her cook has worked for nearly everybody in the neighborhood."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Are you related to the bride or groom-elect?" inquired the busy usher. "No." "Then what interest have you in the ceremony?" "I'm the defeated candidate."—*Courier-Journal*.

Mistress (engaging new servant)—And I hope you're not too friendly with the policemen. *Servant*—Lor, no, ma'am. I 'ate 'em. My father was a Hanarchist, mum.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Mistress (to colored house boy)—Don't your new shoes hurt you, Sam? *Sam*—Yaas'm, dey do hurt me consid'able; sometimes I has ter get up in de middle of de night 'n' tek'm off.—*Smart Set*.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Jellus. "Been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?" "Not exactly," answered his better half. "That's a photo taken of you, dear, when you had hair."—*Washington Herald*.

Madge—I don't know whether to be mad or not. *Kitty*—What's the matter? *Madge*—I just met Charlie Brown and he said this veil was very becoming. You know it's so thick I can't see through it at all.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Speaking of idle curiosity," said the typewriter boarder, "men have more of it than women." "Naturally," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor. "The curiosity of women is anything but idle; it works overtime."—*Chicago News*.

"Have you any request to make?" asked the sheriff of the erstwhile society man who was to be hanged on the morrow. "Yes, one," replied the condemned man. "Let me tie the noose myself. I never yet wore a ready-made tie."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Applicant (at Western newspaper office)—I'm looking for a job. I can set type and write. *Editor*—Good! Just take a seat. "Have you an assistant?" "I can't tell yet. I sent him out to see a man and expect to hear a gun go off any moment."—*Life*.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Intemperance is a crying evil," announced the man with a white tie. "Not always," objected the man with the red tie. "What do you mean, sir?" "Well, take my case. I never had a cryin' souse in my life. I generally sing. Some fight. You can't make no general statements like that."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh? (The caddie takes no notice.) *Golfer* (in his loudest voice)—I say, I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh? *Caddie*—I heard verra weel what ye said the first time. I'm just thinkin' about it.—*The Sketch*.

Counsel (defending prisoner)—I am a follower of Lombroso and believe that my client was predestined to perform the deed, therefore he should not be punished, but should be acquitted. *Judge*—I also am a follower of Lombroso, and believe that I am predestined to pronounce judgment

upon the prisoner. I therefore sentence him to two years imprisonment.—*Lustige Blätter*.

"Wealth has its disadvantages," said the philosopher. "Yes," answered the man with sporting inclinations. "It must be very monotonous for a man to be able to bet five or ten thousand dollars on a horse-race without caring whether he loses it or not."—*Washington Star*.

THE MERRY MUZE.

His Preference.

There are roses on her cheeks.
There are roses on her breast.
But as the latter broke me
I like the cheek ones best.
—*New York Herald*.

Wreck of the Hesperus Family.

It was old Farmer Hesperus
And his daughter, Minny May,
And they stood together hand in hand
In the middle of Broadway.

"O Father, I hear a raucous shout—
O Father, what can it be?"
"Tis only a tall policeman, child.
Who waves his hand at thee."

"O Father, I hear the sound of wheels
And hoofs that loudly ring."
"It's one o' them there hansom cabs—
Gash-bish the durned old thing!"

"O Father, I see a cloud of dust
Sift o'er me, head to feet."
"It's one o' them dum fool White Wings
A-sweepin' off the street."

"But, Father, I smell an odd perfume—
O Father, what can it mean?"
"Don't fly into hy-stericks, child—
It's only gasolene."

"Nay, Father, I hear the cry 'Look out!'
And fear is on my nerve."
"Gee-whizz! here comes an auto car
A-puffin' round the curve!"

"O Father, I feel a dreadful bump—
What means that sickly thud?"
But the Father answered never a word,
For his mouth was full of mud.
—*Hallace Train in Life*.

Ever Notice It?

Just why it is thus there is nobody knows,
But its truthfulness none have denied,
The shoe of the girl with the prettiest hose
Will the oftenest come untied.
—*Electric Spark*.

Fashion Note.

There's nothing that looks so fearfully flat
As a moon-faced man in an Alpine hat.
—*New York Journal*.

A highwayman held up a gasoline run-about on the outskirts of Rome with a shot in the air. Then he ran forth from the tomb that had concealed him—the holdup happened on the Appian way—and found, to his surprise, only a woman in the little car. "Where, madam, is your husband?" he demanded, sternly and suspiciously. "He's under the seat," she answered, flushing. "Then," said the highwayman, "I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have a husband like that, without being robbed into the bargain."

James C. Dahllman, the mayor of Omaha, was talking about bores. "I used to be pestered to death with a bore," he said. "My doorkeeper was a good-natured, obliging chap and he could never find it in his heart to turn the bore away. Just as sure as I was in, the bore was certain to be admitted. One day, after an hour's martyrdom at the man's hands I determined to end that persecution. So I called my doorkeeper and said to him mysteriously: 'Jim, do you know what keeps Smith coming here so regularly?' 'No, sir,' said Jim. 'I can't say as I do.' 'Well, Jim, said I, 'I don't mind telling you in confidence that he's after your job.' From that day," Mayor Dahllman concluded, "I saw no more of the bore."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

Portly Dame—Save me! O save me! *Fireman*—I'll do my best, mum, but I'm afraid I shall have to take you down in installments.—*Bon Vicant*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50 Try it.

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Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
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STEAMSHIP LINES.

American Line

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

Philadelphia.....Mar. 2, Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25

New York.....Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11, June 8

St. Louis.....Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18, June 15

Celtic.....20,904 tons.....Apr. 6, May 4

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Haverford.....Mar. 9 Friesland.....Mar. 23

Noordland.....Mar. 16 Merion.....Mar. 30

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minneapolis.....Mar. 9, Apr. 13, May 11

Minnehaha.....Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18

Mesaba.....Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25

Minnetonka.....Apr. 6, May 4, June 1

Holland-America Line

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Noordam, Feb. 27, 5 a m N. Amsterdam.....

Rydam, Mar. 6, 10 a m Statendam Mar. 27, 10 a m

Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a m Noordam, Apr. 3, 9 a m

Red Star Line

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS

Zeeland.....Mar. 2, Mar. 20, Apr. 27

Kronland.....Mar. 9, Apr. 6, May 4

Vaderland.....Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11

Finland.....Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18

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NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Oceanic.....Feb. 27, Mar. 27, Apr. 24

Teutonic.....Mar. 6, Apr. 3, May 1

Baltic.....Mar. 13, Apr. 10, May 8

Majestic.....Mar. 20, Apr. 17, May 15

Cedric.....Mar. 22, Apr. 19

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

Celtic.....April 6, noon; May 4

*Adriatic.....May 22, June 19, July 17

Teutonic.....May 29, June 26, July 24

Oceanic.....June 5, July 3, July 31

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Arabic.....May 9, June 6

Republic.....May 30, July 3

To the Mediterranean, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK

Celtic.....March 2, 7 a m—21,000 tons

Cretic.....Mar. 30, noon; May 9, June 20

Republic.....Apr. 20, 10 a m

FROM BOSTON

Republic.....March 16, noon

Canopic.....Apr. 10, 8:30 a m; May 18

Romanic.....Apr. 27

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ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their permanent offices at Room 240, James Flood Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

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S. S. Hong Kong Maru.....

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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1565.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 9, 1907.

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Labor Situation.

The Argonaut, let it be noted, has not joined in the chorus which prejudice and misinformation have raised over the labor situation since our great smash-up. Of course, we have not allowed the facts to go unobserved. When the plumber, the carpenter, the plasterer, the baker, and the candlestick-maker have advanced wage rates, the Argonaut has known about it; and it had a very special and particular hunch when wages in the printing trades made a sharp advance some months back. The Argonaut has noted, too, that concurrently with the advance in wages there has been an advance in the prices of other things, including house rent, clothing, and the general essentials of living. We have felt that when the house owner, the hotel-keeper, the boarding-house landlady, the clothier, the grocer, and the baker were screwing up their prices, it was not unreasonable for the mechanic and the laborer to do the same thing. We have not felt it to be just to hold organized labor to its pledge made immediately following the earthquake

not to advance the wage rate. Circumstances must be allowed to alter cases now as ever, and what is sauce for the goose must be accepted as sauce for the gander.

We have discovered, too, that what the property world stigmatizes collectively as "labor trouble" is in large proportion a trouble in which labor has only a partial share. There seems always a disposition to make labor a scapegoat and to pile upon it the whole blame of conditions for which in truth it has only a partial responsibility. For example, in the current talk of the day, labor is made to bear a censure which should attach largely to other things—to dilatoriness or incapacity on the part of manufacturers, to delays in transportation, to the exactions of material suppliers, and even to the whimsicalities of the weather. The careless critic who has not been at pains to inform himself about the actual and detailed facts finds it easier just to charge the whole account to labor, and then to blanket-blank the unions without discrimination and without stint.

We have been permitted to study in detail the project of a great constructive enterprise now under way in San Francisco, and have found that the increase in labor charge reckoned in connection with other elements of cost in one very large building project is only a fraction above ten per cent, as compared with the New York charge for the same service, that it is about 20 per cent above local rates prior to the disaster, and that not only is it relatively no greater, but on the other hand proportionately less than the rates of increase in the price of building materials. The augmented labor rate enters, of course, into the calculations of the material suppliers, and is, therefore, to an extent a disguised factor, but reckoning the item of wages to be paid out upon a two-million-dollar project, the figures of local advance as above stated aggregate only about twenty per cent. Of course, there has been a larger ratio of increase in the wages of certain particular trades. The general statement, therefore, must be taken to cover the averages of all trades reckoned together. The Argonaut is glad to make this statement, because it has some rather plain things to say about the attitude of labor in the present situation, and before entering upon the discussion, it wants to set forth the wage situation precisely as it has found it under critical examination.

The point at which labor is blameworthy in holding back the work of reconstruction in San Francisco and in unreasonably augmenting its cost, is not so much in the increased wage rate as in regulations and exactions of other kinds. Labor is discrediting itself more by narrowness, selfishness, a surly attitude toward employers, a disposition to slight its work, and a spirit of indifference rather than by its direct demand at the point of wages. For example, we find that under the practice of unionism, carpenters decline to handle "surfaced" lumber unless it bear a stamp attesting that the surfacing has been done by union men, and unless this work has been done at wage rates corresponding with the San Francisco rate. It has been the practice, and a sound economic practice, too, to run lumber from the saw directly into a surfacing machine, a practice both expeditious and economical. This, under the edict of union labor in San Francisco, is not allowed. It follows that "surfaced" lumber costs more and that there are delays in building which could be avoided under the old and sounder economic way of doing the work. We find, too, that it is not allowable to bring in cut stone, since the stone men, under the dictum of their union, will not handle such material. This means more cost, more time, and more annoyance at many

points. The regulation, indeed, was for a time a very oppressive matter, tending to delay constructive operations where stone work was desired. Today the local stoneyards are able to supply whatever is wanted, although the cost is greater than if stone were permitted to be dressed at points where no emergency exists, and where wage rates are on a normal basis.

Take again the matter of metal sash and door casings: Modern class A construction calls for these materials, which in the best quality are not produced here. There is, indeed, a small local output, but the quality is not first class, and owing to emergency conditions the cost is approximately forty per cent above what similar or better materials manufactured elsewhere can be laid down here. Again the local product is limited in quantity—totally inadequate at every point. When it has been suggested that if the local building trades would define conditions under which such work done elsewhere would be accepted here as "fair," there has been insolent denial. They will accept and put in metal sash and door frames upon demonstration that these materials have been made by union labor under the same conditions of wages and hours of labor as paid here, but they will not define either the hours or the wages. Thus, a contractor may bring from Chicago a consignment of costly materials made to his order by union men and at the rates of wages prevailing here when the order was given; but if in the meantime the local wage rate has been advanced the stuff thus brought in will be declared "unfair," and not a union man will touch it. The result is that those who are not satisfied with locally manufactured metal sash or who can not wait upon the delays and uncertainties of its manufacture are compelled to use wooden sash, which is relatively more costly, which increases the fire hazard, and therefore makes the permanent insurance charge a heavier one. It is chargeable to the building trades unions that San Francisco investors can not equip their buildings in accordance with the standards of modern first-class construction at reasonable cost and without unreasonable delay.

Another instance: For reasons relating to earthquake hazard and to economy in construction, concrete walls, even for pretentious buildings, have come into high favor, and a notable proportion of buildings now under way are to be made largely of concrete. The fact has excited the jealousy and resentment of workers in brick, who feel, or pretend to feel, that their occupation is endangered by this new fashion in building. When called upon to "face" concrete walls with an outside layer of bricks, their demand was that the inner or concrete wall should be "trowel work"—that is, that the concrete material should not be poured in economically from hods or buckets, but that it should be spooned in with trowels, this method requiring vastly more labor and calling for men trained to the use of the trowel and demanding higher wages than bucket men. But this is not all, for the latest development in the matter is an absolute refusal to "face" concrete walls under any conditions. It has been decided, so we are informed, that brickmasons shall lay no brick except where only brick or stone exclusively is used.

Again, there is reported an arrogant attitude on the part of the unions, or some of them, towards workmen who, attracted by high wages and other favoring conditions, have come to join in the work of reconstruction here. A prominent contractor informs the Argonaut that the town is literally full of men skilled in the various building trades who can not work at their trade, although the need is great

and the demand is active, because they can not meet the manifold petty exactions of the local trade organizations. We make particular note of the case of a skilled cement worker from Canada, a thrifty man, who recently came here with his wife and children, who can not gain entrance to a cement workers' union because he is not a citizen of the United States. Since it takes five years to become a citizen, this man, who brings to San Francisco precisely what she most needs—brawn, skill, thrift, and domestic character—must either return to Canada or abandon the trade wherein he is skilled and capable.

There is another and more general complaint against labor in connection with the immediate situation in San Francisco. "In other times," said a well-known contractor in talking to the *Argonaut* of these matters, "the man who paid the money was the boss of the work. Now, in my special work—that of brick construction—we pay an extravagant wage rate, but we do not get the service that we did when wages were less by one-third. Instead of doing what you want them to do in the way you want it done, instead of working diligently and faithfully, instead of taking a decent pride in their work, as in the old days, three bricklayers out of five will slouch through the day, soldier on you before your eyes, and answer you rudely if you offer them a suggestion, much more if you give them an order. I myself am a brickmason of the old-fashioned sort; I respect my trade, and I like to see it well paid. It not only injures me, but it grieves me to see a spirit of indifference and surliness substituted for the old spirit of trade pride and of personal good will toward employers. I think I do not exaggerate it when I say that the efficiency of many bricklayers—I will not say all, because that would not be fair—is at least one-third reduced from the old standards."

Clean down the line of the mechanical trades there is a condition comparable to that above set forth. There seems a new spirit born of consciousness of the power of the unions which moves to rob many workmen of their best qualities. There is a disposition to depend upon the union with its arbitrary power to find work and to hold men in it rather than to merit work by cheerful vigilance and a civil attitude in it. There are too many workmen who in their adhesion to and dependence upon unionism have lost something of that finer quality of individual character which marked the old-time American workman, who took a manly pride in his work and who put his character and his good will into it.

Looking broadly over the tremendously active field of constructive industry in San Francisco, it must be said that labor is not carrying itself in accord with either its high pretensions or with its specific pledges made immediately after the disaster. Of its wage demands we have already spoken. They are perhaps on the whole not greater than the circumstances justify, although in special trades like plumbing, bricklaying, electrical work, etc., they are clearly exorbitant. It is not so much at the point of wages as with respect to other conditions that San Francisco has a legitimate grievance against her workingmen. A great work is being done here; the building trades are sharing in it, to be sure; but their attitude is not that of cheerful and wholesome coöperation. It must be said that by its unreasonable exactions in a number of minor and petty ways labor is obstructive where it ought to be helpful. By its adverse temper it is adding to the cost of reconstruction; it is putting special hardship upon rebuilders; it is in many instances preventing the first-class equipment of new structures. Perhaps, after all, the most serious dereliction of labor is to itself, for by its generally adverse attitude it tends to rob its own men of their best possession, namely, a high-hearted, clear-minded, self-respecting manhood.

Organized labor professes to found its demands in fairness. "Fair" and "unfair" are the terms in which it marks its approval or condemnation. There is behind these phrases an acknowledged principle—and it is a principle as binding in its demands upon organized labor as upon anybody else. It is a rule of equity that he who pleads equity shall do equity; and not only an individual or a cause which demands fairness on the part of others must stand in honor bound

to do what is fair. Now, we say to organized labor in San Francisco that no element in the community has a right in common morals to set up its own interest as the measure and the rule of justice; no interest has a right, simply because it may have the power to do it, to exploit any other interest to its own profit. To do these things because one has power to do them is in any moral view equivalent to robbery upon the high road. We say to organized labor that it is "unfair"—that it is grossly dishonest—when it uses its monopoly of labor to enforce unreasonable and unjust exactions, and by so doing to hinder and hold back the reconstruction and rehabilitation of San Francisco. Again, organized labor is "unfair" when, by its indifference and inattention to the work intrusted to it, it holds in efficiency below the normal and reasonable standard.

We say to organized labor that it is "unfair" when by its restrictive regulations it forbids a skilled and willing workingman of decent character, by the reason of his foreign citizenship, or any other reason, to give his energies to labors which San Francisco needs, and to establish himself and his family here. That San Francisco and California stand in need of every pair of hands that can be brought to give themselves to its industries is a fact of universal knowledge. No intelligent man questions it. Organized labor has no right in "fairness" to thrust between California and her need a set of proscriptive regulations calculated to limit our working power, to reject new population and to give us an inhospitable name.

Organized labor is "unfair" when under any conditions, and especially under the present emergency conditions it measures the day's work by the capacity of the slowest workman, or when it insists that the man whose capability is below standard shall receive the standard pay. On their face these rules are unfair, and in their moral quality no whit above petty larceny. It is due in "fairness" that organized labor should so grade the commodity which its members have for sale that he who buys at the established price shall suffer no injustice, that he shall not be forced to accept a cheat.

We say to organized labor that it is "unfair" and grossly unworthy when it gives the force of its votes to the support of a municipal *régime* like that which has plundered and shamed San Francisco this five years and more. We have a right to demand of organized labor that in its political activities, as in other things, it shall be "fair." It is not "fair" when it puts itself in supine subjection to a creature like Abraham Ruef, permitting him to wield its powers in promotion of political and social infamies, for the oppression of certain social and business elements, and to the shameful aggrandizement of himself and his partners in these infamous doings.

Neither San Francisco nor any other community can permit a self-constituted authority to arrogate to itself powers beyond the law or to set up its particular interests or its own authority as superior to the demands of common justice and equity. No self-respecting community will long suffer under such a system. It may endure for a time, but in the end it will rise in resentment and rend the interest which assails the common rights and the common integrity. We say to organized labor that it will be so here. San Francisco will not permit itself permanently or for long to be ruled at points vitally affecting its interests and its life by those disloyal to the principle of equity—who decline to be fair.

We have a right to demand of organized labor that it shall be no traitor to our country or to the principles of equal justice—of "fairness"—upon which it is founded. We have a right to demand that its principles, its system, and its flag shall be treated with respect by those who choose to live here. Within the week, at a gathering of union men, the Stars and Stripes were openly hissed. This was an act of treason—an act for which before now men have been shot down, as they deserved to be. We warn organized labor to beware lest it raise about its head a resentment that will outlaw it as a traitor to the Republic. The American people are slow to wrath, but there are some things which they will not stand, and one of these things is that any group of men among us shall organize themselves and pursue purposes in defiance of the law and in contempt of our national standard.

The hope of San Francisco, as of all communi-

ties, lies in a common effort for the common weal. Long ago it was written that a house divided against itself shall not stand. San Francisco can not disregard a principle which in its application has not failed in 2000 years—or in the long ages before. San Francisco will not fall; it will continue to stand. It will stand because, sooner or later, it will not only demand, but it will insist, that no element in the community, representative either of labor or of capital, or of any other interest, shall assume to stand above the obligations of common justice, or to claim for itself anything which the spirit of fairness would deny.

Retirement of Senator Spooner.

The retirement by resignation of Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin from the United States Senate is a circumstance of very exceptional interest. Mr. Spooner is one of the small group of Senators whose public and private respect and whose personal abilities have tended to sustain the traditional standards of senatorial character and dignity. Of the ninety men who make up the senatorial body, most, it must be said, are practically lay figures. A few men do the work of the Senate. A still smaller group do its thinking. Mr. Spooner has been, perhaps, the most important figure in this smaller group. He is therefore a man who can ill be spared from the Senate, one whose retirement is a distinct loss to the intellect, the initiative, the energy and the moral power of the legislative branch of the Government.

Mr. Spooner's personal reasons for quitting the Senate are not far to seek. He is, relatively speaking, a poor man, and he would sacrifice much by remaining in public life since his individual earning power as a lawyer is very large. Another motive: He is out of sympathy with the administration, and therefore out of touch with the motives and the forces most immediately effective in the work of legislation. Still another motive: Mr. Spooner is in the Senate as the representative of a State with whose whole controlling political powers he is in bitter enmity. His last election came purely as a concession to his eminence as a national figure, but it came at the hands of men with whom he is not even upon good personal terms. It was indeed a triumph, but it has left him nevertheless without the home sympathy and coöperation which give to representative life its best relish and indeed its highest efficiency.

In retiring from senatorial life Mr. Spooner will really sacrifice nothing, since he is one of those rare men who, in official relationships, give more than they gain. As he is a big man in the Senate, so will he be a big man out of it. In the large professional practice into which he will surely fall, he will find a field quite as congenial to his tastes as the work of the Senate, he will be free from the petty irritations of an anomalous political status and, what is probably of even greater importance to a man of moderate means who is getting forward in years, he will earn vastly more money.

We have said that the retirement of Mr. Spooner will be a distinct loss to the public life of the country, and there is no over-emphasis in this statement. The *Argonaut* is old-fashioned enough in its ideas to believe that every country, if it would be prosperous in the truest and best sense, must employ in public affairs its best conscience and its best brains. This country can get along after a fashion under the initiative and by the rule of mediocrity, but it will get along infinitely better, and it would attain far higher ends, if it could hold in the leadership of public affairs its very best men. The tremendous success of the Republic in earlier times was due unquestionably to the fact that it commanded the service of those who were the giants of those days. And, in so far as our system has been a failure or a disappointment in its workings, these effects may be traced to deterioration in the moral and mental quality of our men of public affairs. Of late years it must be confessed the political life of the country has declined at the points of character and of power, and the cause of it we believe is that bad habit of politics which selects and puts in the lead of affairs, not the strongest and most valiant men of the time, but men whose most marked qualities are a smooth complacency and a readiness to follow whatever may be the whim or the mood of the immediate hour.

If we are going to hold this blessed country of

ours to the high mark of its traditions and pretensions we must find a way to bring and to hold our best intellect to the public service. We may not indeed be able to establish a condition under which a gifted man like Mr. Spooner may earn as much money in public as in private employment, but we ought so to endow the relationship of eminent abilities with public duty at the points of public respect and consideration as to make the public career the career of the highest honor, and therefore the career most inviting to men of preëminent quality.

The Senate of the United States is not at this time what it ought to be. It is largely filled up with mediocre men selected for almost every reason excepting that of real capacity for the work to be done. On the one hand we have made the Senatorship a sort of special prize for men past the age of active service who have been preëminently successful in other spheres of life. On the other hand we have bestowed its dignities upon men practically selected by special interests. These ways are not the ways by which the Senate may be made effective. If we are going to hold the Senate to its traditions, if we are going to give the country the working leadership which it ought to find in the Senate, we must recognize a higher responsibility and a more scrupulous duty in selecting its membership—we must hold the toga of the Senator not as a prize to be given away or as a high potentiality to be bartered away, but as a special dignity reserved exclusively for the biggest men and the best men among us.

Black Hand Legislation.

When early in the legislative session there was presented in the Assembly a bill to give persons criminally charged the privilege of declining trial before any judge in whose court they should be arraigned, the proposal appeared preposterous. We have, it was said, gone far toward making things easy for the criminal class, but we shall stop short of allowing criminals to select their own judges, of permitting the man at bar in effect to convict and sentence one who has been selected by his fellow citizens as our interpreter and enforcer of the law. With special resentment it was pointed out that the motive of this proposal was a special and a sinister one, nothing less, in fact, than the purpose of allowing Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz the privilege of practically selecting the judge or judges before whom they are to be tried. But in spite of all this we discover that this preposterous and sinister proposal is in the way of being carried through the Legislature. It has passed the Assembly, has been reported upon favorably by a Senate Committee, and now awaits action at the hands of the last named body with, we are told, every prospect of success. It is the common belief at Sacramento that this bill will be passed up to the Governor for his approval and that a tremendous amount of "pressure" will be applied in the effort to win favorable action at his hands.

How this wrong has come about involves an interesting exposition of how the Ruef-Schmitz influence, although discredited in the seat of its power, nevertheless remains a matter of vital effectiveness at Sacramento. There are in the two houses of the Legislature some eighteen or twenty men representative of those Senate and Assembly districts of San Francisco wherein the Ruef-Schmitz organization has been in control. These eighteen or twenty men are therefore men selected and elected under the Ruef system. To this system and to its leader, discredited though he be, they stand in absolute subjection. Whatever Abraham Ruef tells them to do, that they will surely do because they have been drilled under the Ruef political discipline and are mere automata in the hands of their "boss." Now, Abraham Ruef has had no other purpose in connection with this Legislature so close to his heart as that of saving himself from San Quentin. Above all things he seeks to get himself, the Mayor, and others of his gang away from the bar of a just court. Particularly he wishes to escape trial before Judge Dunne, whose attitude does not tend to his comfort; and his special aim is to move over his own and other cases to some one of the courts presided over by judges of his own selection, subject, like his manikins at Sacramento, to his own will. Under our criminal law as it stands there is no way to do this, therefore the indicted boss conceived the project of putting through the Legislature a law that

would give the game into his own hands. All his energies during the present legislative session have been given to the promotion of this measure. The Ruef gang at Sacramento has, by its numbers, been an important factor in legislative affairs. It is almost one-sixth of the whole legislative membership, and voting collectively and under discipline as it does, its support has naturally been solicited by every legislative project in need of votes. This compact legislative force has been handled with the sole aim of promoting the particular measure we have described. It has been given in exchange wherever a vote could be secured for the Ruef proposal. Promoters of other projects have swapped off their votes on this Ruef bill in exchange for votes for their own favorite measures. Here is the whole story. The Ruef bill is in the way of passing, not because it commands the respect and approval of any considerable number of legislators, but because under the practices of legislative log-rolling a large support has been worked up for it.

It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the admitted fact that our legal procedure already goes far—over far—in assuring protection to persons under criminal charge. We have only to call attention to the law's delays, disgracefully manifested in so many cases where criminality has the support of unlimited money with the talent which money can buy and with the multiplied devices of legal jugglery. We need only to call attention to the many gross and notorious instances in which justice completely breaks down in the fight with potential criminality. The truth is that our criminal practice affords at many points an unreasonable protection to criminality; worst of all it affords a means by which the criminal with large means at his command may gain the immunity denied to the man less resourceful. It is the all but universal judgment of thoughtful men—including many leaders in the legal profession—that our criminal procedure needs not so much to be modified in the interest of criminality as in the interest of justice.

Society is the best judge of who is competent to interpret and enforce its laws. For society to abandon its direct authority, to put the power of veto into the hands of persons criminally charged, would be a surrender both stupid and amazing. To do this in a specific instance and for the specific purpose of giving Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz the opportunity of selecting their own judges—and this is admitted by Senator Keane to be the motive back of the bill now being urged at Sacramento—would be an act unparalleled in its boldness and in its brazenness.

As we have already said, the indications point to the passage of this law by the Legislature. By the methods we have described this discreditable thing we believe will be traded and jobbed through the Senate as already it has been traded and jobbed through the Assembly. The next stage in the procedure is the executive office. Governor Gillett's voice is to be the final and the decisive one. He ought, the *Argonaut* believes, to veto this bill and we have so much faith in his judgment, his honesty and his resolution as to be hopeful that he will do it. Governor Gillett impresses the *Argonaut* as a man upon whom "pressure" in a matter of moral responsibility would probably be wasted. There is a look out of his eye and a set to his jaw which stamp him as a man with the capacity to follow the dictates of his own judgment and of his own conscience. Believing, as it does, that this measure is vicious in principle and that it has an immediate, sinister purpose, the *Argonaut* expects to see it get from the Governor a swift kick into the limbo of oblivion.

The Power of Public Opinion.

In the treatment accorded by the State Senate to the proposed constitutional amendment limiting to a total of \$1,000 a day the amount to be paid to legislative *attachés*, we may trace the effect of that all-powerful public sentiment which continues in spite of shifts and evasions to be the dominating principle in American life. This measure, it will be remembered, was suggested and urged by Governor Gillett, who was shocked and outraged by the free-handed and high-handed action of the Legislature in the *attaché* matter. Offered in the Senate by Mr. Wolfe it was first defeated by a decisive vote, but upon sober second thought it was resurrected from the files, again presented to

the Senate and passed on Friday last, though by a bare majority vote. The incident does not indeed illustrate a high development of political morality—not to speak of common honesty—but it does exhibit the power of a public opinion which is rapidly crystallizing into disgust and resentment with respect to this petty but none the less shameful grab of public funds.

The *Argonaut* has not found it easy to believe with Governor Gillett that this abuse is curable by enactment, constitutional or other. We have not observed that men are made honest, more than they are made sober or chaste, by virtue of laws. We do believe, however, that Governor Gillett's emphatic condemnation of this particular jobbery has so directed public attention to it and has so stirred the spirit of moral resentment that the evil is in the way of being overthrown. The matter has now gotten into such shape that no political party can afford to disregard it. It must be condemned and condemned roundly; it must be made an emphatic point in party platforms; legislative candidates must be pledged definitely with respect to it. By these methods, rather than by direct law, we believe, this particular mischief will be brought to its end.

Public opinion is today as potential a force as ever it was in the history of the country. The difficulty is in arousing it first to knowledge and then to action. It is not that we have few sources of information but because our sources are so many and so diverse as to make confusion. With a multitude of newspapers, all more or less reckless, most of them discredited by demagogic and other motives of self-interest, all shrieking in wild and conscienceless chorus, it is not easy to get at the truth. We are convinced that the modern advertising sheet, mis-called a newspaper, is rather a hindrance than an aid to that sober and assured intelligence upon which social and political motives should rest. We question if the American people will not really be better off at the point of sound information, better prepared to come to intelligent judgments and to enforce them, when our daily newspaper press shall have sunk to the level of complete disrespect and disregard toward which it now seems to be moving.

The Street Car Award.

Within the week the Committee of Arbitration, to which was referred the contentions involved in the street car strike of five months ago, has rendered its judgment, which bears the general character of a compromise. All platform men are to receive 31 cents an hour during the first year of service; 32 cents during the second year, and 33 cents during subsequent years, a general increase of approximately 21 per cent. The day's work is to remain at ten hours, as at present. Station shop men are to receive a minimum of \$3.50 a day. Station operators, who formerly received from \$80 to \$90 a month, will get from \$96 to \$108. Linemen foremen will receive \$4.50 a day, and journeymen \$4. Car barn and track foremen will receive \$110 a month; journeymen to be raised from \$2.50 and \$2.80 a day to \$85 and \$100 a month. Laborers are to receive \$2.25 a day during the first month and \$2.50 thereafter. The eight hour day will apply to all employees with the exception of platform men, the reason for this being that in the opinion of the Arbitration Board an eight hour day is impracticable in connection with the conditions under which the car service of San Francisco is maintained. The ten hour day for platform men is further justified by the explanation that the work is out of doors with frequent waits which relieve it of monotony and general onerousness. The award is from September 26, 1906, to May 1, 1907, and under it the employees of the United Railroads are to receive approximately half a million dollars in the form of arrearages of pay.

We believe it is the common opinion in San Francisco that this award, against which one member of the committee (Father Yorke) protests, is fair and even generous. It gives the men on a ten hour day basis the rate of pay which they demanded and it gives the street car company the ten hour service which it insisted upon. At the time of the strike it was the universal judgment of disinterested men that this was the natural and proper line of compromise. The award therefore fully meets the general judgment and expectation.

In the Committee of Arbitration Father Yorke

was named as the representative of the men and Mr. Frank McLaughlin as the representative of the Company. The determination was practically in the hands of Chief Justice Beatty, who made a sacrifice at many points in accepting an unremunerated responsibility. It was such a sacrifice as only a man of high character and the loftiest sense of public duty could have consented to make. A figure of more perfect judicial character could not have been wished for the service, and there will be few so rash as to question Judge Beatty's judgment as a matter of justice and none at all at the point of integrity. The finding of the Committee, representing as it does, the careful and intelligent determinations of a man above question and above reproach, of a man of equitable mind and of powers trained in the sifting and weighing of facts and reasons, is a thing absolutely unassailable from any reasonable and fair standpoint.

It should perhaps surprise nobody that despite the circumstances of this adjudication we find demagogues, journalistic and other, seeking to foment dissatisfaction, to rouse in the street car workers the spirit of dissatisfaction and resentment. Those who take this course are mere shameless self-seekers, who endeavor by promoting agitation and social confusion to find a selfish and a sinister advantage. They are not friends to social order, above all they are rank enemies to the workingman in his real interests. They belong to that breed of conscienceless creatures willing to sacrifice society, willing to drive men to their ruin, if in the wreck of civic and industrial interests they may run the chance of picking up something in the shape of advantage or profit.

The only vital point left for future determination in the decision just rendered is that as to the number of hours which shall constitute a day's work. The general principle of the eight hour day is conceded. There are, however, special circumstances and conditions applying to one branch of street car service which the eight hour system can not be made to fit economically. Adjustment of this point is an end the settlement of which the men and their employers are entirely competent without outside interference. Employer and employed alike should resent as the sheerest impertinence and demagoguery loud-mouthed counsels of self-seeking politicians and of equally self-seeking newspapers. It is not a case for the politicians and the journalists, but for employer and employed in the light of their own special knowledge of the facts and conditions, and in the spirit of common sense and of manly good feeling.

Boy or Girl?

The *Argonaut* does not wish to jump hastily to unjustifiable conclusions, but there seems to be "something doing" at the Royal Palace in Madrid, where the young King of Spain is installed in matrimonial splendor with his queen. We are unversed in such matters and are content to take things as we find them without any curious prying into the meaning of domestic portents, but the events that are recorded in the daily newspapers in Madrid and feverishly copied by the press of the world must surely have a certain significance to the initiated, however much their meaning may be dark and mysterious to the uninstructed male mind.

It seems that over a hundred Spanish ladies are hard at work making garments of the most diminutive kind. There is a gathering of the clans among nurses of the Mother Gamp variety, although not of her training or unfortunate propensities, both in Spain and in England. Her Spanish Majesty who, we are ostentatiously reminded, "wedded King Alfonso on the 31st of last May," prefers to absent herself from all public functions "until April," while extraordinary precautions are being enforced to exclude all intruders from the royal grounds and to prevent any possibility of turmoil or disorder. Presents of various kinds are arriving from many parts of the world and a whole medical conclave is preparing to take the field at the dropping of a handkerchief.

Viewed separately these items of news might pass without comment, but looked at collectively and dispassionately we can reach only one conclusion. Those who are in a position to judge are evidently of the opinion that a royal infant is about to make his appearance and doubtless they have their good sufficient reasons. We write diffidently, as be-

comes those who are upon uncertain ground, but these preparations seem to point all in one direction; and when we further remember that the queen "wedded Alfonso on the 31st of last May"—a piece of information cunningly interposed upon every occasion and possessing a possible relevancy—suspicion amounts almost to certainty.

Upon general anti-race-suicide principles the *Argonaut* is glad to hear it. Of course there is always a certain amount of uncertainty upon these occasions. The small boy who was told that an addition to the family was to be expected in the shape of a baby, but that whether boy or girl was still uncertain, expressed his skepticism by saying:

If they don't know yet what kind they'll get,
They don't know how old it'll be.

Without going so far as this we may confine our congratulation to its most general and non-committal forms at the birth into the world of a small Spanish royalty who, we sincerely hope, will not "take after his father."

These great occasions in the higher social altitudes are strangely unlike, and yet strangely like, similar events in less exalted spheres. In the commoner walks of life it is not usual to publish domestic details of this kind with a broad suggestiveness that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham. We like moderation in all things. There is a lack of verisimilitude about the novel of fifty years ago written expressly for the "young person," which never failed to represent the husband as returning to his home in the evening and learning with delighted and breathless amazement that his wife has given birth to one or two babies during his absence. Such a possibility had never entered his mind, and the reader is invited to share in his bewildered surprise at his wholly unexpected paternity. But there is all the difference in the world between such pristine innocence as this and the unblushing garrulity with which the royalties of the day take us into their confidence with regard to the progress of their hopes and expectations, and those domestic preparations that are usually carried on in a back room and while the mere men of the family are otherwise and elsewhere employed. If it had not already been blazoned forth in the public press with scare head-lines and appropriate subheads we would not permit ourselves even to be aware that the Queen of Spain expects to perform herself those simple elementary and nutritive functions which usually devolve upon those of a coarser clay to whom indiscriminating Nature has given a greater lacteal abundance. We could not bring ourselves to mention such a matter in the *Argonaut* had not the daily press, in language far less chaste, stated the fact with all the brutal directness of the international cable.

But there is at least one point upon which prince and pauper are in agreement. King Alfonso is expected to absent himself from the royal palace and to "engage in hunting" during a certain specified period. Evidently His Majesty knows when he is not wanted. By keeping out of the way he will be spared a lesson in the utter insignificance to which all things male can descend when in the jealous presence of the stork. That humiliating lesson has to be learned and the cup of self-effacement must be drained to the last drop by those poor mortals who can not "engage in hunting," and who must therefore seek the darkest and most obscure corner in the effort to avoid attention. It is only at such moments that a man knows his real value or appreciates his utter worthlessness in the scheme of nature. And so King Alfonso will "engage in hunting" until the clouds roll by, and no doubt he will ultimately carry out the same polite fiction as the young lady's novel writer and solemnly announce the birth of a baby to a world from which no secrets whatever have been kept and which has been simply satiated with impolite details and improper but confident expectations ever since Queen Victoria "wedded King Alfonso on the 31st of last May."

Ruef's Latest Dodge.

If there were no other facts tending to the condemnation of Abraham Ruef and his partners in crime, their attempts to delay and evade trial would be sufficient for moral conviction in the mind of every thoughtful man. It will be recalled that when the graft proceeding was instituted Ruef endeavored to thwart and defeat it by throwing out of office the

regularly-elected district attorney and getting himself appointed to the post thus vacated. His scheme was nothing less audacious than an attempt to make himself, a man criminally charged, the prosecuting agent of the city and county.

It will further be recalled that following the failure of this amazing procedure, Ruef and his partner, Schmitz, have played every card of obstruction and delay possible under our confused and over-generous system of criminal practice. Now, when the day finally fixed for Ruef's trial came, on Monday of the current week, we have another bold and bald play in this tricky game of obstruction and evasion. Before the hour fixed for his appearance at the bar of Judge Dunne's court on Monday, Ruef appeared in another court, that of Judge Hebbard, a creature of his own, demanding an appeal from the process of Judge Dunne's court to the Federal Supreme Court, upon the ground that a member of the Grand Jury by which he was indicted had within a year of his Grand Jury service acted as a trial juror in one of the branches of the Superior Court of San Francisco. This was nothing less than a desperate clutch at the flimsiest of straws, but it was successful because Judge Hebbard, as Ruef's creature, did what he was instructed to do. Strictly interpreted and accredited this last procedure would have restrained Judge Dunne from proceeding with the trial of Ruef in accordance with his own order of a previous date. Judge Dunne, however, under a line of legal reasoning which we shall not undertake to follow in detail, refuses to recognize the action of Judge Hebbard as effective and binding. Acting upon the motion of Mr. Heney he has determined to consider the action of Judge Hebbard as a thing out of reason and of non-effect, and to proceed with the trial.

At this point, however, a new difficulty has arisen, due to the fact that Ruef has gone into hiding so effectively that the ordinary officers of Judge Dunne's court have been unable to find him. Mr. Heney insists that he can be found, and as we write it is understood that Judge Dunne will authorize a special detective in Heney's service to bring the shifty Mr. Ruef to bar. So the matter rests as the *Argonaut* goes to press. It is difficult to regard seriously a situation so dramatically ludicrous. On the whole it is not a situation calculated to augment respect for Mr. Ruef, even among his own followers. A man under criminal charge, protesting innocence but afraid to appear at bar of court, a man so terrorized by the prospect of legal enquiry as, like a hunted rat, to seek a hole to hide in, is hardly a man to command the sympathy even of habited and hardened criminality. Up to now in this whole procedure Ruef has been shameless, but brazen bold. In this latest move he is in danger of falling into that weakest of postures, that of a man whose skulking timidity has made him ridiculous.

The stars on the Great Seal and the seal of the President of the United States are five-pointed, while on the seal of the House of Representatives they are six-pointed. The thirteen stars on the obverse of the present half and quarter dollar are five-pointed. The reverse of the present half and quarter dollar is a copy of the Great Seal, except that the clouds are omitted. It is evident that heraldry has not taken a very strong hold in these matters in the United States; therefore it is not in the power of any one to say without a doubt why the difference in the stars on the flag and the coins. So far as is known, with the exception of the reverse of the present half and quarter dollar the stars on our coins are copied from the Colonial coins, which were, no doubt, made after the manner of English heraldry, while the flag was made up after the design of Washington's coat-of-arms, containing three five-pointed stars.

A trip into the Dismal Swamp is to be one of the attractions offered by the approaching Jamestown Exhibition. It is proposed to open up a steamboat route through the 1000 square miles involved, which, moreover, are said not to be so dismal as their name indicates. The Dismal Swamp was once the hiding place of runaway slaves. The swamp itself was not terrible to them. It seemed almost heavenly if they could succeed in reaching it. The dismal part was their flight across the Southern States.

The burning of an old house in Hubbardston, Mass., a few days ago recalled to mind again the once famous ballad of "Old Grimes," for the house was built in 1761 by Joseph Grimes, whose son Ephraim, it is stated, was the subject of the ballad. Albert Gordon Greene was the author of the piece. The studied inconsequence of the treatment was what made the ballad popular, and it is far the best specimen of a class of jocoseria of the 18th century.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

John Sharp Williams says that while we are on the subject of ship subsidies it would be well to provide one for airships.

Referring to Senator Perkins's prediction of a war with Japan, the *Omaha Bee* says that this calamity may be averted by allowing California to secede.

It has been decided by a vote of 42 to 28 that Senator Smoot of Utah shall retain his seat in the United States Senate, thus closing a long controversy.

The resignation of Governor Swettenham of Jamaica has become an accomplished fact, and he will leave the island as soon as his personal arrangements make it convenient for him to do so.

The Senate has authorized a board of trustees to receive from President Roosevelt the Nobel peace prize as the nucleus of a fund to bring together in Washington the representatives of capital and labor to discuss labor problems.

Secretary of the Navy Metcalf has stated in a letter that during the coming summer there will be no less than 3000 men employed in the Mare Island navy yard, and that this force will hardly, if ever, be reduced, unless the policy of the country shall be changed.

Senator Aldrich has been successful in passing his currency bill by a vote of 43 to 14. This bill authorizes the issue of ten-dollar gold certificates, in order that the ten-dollar greenbacks may be broken up into one, two, and five-dollar bills, for which there is a great demand.

Mr. Kalaniana'ole, the Hawaiian delegate, has invited a number of Representatives and Senators to visit the Hawaiian Islands this summer as the guests of the residents of the islands, and a special Congressional party will sail on one of the liners from San Francisco early in June.

Senator Perkins has stated his conviction that there will be a war between the United States and Japan. When Senator Cullom, who is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, heard of this prediction, he said: "If Perkins talks out in the Senate about this country going to war with Japan, I'll go to war with Perkins right off."

Mr. Hearst on the subject of political corruption is always worth hearing. He is now responsible for the following dictum: "It seems to me that the root of all corruption in public life is the use of money in elections. The evil is not merely the use of corporations' money in elections, or the use of the money of individuals, but the use of money at all to influence the vote of the citizen on election day."

United States Senator Joseph W. Bailey, appearing before the legislative committee appointed to investigate the charges of improper relations with corporations that have been brought against him, said "All this prattle is a lie," and urged that the committee interpose to "stop these insults." The Senate eventually dismissed the committee before it could prepare its report and exonerated Senator Bailey in every particular.

Senator Platt was recently asked by Senator Carter, of Montana, as to how he stood in reference to the reception of Reed Smoot, the Mormon Senator. Senator Platt narrowed his eyes in an appreciative, crafty glance, and replied: "To tell the truth, I was just waiting to salute our colleague from Utah, for I tell you, Tom Carter, it's my private opinion that it takes a mighty smart man to be a Mormon—without complications."

Chief Justice Fuller apparently wishes it to be known that he has no intention of resigning in order to make room for Mr. Taft. The Chief Justice recently gave a dinner, at which both the President and Mr. Taft were present. Mr. Fuller showed his guests a new portrait of himself and remarked that it made him look young. "Not a day younger than the original," said Mr. Taft, gracefully. "Thank you," said the Chief Justice, adding with what looked like just a trifle of emphasis: "I never felt better in my life."

President Roosevelt is said to be pleased at the net results accomplished by the Fifty-ninth Congress and intends to issue a statement of the work accomplished. On the other hand, the President's opponents figure that he has come out rather badly in his recommendations to Congress. He broke all records in the matter of messages, having sent in fifty-nine important recommendations in thirty-seven messages during the three months of the short session. Forty-one recommendations were either rejected or passed over in silence, while but fifteen were favorably considered and written into the statutes.

Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, was the principal speaker at the annual banquet of the Middlesex Club, which met at the Hotel Brunswick at Boston in observance of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. The other speakers were Congressman Julius Kahn, of San Francisco; Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts, and W. H. McElroy of New York. Former Governor John L. Bates presided, and over 300 members attended. Governor Hughes spoke upon the question of State rights as connected with the subject of federal powers, and declared the need of increased efficiency in State government, and also an improvement in the character of public servants.

In the next House there will be 222 Republican representatives. They come from 222 different congressional districts, scattered all over the northern States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Every one of those men is more or less dependent upon the Speaker of the House for personal and political preferment. Almost every one of them

has a bill or a section of some measure in which he and his community are personally interested. Appropriations for rivers and harbors, new public buildings, and a thousand and one things of local interest are to be had by any hustling representative, first of all, and generally last of all, through the personal impression he may create upon the Speaker of the House. It would be only natural, therefore, for the Republican members to take sides with the Speaker, if he should be an open candidate for the presidency, because in that way they would further their own political interests.

OLD FAVORITES.

To Sleep.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth;
So do not let me wear tonight away;
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed harrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!
—W. Wordsworth.

The Shepherd's Life.

Thrice, oh thrice happy, shepherd's life and state,
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shut out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep;
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece wea fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sionian tincture dyed:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor haggard wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses,
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And, but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:
The smooth-leaved heeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noontide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleased and full blest'd he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him.
—Phineas Fletcher.

Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er helmed a knight,
Though his spur he as sharp, and his blade he as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no haron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
Who at Rare-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come:
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.
—Sir Walter Scott.

Representative Murphy, of Missouri, has had his bill prohibiting tipping "any steward, waiter, porter or other employee," in the District of Columbia, favorably reported by the Congressional committee to which it was referred. His success inspired another Missouri Representative, Mr. Tyndall, to introduce a bill prohibiting "unlawful employment of Senators and Representatives as attorneys." It is interesting to note that both these gentlemen retire to private life at the close of the present session of Congress.

George Bruce Cortelyou has relinquished the portfolio of the Postmaster-General to his successor, George von L. Meyer, formerly United States Ambassador to Russia. Soon after, Mr. Cortelyou was sworn in as Secretary of the Treasury, succeeding Leslie M. Shaw, who goes to New York to become president of a trust company.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Matter of Invincible Caprice.

BERKELEY, Feb. 26, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I appeal to the *Argonaut*, in preference to the daily paper, because your literary standards are better, to save me, and other sensitive people, from a sore affliction. The average writer seems to labor under the hallucination that the French—coupled with the Russian, German, or Italian—equivalents of "Mr." "Mrs." and "Miss," are a necessary and untranslatable part of the names of any person of those nationalities that they have occasion to write about. Who, for instance, is "M." Clemenceau, or "M." Witte? And is the front name of either gentleman Matthew, Mark, or Michael?

What is the practice of the vernacular press of Continental Europe in its treatment of American and English names? Do they set up "Mr." Smith, "Mrs." Jones, or "Miss" Snooks? I am, under the impression that the foreigners know better.

By the way, what are the proper handles for the names of Hindus, Javanese, Turks, and Persians? We should, apparently, know and use them. A. GEORGE.

The confusion with regard to foreign prefixes is, as our correspondent says, an affliction. When writing in English there is no good reason why such prefixes as Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, Herr, Frau, Fraulein, Signor, Signora, Signorina, etc., should not be translated into their English forms of Mr., Mrs., and Miss. That they are often not so translated is perhaps because the use of the foreign form indicates the nationality, and also because there is, in a sense, a personal relation between the prefix and the name itself. The prefix, in other words, is popularly considered as being almost a part of the name. So far as our observation goes, the same uncertainty is to be found in the foreign press with reference to American and English names. The French incline perhaps to the uniform French form, but references to "Mr." Roosevelt may frequently be met with in French newspapers. These matters are regulated by invincible caprice and a mysterious sense of congruity rather than by rules, and to bring order out of chaos is almost impossible. "Signor" Lombroso, "Signor" Crispi, and "Madame" Bernhardt will be so known as long as they are known at all, and a French prefix will be similarly given to Sergius Witte, although he is a Russian, presumably because French is the language of international diplomacy. So far as we know, the Hindus, Javanese, Turks, and Persians do not use courtesy prefixes to proper names, except as indicating intellectual, military, or religious rank, such as Pundit, Swami, Pasha, Bey, etc.

Buried History in the Ruins.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: This fifty years and more it has been an interesting and commendable practice in San Francisco to entomb in the conventional "corner-stone" of important new structures, various records and articles of possible interest to future generations. Many such "corner-stones" were laid in the earlier years of the city in buildings which were destroyed by the disaster of last April. I have not noted the recovery of any of these caches, although I am a careful reader of the newspapers. I write now to suggest that in the wrecking of old buildings of a sort likely to hold such memorials as I have described, care be taken not to involve the "corner-stone" in the general ruin. The carelessness of this generation would be a poor return for the careful foresight of that which came before.

Another matter: I note a proposition to preserve the old Market Street portal of the Palace Hotel, not in its original position, where it still stands as the last remaining part of the famous structure of which it was so important a feature and of which it is so interesting a relic, to be reërected in Golden Gate Park. It seems to me, and to others with whom I have spoken of the matter, that a better use of the old and historic portal would be to enshrine it in the new structure, to make it in the new as in the old Palace the gateway through which thousands will pass in entering or departing from the hotel. This, of course, is a matter to be determined by the judgment and the taste of the owners of the Sharon estate, and I trust they will not regard it as an impertinence that a mere well-wisher makes this suggestion. W. B.

A Charitable Suggestion.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 3, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Permit me to offer an amendment to the suggestion that a Red Cross hospital be built with the unused Relief Fund, contained in your editorial on "The Relief Fund," issue March 2, that sufficient money be appropriated (could a portion be so used?) for the enlargement and improvement of our City and County Almshouse. Owing to the recent disaster, we will be called upon during the next few years to support a larger number at this institution than we would under ordinary circumstances. E. C. D.

In view of certain information received from Panama with reference to the Gatun locks, Secretary Taft has arranged to sail from Charleston on March 24 on a naval vessel, in company with the expert civil engineers whom he has chosen for the purpose of making a technical inspection of the work.

President Roosevelt, by a proclamation just issued, has added seventeen millions of forest lands to the reserves of the United States. Thirty-two forest reservations are created or increased in area by this proclamation.

Senator Carmack succeeded in talking the ship bill to death and it was withdrawn when the situation came hopeless, no other course being possible. The necessary business was to be completed.

A QUIET LITTLE BREAKFAST.

How a Bather Met a Venus Rising From the Sea, and the Result.

The tide was unusually late that morning. I hate bathing on a falling tide, particularly at Boulogne; but as everybody was beginning to clear out from the sands it must have been past twelve. I do not think there were more than fifty people in the water; and in the little wooden office the young woman who handed me my complete costume, as it is called, my two towels, and a ticket for the bathing machine, and took my one franc fifty centimes in exchange, remarked that it was very late. I jumped into the first machine, which stood at the edge of the surf; there was no necessity to order it to be dragged further out, for the tide rises so very rapidly at Boulogne. By the time I had undressed and methodically folded my clothes, and placed my watch in one of my boots and my purse in the other—for I am a very careful man, and like to provide against possible contingencies—the water was at least a couple of feet deep at the foot of the steps of my machine. I stepped down into the sea, expanded my magnificent chest, strode out into the deep water at once, and commenced to swim. I swim particularly well—that's one of the reasons I hate bathing late, because there is no gallery to applaud my performance. I am always perfectly at ease in the water; in sea-water I can go on swimming without inconvenience for several hours; and I always get considerably more than my one franc fifty's worth out of the *Établissement des Bains*. Like the swan of the nursery rhyme, I had swum out to sea, and then, also like the swan, I proceeded to swim back again. And then I saw a Venus Anadyomene in pink and white. Don't be alarmed, reader. I don't mean that she was like Hans Breitmann's "Maiden mit nodings on," for she wore a delicious bathing costume of pink and white stripes, and her pretty head was surmounted by a little Tyrolese straw hat, which contained the magnificent wealth of her raven hair. You may naturally ask, how did I know that she had a magnificent wealth of raven hair? I don't mind confessing that I had met the lady before. Where? Well, at the Casino at the *Cercle des Plongeurs*, on several occasions even, I had had the pleasure of sitting next her, and I had admired her pluck, for she planked down her napoleons—aye, and lost them, too—with a dignity worthy of a Cleopatra.

What arms she had! What magnificent, delicious, plump white arms! And how well she swam, too! Of course I shouldn't have done it if we'd been on shore, but here were two people of congenial tastes who had met before, mind you, and it would have been absolutely rude if I hadn't acknowledged her presence in some way or other.

"Bon jour, madame," I said.

She returned my salutation, and then she added in English: "You will not think me indiscreet, monsieur, if I ask you to keep near me, for I begin to have fear," and her great black eyes looked at me with a sort of piteous entreaty.

"Is your strength failing you at all, madame?" I asked, anxiously. "It is nearly a quarter of a mile before we can get into our depth."

"Monsieur is strong and brave," she replied; "his presence renders fear impossible."

"If madame will kindly place one hand upon my neck," I said, "and go on swimming with the other hand, we shall be able to get on perfectly well, I think."

"And the *convenances*?" said the lady, and there was a twinkle of fun in the lovely black eyes. "Why, we haven't even been introduced."

But she put her hand upon my neck, all the same. A sort of electric thrill passed through my frame, and I went on swimming strongly, but, perhaps, a little more slowly; for I don't mind confessing that I rather liked the situation than otherwise, and that I was in no particular hurry to reach the shore.

"I shall never forget the kindness of monsieur," said the lady. "I don't mind telling you that I had already begun to fear that the breakfast which I have ordered at the Casino would never be served to me."

"I, too, am breakfasting at the Casino," I said. "Would it be an impertinence, madame, if I suggested that we celebrate this morning's adventure by breakfasting together?"

"There is no favor that I could refuse monsieur," said the lady, softly. "since he has saved my life."

And then, in a few moments, my foot struck the hard sand. We walked hand in hand together for some yards through the water, and then she flung herself into my arms, kissed me upon the cheek in a passion of enthusiasm and gratitude, and, sobbing upon my shoulder, she thanked me again for saving her life.

How I wished that it had only been a couple of hours earlier, when the sands would have been crowded by two or three thousand bathers! My heart beat wildly in this moment of my triumph; but, alas! there was no one to observe my heroic deed, no one except the bathing-men. A lady can't stand sobbing and resting her head upon a gentleman's shoulder forever.

"Give me your arm, monsieur," she said: "I tremble. My machine is number 93."

I did as I was bid, and again the pressure of the plump little hand sent an ecstatic thrill through my heart. We reached machine number 93.

"*Adieu*, madame," I said, and I hastened to find my dressing-room on wheels.

"*Précis!*" shouted one of the bathing-men, indicating the machine numbered 184.

184 was not the machine I had left, and I told the waiter, so.

"Monsieur deceives himself," said the man, with a shrug of his shoulders; "he is the last of the bathers."

I expostulated, I raged, I stormed, but all in vain; the man only went on shrugging his shoulders and pointing to the machine.

I had to enter it. Thank heaven, there was a suit of clothes! What was I to do? I couldn't go and make an official complaint clad only in my tightly fitting combination suit of blue and white, so I rubbed myself dry, and put on the clothes as rapidly as possible. They fitted me fairly enough, fortunately, but they were dreadful clothes—a tweed suit of a particularly large and vulgar pattern, a brown billycock hat, a peculiarly high collar, a blue silk necktie, with yellow footballs on it. And then I hastily searched the pockets—a clay pipe, a plug of tobacco, fifteen francs, and the return half of an excursion ticket from London, available for three days, by the General Steam Navigation Company's boat. A cold perspiration broke out upon my face. Here was a horrible position. I was to entertain the lady whose life I had saved, at breakfast at the Casino upon fifteen francs! My luggage, and even my hand-bag, were on board the Folkestone mail-boat, and I was practically penniless; for I had paid my hotel bill that morning, registered my luggage for London, and left my hand-bag in charge of the steward, and then I had walked down to the Casino, read the paper while I waited for the tide to rise, meaning to have my bath and then come back and breakfast at the Casino, which would have left me a quarter of an hour to get comfortably on board the mail-boat, which, as I say, left for Folkestone at one-thirty. Clad in my hideous garments, I sprang from the bathing-machine, and came at once face to face with the lady whose life I had saved. Her maid was standing by her, carrying her bathing-costume in a net in one hand and the little Tyrolese hat in the other.

"You can go, Justine," she said to the maid, carelessly; "I shall breakfast, and monsieur will reconduct me."

"*Oui, Mme. la Baronne*," replied the maid.

My heart almost stood still. She was married, then, and a baroness; here was an adventure. I felt a pardonable pride when I reflected that I had saved the life of a female member of the French nobility. I forgot for the moment that I had lost my luggage, that I was wearing another man's clothes, and that all the money I had in the world was fifteen francs; and I offered my arm to the baroness with a graceful effusion that Louis the Fourteenth himself might have envied.

We walked slowly along the sands toward the Casino. I gazed in my companion's lustrous eyes, and read in those sparkling orbs a world of gratitude. The sand was deep; whether it was the depth of the sand or the intensity of her gratitude I can not tell, but the baroness leaned heavily upon my arm, and I made violent love to her till we got to the Casino. As we entered it, I heard three loud whistles from the mail-steamer. Good heavens! They brought me back to the commonplace at once, and I remembered that the mail-boat was actually starting! I conducted the baroness to a seat; I begged her to excuse me for a single instant. I rushed on to the platform of the Casino, past which the mail-boat was slowly steaming at half-speed; she wasn't thirty yards off, and, upon the hurricane deck, I saw a hideous young man, with red hair, dressed in my clothes; my massive watch-chain glittered on his—no—my waist-coat, and he was helping himself to one of my special Pomposo Vanaglorosos from my ivory cigar-case. He evidently recognized his clothes at once, and kissed his finger-tips at me with cool effrontery. What could I do? I couldn't stop him. There was nothing else but to grin and bear it.

I reentered the restaurant of the Casino, and I sat down at the little table, facing the baroness as if nothing had happened. In for a penny in for a pound, I thought. I had never entertained a baroness before.

"What shall we begin with?" I said, with ferocious calmness.

"Let us have oysters," said the baroness; "one can always eat oysters after a sea-bath."

"Oysters? Monsieur will, of course, prefer Ostend oysters? And Chablis—monsieur will assuredly drink Chablis?" said the obsequious waiter.

I tapped the fifteen francs in my waistcoat pocket with the air of an Alexander. "Chablis—a bottle of the best Chablis," I replied, somewhat faintly.

The bath had evidently given the baroness an appetite. She laughed, she talked, she showed her pretty teeth, and she picked the wing of a chicken with a delicious grace. Then we had an *omelette au rhum*, and when the flaming delicacy was put upon the table, she gave a pretty little scream of affected terror, and under the influence of a bottle of sparkling Moselle, I went on improving the occasion. Whether it was love or the effects of the Moselle, I can not say, but for the first time in my life I was able to speak the French language fluently. I had possessed myself of the baroness's hand; I proposed the toast of "Absent friends and those we love," and we were in the act of going through the pretty French ceremony of clinking our glasses together prior to drinking the toast, when I saw the baroness suddenly turn pale; she dropped her glass, and it was shivered into a thousand pieces upon the marble floor. She rose hurriedly.

"Henri!" she gasped; "who would have expected you?"

"Evidently not my wife," said a deep bass voice.

I turned, and I saw an unprepossessing man, excessively well dressed and of ferocious appearance, standing in a Napoleonic attitude behind my chair.

"I have not the honor of monsieur's acquaintance," continued the intruder, ominously grasping his cane.

Friendless, penniless in a foreign land, I was evidently about to be personally chastised. And why, forsooth? Because I had saved the life of a prepossessing young baroness. And then the baroness burst out into a long

account of our adventure of the morning; but her husband—for he was evidently her husband—only made a clucking noise with his mouth like an irritated parrot.

"Madame," he said, as he offered her his arm, "your imagination does you infinite credit."

What could she do, poor thing? She cast one look of hopeless longing and entreaty at me, and the pair left the restaurant.

"I will return anon, sir," hissed the baron, in a fiendish whisper to me.

Where had I met him before? I distinctly remembered his face, and the dress, too, seemed familiar: braided traveling-coat with a hood, ink-pot hat with brim ferociously turned up, blood-and-thunder colored nether garments, a scarlet tie, shiny boots and white gaiters, and a little red rosette in buttonhole, while a mustache and imperial completed his noble, semi-military, and altogether truculent appearance. I ransacked the dark caverns of my memory, but in vain. And then it suddenly came back to me. The baron was a horrible mixture of Macari in "Called Back," a professional murderer, and Château Renaud, in "The Corsican Brothers," a professional duelist.

Drops of cold perspiration burst out upon my massive forehead. Why should I wait for the baron? Just at that moment I caught the waiter's eye, and also a grin, which suddenly disappeared from his face, and I remembered that flight was, alas! impossible; for I hadn't the wherewithal even to pay my bill. Besides, if I ran away, what would the baroness think of me?

"*Garçon!*" I exclaimed in a lordly manner, "bring me a cup of black coffee—let it be hot and strong—and some Chartreuse—green Chartreuse," I added.

If he had only brought me the Chartreuse in a glass! But he didn't; the villain brought a bottle of it.

There is nothing that raises the courage so much as green Chartreuse. After the third glass my feelings changed altogether. I would meet the baron; I would lay him dead at my feet, and then I would entreat the baroness to fly with me. Had she not told me but two short hours ago that there was nothing she could refuse to the man who had saved her life? I would take her at her word. And then I swallowed another glass of Chartreuse, and waited anxiously for the baron's arrival. I even planned the particular means I would employ to kill that jealous French nobleman, and I determined to resort to the *coup de gendarme*. As the challenged party, I should, of course, have the choice of weapons; I would choose small swords, and the instant our weapons crossed I would have recourse to the celebrated *coup*.

You don't know what the *coup de gendarme* is? Then you have never seen "Barbe Bleu." It's delightfully simple. You suddenly call out: "There's a gendarme." Your adversary naturally turns and lowers his weapon, and then you "stab his vitals."

At that moment the baron entered the restaurant. He was smiling blandly. He raised his hat politely, as if he were accosting an old friend.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "it is our duty, as men of honor, to baffle the vigilance of the bystanders, in order that the meeting which is bound to take place may not be interrupted by the authorities. Monsieur, I know everything," he said; "the maid of Mme. la Baronne has confessed to me the fact of your meeting with her mistress in the water, by appointment. You will not deny this?"

"M. le Baron," I replied frankly, and with a genial smile; "I confess everything."

The baron seemed to jump in his chair.

"Then, perhaps, monsieur," said the Frenchman, "you will inform me if it is necessary that I should personally chastise you, or where I may send you my *témoins*?"

"Sir," I said, in the callous tones of a heartless *roué*, "these little *contretemps* are of frequent occurrence with me. I will await their arrival here."

"Monsieur, I have the honor to salute you," he replied; and, making me a low bow, he left the restaurant, and I gave a heartfelt sigh of relief.

The effects of the Chartreuse had passed away; the glamour of the lovely black eyes of the baroness had faded. Oh, if I were only safe on board the Folkestone boat! I couldn't sit there in the restaurant without consuming something, so I told the waiter, who never appeared to take his eye off me for an instant, to bring me a good cigar. "Your best," I added, as if my pockets were full of sovereigns.

"Ambassadors, at two francs each," said the waiter, obsequiously, as he handed me a box of brown monstrosities, each eight inches long at the very least.

I carefully selected one and lighted up; and then I minutely examined once more the pockets of the objectionable young man with the red hair. Fifteen francs, the clay pipe, the plug of tobacco, and half the cheap excursion ticket. Absolutely nothing more. The wretch didn't even carry a pocket-handkerchief. I read the printed matter on the excursion ticket mechanically; it contained the following notification:

"Excursionists are informed that the *Falcon* will leave Boulogne Harbor at four o'clock precisely on Monday afternoon, that being the latest moment at which the tide serves; and that this return ticket is only available for the return voyage of the *Falcon*, and not by any other of the company's steamers."

I looked at the restaurant clock, it was exactly ten minutes to four. At that moment I heard the warning whistle of the excursion steamer, which blew twice. I knew that she lay at the pier within a couple of hundred yards. Oh, if I could only have paid my bill!

And then two French officers, in full uniform, entered the restaurant. They advanced to my little table and introduced themselves as the emissaries of the outraged baron. I insisted on shaking hands with both of them, much to their astonishment.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am a stranger here, a for-

eigner, a soldier, like yourselves. I am anxious to throw no obstacle in your way; will you then oblige me by also acting for me in this affair? You perceive that otherwise a hostile meeting can not take place."

"Monsieur," said the elder of the two officers, a grizzled veteran of sixty, "as you have informed us that you are a brother-in-arms, we waive ceremony, and will do as you wish."

"Gentlemen, permit me," I said, politely, "if I follow our English customs in these matters. Waiter," I said, "a bottle of champagne"

They were too much astonished to object. The wine was brought; we drank to each other. I looked up at the clock, it wanted three minutes of the hour. Now was the time to effect a master-stroke and escape—now or never.

"Gentlemen," I said, looking up at the clock, "you will give me ten minutes' grace?"

They both bowed mechanically. I put on my hat—that is to say, the red-haired young man's hat—I raised it courteously, and I left those two bloodthirsty French officers in pawn for my breakfast—I mean for our breakfast. Directly I got outside the Casino, I ran like a lamp-lighter; I flew nimbly across the plank which separated the good ship *Falcon* from the pier. At that moment three shrill whistles were given in rapid succession, and the screw commenced to revolve.

As we glided slowly by the Casino I went up on the bridge. At that very moment my two military acquaintances appeared upon the platform of the restaurant. They commenced to shout and gesticulate wildly; and then the impertinent waiter joined them, and all three executed a sort of frantic *pas de trois*.

"Excitable chaps, these Frenchmen," said the captain to me, indicating them with his thumb.

I nodded, and carefully filled the clay pipe from the scoundrel's plug tobacco, and I felt the truth of the statement that there is a sweet little cherub which sits up aloft.

But as the town of Boulogne slowly faded from my view, I thought once more, with a sort of melancholy hankering, as the Americans term it, of the great soft black eyes of the baroness—I shall never forget those eyes.

If this should meet the eye of the gentleman with the red hair, and he should feel inclined to return my property, my address is No. 13 Austin Friars, E. C. Even if it should meet the revengeful baron's eye, I don't care.

One reason why stamps in the future will bear the names of the cities whence they are issued is the difficulty thus put in the way of stamp thieves. At present stamps constitute one of the most readily negotiable forms of plunder obtainable owing, of course, to the universal use of postage stamps and the consequent difficulty of tracing ownership. Even when nearly \$100,000 worth of stamps were stolen from the Chicago postoffice it was impossible to get clues for detecting the criminal. The United States is not the first country to place the names of the cities of issue on the stamps. Mexico has done it for years, and Liberia has the names of five principal towns on the stamps designed for their respective use. But no nation hitherto has entered upon the plan to the extent proposed at Washington. Fully 6000 cities will be provided with distinctive stamps. In the case of twenty-six of the largest cities the name of the respective city and State will be engraved as a part of the basic design of the stamp, whereas in the case of the thousands of smaller cities the name will in each instance be printed across the faces of the stamps after they have been impressed in the regular color.

It is interesting to note how rapidly the members of the English royal family are dividing up the royal spoils of Europe. An English princess is on the throne of Norway; another, Princess Margaret of Connaught, will some day wear the Swedish crown. The daughter of the late Princess Alice, King George's sister, is now the Czarina, the son of the Duke of Albany is Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh is Crown Princess of Rumania, the Crown Princess of Greece is a daughter of King Edward's eldest sister, while a daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg is on the Spanish throne.

"If employers would give the waiters, say 5 per cent. of the amount of the bills of guests that they serve, it should be a satisfactory arrangement all around," suggests a Baltimore man. "The waiter would have just as much object as ever in having the customer give him a big order and would, therefore, try to please him. The customer would not have to forsake his natural principles against tipping, in order to get good service, and the hotel or restaurant that followed the plan and didn't allow tips would get so much more business that the proprietor could easily afford the 5 per cent. commission."

Congressman Champ Clark created indignation in the New England House delegation in general, and that of Massachusetts in particular, the other day by solemnly asseverating thus: "Enough mud is carried from their banks annually by the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers to make a State of the Union bigger than Massachusetts—and maybe a better one, too."

Ostriches in the United States number 2200. Of these, 1500 are in the Salt River valley of Arizona, where the income from this source is fairly satisfactory, and the remainder in Pasadena and San José, California, where the birds do well.

HISTORY BY KUROPATKIN.

The Indictment of His Officers by the General in Command.

It may be that a line from St. Petersburg will not be unwelcome to the *Argonaut* at a time when intelligent public sentiment has been moved to its depths by the publication of General Kuropatkin's "History of the Russo-Japanese War." Do not forget that there is an intelligent public sentiment in Russia, which shudders between officialism on one side and revolution on the other, and which looks wide-eyed upon the torrent of events with a clear recognition of its ultimate meaning. Kuropatkin's book has painted a condition of military chaos which can have no parallel. But it has done more than this. It has become a portent of national demoralization and of the crumbling away of the fabric of imperial order.

The Russian army is the nation itself. It is officered and commanded by the ruling caste and its ranks are filled from all classes, almost without discrimination. Officers have been inefficient before today, and soldiers have been rebellious, but never before has there been such a combination of commanders who were stupid, disobedient, and cowardly with men who were sulky and demoralized, and so wholly without the incentives to valor and patriotism. Small wonder that the thinking men and women of St. Petersburg are aghast at this overwhelming confirmation of their fears, and that they are looking in vain for any survival of the national spirit around which the Russian empire could be rebuilt.

Kuropatkin is not the man to defend himself at the expense of others, and there is no disposition to believe that he has been unjust. He says that the reservists, and especially their officers, were "heavy, clumsy, or undersized," and the commonest observation confirms him in this and predisposes us to believe him when he says that they were also sulky, joining the colors under a sullen sense of resentment, refusing to fraternize, or to know and be known by their officers. Even the famous Tenth Corps "fell far short," while certain regiments "went to the rear under various pretexts," which is a fine military phrase for what Kipling calls a "bally run." In describing the battle on the Sha River, the general enumerates the causes of failure, and among them is "insufficient firmness of the troops, who left the ranks under the pretense of aiding the wounded or without any pretense at all," and who, in fact, acted in general as though they had nothing to fight for. But it is, after all, upon the officers and not upon the men that the whole burden of guilt must fall.

Kuropatkin's indictment of his officers is indeed a heavy one, and these officers are the nobility of Russia. General Gripenberg ruined the great turning movement by his stupid orders, and in so doing revealed the Russian plans to the enemy. The reverse at Sandepu was invited by entire neglect to study the ground. There were no plans and no sketches, and as a result the army fired away the Czar's good ammunition against Baitaize and never touched Sandepu at all. What a wealth of incapacity is here revealed! If St. Petersburg were in any mood for comic opera, what material there would be for a Gilbert and Sullivan, who alone could properly handle such a situation and do justice to Kuropatkin's complaint that "personally Gripenberg could not talk to me on account of his deafness."

General Kuropatkin is a forcible writer. He knows how to compress a volume into a sentence. He says that when commanding officers first arrived at the front their attitude was distinguished by a lofty disregard of the enemy, "but after the first contest this derision was unfortunately changed into an almost equally extreme exaggeration of his capabilities." In other words, boastfulness and vainglory were rapidly translated into cowardice and panic—a change by no means unusual.

The censure of Gripenberg is severe enough in all conscience, but that of the veteran Kaulbars is even worse. Kaulbars seemed to have a genius for doing the wrong thing. He never lost an opportunity to blunder. He was ordered by the commander-in-chief to send all the troops possible to the right side of the river. He sent them to the left. Nogi should have been opposed with every ounce of strength that Kaulbars possessed, but Kaulbars waited for five days and then his resistance to Nogi was so weak and ineffective as to "constitute the whole explanation of our reverse at Mukden."

General Slutsky comes in for his share of attention from Kuropatkin's remorseless pen. Slutsky was ordered by the commander-in-chief to "defend in the most obstinate manner the position entrusted to his detachment." In obedience to the law of opposites that prevailed everywhere in that ill-fated army, Slutsky was immediately ordered by Biderling to "retire during the night on the line of the Shaho." Kuropatkin says that "he obeyed the most timid order."

Here is another *opera-bouffe* performance, and one that might have been supposed impossible out of *opera bouffe*. General Stackelberg writes to General Kashtalensky to reprove him for his inefficient reconnaissances: "You say in your report that your reconnaissance has shown activity on the enemy's position near Banzipatse. I was in those positions myself at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and they were even then evacuated. Evidently your scouts supposed my staff to be the enemy. They did not know that the enemy had abandoned the position nor in what direction they had gone. In brief, you got out of touch with the Japanese, and I must ask you to see to it that reconnaissances are carried out with more success and more courage."

General Maw is the only commander whom Kuropatkin accuses of crime. He says that Maw remained

entirely inactive while the fate of the Russian army was in the balance, and that he eventually retired without even firing a shot or even notifying the commander-in-chief of his action. "He was guilty, not of a mistake, but of a crime."

Such are a few quotations, almost at random, from a book telling the story of a war in which everything was done that ought not to have been done and everything left undone that should have been done. A book which the authorities have tried in vain to suppress, and which has spread consternation among those who were ready to believe that all was lost but honor, and who are now forced to admit that honor, too, has gone with the rest. Incompetence, cowardice, chaos, and crime jostle each other upon every page of this work, which will go down in history as the irrefutable record of the account given of itself by the much-vaunted army of Russia in the hour of her supreme trial.

PROSPEKT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 22, 1907.

The Gipsy.

In the fir-woods of Cadore he met me yesternorn;
He left the woods a wilderness, and in my heart a thorn.
No more the grassy meadows, and no more the summer hay—
For up the road to Austria I will follow him today!

The white road of Cadore he walks as 'twere his own—
The king of folk without a land, who never knew a throne,
And king for me—for through the gorge and down the river way,
Across the pass to Austria I must follow him today!

The men of green Cadore are tall and fair to see,
But darker than the southern men, and strong as ours is he:
And since he kissed me on the lips and went upon his way,
To the land beyond the forests I must follow him today!

In the valley of Cadore the house where I was born
Looks downward on the winter snow and summer's golden corn;
But since the gipsy met me on the mountain making hay,
Beyond the mountains through the world I take another way.

The fir-woods of Cadore have known me all my life,
And down there by the sawmill lives the lad who'd make me wife,
But though I leave my sorrow here, my heart is gone away,
Across the pass to Austria at the dawning of the day.
—A. M. Vaughan.

A hundred square miles of country around Mount Kosciusko, one of the highest peaks of the Australian Alps, have been proclaimed a reserve by the government, with a view to formation of a national park. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," according to the poet Campbell, and this peak was so named by a brother Polish patriot, the late Count de Strzelecki, a political refugee, who spent several years in Australia, and did some valuable exploring and geological work. He was probably the first discoverer of gold in Australia, but at the request of the local government, which feared an outbreak of the convict population if the news became known, he made no public announcement of the fact. He spent the closing years of his life in London, and was knighted by Queen Victoria.

The Kaiser's imperial garage is now pretty fine, having recently been added to in a most sumptuous manner, says a Berlin correspondent. The new motors are all electric and fitted in the most luxurious manner possible, besides being models of practical equipment. Pale turquoise is the color of the rich upholstery in silk brocade, the walls and four seats of each car being covered with this material. Small letdown tables, wall cupboards, clock and book rests in natural wood and ivory complete the fittings of the imperial carriages. His electromobiles are painted ivory white on the inside, with touches of blue and gold, and doors and back panels of the vehicles bear the motto, a particularly appropriate one for motorists, "Gott mit uns," above the imperial crown. The chauffeur's seat is in pale blue leather.

It will certainly be news to most people, says the London *Globe*, that New York is a short cut for telegrams between London and Paris and between London and Berlin. However, the fact is vouched for. The messages are received at an agreed address in New York and are immediately passed on for London, Paris or Berlin, as the case may be. The reason for this amazing roundabout to save time is curious. New York time being about six hours behind European time, its wire connections with Europe are almost unoccupied during the London forenoon, while during the same time European wires are often congested. Via New York, therefore, is a "short cut," but an expensive one.

The development of the Canadian Northwest makes an increasing use of the Hudson Bay route very probable. There is nothing to prevent railroads being run to the harbors on the bay. The only doubtful question is how far the route can be profitably employed for trade. The navigation of Hudson Bay itself is comparatively safe and easy. Some of its harbors are not icebound, even in winter. The serious problem is the entrance to the bay through the Hudson Strait. The experience of the Hudson Bay Company's navigators with that of the whalers who frequent these seas seems on the whole to confirm the opinion that no more than three months could be counted on with any certainty.

A special room will be reserved in the International Art Exhibition, to be held in Venice this year, for the works of English and Scottish artists and of American artists resident in London.

Some of the finest lace in the world is made by the women of the Philippine Islands from strong fibers obtained from pineapple leaves.

HENRY JAMES AND AMERICA.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

It is a peculiar delight to read anything written by Henry James, and this is especially the case when he poses as the critic of America and of things American. With the criticisms of the mere foreigner we are familiar, and, because he is a mere foreigner and for that reason can not be expected to know any better, we are indulgent to his weaknesses and tolerant of his ignorances. But it is quite different with Mr. James, who is an American, although for reasons best known to himself he has absented himself from his native land ever since he had any free will in the matter. Mr. James has not come among us, as for example Mr. Wells came, with frank letters of marque to sail unknown seas, to scold, to counsel, and to predict. He comes to us with what we may call a domestic candor, speaking as an American to Americans after an absence of some twenty-five years, and he surveys our social landscape with what we tremblingly feel is the cold eye of disapproval. But Mr. James does not scold us. To express or even to entertain a vigorous and hearty sentiment might be inconsistent with the niceties of the style that, for some inscrutable reason, he has chosen as the vehicle of his thoughts. He seems rather to glance over us superciliously from a very superior and a very lofty point of view, sometimes advancing near enough to note a personal trait or peculiarity, but quickly retreating to those higher realms from whence life in America may be viewed through a colored haze that softens its asperities and equalizes its differences.

"The American Scene" is an intensely clever and an intensely tiresome book. It contains 443 pages of "impressions," which are divided into fourteen chapters, but the author does not venture westward of the little strip of civilization that is to be found on the Atlantic Coast. New York claims the lion's share of his attention, but he glances also at Newport, Boston, Concord, and Salem, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, and Florida. These places constitute America for Mr. James, and the glimpses that he caught of them through the clouds he has called the "American Scene."

It must be frankly conceded that Mr. James says many good things. Possibly even many more might be discovered by a patient unravelling of his meaning and a more persistent effort to enforce the bonds of matrimony between noun and verb and to eliminate the parentheses that divide them. A French dictionary, too, might be useful for interpreting those numerous words that Mr. James finds to be so much more expressive in their foreign than in their English form.

Mr. James admires his countrywomen. He seems to infer that they have improved during his absence of a quarter of a century, but lest we should become puffed up with a vain conceit, he makes it clear that his approval is of the comparative rather than of the positive variety. The American woman does not shine so much from her own splendor as in comparison with the man. In other words, she is superior but not superlative, and if she were removed from a repellent male background, so to speak, she might lose something of the effect that belongs to her. It is a case of Beauty and the Beast, and the Beast must not be left out of the setting. Mr. James says:

No impression so promptly assaults the arriving visitor of the United States as that of the overwhelming preponderance, wherever he turns and twists, of the unmitigated "business man" face, ranging through its various possibilities, its extraordinary actualities, of intensity. . . . Nothing, meanwhile, is more concomitantly striking than the fact that the women, over the land—allowing for every element of exception—appear to be of a markedly finer texture than the men, and that one of the liveliest signs of this difference is precisely in their less narrowly specialized, their less commercialized, distinctly more generalized, physiognomic character. The superiority thus noted, and which is quite another matter from the universal fact of the mere usual female femininity, is far from constituting absolute distinction, but it constitutes relative, and it is a circumstance of which interested observation is made from the first, with an immense amount of *portée*. There are, with all the variations it is yet open to, fifty reflections to be made upon the truth it seems to represent, the appearance of a queer,

deep split or chasm between the two stages of personal polish, the two levels of the convertible state, at which the sexes have arrived. . . . The only thing is that, from the moment the painter begins to look at American life, brush in hand, he is in danger of seeing, in comparison, almost nothing else in it—nothing, that is, so characteristic as this apparent privation, for the man, of his right kind of woman, and this apparent privation, for the woman, of her right kind of man.

An altogether new sense of "privation" naturally depresses us, and we are almost sorry for the moment that we went to the trouble and expense of translating and sorting out this verdict which has, after all, been more tersely expressed by one of our own humorists when he said that the new woman has indeed arrived, but that the old man is still here.

Mr. James does not quite like the way we dress. He thinks we are inconsistent. He does not understand why we are so particular about our feet and so careless about our heads, and he politely refrains from the suggestion that must have been trembling at the tip of his critical tongue. He says:

Nothing was more curious than to trace, on a great ferry-boat, for instance, the effect of letting one's eyes work up, as in speculation, from the lower to the higher extremities of some seated row of one's fellow-passengers. The testimony of the lower might preponderantly have been, always, to their comparative conquest of affluence and ease; but this presumption gave way, at successive points, with the mounting vision, and was apt to break down entirely under the evidence of face and head. When I say "head," I mean, more particularly, where the men were concerned, hat; this feature of the equipment being almost always at pains, and with the oddest, most inveterate perversity, to defeat and discredit whatever might be best in the others. Such are the problems in which a restless analysis may land us. Why should the general "feeling" for the boot, in the United States, be so mature, so evolved, and the feeling for the hat lag at such a distance behind it? The standard as to that article of dress struck me as, everywhere, of the lowest; governed by no consensus of view, custom, or instinct, no sense of its "vital importance" in the manly aspect.

Henceforth we may expect that the "American Scene" will be improved by a greater uniformity in head-gear, something after the style of the English society in which Mr. James has been accustomed to move, where the tall silk "topper" is very much *de rigueur*, as he himself would say in that chaste and limpid English for which he is remarkable.

When Mr. James speaks of the angularities and inconveniences of American life, he does so from the standpoint of a foreign experience which is denied to his less favored countrymen. But it is with a delighted sense of novelty that we learn of real reasons for remaining here. Mr. James has evidently asked himself why any one should remain in America who has the opportunity to live in Europe, and he finds that we have been, all of us, more or less "squared," and that it is the sordid compensations of the country that have chained our reluctant steps. We have been bribed to stay, and so gorged with gold that we no longer mind. The average American looks for a "postulate or basis for any successful accommodation of life." Whatever that may mean, it seems that he finds it; otherwise he would not be here:

This basis is that of active pecuniary gain and of active pecuniary gain only—that of making the conditions so triumphantly pay that the prices, the manners, the other inconveniences, take their place as a friction it is comparatively easy to salve, wounds directly treatable with the wash of gold. What prevails, what sets the tune, is the American scale of gain, more magnificent than any other, and the fact that the whole assumption, the whole theory of life, is that of the individual's participation in it, that of his being more or less punctually and more or less effectually "squared." To make so much money that you won't, that you don't "mind"—don't mind anything—that is absolutely, I think, the main American formula. Thus, your making no money—or so little that it passes for none—and being thereby distinctly reduced to minding, amounts to your being reduced to the knowledge that America is no place for you.

It is fortunate for America that all her people are not able thus to establish comparisons between "the prices, the manners, the other inconveniences" of their own and other countries. Otherwise it is obvious

that America would lose heavily in population, although there might still be a residuum of those who are neither bribed nor to mind, nor even aware that there is anything to mind.

The author looked into the shop fronts, and he derived from them "a singular, a sinister impression." He says:

The shop front, observed at random, produced on me from the first, and almost everywhere alike, a singular, a sinister impression, which left me uneasy till I found a name for it; the sense of an economic law of which one had not for years known the unholy rigor, the vision of "protected" production and of commodities requiring certainly, in many cases every advantage Protection could give them. They looked to me always, these exhibitions, consciously and defiantly protected—insolently safe, able to do with impunity anything they would; and when once that lurid light had settled on them I could see them, I confess, in none other; so that the objects composing them fell, throughout, into a vicious and villainous category—quite as if audibly saying: "Oh, come; don't look among us for what you won't, for what you shan't find, the best quality attainable; but only for that quite other matter, the best value we allow you. You must take us or go without, and if you feel your nose thus held to the grindstone by the hard fiscal hand, it's no more than you deserve for harboring treasonable thoughts."

The study of the immigrant produced in Mr. James some sage reflections. He finds that the immigrant upon his arrival in America ceases to be beautiful, and that he has left his natural picturesqueness behind him in his native hills. He is no longer the man that he might have been *chez lui*, that is to say, if he had stayed at home where more of him ought to have stayed:

The great thing, at any rate, was that they were all together so visibly on the new, the lifted plane—that of consciously not being what they had been, and that this immediately glazed them over as with some mixture, of indescribable hue and consistency, the wholesale varnish of consecration, that might have been applied, out of a bottomless receptacle, by a huge whitewashing brush. Here, perhaps, was the nearest approach to a seizable step in the evolution of the oncoming citizen, the stage of his no longer being for you—the foreigner of the quality, of the kind, that he might have been *chez lui*. Whatever he might see himself becoming, he was never to see himself that again, any more than you were ever to see him. He became then to my vision (which I have called fascinated for want of a better description of it) a creature promptly despoiled of those "manners" which were the grace (I am again reduced to calling it) by which one had best known and on opportunity best liked him.

It may be wondered what Mr. James means by those "manners" which were once the "grace" of the immigrant. He can not mean that he has washed his face, because that is a formality all too often neglected by the newly arrived immigrant, especially if that part of the world benefited by his absence is the southeasterly part of Europe. Can Mr. James mean that the immigrant no longer doffs his cap to the parson or grovels in the dust when the squire passes by, or that he no longer asks Providence to keep him humble in that station of life to which he has been called? These things have a pitiful picturesqueness in their European homes, but, alas, they have no place in the "American Scene." All these people have now been "ruthlessly pushed up," as, indeed, have most Americans. Mr. James found the same signs everywhere among immigrants and native-born alike. He went to a place of popular resort.

The number of persons in circulation was enormous—so great that the question of how they had got there, from their distances, and would get away again, in the so formidable public conveyances, loomed in the background rather like a skeleton at the feast; but the general note was thereby, intensely, the "popular," and the brilliancy of the show proportionately striking. That is the great and only brilliancy worth speaking of, to my sense, in the general American scene—the air of hard prosperity, the ruthlessly pushed up and promoted look worn by men, women, and children alike. I remember taking that appearance, of the hour or two, for a climax of the sense that had most remained with me after a considerable previous moving about over the land, the sense of the small quantity of mere human sordidness of state to be observed.

But enough has perhaps been said to illustrate the author's view-point, still one

further quotation may be tolerated as showing that Mr. James has been brought into some kind of dubious touch with California and the West. He speaks of the extreme consideration given by the community at large to the dental question, and he says that it is far better than the lack of consideration usually to be found in European countries. For such small mercies let us be duly thankful:

The terms in which this evidence is presented are often, among the people, strikingly artless, but they are a marked advance on the omnipresent opposite signs, those of a systematic detachment from the chair of anguish, with which any promiscuous "European" exhibition is apt to bristle. I remember to have heard it remarked by a French friend, of a young woman who had returned to her native land after some years of domestic service in America, that she had acquired there, with other advantages, *le sourire Californien*, and the "California" smile, indeed, expressed, more or less copiously, in undissimulated cubes of the precious metal, plays between lips that render scant other tribute to civilization.

Mr. James's book will arouse no resentments, and probably it will be widely read. His admonitions might even do good if he would but condescend to come among us as a man amongst us, to speak the language of the common people, and to forget the superiority of mind with which Nature has so bountifully endowed him.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York and London; \$3.00.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Vestal.

Year after year she waited for the guest
Who never came; with tender, wistful art
She builded him a temple in her heart,
Hung with the dreams that were her loveliest,
And all the sweet, frail fancies she possessed,
Then guarded fast its door, that none impart
The mockery that sways the world's gay mart
Unto the shrine her dearest gifts had blest.

Yet, though she tended but an empty place,
So fair her life was ordered, so immune,
For unknown Love's sake, from fear's harbingers,
That those who looked upon her glowing face
Felt its contentment, like some happy tune,
Brighten the way of lives more dowered than hers!

—Charlotte Becker in *The Cosmopolitan*.

The Ghost in the Snow.

Moan not, my Wind, about that close-shut door;
Children asleep and safe behind it lie;
Let them not hear us, lest they wake and cry;
Above the little houses let us soar.

Than these, my pallid sister-flakes of snow,
I lean no heavier on your airy breast;
Flying together in our chill unrest,
Take us, dear Wind, where darkened rivers go—

Rivers—or forests with their deep lament;
Strew us among the branches of a pine
To linger in his fingers, green and fine,
Or drift us underneath the spruce's tent.
—Georgia Wood Pangborn in *Everybody's*.

Back Yonder.

When the time of toil is ended and the stars begin
to show
And the firelight fades and flickers and the
shadows come and go;
When the present day is fading through the
portals of the past
To join the other days that made the journey all
too fast,
You can't help going with it far enough to say
"good-by."
And maybe it will take your hand and lead you;
and you try
To laugh and hope, just as you did when every-
thing was new
And you were living in the land of things you
meant to do.

It takes you to the rainbow which showed treas-
ure's hiding place;
It shows youth's starting point, where all were
equal in the race.
The winter's fierceness there was all forgotten
in a day,
For nothing was so real as the blossoming of
May.
The stars that shine afar then seemed so radi-
antly near
That one might pluck them from the sky, should
we but persevere.
Life's fairest, truest joys are those too fair to
e'er be true.
They dwell back yonder in the land of things
we meant to do.

—Washington Star.

Mrs. Anna F. Coston has on Staten Island the oddest laboratory and factory known. It is where the distress signals, her own invention, used in the army and navy, the revenue service, and the life-saving and lighthouse bureaus, are manufactured. The signal burns with a strong red-white-red flame for two minutes, and is visible twenty miles away. The formula for the signal light is kept a secret, but a copy is deposited in a vault and there is no danger of its being lost.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Secretary W. L. Dudley, of the American Motor Boat Association, predicts that gasoline-propelled vessels will invade the field of transoceanic traffic before long. The *Gregory*, a torpedo-boat of American construction, crossed the Atlantic some years ago.

Count Bellestreim, the president of the Reichstag, is one of the most influential men in the dominion of the Kaiser. He has been spoken of as the "Uncle Joe Cannon" of Germany. Well liked by all classes, he is thoroughly admired for his brilliant success as a politician.

Miss Edith Root, daughter of Secretary of State Elihu Root, is as diplomatic and unassuming as her brilliant father, and one of the most popular girls in Washington society. Miss Root accompanies her father on his trips and wins the esteem of even the most dignified ministers by her intimate knowledge of statecraft and her modest way of revealing it.

The architect of the new Singer building, in New York, forty stories in height and exceeded in altitude by but one building in the world, is Ernest Flagg, who had previously planned the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was a pupil of Paul Blondel, the late "guardian" architect of the Louvre and Tuileries.

M. Constant Coquelin, the comedian, is 67 years old, but his vigor does not seem to be in any way abated. During his recent appearances in London it was remarked that his playing was never more full of zest, and in "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," the effect of bustle and perpetual movement gained in the scene at the station was pronounced extraordinary by an eminent critic.

Owen Wister, the novelist, whose stories, "The Virginian" and "Lady Baltimore," proved his versatility as well as his power, spoke on "The Seven Ages of Washington" at the University of Pennsylvania on "University Day," February 22. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him at that time, in a company that included Judge Craig Biddle and Joseph

G. Rosengarten, also of Philadelphia. Thomas Bailey Aldrich received the degree of Doctor of Letters.

Superintendent Huntoon, of the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind, has trained a football team made up of inmates of the school, who are entirely without sight, that competes successfully with teams that have no such seeming unconquerable disadvantage. The boys play with zest and courage, and apparently by the aid of finer perceptions than are to be comprehended and much less possessed by ordinarily gifted individuals.

Before sailing for Liverpool from New York, a short time ago, Aga Khan, an Indian potentate, whose title is Aga Sultan Mahomed Shah, expressed unbounded admiration of America, inspired by a month's stay in Chicago and New York. The visitor has been honored in many lands, as he has received decorations at the hands of King Edward VII, his sovereign, and also has the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar, first class, and the Prussian Order of the Royal Crown. He has traveled a great deal, speaks perfect English, and has many religious followers in East Africa, Central Asia, and India. In the latter country he is said to be ruler of 2,000,000 Mahomedans. He is also head of the Ismaili Mahomedans, and has residences in Bombay, India, and London.

Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has sent home intelligence of his successful penetration of Tibet. He has discovered many unknown mountain ranges, rivers, and gold fields, and reports having traveled 84 days in solitude like that of an Arctic winter, not seeing a single Tibetan. His report declares the journey is the most wonderful made in Asia in his 22 years of travel. The geographer and traveler was born at Stockholm in 1865 and was educated at Stockholm, Upsala, Berlin, and Halle universities. He traveled through Persia and Mesopotamia first in 1885, was a member of King Oscar's embassy to the Shah of Persia in 1890, and went down the Tarim River to Lop-nor, through the Gobi desert and Tibet in 1899-1902. He is the author of several scientific and geographical works, and in 1897 was ennobled by the King of Sweden.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Napoleonic Heroine.

"Madame Récamier and Her Friends," by H. Noel Williams, will stimulate the interest in the Napoleonic era which is by no means yet upon the wane. A better book of its kind has not yet been produced. The revolutionary and Napoleonic periods are always fascinating as history. They become still more fascinating when the story of great events is grouped around the life of a pure and beautiful woman who participated in the events of the day without being defiled by them, and who lived through her intellectual and beneficent career uninjured by the political storms that threatened but did not destroy her.

The author has set the stage with marked fidelity. He succeeds in keeping his heroine in its centre while giving due prominence to the great and distinguished figures with whom she came into contact. Madame Récamier was born literally under the shadow of the guillotine. In the brilliant society that followed the Reign of Terror she was the most brilliant figure. She saw Napoleon rise and fall; she saw the restoration of the Bourbons and the revolution of 1830. Estimated by events she lived many lives in one, and nearly all the political, literary and social characters of that tremendous period were her acquaintances, companions, and guests. To live such a life, to keep herself beyond the reach even of spite, and to deserve the dictum of Lamartine: "Her angelic face can bear no other name; one look suffices to bind your heart to her forever," is a great achievement. Greater then than even now, and the way in which Madame Récamier did this has never been better told than by Mr. Williams.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00 net.

Race Suicide.

"The American Idea," by Lydia Kingsmill Commander, is one of those books that need not have been written. As the title gives no indication to its purpose, it may be said that the object of this book is to present the question, "Does the determin-

ation of the American people to establish a small family ideal point to race suicide or race development?" The subject is discussed through more than three hundred pages, and from every relevant point of view, but apparently it has not occurred to the authoress that a transitory social phenomenon does not deserve to be described as "the determination of the American people." Writers upon "race suicide" ought to cultivate a better sense of perspective.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, New York.

New Publications.

"The Kinsman," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, is a book that will well sustain the reputation of the authoress as a delightful and original story teller. By a series of credible accidents a young cockney usurps the place of a handsome and wealthy cousin from Australia, and the ensuing complications are well told in a vein of unforced humor. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Debased Literary Currency.

Frederic Harrison, writing on the literature of today, anno Domini 1907, has the following to say in explanation of what he calls the present debased condition of our literary currency:

Take the machine-made life we lead now. Steam, electricity in a thousand forms, telephones, motors, typewriting, photographs at every turn; nobody writes a legible hand; we dictate twenty scrawls a day, where our ancestors would write one charming letter. We do not saunter about a lovely countryside, lingering over every new landscape, listening to every bird and watching every living thing; we rattle over it at twenty-five miles an hour, leaving a bad smell behind us and seeing nothing in front, for our blue goggles. Every journal, or catalogue, or tradesman's bill we touch is disfigured with coarse, bad photographs. The grocer puffs his wares, the tobacconist puffs his cigars, the quack puffs his "diuretic pill" with the image of his own ugly mug. Novels have to be short, cheap, "up-to-date," and photographic. On the stage we want a live donkey and real smoke. How can literature flourish in a world so mechanical, so commonplace, so uniform?

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

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Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

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"The Secret of my Success"



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The Eternal Feminine.

"The Woman's Victory," by Maarten Maartens, is a collection of stories, or rather of sketches that are undeniably clever and even brilliant, but that leave an unpleasant taste in a healthy mouth. Most of them deal with the marriage problem, and with a phase of that problem that seems to concern the average man but little, and to be reserved for those select circles where an abundance of unwholesome leisure is always available for morbid introspection. Here, for instance, is the husband, only two months married, and still upon his honeymoon, who pesters his wife to know why she married him and who is finally told that she was attracted by his stupidity, and because of his welcome contrast to her brilliant and witty father. Here again is Lady Mary Somebody, who is tortured with a suspicion that her husband does not love her, and who is finally persuaded to the contrary by the discovery of a half-finished letter from her husband, apparently addressed to her and full of endearing terms. The letter, of course, was really addressed to another woman of the same name with whom "Georgie" was maintaining illicit relations. Then there is the inevitable story of the wife who discovers her husband's pre-marital liaisons and the disreputable means by which he became rich, and who therefore dramatically and absurdly dedicates the cathedral that she has largely helped to build to "Our Lady of Ties."

We have no objection to such sketches as these, but we do object to the inference that they are in any way typical of the only life that the ordinary person knows anything about or wants to know anything about. There is no doubt that a number of unemployed and useless people habitually indulge in marital infidelities, and in the yearnings, and introspections and suspicions that such infidelities produce. We are content sometimes to read about them, just as we read of the "society ladies" who make pets of pigs, or who have visiting cards printed for their poodles. But to represent these very unpleasant people as typifying marital relations in general or as anything else but exotic and baleful growths, to embody their disagreeable stories under such a title as "The Woman's Victory" is little short of an impertinence, even from such a writer as Mr. Maartens.

Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York; \$1.50.

Science, Ancient and Modern.

"The World Machine," by Carl Snyder, is an unusually fine contribution to popular science. It is an historical survey of what was known about the universe by antiquity and what is known now, and it is written with such admirable simplicity, so careful an avoidance of purely scientific terminology as to be an equal delight to the average reader and to the more advanced student. The author has certainly deserved well of his audience, and it ought to be a large, as it will certainly be an appreciative, one.

It is not to the author's discredit that so strong a note of pessimism runs through his work, but it grates a little upon the nerves of those who are not pessimistic. There will not now be any unanimous scientific agreement with the preliminary statement that "it is with the same sense of impotence that we recoil from an endeavor to read any purpose or plan into the scheme of nature. The thoughts of men widen with the suns; but" the increasing purpose "tends rather to disappear." Such men as Crooks, preëminent in their domain, owe all their work to the stimulation of this "increasing purpose" and the certainty that it can be known and is to be known. Nor will there be any general consent to the belief that "so far as we can now perceive, human civilization is but a flutter of consciousness amid the wide cycle of life that sweeps through from lichen and bacterium to saurian monster and back again. And the cycle of life is but an evanescent moment in the history of the globe." The most modern science seems to tend rather to the dignity of human life than its reverse, and to stand pointing the way to fresh advance and new powers of knowledge.

It is all with something of a start of surprise that we read "we do not ordinarily think of Plato as a careful reasoner, and the idle fantasies with which his pages

are strewn do not give us a very high idea of his powers of mind." Such a lapse as this does not discredit the author's science, but it certainly does show the distorting effect of an exclusive mental diet of materialism.

The value of "The World Machine" is made more available by a careful index.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$2.50.

The Labor Problem.

"Labour and Capital," by Goldwin Smith, is a booklet of 38 pages, but it is as full of nutriment as the proverbial egg. The author makes no effort to solve a problem that will remain unsolved until good-will plays a larger part than it does now. He simply states the case upon a middle line, without partizanship, but apparently in the hope that a presentation will bear some fruit of good sense. He shows that both labor and capital are facts and will remain so. He admits that past history has witnessed almost incredible cruelties practised by employers when even the combination of workmen in self-defence was a crime, but he points out that workmen are surely imitating these cruelties as the power to do falls slowly into their hands. Power seldom stops at the line of right, and it has not done so now. "What more oppressive could the master class in the time of its tyranny have done" than to deny the right of life to men who are honorable citizens and above reproach, but who have failed to comply with class regulations?

Mr. Goldwin Smith does not see the remedy, but he sees the end of it all, the only end which is the alternative to social dissolution. "The defensive forces of the community are slow in gathering to resist usurpation. But they will gather at last, and the end is certain." Formidable competition may not be very far off. In China there are four hundred millions of men whose labor is peaceful, steady and reliable. "The influence may not be directly felt, though China and Japan are gaining a foothold on the western coast of America. But it is pretty sure to work round. Besides, capital has wings. Nor will mechanical invention sleep."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 50 cents.

A Modern Novel.

"Running Water," by A. E. W. Mason, is a modern novel of undeniable merits. It is the story of a girl who revolts at the useless and pleasure-seeking life that she leads with her mother, and who decides to break the chain and to join her father in London, of whom she has only a faint memory, and from whom her mother has separated for years. The father turns out to be a very mysterious man, who lives in an atmosphere of intrigue and adventure, of which the story is well and convincingly told. The author is happy, not only in plot, but in scenery description, and the chapters relating to Alpine climbing are especially vivid and realistic, while the character of the heroine leaves nothing to be desired in charm and strength.

Published by The Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The second volume of the J. B. Lippincott Company's French Men of Letters Series, "François Rabelais," by Arthur Tilley, M. A., which was announced for publication during February, will probably have to be postponed. The necessity of having all proofs and queries submitted to the author, who is a Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, England, has caused various unforeseen delays that may hold the book back for a month or two.

Louis Becke, that queer nomadic writer, whose wanderings among the islands of the South Seas have furnished so many stirring stories of those people among whom "there ain't no ten commandments," has lately tried a little of civilization for a change. He has been living quietly in the north of France, changing his abode from one to another of the towns of Normandy. His experiences among the French he has been writing up for the London newspapers, and these first writings of his devoted to anything but the South Seas will be published in book form next spring.

Lilian Whiting, whose new book, "The Land of Enchantment," offers the most pictorially vivid and the most sympathetic and comprehensive interpretation, of the great Southwest, from Pike's Peak to the Pacific

that has as yet appeared, including, as it does, the data of agriculture, of the great scientific progress in engineering and reclamation, the scenic glories, and the primal life of these regions,—has gone to Italy where after some visits to Naples and Capri, and excursions to Ischia, Sorrento and Pompeii, she will pass the winter in Rome, engaged on a new book. Miss Whiting's study of the Life and Poetry of Mrs. Browning and her other Italian book, "The Florence of Landor," have touched into life and light phases of the vanished past in the "Flower City," and in the latter work the years of Landor's life in Florence (1821-64) are wrought into a drama of the rich and significant social life of that period.

"Madam Butterfly" at the New Van Ness.

A great theatrical and social event in this city will be the opening of the new Van Ness Theatre, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street on next Monday night, March 11, with no less notable attraction than Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera and Orchestra in Puccini's "Madam Butterfly." Three prima donnas will be heard in the rôle of Madam Butterfly, the principal part in the new Puccini opera, and three entire separate casts will be heard, in addition to the big grand opera chorus and symphony orchestra. The Savage Company will arrive in San Francisco next Monday afternoon, after a notable engagement in the Northwest, where it played to capacity performance for two weeks in the leading theatres. The entire New York production will be given in San Francisco, the adequacy of the new Van Ness stage making this possible.

For the four performances of "Madam Butterfly" at the new Van Ness Theatre, beginning next Monday night, the four leading principals who alternate in the more important rôles of the opera will be heard in the following order: On Monday night Mme. Elza Szamosy, Joseph Sheehan, Thos. D. Richards, and Miss Harriett Behnee will sing. The orchestra will be conducted by Walter Rothwell. On Tuesday night Miss Rena Vivienne, Francis Maclellan, Thos. D. Richards, and Miss Ethel Dufree Houston will sing, Alfred Feith conducting the orchestra. At the Wednesday matinée Miss Florence Easton, Joseph Sheehan, Carl Gartvoort, and Miss Harriett Behnee will sing, Mr. Feith conducting. On Wednesday night Mme. Szamosy, Mr. Maclellan, Mr. Brownlow, and Miss Houston will sing, Mr. Rothwell conducting.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

On Monday evening, March 18, Belasco & Mayer will throw open the doors of their new theatre to the public. It will be, without doubt, the most modern theatre building in the West, as time and money have not been spared to bring it to a successful completion. At the present time the decorators are putting the finishing touches to the interior, which will follow closely the artistic beauties of the original Alcazar of Seville. In accordance with the former policy, Belasco & Mayer will devote the new Alcazar exclusively to their stock company, presenting weekly all the latest successful plays with infinite care. Every effort will be employed to make each performance a worthy counterpart of the original. Consequently they have engaged a large and expensive company of players, some new to San Francisco theatre-goers, and many of the old favorites of the former company.

Laura Lang will be intrusted with the leading feminine rôles; Bertram Lytell will be the leading man, and Daisy Lovering the ingénue. Among the familiar faces will be seen John B. Maher, Fred J. Butler, Will R. Walling, Harry D. Byers, Ernest Glendenning, Walter Belasco, Adele Belgarde, Juliet Crosby, and Nera Rosa. Edward G. Lada, who for so long conducted the old Alcazar orchestra, will again occupy the leader's chair.

The bill for the opening week will be Madeleine Lucette Ryley's charming comedy of modern society, "The Altar of Friendship," which was originally produced by Nat Goodwin.

The following week "The Unforeseen," a play by Captain Robert Marshall, author of "The Second in Command" and "The Royal Family," will be seen for the first time in San Francisco.

It is announced that Florence Roberts is to play an engagement at the Novelty Theatre in the near future.

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A THEATRICAL TRANSFORMATION.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

What disillusionizing transformation is that that has come over the gay and gallant figure of that Creston Clarke who, in "Monsieur Beaucaire," infatuated a whole cityful of maids, wives and widows? Where be his waving love-locks, his silken hose, his satin shoon, and all the bravery of rich apparel in which princes of the blood do enchant the gaze of ladies fair? Alack the day, they are buried under the sleek locks, and the long-tailed coat of a preacher-hero, who loves the poor above all things, and sermonizes at length about his shabby flock!

Mr. Clarke's latest dramatic vehicle is unsuited to his special talent. "The Ragged Messenger" is adapted from a powerful and absorbing novel of the same name, but the play is melodrama, and not good melodrama at that. The hapless author had a hand in putting his book into dramatic shape, but all the same there is a wide deviation from the original story. I can fancy him being brow-beaten and bullied into changing originality into stereotype, realism into melodrama, and psychology into sentimentality, under threats from his collaborators of otherwise boring the public. Mr. Clarke's support is poor, and while he himself acts well, he is made to seem artificial by the nature of the scenes in which he figures. Creston Clarke is meant for better things, and it is rather melancholy that a man of his scholarly tastes should feel obliged to put them aside in favor of such a poor, commonplace vehicle for a talent such as his. In one way, it is not surprising that Mr. Maxwell's novel should have attracted the attention of those whose interests lie in the theatre. A clergyman is generally ineffective on the stage, but in the book the Reverend John Morton, in spite of a slight touch of epileptic dementia, is an engrossing figure. His goodness is so absolute, so magnetic, so warming, he dominates the novel like a bright and cheering light, and when he dies the absorbed reader feels a sudden sense of desolation. There are intensely dramatic situations in the story, but the substitution of the theatrical for the untheatrical motive has robbed them of their strength. In the enormous sea of fiction that is steadily growing year by year it is perhaps not surprising that "The Ragged Messenger" in book form attracted so little attention. But it is certainly melancholy that a novel of its strong and original character should be so maligned by the poor figure it cuts in dramatic dress.

One can only hope for a speedy withdrawal of a play that makes the very least of the abilities of two talented men. Why, since Mr. Clarke has a preference for Shakespearean rôles, do not his backers give him a chance in a town like ours, which has rallied to the fore so many times during Shakespearean revivals? In a town, too, which has a strong sentiment of attachment to the memory of Edwin Booth, and would be quick to appreciate any indication that even the smallest fold of his mantle had fallen upon the shoulders of this interesting descendant of a historic family.

On account of a storm-delayed train, all that was seen of Nance O'Neil at the Novelty on Monday evening was her name, in letters of electric flame, over the entrance.

On account of this delayed train the first post-earthquake appearance of our Californian tragedienne was deferred until Tuesday evening, so I chanced it at the Orpheum instead, and found they had several good things on the bill, of which the best is undoubtedly "The Dude Detective," played by Frank Byron and Louise Langdon. This turn consists of an amusing sketch of an effeminate man of the "I'll slap you real hard" type. It is cleverly done by Mr. Byron, who has made a real study of feminine attitudes, gestures, and intonations, such as are employed by the unconsciously "sissy" man. He even went so far as to remove absently from his brow the straying single hair of an imaginary pompadour. This and other bits of detail were absorbed and thoroughly approved of by the audience, who were enormously tickled by the humor of the thing, and, before the act was over, were taking a hand in the performance, and, like a lot of delighted children, running races with the performer, trying to get ahead of him with imitations of his funny business.

The most pretentious number on the programme is the "Dancing Daisies," an act that has been built up with much ingenuity to allow for the introduction of many surprises and which contains pretty costume and color effects. The "daisy" girls sang and danced, revolved gayly figured parasols, changed their costumes about half a dozen times and, in the changing, colored lights, their complexions twice as often, and made their audience enjoy the melody and the rhythm. But a vaudeville audience is so trained to be on the lookout to extract every shred of meaning from the words of the songs, sentimental or comic, to which they listen, that to them Miss Louise Mink, the principal vocalist in the troupe, was as a sealed book. This young woman has a perfect genius for remaining absolutely unintelligible. She might just as well have been singing in Comanche, and if she wishes to hold a vaudeville audience she had better, without delay, set about the important business of learning to articulate distinctly.

Dorothy Kenton is a pretty, daintily costumed "girl with a banjo," who skips on and off the stage as lightly and gracefully as might a little rainbow colored squirrel. She is an electrically spirited performer on the banjo, on which, by the way, she rendered "Traumerei!" Think of "Traumerei" on a banjo! As her hand swept the strings with dizzying speed, the tinkinnabulations—with the accent on the tin—were much more suggestive of a hailstorm than a reverie.

Lee Harrison told a string of funny stories, some of them a little ear-marked, and "The Dancing Mitchells" gave an amusing act in which the bright particular star was "Black Prince," the only male of the trio. Black Prince, who is colored—so are the women, in different degrees—has a pair of mercurial heels, an assortment of India rubber muscles, a mouthful of whitely African teeth that are worth a hundred dollars a month to him in his particular line of business and a talent for clowning that probably nets him several hundred more. There is something unique about his jumping act, the two women, especially the darker one, are good dancers, and there is more than a usual amount of momentum about their whole performance.

I was struck, during Lee Harrison's turn, with the remarkable inaptness of the words of a well-known vaudeville song sung by the monologist in which complaint is made of the general monotony of life, "Nothing new under the sun," etc. But when the singer sang "Same old city," etc., it did seem as if, however questionable our means, that we had, some ten months ago, furnished a sensation that might absolve us of the charge of monotony. Under the circumstances, the careless comicality of the song becomes grim irony, and I suggest that it is up to Mr. Harrison to strike his poetic lyre and hitch on a new verse.

Why, I have been asking myself, does "Salomé" leave such a lingering impression upon the imagination? Not, I am sure, from a liking for its motive, for the majority of theatre-goers prefer wholesomeness to horror. But the play is peculiarly strong in atmosphere, a term that is perhaps overused, but must be employed in order to express what is meant.

"Salomé" transports us so far, far away from the present, so absolutely out of our own time and place. Almost the first spoken line of the play sets the fancy straying back to the twilight of the centuries. It matters not to what country, or whether the story is truth or fable. But it has shown us that Oscar Wilde had kept a sure hold on a lost art, the art of tragedy, and if the gorgeous dyes in this picture of wonderful colors are too deeply stained with blood, the picture itself is so much the more in keeping with the character and deeds of those terrible personages in Biblical history who squandered life-blood and waded in destructive passions with the same careless prodigality with which we of the present day purchase dinner favors and card-club prizes.

Over in Oakland Paul Steindorff has organized a concert orchestra, to be known as "The Oakland Orchestra." The first concert will be given next Wednesday afternoon at Ye Liberty Playhouse for the benefit of the Fabiola Hospital. A brilliant popular programme will be offered, including a grand fantasia on "La Bohème," Carl Reinicke's "Pictures from the East," and the beautiful intermezzo and dream from Mascagni's "William Ratcliffe."

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee contains a number of clever people. May Tully is highly thought of in the East as a versatile actress. "Stop, Look and Listen" is the unique title of the sketch she will introduce herself in. It was written by Matthew White, Jr., editor of the *Argosy*. Miss Tully, who will be supported by her own company, will artistically caricature Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marie Cahill, Ethel Levey, and others. The two Olivettis are remarkable characters, who appear as wandering minstrels or troubadours of the Old World. Johnny Johns, "The Little Man in Black," a natural-born comedian, will deliver quaint and funny monologues, and Bert Levy, the gifted and popular artist of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, will depict famous men and famous events. Byron and Langdon, in "The Dude Detective," will be retained in the programme, and the other holdovers will be the Three Flood Brothers, Quigg, Mackey, and Nickerson, and Ned Wayburn's Dancing Daisies, accompanying Louise Mink.

New Comic Opera at the American.

The New York Knickerbocker Theatre success, "The Wild Rose," has pleased all who have seen the comic opera this week at the American Theatre. As usual at this new and handsome playhouse, the piece is carefully staged, with adequate settings, and the cast includes all the favorites, with one notable addition to the company. There has been no brighter, gayer, more tuneful offering in the line of music and comedy intermingled, and the audiences have shown their appreciation with favorable demonstrations through the week. The piece will run all next week, and the usual Saturday and Sunday matinees will be given. In addition to the fact that this is the bome of comic opera in San Francisco, replacing the old Tivoli Opera House, of delightful memories, the American Theatre is a permanent structure, meeting every requirement of comfort and safety, and it is steadily gaining in popular esteem through the care-taking and well-informed direction of Manager Sanford.

Nance O'Neil's Return.

Nance O'Neil scored a tremendous success in her production of "The Sorceress" at the Novelty Theatre, Tuesday night, and the piece will be given at a special matinee on Sunday, as well as on Sunday night and Monday and Tuesday nights. Miss O'Neil has to her credit some of the most superb interpretations ever seen on the American stage, but never has she so completely captured her auditors as in the rôle of the beautiful Moorish woman, Zoraya, in the Sardou drama.

"Magda," with Nance O'Neil in the title rôle, will be offered on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights and Saturday and Sunday matinees of next week, the second and last week of Miss O'Neil's engagement at the Novelty Theatre.

Rosenthal Farewell.

The farewell concert of Moriz Rosenthal will be given this Sunday afternoon, March 10, at Christian Science Hall, corner Sacramento and Scott Streets. The programme will be a tremendous one, including Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 101; Schubert's "Wandere" Fantasie; a group of Chopin works, including Liszt's arrangement of the "Maiden's Wish," with new variations by M. Rosenthal and some brilliant Liszt numbers. Seats will be on sale at Kohler & Chase's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday evening, and on Sunday at the hall, after 12:30 o'clock.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" follows "Madam Butterfly" at the new Van Ness Theatre, opening on Monday, March 18.

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Immense Triumph of California's Favorite Player
Miss Nance O'Neil
Sunday matinee, Sunday night, next Monday and Tuesday night—Last Times
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Saturday matinee, March 23 "FAUST"
Mme. Nordica, Signoras Monti-Baldini, Perez; Signors Buschetti, de Segurula, Galperin, etc.
Saturday evening, March 23 "CARMEN"
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Sunday evening (Grand double bill) "BARBER OF SEVILLE" and "I' PAGLIACCI"
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VANITY FAIR.

Smart society in London is developing an *argot* of its own, quite as distinctive as the other kind that is to be found in the thieves' kitchens and the like. In this ultra-exclusive set, which has not yet discovered that to be singular is to be vulgar, it has become the fashion to clip the final "g," and to speak of "shootin'," "huntin'," "motorin'," etc. "Expy" stands for experience, "disky" for disagreeable, frocks and shirts are called "frillies," a nightdress is a "nightie," and money is "oof," "dibs," or "the needful."

Then the denizens of the smart set must be careful not to say "lunch," but luncheon. The word *boudoir* must be avoided—perhaps because it is difficult to pronounce—and sitting-room used instead. On no account must the words "stylish," "ladylike," or "agreeable" be used. A man is a man, and never a gentleman, and his feminine embarrassments must be spoken of as girls or women, but on no account as "ladies."

No one would suppose that there is any lack of young men in New York, but it seems that there is. Of the common or garden variety the supply is of course ample, in New York as elsewhere, but the socially presentable young man, the young man who can dance and who is not entirely a "detrimental," is at a discount. There was once a genius named Brown, who started a supply agency for young men, and hostesses applied to Brown in emergencies, and the needful young men were duly delivered according to specification. But Brown's days are over, and now there is a famine in the land, and entertainers are at their wits' end to find well-dressed and prettily-mannered young men who can play bridge. The latter qualification is of course a *sine qua non*, and while there must be plenty of good men bridge players, they are not to be found where they are wanted, at the social functions where their aid is needed by the softer sex. A well-known New York hostess explains the dearth by a theory that men are much better players than women and prefer to play with their equals at the club. They are not tempted by a good dinner, and food has ceased to be a lure. Every dinner has its guests so divided as to make parties of four, but this fact is not mentioned in the invitations or there would be even fewer men than there are to accept them. Married men are easier to get than single ones, partly because the habit of obedience has been inculcated in them and partly because they have to go where their wives go. Women are simply a drug on the market, but the supply of men is a long way below the demand, and there is no prospect of an easier market. Thus the cry for young men who can play bridge is loud in the land. An evening spent in the society of pretty girls has no charm for them, and they bave to be very young indeed and very unversed in the substantial comforts of life if they can be persuaded away from the too congenial male circles of the club. A social registry office for young men is therefore a real need in New York, and the promoter of such an institution would not only incur the gratitude of hostesses, but other rewards of a more substantial nature.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough seem to be maneuvering for positions, with a view to a reconciliation. The duke recently took luncheon with his wife and children at Sutherland House, and then remained to have tea in the nursery where little Lord Ivor Churchill was in bed after an attack of measles, and now there is as much talk of reconciliation as there was previously of separation. The duke is said to be far from satisfied with the turn affairs have taken, while the duchess upon her part is firmly resolved not to return to Blenheim. In the eyes of the world she is in a better position than the duke, because she has the custody of their two children. So most of the fashionables are more than ready to be her partisans. She has been to three dinner parties very recently.

Senator Kean, of New Jersey, well known in polite circles of Washington society, has had a lesson that he is not likely soon to forget. It seems that in the room of the House Committee on Education there stands a bookcase. A bookcase is, of course, eminently appropriate to such a room, but this particular bookcase is little better than a snare and a delusion, for the true shelves swing back at the touch

of the initiated and disclose an ice-chest with appropriate contents.

Not long ago Senator Kean, of New Jersey, sauntered into this sanctum, his arm thrown across the shoulders of Representative Longworth, but to the general consternation of the assembled fellowship of the square table, the Senator refused to take a look at the "light reading" in the book case.

"No, siree," he extenuated his seemingly unsocial attitude. "Not a drop more for me, until women stop carrying poodles to afternoon teas. After a luxurious hour or two with you fellows here one day last week, I went to the 'coming out' of a daughter of an army household, and you know how a little loitering around an army and navy punch bowl will develop a concertina, playing the 'Star Spangled Banner' in your head. Well, as I was leaving the drawing-room, I encountered Miss Patten, and while I was engaged in amiable converse, one of the little animal heads on the fur piece she was wearing began winking at me.

"It was beastly disconcerting, but I bore up bravely on the subject of the unusually fine weather we were having, until that thing deliberately wrinkled up its little black nose and stuck out its tongue at me. Then I knew I was seeing things no statesman should be called to look upon.

"I don't think Miss Patten grasped my mental perturbation, but in the lapse in my remarks on the weather she turned to go and then I perceived in the bushy haunches protruding from beneath her arm in the back, that she was carrying a tiny King Charles spaniel and that his anatomy had mingled with the fur boa.

"I don't know whether Miss Patten bought the dog or the furs first, but they match to a 'T,' and I'd sooner become a sandwich-man for the 'Woman's Christian Temperance Union' than run the risk of another such experience. If you boys pass my house you'll see the 'water-wagon' hitched to the post early and late these days."

Mr. Bellamy, poulterer to King Edward, has lately visited New York and has been good enough to express his opinion of the restaurants of the metropolis. He summarizes his verdict under four heads, and it must be admitted that his comments have been sympathetically received by gastronomic experts in New York.

The quality of our game and poultry is not good.

Our restaurants try to provide too many dishes, and as a result none attains the perfection found in Europe, where fewer dishes are provided.

Our waiters are quick, but not so efficient in other ways as those abroad.

The restaurants here have not what Bellamy calls the ideal combination—an English manager and a French *maitre d'hotel*.

Leading restaurant men in New York say that these comments are justified. It is pointed out that while the constant hurry of the New Yorker makes the New York waiter alert, it not only impairs his efficiency in other ways but plays ducks and drakes with the *chef's* department. If a theatre-goer in Europe acted as New Yorkers do at a restaurant, he would not be served. Here the bulk of the theatre-going people calmly walk in for dinner at about 7:15 o'clock. They order elaborate dinners and expect to get them. Sometimes the diner puts his watch on the table to keep attendants on the jump. In Europe this would not be tolerated.

The fashionable valetudinarian is threatened with a distinct bereavement. Appendicitis has been declared to be bad form, and those who wish to preserve a true social eminence must on no account suffer from it. There was a time when only the educated suffered from appendicitis, because only the educated knew the anatomical position of the appendix, but in these days of vulgar equality even the washerwoman knows where to put her finger when she is asked where the pain is. As a result the supergilded must find a new disease into whose domain the great unwashed have not yet found their way.

An Eastern scribe has made enquiries from prominent physicians, and the worst rumors are confirmed. One great authority admits that but few operations are now necessary, and that "we are glad to send our patients from the surgical to the medical ward, where hot fomentations and a milk diet are prescribed." A well-known nursing sister said frankly that appendicitis has become unfashionable, and she added

unkindly that fashions in the medical world vary as much as in the showrooms of a stylish dressmaker. A well-known surgeon admitted that "appendicitis has followed the example of all fashionable crazes and is dying a natural death, and for no other reason than that the laundry lady has dared to imitate the duchess. "Needless to say, I am not alluding to genuine cases of the disease, but because the fashionable illness has been pronounced unfashionable, the large contingent of hysterical patients have turned their attention to the creation of some new complaint."

Mrs. Harry Lehr, of New York, has excited the kaiser's admiration. He paid her many compliments when Mrs. Charmagne Tower, the American ambassador's wife, presented her to him at the state performance at the opera celebrating his birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Lehr were invited into the royal box. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, who are making a motor tour of Germany with the Lehrs, were also "commanded." Mrs. Lehr, who was born a Drexel, conversed with the kaiser in German, which she speaks well.

A number of other Americans were at the kaiser's birthday ball at the royal pal-

ace. He showed great attention to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her daughter, Miss Gladys. The American women outshone all others; they wore gorgeous gowns and masses, literally, of diamonds.

If the German Emperor continues his present course he will one day succeed in making the simple life fashionable. He has instituted select parties at the palace for playing skat. His guests on these occasions are chiefly veteran generals and ministers, and the evening begins with a frugal meal of potatoes, butter, herrings and beer. The points played for are half a pfennig, valued at one-eighth of a cent, occasionally rising to one pfennig. His majesty enjoys winning, but he loses philosophically, although he is very angry when mistakes are made. The evening's dissipation ends punctually at midnight.

As a labor-saving appliance the new proposal card has much to recommend it. It is in the form of an ordinary invitation and reads as follows:

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Two Kansas farmers were discussing the Thaw trial at the postoffice street-corner. "It's sure doin' New York lots of good," said one. "How?" asked the other. "Why, it's a-gettin' New York's name in the papers every day. Folks who never knowed the place was on the map are hearin' an' readin' about it every day," was the reply.

A bit of the kind of American humor that has thrived since the days of Benjamin Franklin comes from a Montana mining camp. Said one miner: "The rock down in that shaft is so hard that they used six barrels of drills the other day and barely scratched it." "Ugh!" said another, "I saw 'em working on a ledge once where the rock was so hard that after they had used nine barrels o' drills on it the hole stuck out six inches."

A newly elected squire in Wisconsin was much elated by his honors, but was not sure that he could carry them gracefully. So he haunted the court house for weeks that he might gather up crumbs of wisdom from the judicial table of the higher station. Finally he sat in judgment on his first case, and when the testimony was all in and the argument made, he said: "The Court takes this case under advisement until next Wednesday morning, when it will render a verdict in favor of the defendant."

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the noted woman suffrage leader, was talking in Philadelphia about divorce. "Ill temper is at the root of divorce," Mrs. Avery said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorces than immorality. When I was living in Pittsburg I called one day on a certain married woman. At dinner time my hostess rang for the maid. She said: 'Mary, is that Mr. Brown downstairs?' I thought I heard him just now." "No'm," Mary answered. "That wuz the dawg what wuz growlin'."

One of his grandma's maids of honor tells the following story of Prince Eddie when he was a few years younger: Just after King Edward's coronation, when he underwent an operation for appendicitis and was lying convalescent, he sent for his grandchildren. The little ones trooped into the room, cautioned by their nurse that they must keep very quiet, and stood about their grandfather's bed. He talked with them for a few minutes and they replied in awed whispers. Then, when the nurse told them they must go, Prince Eddie said: "But, grandpa, can't we see the baby?"

Smith had come home later than usual, and had ready a good explanation, but his wife gave him no chance, and immediately began to tell him what she thought of him. He endured it patiently all evening, quietly read his paper, and went to bed. His wife was still talking. When he was almost asleep he could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He finally dropped off to sleep, and awoke, after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark: "I hope all the married women don't have to put up with such conduct as this." "Annie," said Smith, "are you talking again or yet?"

To the author this decisive utterance by the no longer patient lawyer: "But really, sir, I must insist that you give me some definite idea as to when you will settle." The author consented to lower his eyes and to wave his pipe languidly. "Why, certainly, sir—though there seems to me to be a rather unnecessary commotion about this trifle," he drawled. "I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving the money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me!"

A farmer went up to a veterinary surgeon to ask what he was to do about his horse, which had been taken very ill. "Give him this powder," said the vet. An hour later the farmer came up again and said that he couldn't get the horse to take the powder. "Oh," said the vet, "I forgot. Put this tube down his throat, then lay the powder in the tube and blow it down his throat." Within half an hour the farmer came run-

ning back, pale and excited. "What's up now?" asked the vet. "Didn't you do as I told you?" "Yes," said the farmer. "I put the tube down his throat, and laid the powder in it, but the horse blew first!"

An old-time barrister was John Williams, a sarcastic wit, and a bachelor with an intense prejudice against marriage. His clerk one day asked him for a holiday to get married, and some months afterward, on entering his chambers, Williams found his dead body suspended from the door. He engaged another clerk and asked him if he was married. "No," replied the clerk, but thinking Williams would regard marriage as a guarantee of steadiness, he added, "but I am going to be." "Very well," replied Williams, "but understand this—when you hang yourself, don't do it here."

Mrs. Clews-Parsons, whose book on marriage has created so much excitement, said at a dinner in New York: "They who are happily married are shocked at the idea of trial marriages, but they who are unhappily linked together, and are yet too proud and sensitive to get a divorce, must see much in the idea that is of value. How many marriages would be dissolved if the dissolution could be accomplished without shame! How many married people feel toward each other like a husband I heard of the other day! He said to his wife at breakfast, crustily: 'I dreamed about you last night.' 'What did you dream?' she asked. 'I dreamed I caught a chap running away with you.' 'And what did you say to him?' she inquired listlessly. 'I asked him what he was running for.'"

"The most laconic man I know of is a deaf and dumb man in our town," one of the party remarked; "he never writes on his little pad more than enough to convey his meaning. It happened he was a good poker player, and one night won a watch and chain from a young man of the town. The young man's father, a very pompous individual, heard of it, and, meeting the successful gamester on the street next day, stopped him. The deaf and dumb man produced his little pad. On it the irate and pompous father wrote: 'I understand you won Bob's gold watch the other night.' He handed it to the deaf and dumb man, expecting to see him change countenance and offer to give up his spoil. The latter did not quite do that, however. Instead, he took the pad, wrote two words carefully on it and returned it. The pompous father read inscribed thereon: 'And chain.'"

San Francisco's Baked Currency.

The last package of charred embers identified as burned money from the San Francisco disaster has been examined and passed upon by the experts of the redemption division of the United States Treasurer's office, and the most stupendous task in all the history of that office is completed. Mrs. A. E. Brown, the burned money expert, has passed on each bill submitted. It has been given her approval and redeemed, or has been declared undecipherable and remained as so much ash, valueless. Crisp new bills to an amount estimated as high as half a million dollars have been issued from the Treasury to replace the packages of ashes sent to Washington from this city.

Treasurer Charles H. Treat issued an order when the money first began arriving that in case of a doubt the examiners were not to adhere as rigidly as is their wont to the letter of accuracy, but that the sufferer was to be given the benefit of the doubt in the payments. Much of the burned money was, however, as easily and positively identified as are bills counted out of a bank window. The mass of the money presented had been housed away in safety deposit vaults and in private, supposedly fire-proof, safes. It had merely been baked.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Williams, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. William Wallace Mein, of Johannesburg, South Africa and Oakland, California. Their marriage will take place in Washington on Thursday, April 4, and Mr. Mein and his bride will then go to Johannesburg to live.

The engagement is announced of Miss Stella Ruth Bateman, daughter of Chaplain Cephas C. Bateman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bateman, of Fort Bayard, New Mexico, to Lieutenant Charles C. Winnia, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mrs. Robert Hurd Blossom, of Berkeley, announces the engagement of her daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Newton Booth Knox. Mr. Knox is a well-known mining engineer, and his present home is in Yokohama, Japan. The date of the wedding is not announced.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Ruth Morton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morton, to Mr. Parker Holt will take place on Thursday, April 25, at the home of the bride's parents on Broadway.

Miss Helen Boss entertained at an informal bridge party on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. John I. Taylor, of Boston. Those present were: Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Frank Van Ness, Mrs. Fred Magee, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, and Miss Bliss.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Miss Katrina Page-Brown, and Miss Mary Keeney left on Sunday last for Coronado, where they will spend ten days or two weeks. They spent the night at Los Angeles on the way down, and on their return will stop for a few days at Santa Barbara and Del Monte.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe left on Friday of last week for Bath, Maine, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Harold Sewall (formerly Miss Millie Ashe).

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will leave on Monday for an Eastern trip of brief duration.

Mr. William Bourn, Mr. James Ellis Tucker, and Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard left last week for a trip to London.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from a trip to Arizona and is at present staying in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. George Tilghman and Mrs. Henry Ashe Tilghman are en route from Switzerland, where they have spent the past year, to San Francisco, coming here to join Mr. H. A. Tilghman, who arrived recently.

Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd went down last week from their home in San Rafael for a stay in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chapin (formerly Miss Helen Wilson, of Seattle), who have recently returned to their home in Sacramento from their wedding journey through Europe, have been spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. Valentine G. Hush will leave about April 1 for Burlington, Vermont, where

she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan will leave shortly for a three or four months' tour of the Orient.

Mr. George T. Cameron has returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. James E. Robinson and Miss Ethel Cooper are spending some weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. George Crocker arrived last week from New York and has been staying at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson has returned from a stay of two months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Potter will spend some weeks in Paris this spring.

Mr. S. G. Murphy sailed last week for Japan and will go from there to Europe by way of the Suez Canal. He will arrive in Paris about June.

Mr. Beverly Tucker has arrived from Chicago, where he has been for several months past, and will remain here permanently.

Miss Louise Stone has returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Miss Constance Borrowe has been staying in the city as the guest of Mrs. Lester Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Sabla, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, and Miss Vera de Sabla went down this week to Los Angeles for a visit.

Miss Maud Younger has returned to California after an Eastern visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman, who have recently returned from a stay in Santa Barbara, went down last week for a brief sojourn at Del Monte.

Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a stay here with her mother, Mrs. M. P. Huntington.

Miss Ardella Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills will arrive on Monday from New York, where they have spent the winter.

Mrs. Arthur L. Whitney has returned to San Mateo, after spending the winter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, are touring the south of France in a motor and will later go to Holland.

Mrs. Charles J. Deering has returned to town after a tour of Southern California.

Mrs. Nicholas Richardson (formerly Miss Elise Gregory) has been in town from her country place at Santa Cruz as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham have returned from a sojourn in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall left on Thursday of last week for Bellingham, Washington, where they will spend three weeks.

Mrs. Philip Bancroft left last week for a visit to relatives in Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne, who have been in town since their return from Europe, went down last week to their country place at Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers and Miss Eleanor Landers will leave next week for an extended tour abroad.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton, Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, of San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Adams, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Captain and Mrs. J. Z. Thayer, of Oakland; Mr. B. F. Brooks, accompanied by the Misses Brooks and the Misses Rickard, of Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mann, of San José.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Dr. Florence A. Dyer and Miss Mary Converse, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Page, Jr., of Philadelphia; Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Horban, Mrs. A. W. Rollins, Miss H. M. Magee, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Loring Lane, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Carver, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wanner, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Taylor, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Webster, Boston; Mrs. Edward Graham, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. O. Kleeman, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kahn, Los Angeles; Miss Margaret Stow, Santa Barbara; Miss Gladys Meek, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Kendrick, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Kent, Mrs. L. E. Meyers, Mrs. J. T. Harris, Mr. Charles A. Cooke, Miss Anna Ross, Mrs. Josephine L. Cohl, San Francisco.

The tempestuous uproar over the single performance of Richard Strauss's opera "Salomé," which culminated in the withdrawal of the piece from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has stirred up the newspaper critics to fresh onslaught upon Oscar Wilde, whose play "Salomé" inspired Herr Strauss's music and is used, line for line, for the libretto of the opera. In spite of these animadversions, it would seem that the fact that Oscar Wilde's plays, poems, and essays form a part of the regular courses in English literature at both Harvard and Yale Universities, ought to prove conclusively to the public what the real standing is of the work of this much abused author.

San Francisco Maternity Benefit.

Following is the programme of the benefit entertainment to be given in the Central Theatre (generously donated) on Tuesday afternoon, April 2, by the San Francisco Maternity:

Vocal solo, Miss Heath; playlet, Mrs. Jack Spreckels; "The Reformers' League," a play written by Mrs. I. Lowenberg and dramatized by Mrs. Ella M. Sexton—participants: Miss Hilda Clough, Mrs. Philip Bancroft, Mrs. E. Tojetti, Mrs. W. J. Gray, Mrs. John Martinou, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mr. Allan Dunn, President of Sequoia, Mr. Royden Williamson, and others; double quartet (names not yet announced). Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, chairman Entertainment Committee.

The following have already reserved boxes for the entertainment:

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Mary P. Huntington, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Judge Graham, Mrs. Chas. Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. Percy Morgan, Mrs. Margaret Deane, Mrs. Joseph L. King, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. H. N. Gray, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst, Mrs. John Metcalfe, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Dr. A. B. Spalding, Mrs. L. P. Lowe, Mrs. James Jordan.

The San Carlo Opera Season.

Next Thursday morning, at Sherman Clay & Co.'s, the sale of seats for the season of opera by the San Carlo Company, to be given at the Chutes Theatre, will open and Manager Greenbaum expects to break all records in San Francisco, as the prices are half those usually charged for grand opera, notwithstanding the San Carlo Company is as large and well equipped as any that has ever crossed the continent. In Chicago the leading critics all wrote in the highest praise of the organization, and all admitted that as an *ensemble* organization it had not been equaled.

As a special feature this season Manager Henry Russell has engaged Mme. Lillian Nordica, and that brilliant singer will appear the opening night, Thursday, March 21, in "La Gioconda," a rôle in which she created a furor here two years ago. Constantino, the great Spanish tenor, will also appear the opening night, as will also Fornari, the baritone, De Segurilla, bass, and Signoras Monti-Baldini and Borlinetto. The beautiful ballet in this opera, "The Dance of the Hours," will be given under the direction of Signor Albertieri and Maestro Conti will conduct.

Friday evening will be devoted to "La Bohème," with our own Alice Neilsen as "Mimi," and the young and beautiful French artiste, Mlle. Fely Deyrene, as Musette.

Saturday afternoon Mme. Nordica will sing Marguerite in "Faust," a rôle in which we have not seen her for years, and Signor Buschetti will sing the title rôle. In the evening we shall have the opportunity of judging the new "Carmen," Mlle. Deyrene, and Mlle. Tarquina, one of the leading sopranos of the organization, will sing the part of Michaela. Ricardo Martin, a magnificent dramatic tenor, will be Don José, and De Segurilla the Toreador.

On account of the larger capacity of the Chutes Theatre, the prices will be \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, with box seats \$4.00.

Theatre Seats Sold Outright.

The directors of the New Theatre, now in course of construction at Broadway and Sixty-second Street, New York, have decided to sell outright a certain number of orchestra stalls and balcony chairs. Like the boxes, which already have been sold outright, the stalls and chairs may be occupied by their owners on "Owners' Nights." The first ten rows of orchestra stalls will be sold at \$3750 a seat, and the chairs in the first row of the balcony at \$3000 a chair. The boxes have already been disposed of at \$25,000 each.

By buying a seat outright the owner has the right to occupy it each Tuesday and Thursday night so long as the theatre exists. Opera comique will be given Tuesday, and drama Thursday nights. All remaining seats will be subscribed for on these nights. In a circular the directors, headed by John Jacob Astor, Charles T. Barney, J. Pierpont Morgan and others, say that, as the land has been acquired at a figure below the estimate of the real estate experts, and that the ownership right of the seatholders ranks ahead of the sums paid in by the founders, it is safe to assume that purchasers of seats incur no appreciable risk of loss. It is expected that "owners' seats" will experience a gradually increasing appreciation in value.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General S. S. Sumner, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Sumner are spending several months in Camden, South Carolina. Major-General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of the board of ordnance and fortifications, vice Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., who is relieved.

Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., mili-tary secretary of the Department of Cali-fornia, left last week for Washington, D. C., called there on account of the se-vere illness of his mother. He has been granted one month's leave, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Colonel L. W. Taylor, U. S. A., Fort Worden, Washington, and Colonel Lotus Niles, U. S. A., Fort Casey, Washington, who were recently appointed members of an examining board to censure here, arrived last week at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Colonel Richard E. Thompson, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the Department of California, has been detached to assume the duties of military secretary of this de-partment during the absence on leave of Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A.

Colonel Edward E. Deavo, U. S. A., who has been recently relieved as chief commissary of the Department of Cali-fornia, sailed on Tuesday for Manila, where he goes to act as chief commissary of the Philippine Division.

Colonel Charles L. Hodges, U. S. A., recently promoted and transferred from the Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., to the Twenty-fourth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on Thursday last to take command of his regiment.

Major Parker West, U. S. A., has re-cently visited Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on official business, going from there to Omaha and later Denver and Cheyenne.

Major William Stephenson, surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order, and upon the arrival of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., in San Francisco will report to the commanding officer of that regiment for duty to accom-pany that command to the Philippine Islands, and upon arrival at Manila will report to the commanding general, Philip-pine Division, for assignment to duty.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as a member of the board of inspection and survey, Washington, D. C. Captain H. Lee, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the brigadier-general commandant.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., military attaché at the Court of St. James, and Mrs. Cloman, who have been at Claridge's Hotel since their arrival in London, have removed to 110 Park Street, Mayfair, which they have leased for some time.

Captain Frank C. Jewell, quartermaster, U. S. A., has had his previous orders so amended as to direct him to take station at San Francisco during the time he may remain on temporary duty in the army transport service.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to report for duty to the chief commissary, Department of California.

Captain J. B. Schoeffel, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Thomas*, on Tuesday last, to rejoin his regiment in Honolulu.

Captain George S. Simonds, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., who is on duty at West Point, was recently a visitor in Washington, D. C.

Captain Arthur Kerwin, U. S. A., sailed on Tuesday last for Manila.

Lieutenant-Commander N. G. McCully, U. S. N., has returned from a brief stay in Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant-Commander W. G. Miller, U. S. N., is ordered to duty on the *Minnesota* as executive when that vessel is placed in commission.

Lieutenant Samuel W. Noyes, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered re-lieved from further treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Fran-cisco, and to join his company.

Lieutenant John M. Craig, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John C. Maul, Twentieth In-fantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, was ordered to Benicia Arsenal this week for examination with a view to selection for detail for service for a period of four years in the ordnance department.

A naval court-martial, consisting of Captain T. S. Phelps, U. S. N.; Pay Director C. M. Ray, U. S. N.; Lieutenant-

Colonel Lincoln Carmany, U. S. M. C.; Pay Inspector T. S. Jewett, U. S. N.; Pay Inspector, E. D. Ryan, U. S. N.; Lieu-tenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N.; Surgeon A. W. Dunhar, and Passed As-sistant Paymaster P. J. Willett, judge ad-vocate, is convened at Mare Island for the trial of Paymaster John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N.

A board of officers, consisting of Lieu-tenant-Colonel Edward T. Brown, Artil-tery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain James M. Kennedy, assistant surgeon, U. S. A.; Captain Le Vert Coleman, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Henry H. Rutherford, assistant surgeon, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Edward H. de Armond, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., met early in the week at the Pre-sidio for the purpose of conducting the preliminary examination of such enlisted men as were ordered before it to determine their eligibility for advancement to the grade of second lieutenant.

A general court-martial convened at the Presidio of Monterey on Monday last, consisting of the following officers: Major George W. McIver, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Frank D. Webster, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Matthew C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Arthur H. Shipp, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Alfred McC. Wilson, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Norman H. Davis, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Philip G. Wrightson, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Clifford C. Early, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieu-tenant Philip W. Corbusier, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., judge advocate.

Headquarters and ten troops of the Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Jacob Augur, U. S. A., arrived early in the week from their respective stations: Fort Robinson, Nebraska; Fort Washakie, Wyoming, and Fort D. A. Rus-sell, Wyoming, and went directly on board the transport *Thomas*, sailing on Tuesday for Manila.

The Usual Thing.

[Hurry has robbed correspondence of its grace. —Nineteenth Century.]

Just a line to tell you dearest,
Think that all at home goes right,
Don't quite know, for by the merest
Accident was late last night.

Dined at Club; quite spoilt the joints were—
Not like our home dinners, duck—
Had a hand at Bridge—the points were
Nominal, but shocking luck.

So, some dihs would make you cheerful,
Sorry I have none to send,
Business calls just now are fearful.
Come home soon—you're missed, no end.

Flu and measles at the Jacksons,
Smith's wife's sloped (Brown's missing, too).
Smith seems mad, and his plain Saxon's
What I can't repeat to you.

Well, there's no more news worth knowing—
Cold's worse—one that nothing cures—
Love to kiddies! Post just going,
So excuse scrawl. Always yours,
—New York Globe.

It is possible than an American polo team will be organized within the next month to go abroad in May and play the Hurlingham Club of London for the America cup, which is now held by the English polo players, who took it from this country twenty-one years ago. At present, however, the formation of a team of American challengers can not be regarded as probable. There is much talk of it among the members of the Polo Associa-tion, but as such talk has characterized this season for the last three years, in which no attempt was made to bring the trophy back to this country, it would be unwise to take anything for granted. It may be said that if the decision to send a team abroad to compete with the English horsemen rests with such prominent members of the asso-ciation as Harry Payne Whitney and others, the chances for the international event are better than at any time since the last American team sought to retrieve the lost laurels, which is to say, the America cup.

A photograph of the marble bust of the late Cecil Rhodes, for which he posed just before his death and which is now on ex-hibition in London, has been received, says the *New York World*. It is the work of Kuehne Beveridge, who designed the monu-ment of "San Francisco Rising from the Ruins," which is to stand at the entrance to Golden Gate Park. Other noted works by Mrs. Beveridge are portraits of King Ed-ward, the King of Belgium, the Queen of Holland, Grover Cleveland, Joseph Jef-ferson, Gertrude Atherton, William Astor Chanler, Norman Whitehouse, William L. Johnson, J. L. Bryan and James G. Blaine.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you believe in signs?" "Sure. How else would people know what business you were in?"—*Baltimore American*.

A great many authors started in life barefooted, and some of 'em today are holding good positions in shoe factories.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"But why should I keep books?" "Well, you would know just where you stood the end of the month." "But, my dear fellow, why rub it in?"—*Life*.

Crawford—How in the world can you pay social visits to your janitor? *Crabshaw*—It makes me feel so good to see his wife boss him.—*Puck*.

She (after a quarrel)—I wouldn't cry for the best man living; so there! *He*—You don't have to cry for him, dear; you've got him.—*Indianapolis Star*.

Devin Clerkertop—How are you getting on with your incubator? *Farmer Meddler*—Why, the dern thing hain't laid an egg since I got it.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Managing Director—Well, and what are your qualifications for the post of night watchman? *Applicant*—Well, sir, for one thing, the least noise wakes me up.—*By-stander*.

Angler—Hang it! Is there a dry spot in this boat where I can scratch a match. *Boatman* (who has been disappointed as regards refreshment)—Try my throat, sir!—*Punch*.

Rollingstone Nomoss—Don't let's go in here. Dis woman keeps a dog. Let's go on to de next place. *Totterdon Torn*—De woman at de next place keeps a wood pile.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Can I take a joke?" exclaimed the press humorist. "Say, I can take a joke and re-vamp it so that it would hardly be recognized by the man who originated it."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Carson—I hear your typewritist left you in a huff. *Gebhart*—Yes, I put my foot in it. *Carson*—What did you do? *Gebhart*—I had dinner with my wife one day last week.—*The Bohemian*.

"I'd like," said Mrs. Henpeck, "to see the man I was afraid of!" "So would I," replied Henry, edging toward the door. "In fact, I'd even like to shake his band."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Ya-as, suh, Ah was a slave befo' de wah, suh." "But when the war was over you got your freedom." "No, suh; Ah was married den, an' Ah's been married evah sence."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I thought you said it was a sleighing party?" "It was." "But you went in an automobile." "I know we did. Our slaying consisted of running over two dogs and a chicken."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Yabsley—I wish I could break my wife of the habit of presenting me with cigars every opportunity she gets. *Jollyboy*—Do as I do. Smoke them in the house.—*Town and Country*.

Higgins—I understand your son is pursuing his studies at college. *Wiggins*—Yes; but from what I can ascertain, I don't believe he will ever catch up with them.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mr. Meanly—I see they are wearing gowns longer this year. *Mrs. Meanly* (fiercely)—Well, if they wear 'em any longer than I do, they will have to make 'em out of sheet-iron.—*Pick-me-up*.

Little Dimpleton—How long will it take you to give me a working knowledge in jiu-jitsu? *The Professor*—Oh, say, two weeks. "But, heavens, man, I can't wait all that time to get rid of that cook."—*Life*.

"You must have the highest admiration for a man of punctilious political principles." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "I have the highest admiration for him, but no particular use for him."—*Washington Star*.

Uncle Eben (telling the Sugarville news to his urban nephew)—An' Bill Hanks hez hung out his shingle ez a lawyer. "That fellow? Why, he can't even read!" "Oh, Bill knows what he's a-doing. He's goin' t' make a speshulty of this onwritten kind, thes makin' sech a hit, hyur lately."—*Puck*.

"Yo' state in one place that you were in 1884?" "Yes, sir." "And in another that you were born in 1885?" "Yes." "Isn't that inconsistent?" "Oh, no,"

smiled the witness. "I was born in 1884, and just stayed born. Why, I'm born yet." Then the great lawyer had to recognize that a novelty had been sprung on him.—*New York World*.

Maud—So you are to be married at last. Did Jack have much trouble getting your father's consent? *Belle*—Not so much as papa and I had in getting Jack's.—*Springfield Union*.

Mrs. Hoon (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that a certain man in Philadelphia was fined \$10 for holding a girl's hand. *Mr. Hoon*—Well, I don't know that that is too much for a person in Philadelphia to pay for a little excitement.—*Broadway Magazine*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Not Prepared.

Mother, may I go out to skate?
No, my darling Sue;
Postpone it, dear, till we can get
Some amica for you.

—Baltimore Sun.

Unwritten Preferred.

"I'm guilty as can be,"
Said the man;
"But I won't make that plea,"
Said the man;
"As for the law that's writ,
I do not care a whit,
And shan't be tried by it,"
Said the man.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Soul-Satisfying.

Fleurette!
You bet
That name was made for rhyming.
It starts
Our hearts,
Like silver bells, to chiming.

Fleurette!
Oh, let
Us feast upon thy manna.
We gag
At "Mag,"
And care not much for "Hannah."
—Washington Herald.

As Bad as a Br.

There was once a sporty old Mr.
Went to call on another man's Sr.
He dyed his mustache,
To make a big mache—
And left his trademark where he Kr.
—New York Globe.

With A Y.

There was a young lady named Alys,
Of whom people stated in malys,
During poverty's reign
'Twas Alice—just pleign—
But not since dad builded a palyas.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Saying Good Night.

Withu the vestibule he stood,
Saying "Good night."
Beyond the door's protecting hood
The world was white.
The hour was late; the moon was high;
Her folks in bed,
When Reginald uncorked a sigh
And sadly said:
"Good night, Miss Smithers."

The hour of one disclosed him there,
Saying "Good night."
A eahman with an owlish fare
Was all in sight.
No other human forms were nigh;
The town was dead,
When Reginald uncorked a sigh
And sadly said:
"Good night, Miss Smithers."

The hour of two revealed him still
Saying "Good night."
And then her dad with brutal skill
Unslung his right,
His spine was bent, his ribs awry,
And bruised his head,
When Reginald uncorked a sigh
And sadly said:
"Good gracious! what hit me?"
—Houston Chronicle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

"Coal's fur beyond us—ain't it?" "Hit sho' is!" "En dey done raised de price er wood?" "Dey sho' has." "Well, what you gwine ter do 'bout it?" "Git in jail fer de balance er de winter!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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9:50A	9:50A	1:05P	2:30P	
11:00A	11:00A	2:30P	4:30P	Saturday
1:45P	1:45P	4:30P	5:45P	9:30P
Saturday	3:15P			

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American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argoey and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.35
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	8.00
Ont West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
New York Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11
St. Louis Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
Philadelphia Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
Celtic, 20,904 tons Apr. 6, May 4
PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Noordland Mar. 16 | Merion Mar. 30
Friesland Mar. 23 | Westernland Apr. 6

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Minnehaha Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
Mesaba Mar. 20, Apr. 17, May 15
Minnetonka Apr. 6, May 4, June 1
Minneapolis Apr. 13, May 11, June 8

HOLLAND-AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Ryndam, Mar. 6, 10 a m | Stat'd'm, Mar. 27, 10 a m
Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a m | Noordam, Apr. 3, 9 a m
N.Am'd'm, Mar. 20, 10 a m | Ryndam, Apr. 10, 4 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER ANTWERP
Vaderland Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11
Finland Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
Zeeland Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
Kronland Apr. 6, May 4, June 1

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Baltic Mar. 13, Apr. 10, May 8
Majestic Mar. 20, Apr. 17, May 15
Cedric Mar. 27, Apr. 24, May 21
Oceanic Mar. 27, Apr. 24, May 21
Teutonic Apr. 3, May 1

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

Celtic Apr. 6, noon; May 4
*Adriatic May 22, June 19, July 17
Teutonic May 29, June 26, July 24
Oceanic June 5, July 3, Aug. 1
Majestic June 12, July 10, Aug. 7
*New, 25,000 tons; has elevator, gymnasium, Turkish baths, and band.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Cymric Mar. 30, Apr. 25, May 23
Arahic May 9, June 6
Republic May 30, July 3

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FROM NEW YORK
Cretic Mar. 30, noon; May 9, June 20
Republic Apr. 20, 10 a m
FROM BOSTON
Republic, Mar. 16, noon Romanic, Apr. 27
Canopic Apr. 10, 8:30 a m; May 18
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S. S. America Maru (calls at Manila) 1907

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Vol. LX. No. 1566.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 16, 1907.

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Graft Cases.

The full sixteen pages of the *Argonaut* would hardly afford space for a detailed account of the shifts and turns of the graft cases during the past week. Community self-respect has been shamed by a series of spectacles including a scandalous complacency to the interests of the boodlers on the part of a degenerate and inebriated judge, an effort on the part of Abraham Ruef to slink away from jurisdiction of court, with half a dozen desperate attempts through legal procedure to avoid trial. The record is one not only confirmatory in a moral sense of what has been charged, but tending to impress widely and emphatically upon the people of San Francisco the infamous character of the things they have endured at the hands of Abraham Ruef and his machine. As the *Argonaut* goes to press the net appears to have been drawn so closely and dexterously about the offending "boss" that escape seems impossible. San Francisco, we repeat, has been shamed beyond measure by the incidents of the week, but perhaps the experience, viewed broadly, has been a wholesome one. Communities

are slow to conceive in their full significance the moral lessons which appear plain enough to those who give them even a moment's attention. San Francisco has been slow—very slow—to comprehend the full significance of Ruefism, and perhaps it is needful that our civic pride should be humiliated to the end of a full, complete, and universal comprehension. The lessons of the week have been painful, but they have been complete. If now San Francisco does not realize the enormity of the mischief done to her moral and material interests, if now her people do not find means to cast out the devils of infamy that have afflicted our civic life, if their resentment has not been raised to a degree that will moralize future civic action, then must it be admitted that there is little hope for better things.

The Next Presidency.

If the almanac did not admonish us that we are approaching a presidential year, the fact would be made evident by the activities of political suggestion in various parts of the country. It is a lean week which does not add a fresh name to the list of patriots who might be induced to serve the country in the presidential office. A fortnight back the name of Senator Foraker was cautiously advanced; this week somebody has mentioned Mr. Cortelyou as a man proper for another promotion. So it goes from week to week. There are names enough and to spare, and yet none of them so far appears to make much impression upon the public imagination.

There are still many to give serious consideration to the third term suggestion, in spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has again and again, directly and by proxy, declared himself out of the running. The *Argonaut* takes it that Mr. Roosevelt means what he says and that he will not again be a candidate, either voluntarily or under compulsion. What might have been under other circumstances it would be idle to discuss, but, with the record what it is, we doubt if Mr. Roosevelt could be elected. Despite his mistakes he remains far and away the most popular figure in his party or in the country, but the favor in which he stands is of a quality which upon the instant would be destroyed if he were to forget his own voluntary pledge and again enter the lists. A man of expedients may easily shift his base, may move from one position to another without loss of prestige. But a man of principle, a man whose hold upon his country is essentially a moral one, must hold himself to the line of his fixed notions and declarations. If in the face of what he has said over and over again, Mr. Roosevelt should permit himself to be drawn into another candidacy, it would mark an instant decline of his prestige, because it would exhibit him as a man of unstable purpose, as a man unfaithful to his own resolution. His loss at the point of moral respect would be a vast one, and assuredly it would be reflected in a tremendous fall-off from the Roosevelt vote of 1904. Taken in connection with the widespread sentiment adverse to the third term idea it would, we believe, be sufficient to bring about his defeat, especially if the Democrats should, as now seems probable, name Mr. Bryan, to whom there attaches something of the same popular regard associated with the name of Roosevelt.

But because Mr. Roosevelt is himself out of the running, it would be a mistake to regard him as no factor in the coming campaign. In truth, Mr. Roosevelt, himself not a candidate, is the largest of all factors in the immediate situation. In the last twenty years the country has seen how overwhelmingly potential any President may be at the point of naming the next succeeding candidate of

his own party. Indeed, it may almost be accepted as a fixed rule of our politics that a President in office by his control of political forces may dictate, if not indeed the man, at least the type of man who shall be named by his own party to succeed him. At the very least it will be conceded by political observers that a President, unless he be a veritable "dub" in the political game, may defeat any particular man who may aspire to the party favor. Now Mr. Roosevelt is no "dub" in politics or in anything else. He has serious faults and marked limitations, but they are not conspicuous at the points fatal either to personal or to party influence. Mr. Roosevelt will possibly name the nominee of his party next year; assuredly the man who gets the nomination will be a man not personally or otherwise distasteful to him.

The significance of this conclusion lies in the character and history of Mr. Roosevelt's presidential career. When he came to the presidency, and through it became the official head of his party, he found it organized under the leadership of the late Mark Hanna, and in conformity to the ideals of which that very practical statesman was the exponent. It would be too much to say that the Republican party in the mass accepted or approved the "strictly business" notions of Mr. Hanna, but it was nevertheless the fact that Mr. Hanna held the machinery of the party in his own hands and was directing its forces to his well-known purposes. The great achievement of Mr. Roosevelt has been to supersede Hanna politics by Roosevelt politics—to turn the forces of Republicanism from the low level of the Hanna régime to the higher purposes reflective of his own personal character and of his infinitely higher and more patriotic aims. It is not necessary here to recount what Roosevelt republicanism stands for, since there is no intelligent citizen who does not already fully and fairly comprehend it. It has been made manifest in a thousand ways, and it may fairly be summarized in Mr. Roosevelt's own phrase—a "square deal." If Mr. Roosevelt, as we have recently seen in the Brownsville and in the Japanese school incidents and in some other things, has not at all times lived up to his own conceptions, the circumstance must not be taken as indicating a lack of faith in his own programme or a willingness for any reason to abandon it as a party principle or as defining his scheme of party development. Mr. Roosevelt stands—not without lapses and occasional side-steps, it must be admitted—for the "square deal" idea, and whatever exceptional privileges he may claim for himself, he may be depended upon to enforce his platform in so far as he may upon whomever shall come after him.

We think it a safe prophecy, therefore, that neither Mr. Foraker nor Mr. Fairbanks, nor any other man whose character and traditions hark back to the McKinley era or in any way savor of Hannaism, has the slightest chance for the presidential nomination next year. Against any such man whose candidacy should become serious there would instantly be arrayed that immense body of political forces which lie under the hand of the President. It is not to be doubted for a single moment that into such a situation the President would cast not merely his official and political weight, but the full power of a moral influence which, from the day of Washington until now, has never had its match in these United States. The President appreciates to the full the work he has done for his country and for his party; he regards that work not as a thing completed, but as only half done. He will see to it to the fullest measure of his ability, public and private, that the work shall go on. Not if he can help it will he hand over the helm of the

ship of state to anybody whose name and character afford no assurance that the general purposes which have animated his own career in the presidential office shall not be carried forward.

Under this view—and no other we think is worth while considering—the next presidential candidate must be representative of what we have come to regard as Rooseveltism. Intellectual leadership in this scheme of politics must be accorded to Mr. Root. Beyond question, Mr. Root stands at the point of sheer mental force the largest figure in the administration. But even from the standpoint of his own faction, if it may be so called, Mr. Root falls short of the ideals of presidential availability. First of all, he lacks the temperament of an effective popular candidate. He looms large and stately, but he is cold of spirit and of mood. The very traits which mark the elevation of his character lift him so far above the popular standards as to make him in his political character a man rather to be admired than to be loved. His courage, high as it is, is rather repellent than winning. Again, Mr. Root carries in his career and personal style certain suggestions at odds with popular conceptions of the Roosevelt idea. He is a citizen of New York and his social and professional affiliations have been in and about Wall Street; and however little this fact may weigh against him in the mind of intelligence and liberality, it would be a handicap in a presidential race. Nor is it forgotten that Mr. Root in his professional capacity was an advisor and defender of Boss Tweed. Lawyers will say that there is no significance in this record, but those who know the mind of the plain people will comprehend how serious this fact would be in connection with a presidential candidacy, especially in association with an effort to revive moral ideals in politics. Most serious of all, perhaps, is the fact that, while the name of Mr. Root has now for more than two years been discussed in connection with the presidential succession, it has not developed the slightest popular enthusiasm. Men have admired the keenness and the force of his mind, men have approved his financial sacrifice in accepting public office at the call of the President, men have applauded his achievements in the world of statecraft and his bold utterances in the field of political action. But this has been all. There is today no warm and enthusiastic sentiment for Mr. Root anywhere.

There are many evidences that the choice of the President has been fixed upon Mr. Taft. Every possible opportunity of service and distinction has been given him. If anywhere there is a big job to be done, with the chance of a brilliant outcome, involving increment of reputation and prestige, Taft has been the chosen instrument. And yet, with all his opportunities, and with all his successes, Mr. Taft has somehow failed to measure up to the popular ideal. Perhaps it is the all-engrossing personality of Mr. Roosevelt that belittles every man in association with him—it may be this or something else—but the fact remains that Taft has not grown as a presidential figure; that he stands today more distinguished by the President's manifest favor than by his own merits. There are evidences of the President's disappointment in connection with this fact, and there are evidences of Mr. Taft's irritation in connection with it. No man of Mr. Taft's mental and moral make-up likes to stand long unbidden in the attitude even of a receptive candidate. Mr. Taft, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, is a man of very exceptional qualities. Like his over-strenuous chief, he sometimes slops over, as in the Wallace incident, but the level of his character is a high one. There is about him a certain robust Americanism, combined with large intellect, high courage, and a wholesome good-heartedness and good breeding, and we are not convinced that these qualities may not in the end win him the favor of the country. That he is a man with the power to impress all who come near him, with the force to meet large situations in their own spirit, has been manifested in a hundred ways. When the hour of choice comes, when the Roosevelt personality shall shrink, as it will when the minds of men turn to a rising sun, big Bill Taft is likely to be "thar or tharabout."

We have already noted among recently suggested names in connection with the presidential nomination

that of Mr. George B. Cortelyou, late Postmaster-General, and just now advanced to the larger responsibilities of the Treasury Department. This suggestion is probably inspired by the President as a sort of "feeler," as our American politicians call it—as a "trial balloon," as they call it in France. That Mr. Cortelyou should be thought of seriously in connection with the presidential office is preposterous. Mr. Cortelyou was originally a department clerk at Washington, and on account of all-round efficiency was transferred to the White House, where, ultimately, he became secretary to President McKinley. He was with McKinley at the moment of his assassination and passed on to the service of his successor. Later he was promoted to the secretaryship of Commerce and Labor, then to the Postoffice Department, now to the Treasury. It must be said for Mr. Cortelyou that he has had a remarkable career, but it can not be said for him that he represents anything more than first-class routine efficiency. In spite of the fact that he has been Chairman of the National Republican Committee, he has no background of either individual or political standing. His promotions have been extraordinary, but they have rested upon his immediate and personal relationships to the White House, rather than to anything that could be called position before the country. He is not so much a public man as he is a private friend and agent of the President. He is, we believe, technically a citizen of the State of New York, but he has no political fellowship, no political backing in his own State or elsewhere. It goes without saying that no such man will ever be available for the Presidency so long as that office shall be regarded as one of high representative character. We shall not select Mr. Cortelyou or any other man like him to the Presidency while the names of Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Roosevelt, *et al.*, hold their traditional meaning for the American people. The people of the United States demand something more than an efficient head clerk in the Presidency. And as yet it must be said that for all his promotions Mr. Cortelyou stands for nothing more than just this. In spite of his opportunities he has never said or done anything to give him rank as a thinker, as a man of political initiative, as a man of original power. It is quite possible, indeed, that Mr. Roosevelt would like to see himself succeeded by Mr. Cortelyou. His taste for dramatic effects would perhaps be gratified in a successor strikingly inferior to himself, one who would owe his position to his own favor, and who in it would continue to be the instrument of his own purposes and aims. But the people of the United States will hardly be willing to go so far to please Mr. Roosevelt as to seat Mr. Cortelyou in the chair of Lincoln. And what is said of Mr. Cortelyou may be taken to apply to any other man of his type. Not yet, at least, do we want any man's man in the White House. That sort of thing may do for Mexico and for the Spanish "republics" further south—but not here.

We come now to a figure of real potentiality—or rather let us say, of high possibilities. Mr. Hughes, under whom the New York chair of state is just now getting fairly warm, is to all appearances a man in entire accord with the mood and spirit of the time. Mr. Hughes is as far as possible from the character of a politician and yet, as we have seen, he is a man intelligent with respect to public affairs, with a sense of responsibility toward public interests, capable of making sacrifices to serve the public. He is the Governor of New York, not because he schemed for the place, not because he worked for it, not because he wanted it. He is Governor because in a crisis his party and his fellow citizens called upon him to put his personal and professional interests aside and to take up responsibilities for which at the moment no other citizen seemed so well fitted. He was commended to public opinion, first by his patriotic stand in the insurance prosecutions, second by his manifest abilities, third by the plain sincerity and cleanliness of his character. Thus far he has justified the public choice by the moral earnestness and directness of his official course and by the further fact that he has attempted no compromise between his public duties and his private interest. The day he became Governor he practically nailed shut the door of his law office. His sense of integrity has prevented him from any attempt to serve two mas-

ters. This is a course so unusual as, at a stroke, to put Mr. Hughes in that limited class of public officials, which includes Mr. Roosevelt, who are willing to abandon all prospect of private emolument and to concentrate their energies upon their representative responsibilities.

Mr. Hughes must still be regarded as a man in a probationary attitude toward the Presidency. No other man seems now to stand in so favorable a position. But everything depends upon himself. If during the next twelve months he shall so carry himself in the Governorship as to confirm the good opinion and the hopes of his party, he will be almost invincible as a candidate for the Presidency. He has what we may term the right preliminary character; he has what we may further term the right preliminary record; apparently he has the right temperament; as we have already said he matches the mood and spirit of the time. Probably the President would prefer Mr. Taft or some other man chosen from out the anointed circle of his personal friendships—from that circle where we are forever being assured all are great and good—but there is no point at which he could reasonably object to Mr. Hughes if the latter, following upon the lines of his earlier career, should win the favor of the country. In the judgment of the *Argonaut*, as matters stand today, Mr. Hughes is the likeliest man for the next presidential nomination at the hands of the Republican party.

The State Capital Issue.

Governor Gillett has approved the measure putting the issue of capital removal before the voters of the State. In doing this the Governor reserves his own judgment as to the wisdom of the proposal, adding a proper word of counsel that, in the campaign which is to follow, neither side must take to itself license to defame the State or any part of it. The course of this issue now will be precisely that of a proposal to amend the State Constitution. It will be submitted at the next general election—in November, 1908—and to effect the change from Sacramento to Berkeley will require a majority of all the votes cast in that election. There is here a very significant point, one of great advantage to Sacramento. It is that in matters of this kind something more than fifty per cent of the persons voting at any election disregard everything excepting the mere personal aspects of the contest—that is, they vote for candidates for office, but they do not vote either for or against constitutional proposals. It will readily be seen that every voter who leaves his ballot blank in effect is an ally of Sacramento.

The *Argonaut* has already discussed this question, and further reflection tends to confirm it in the judgment that the Berkeley boomers have not been able to advance arguments justifying a costly project of change. We can see nothing in the proposal so important as the real estate interests of the proposers, and, with all due respect to the spirit of hustling enterprise, this is a matter quite aside from the interests of the people of California. Every possible advantage suggested by the Berkeley scheme would, we think, be attained by transference of the great State Library from Sacramento either to San Francisco or to the State University at Berkeley. That there would be anything in the shape of economy in moving the capital is a suggestion so preposterous as not to call for serious discussion.

Like most proposals of innovation, the Berkeley scheme finds those who from one motive or another give it approval. We are told that Governor Pardee, who has posed as the special friend of Sacramento, is favorable to it, but probably this is because of his sympathy with local sentiment in Alameda County. But we see no evidence of anything bearing the look of widespread or general support of a project whose first assurance is that it would saddle upon the taxpayers of the State a colossal scheme of expense, running over a period scarcely briefer than the lifetime of a generation. When it comes to a sober consideration of this proposal, when the brass-banding has died out, we believe the voters of the State will take stock of the substantial interests involved in the question, and that there will be many to make up their minds adversely to it. We believe, too, that there will be many to resent a proposal founded on calculations

of a mere speculative enterprise and proposing in a sense to separate the political life of California from the traditions and sentiments which cluster about the fine old pioneer city of Sacramento. We believe there will be many to see that the removal of the capital from Sacramento would be an injustice to a city to which it has stood for half a century as its share in the general apportionment of the institutional favors of the State.

Much, of course, will depend upon the way Sacramento shall carry herself in the time between now and November, 1908. The cause of Sacramento will be promoted, not more by the energy and reasonableness of her campaign, than by a disposition to provide those facilities and conveniences which ought to be found in the capital of a great State. Above all, Sacramento ought to provide a good hotel—good in the modern sense. Sacramento ought, too, to provide herself with a clear water supply. These things are essentials. It is largely because Sacramento has failed at these points that the Berkeley project found the favor necessary to carry it through the Legislature. Sacramento needs also to infuse into her newspaper press a spirit of honesty and common sense. Nothing has been gained by the impertinent assertiveness which has represented the city as indifferent to the capital issue; no favor has been won by an attitude of ill-natured antagonism, in which everybody and everything have been censured on the score of an incident for which Sacramento herself is chiefly to blame. The real sentiment of Sacramento needs to find better expression in her newspapers than it has had during the past three weeks. This is a point at which Sacramentans throw up their hands with the disclaimer that they have no responsibility for the vagaries of their newspapers. This disclaimer is as weak as it is ridiculous. Every city is responsible for its newspapers, because it has the power either of correcting them or putting them out of business. Sacramento can make her newspapers—even her vulgar and malevolent Town Bully—behave themselves, if she will go about it in the right way.

It is, we repeat, largely a matter for Sacramento herself to determine whether she will retain the State capital or lose it. Energy and diplomacy, we believe, may easily win the day; and as easily, lethargy, with the spirit of recrimination, combined with a smart-aleck impertinence, may lose it.

Golf Club Versus Rolling-Pin.

Miss Lillian Leger, a prominent young society woman of Fresno, has not only set an example of intrepid courage, but she has also called attention to a new instrument of high possibilities in the sphere of moral and domestic discipline. Awakened by an unusual noise in an adjoining room, Miss Leger was just in time to save her father from the attack of a burglar who, with a drawn revolver, was menacing Leger *per se*, while pocketing such portable valuables as came to hand. The burglar's back was toward the lady as she entered and almost before he was aware of her presence she had seized a golf stick that lay in a corner conveniently to her hand and had landed upon his head a weighty and well-directed swat. Surprised at such energy from such a quarter and remembering the futility of arguing with a lady, the marauder dropped his revolver and lantern and incontinently fled with Miss Leger and the golf stick in full pursuit. He eventually escaped through the kitchen by ungallantly slamming the door in his pursuer's face, but not until the golf stick had been heard from again and again in resounding thwacks upon his undefended rear guard. He was probably the most astonished hurglar in California and will henceforth add a new and deterrent risk to the perils of his profession. He was familiar with the ordinary risks from the householder and the policeman, but the lady with the golf stick is distinctly of the extraordinary classification.

The golf stick, considered as a weapon and in competent hands, leaves little to be desired, and it is surprising that its virtues have so long been overlooked. It is compact, well balanced, and of convenient range, and a conscientious blow from its business end is not a thing to be despised. Its only drawback is the apparent difficulty of hitting anything with it, and Miss Leger is to be doubly congratulated, not only upon her prowess, but in actu-

ally striking what she aimed at without reducing the furniture of the room to a state of hopeless wreck.

The greatest discoveries have been made by chance, and Miss Leger has proved that a man can be hit with a golf stick and that he is utterly discomfited and routed thereby. It is to be feared that this lesson will not be lost and that the seed has fallen upon fruitful soil. The golf stick will be no longer a mere symbol of restored health, the favorite prescription of the family physician, the salvation of the harrassed business man. Probably it will now take a position in company with the rolling-pin and the broomstick as a terror to evildoers who are reluctant to accept the limitations of matrimony. A new weapon has been placed in the hands of irate womanhood, and although the way of the transgressor is already hard it is now in a fair way to become harder still.

The golf stick will not, of course, come into immediate favor, nor will it at once displace its more familiar rivals. It may even be frowned upon as being less distinctly typical of the feminine domain than the rolling-pin, the broomstick, or the potato masher. It is not every house that has a golf stick on tap, so to speak, and it would be deplorable if its use as a domestic pacificator should become the mark of a caste or a class. Then, again, such practice is needed before it can be used with that easy efficiency which is indispensable. It is true a husband is a large mark and can be hit with comparative ease, but even then a certain amount of dexterity is needed that is not acquired without use. The essential of domestic discipline is that it should be prompt and certain, and the rolling-pin, with its distinct advantages at close quarters and its ready availability, has, therefore, much to be said for it. It will probably maintain its hold yet awhile among plain people who make no pretensions and who dislike innovations. Even those who now favor the broomhandle may be indisposed to make a change and to be led away by a deceptive novelty. Sentiment and habit, after all, have their weight, and there is a whole wealth of tradition that clusters around the domestic implements that have been faithful servants in the past and that ought not to be relegated lightly to obscurity. No doubt the golf stick will win its way slowly, but as an emergency weapon it has been honorably introduced.

The Second Douma.

Count Witte probably knew exactly what he was talking about when he said a few days ago that the worst of the Russian revolution is yet to come, and that the centre of gravity in the popular masses had shifted considerably toward extremism. He said these things with reference to the assembly of the new parliament, and his pessimism seems justified by the events of the day. The opening of the Douma on March 5 was made the occasion of a great revolutionary demonstration. An assembly of some forty thousand persons with red flags and revolutionary music marched upon the Winter Palace, and the interference of the troops and their summary measures recalled some of the worst features of a year ago.

We do not yet know the actual political constitution of the new Douma. We shall know the Douma only by its fruits. By methods that are simply incomprehensible in America, the results of the elections have been kept secret. The Prime Minister, Stolypin, says that the government has a majority, but this is incredible, and the premier can not really believe it. The secret police are the only people who know, and they are uncommunicative, but the press of the country, saying all that it dares to say, announces a great radical victory. The opening disturbances certainly do not point to a peaceful session or to a triumph of law and order.

If the present Douma does not behave itself from the standpoint of the government party, if it ventures to do more than echo the wishes of Stolypin, the best-hated man in Russia, it will be dissolved as was its predecessor. The first Douma opened last August with a membership of 478. The largest party was that of the Constitutional Democrats, who had 153, and the Labor party came next with 107. There were various small groups, of which the "no party" men were the chief, with a strength of 105. The "no party" men usually voted either with the Labor party or with the Constitutional

Democrats. This Douma—Russia's first attempt at constitutional government—was dissolved by the Czar when it was a little over a month old. His Majesty said that it had been a "cruel disappointment" to his expectations. The representatives of the nation had "strayed into spheres beyond their competence." They had actually ventured to comment upon the "imperfections of the fundamental laws," and as a result the peasants had been stimulated to violence and to disobedience of the local authorities. The Douma therefore came to an end, new elections were ordered for the present month, and the people showed that their disappointment was as great as that of the Czar by renewing disturbances upon an extensive scale. The Constitutional Democrats met at Viborg and pledged themselves in their resentment to pay no taxes. The organized outbreaks at Sveaborg and Cronstadt were but typical of the smaller disorders that covered a wide area, while the assassination of hated individuals became startlingly regular. The dissolution of the first Douma, with the consequent reversion to martial law, did nothing more than tie down the safety valve, and we have now to know to what extent the explosive social forces of the empire have been strengthened and increased.

It is true that the interim has witnessed the promulgation of many imperial decrees of an apparently liberal nature, and these have been hailed by the American press as evidences of good will and as presaging a new and more tolerable government. But it must be remembered that all these decrees, in fact all civil law, has no efficacy in the presence of martial law, and martial law has been declared over the widest areas and upon the least provocation. Russia is a country of paradoxes. Capital punishment, for example, is illegal, and a brutal murderer receives no more than a term of imprisonment, while a ferocious soldiery, under the excuse of martial law, can butcher men, women, and little children with a hideous indiscriminate. The liberty of the press has been ordained with a great flourish of trumpets, but it remains none the less true that the smallest editorial indiscretion is punished by confiscation and imprisonment. The condition of Russia, in other words, has remained pretty much the same as it was before, except that disappointed expectations have intensified popular fury.

Premier Stolypin will feel the full force of whatever storm may be brewing. With the dissolution of the first Douma the Czar practically retired into private life, and the premier took his place as the mainspring of the autocratic machine. Stolypin means well. He is the author of great concessions in the matter of land reform, but the peasants can not understand these concessions, while they perfectly understand the exhortations contained in the leaflets with which the revolutionary press has flooded the country. By his concessions Stolypin has failed to please the people, while he has displeased the Czar, who would certainly have called Count Witte back to power, but for that statesman's failure to raise a loan in Paris, where he was politely told by the great Jewish financiers that their purse-strings would never again be loosened in favor of imperial Jew-baiters. Moreover, Witte is so ill that he himself says that a return to power would be an act of suicide.

Such are the inauspicious circumstances that attend the opening of the second Douma, and which justify Count Witte in his forebodings that the worst is yet to come.

Social Expenditure and Senatorial Power.

That Senator Spooner should from ordinary motives wish to earn more money than the pay of a Senator, is easily conceivable. It is not, however, conceivable that Mr. Spooner's position as a Senator would be more effective than it is now if he were to substitute a régime of domestic extravagance for the simplicity which has always marked his style of living at Washington. There is a widespread notion that official life at the national capital is vastly expensive; and there is another equally widespread notion that the official and personal potentialities of a man in public life are augmented largely by lavish expenditure. Of course, one may spend money very easily at Washington, as indeed one may do anywhere, and many men in public life do scatter their money with a ridiculous

disregard of prudence. But that anything of real power is ever gained by social wastefulness or even by special social liberality, is much to be doubted. Most certain it is that the great potential figures in our executive and legislative system are not men who make a parade at any point. There is a type of Senator whose only source of influence is through social cajoleries and for such a man it may be expedient to keep an extravagant house and bid champagne to flow. The kind of influence to be gotten in this way is possibly better than none at all, but at best it does not go far and in the end it gets nowhere.

In the life of Washington as in the life of every other city, it is not the champagne crowd, not the people who live fashionably and spend lavishly, who are truly potential. The springs of human influence, official or other, lie in things deeper than the society game. In the official life of Washington there is, and has always been, a sharp line of demarcation between the men of frivolity and the men of power. Mr. Spooner himself has now for some years ranked as a leading intellectual force in the Senate, and neither in attaining nor in maintaining this position has he had any help from lavish expenditure. Today Speaker Cannon is the most effective man in national legislation, though for nearly forty years he has lived almost as simply as an Illinois farmer. Senator Hoar, whose influence upon the legislation of the country during the past twenty years has been as large as that of any other man, was never rich enough to maintain a house at Washington, living always quietly and even frugally at an inexpensive hotel. To go a little further back, John Sherman, although a rich man, lived always a simple life by preference. Mr. Blaine, though in the later years of his life able financially to do anything he liked, maintained a comparatively simple domestic establishment and never gave himself or his family the airs or the habits of social extravagance. California has been represented in the Senate by men of every degree of fortune. Senators Stanford and Hearst, both men of overwhelming fortune, maintained elaborate and costly establishments and entertained after a fashion still remembered for its richness and brilliance, but neither of these men was ever effective as a Senator. Neither of them made a record comparable at the points of senatorial efficiency with those of Senator White, who hadn't a penny to bless himself with, and Senator Sargent, who lived always after the most modest standards. McKinley had a long course of official life at Washington, living always upon his salary. Garfield, another President, was another conspicuous example of personal and official effectiveness combined with habitual simplicity of life.

One President, at least, in recent times, made it a point to discourage and even to rebuke the extravagant fashion of life at Washington. It is remembered that when Mr. Cleveland tendered the secretaryship of the Treasury to Mr. Carlisle of Kentucky, the latter was disposed to decline it on the ground that he lacked the means to live in the style becoming to a cabinet minister. "I shall be none the less pleased," replied Mr. Cleveland, "if you will adjust your living to your salary. Nothing is further from my wish than that my administration should be distinguished by the domestic or social expenditure of its members." Mr. Carlisle accepted the secretaryship without altering the very moderate habits of life which had sufficed him as a member of Congress, and there is no record that he failed to have his fair share of influence and honor, or that he missed anything in the way of permanent fame. On another occasion President Cleveland made it a point to rebuke the extravagance of Secretary Whitney, by declining to attend an elaborate christening function at his house, giving his presence instead to an Easter carnival for poor children in the grounds of the White House.

There is a type of Senator who goes to Washington for no other purpose than to bask in the brilliant social life of the capital and to give his womankind a species of "fling" denied them in their own home. Senatorial society, like the society of the New York Four Hundred, is largely made up of persons who for various reasons have not been able to find social recognition where they are best known. To such, extravagant expenditure is a natural resource. Without it they would be no vogue, no "position," since they have no

other claim to social consideration. But Senators of real power don't play much at this game. At Washington, as at home, they have better uses for their time and their energies—not to mention their money—than the society merry-go-round.

The Mayor's Modus Vivendi.

The trip of Mayor Schmitz to Washington, undertaken with the avowed intention of telling the President what is what about the Japanese in or out of the public schools of San Francisco, was discussed by the *Argonaut* while the doughty civic chancellor and his train of school-board ciphers were in the national capital. The *Argonaut* predicted that the California visitors would make concessions, would assume a different and humble attitude, would renounce their former furious devotion to the cause of the white school children, and—would have their photographs taken. Before the delegation returned, the predictions were verified. A palpitating public was assured at long range that the matter had been satisfactorily settled, but that it would be better not to talk about it.

When the mayor finally reached home, the scene of his numerous victories, the pent-up Utica which easily contains all his admirers, the field of his remarkable but only partially understood political generalship—at present considerably affected by the activities of Attorney Heney—when the mayor at last met his constituents face to face, he handed out a lemon-colored silence about the success of his Eastern voyage of conquest. The daily press pumped in vain. It drew from him not the cooling water of understanding but the dank, sultry atmosphere of mystery. The most that could be elicited, after agonizing effort, was a laconic intimation that a clear, complete, comprehensive, and crushing compilation would soon appear.

The composition has not as yet materialized. In its stead, the weekly publication edited by Supervisor Tveitmo, a recent appointee of the Mayor, prints in double-column space an alleged "Memorandum of Statement as Agreed to between the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Mayor and Board of Education of the City of San Francisco." It is a wonderful memorandum, but fearful only in its stern defiance of rhetorical rules. One gem in particular which it offers is this sentence: "There are other countries, as well as Japan, to which we feel that in all probability there will have to be similar legislation, owing to the fact that we are convinced that the laborers who are coming here from these countries, also really come in violation of the Contract Labor Law."

The memorandum declares that if any stipulation in the treaty of the United States with Japan attempts to circumscribe the powers of the San Francisco Board of Education, such provision is nugatory and void.

That is distinctly warning, but it comes near the tail-end of the "memorandum of statement," and is preceded by several hundred words, put together to demonstrate that the question of the "right at issue" has been passed and "the proposition now involved is one of comity and public policy"; which is more than merely pleasing—it is amusing.

The story could have been made shorter. That it is not plainly to be read between the lines of the memorandum is not strange. It is not the purpose of the mayor to shout aloud his humiliation or to mutter it even with penitent beating of the breast. As "John Phoenix" described his battle with the editor, so would Mayor Schmitz tell of his visit to the President and its result were he possessed of humor and a sense of the fitness of things. This is a free rendering of the phonographic and moving picture record:

With successfully disguised courtesy the President told the mayor to have San Francisco take her thumb off the difficulty. In terms of skillful diplomacy the mayor retorted, the thumb is off. Tell your frowning cohorts that violations of the contract labor immigration law are the Mephistophelian worms in the bud, and not the little old brown men in the schools, said the President, with concealed graciousness. You are right, now and always, threateningly declared the mayor. Don't let me hear anything more of this contumacious defense in the courts, remarked the President, with hearty but hidden geniality. The offending and super-

official attorneys have been withdrawn and will be beheaded later, indignantly expostulated the mayor. Make new rules when you get home, and if they are satisfactory I will see that they are not enforced, concluded the President, with dental demonstrations of delight, as he prepared to close the door of the White House between himself and his guests. Our new rules shall apply only to Italians and other alien foreigners not Asiatic, stoutly contended the mayor as he went down the steps with his face still turned toward the closing door.

In consequence of this harmonious agreement, the public is advised that the Board of Education will at once modify and amend its by-laws. The President may be depended on to take care of the Japanese. That is about all. So far as close examination of the memorandum can develop, the laws of the State of California are still permitted to remain unobliterated, which would appear to indicate that the President and Mayor Schmitz have overlooked or intentionally ignored one phase of the situation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Racial History of the Japanese.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL., March 7, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Referring to the question of the origin of the Japanese people, the *Nation* has a review of a paper by the archaeologist, N. Gordon Monro, which tends to show that the Japanese race is primitively one of the white races allied to the Persians and the Hebrews, and not to the Chinese.

Dr. Monro is a skilled archaeologist, and has devoted many years to excavations in Japan. He finds in prehistoric Japan two centres of activity, the Yamato and the Ainu. The Yamato people occupied the region west of Lake Biwa; the Ainus, that to the east, from which region they were gradually driven to the northward by the Yamato Japanese.

It is well known that the Ainu people, of whom some 30,000 are now left in the northern island of Hokkaido, are white men, in essential respects similar to the people of Southern Russia. Their language is also related to the people of the Asiatic Aryan group, the successors to the ancient Sanscrit, from which the Greek is also derived.

Dr. Monro shows that the Yamato people, the parents of modern Japan, were also partly or wholly of white origin. The *Nation* quotes:

The Yamato leaders, if we may judge by the terra-cotta figures which have been left, were not pure Mongolians. Many of these figures exhibit a distinctly Caucasian appearance, and the aristocratic type of Japanese preserves these features to this day. The *beau ideal* of the artists and poets of Japan indicates a prototype of Iranian (Persian) or other Semitic affinity. The Mongolian element in Japan was an imported, not an original stock.

Dr. Monro believes that "the leaven of Ainu," that is of white blood, "is present in the Japanese composite to a greater degree than is apparent."

Dr. David Thompson shows large relations between the Japanese language and the Semitic languages, while Japanese has not a word in common with Chinese, nor with the Filipino languages.

"In a word," says the *Nation*, "excavation confirms the proofs of language that the basic stock of the Nipponese is Ainu, and Dr. Monro's labors confirm those of Chamberlain and Batchelor in showing the lateness and thinness of Mongolian blood infusion and culture in Japan."

With this we may remember that the Huns were typical Mongolians; that they occupied Hungary and invaded Germany, later attempting to invade Japan, but failing to make a landing in that country. It is claimed on good authority that the Anglo-Saxon and all other Germanic peoples have an admixture of the blood of the Huns. From all which it appears that of one blood are all the nations of the earth, that the Japanese, like the Hindus, Arabs, Syrians, and Persians are primitively white, and that no white man is above the suspicion of not having been primitively yellow at some period in his ancestry.

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Most of the tortoise shell of commerce is obtained from the hawks-bill turtle, which is taken chiefly in the Caribbean Sea. Turtles caught in these waters vary in size from 1 to 4½ feet long, with a maximum weight of 150 pounds, and the average weight of shell obtained from each is from 6 to 7 pounds. The commercial value of tortoise shell depends upon the thickness and size of the plates rather than upon the brilliancy of the colors. The price of shell in this market fluctuates from \$3 to \$6 in gold per pound. As the best prices are obtained in England, the largest amount of the shell shipped from these parts goes to that country. The San Blas Indians, however, trade a large amount of shell to coasting schooners, which is partly carried to the States and partly brought to Colon.

Mexico is prosperous under the gold standard. The republic's fiscal receipts (\$50,298,000 United States currency) for the year ended June 30, 1906, were far in excess of other years and much beyond what was expected even by the most optimistic economists. *El Imparcial*, a local newspaper, says the income eleven years ago was only \$25,140,000 United States currency, and concludes that the decided advance to \$50,000,000 is due to careful financing. The gradual growth in the fiscal receipts during the last eleven years is the outcome of increased business prosperity and not of increased taxation.

In thirty States there is a law empowering a man to will away his unborn child.

A CAGED LION.

In front of the entrance a "spieler" stood on a starch-box and beat upon a piece of tin with a stick, and we weakly succumbed to his frenzied appeals and went inside. We did this, I am sure, partly to please the "spieler," who would have been dreadfully disappointed if we had not done so, but partly, too, to please Toppan, who was always interested in the great beasts and liked to watch them.

It is possible that you may remember Toppan as the man who married Victoria Boyden, and, in so doing, thrust his greatness from him and became a bank clerk instead of an explorer. After he married, he came to be quite ashamed of what he had done in Thibet and Africa and other unknown corners of the earth, and, after a while, very seldom spoke of that part of his life at all; or, when he did, it was only to allude to it as a passing boyish fancy, altogether foolish and silly, like calf-love and early attempts at poetry.

"I used to think I was going to set the world on fire at one time," he said once; "I suppose every young fellow has some such ideas. I only made an ass of myself, and I'm glad I'm well out of it. Victoria saved me from that."

But this was long afterward. He died hard, and sometimes he would have moments of strength in his weakness, just as before he had given up his career during a moment of weakness in his strength. During the first years after he had given up his career, he thought he was content with the way things had come to be; but it was not so, and now and then the old feeling, the love of the old life, the old ambition, would be stirred into activity again by some sight, or sound, or episode in the conventional life around him. A chance paragraph in a newspaper, a sight of the Arizona deserts of sage and cactus, a momentary panic on a ferry-boat, sometimes even fine music or a great poem would wake the better part of him to the desire of doing great things. At such times the longing grew big and troublesome within him to cut loose from it all and get back to those places of the earth where there were neither months nor years, and where the days of the week had no names; where he could feel unknown winds blowing against his face and unnamed mountains rising beneath his feet; where he could see great sandy, stony stretches of desert with hot, blue shadows, and plains of salt, and thickets of jungle-grass, broken only by the lairs of beasts and the paths the steinbok make when they go down to water.

The most trifling thing would recall all this to him, just as a couple of notes have recalled to you whole arias and overtures. But with Toppan it was as though one had recalled the arias and the overtures and then was not allowed to sing them.

We went into the arena and sat down. The ring in the middle was fenced in by a great, circular iron cage. The tiers of seats rose around this, a band was playing in a box over the entrance, and the whole interior was lighted by an electric globe slung over the middle of the cage.

Inside the cage a brown bear—to me less suggestive of a wild animal than of lap-ropes and furriers' signs—was dancing sleepily and allowing himself to be prodded by a person whose celluloid standing-collar showed white at the neck above the green of his Tyrolean costume. The bear was mangy, and his steel muzzle had chafed him, and Toppan said he was corrupted of moth and rust alike, and the audience applauded him feebly when he and his keeper withdrew.

After this we had a clown-elephant, dressed in a bib and tucker and vast baggy breeches—like those of a particularly big French *Turco*—who had lunch with his keeper, and rang the bell and drank his wine and wiped his mouth with a handkerchief like a bed-quilt, and pulled the chair from underneath his companion, seeming to be amused at it all with a strange sort of suppressed elephantine mirth.

And then, after they had both made their bow and gone out, in bounded and tumbled the dogs, barking and grinning all over, jumping up on their stools and benches, wriggling and pushing one another about, giggling and excited like so many kindergarten children on a show-day. I am sure they enjoyed their performance as much as the audience did, for they never had to be told what to do, and seemed only too eager for their turn to come. The best of it all was that they were quite unconscious of the audience and appeared to do their tricks for the sake of the tricks themselves, and not for the applause which followed them. And then, after the usual programme of wicker cylinders, hoops, and balls was over, they all rushed off amid a furious scuffling of paws and flapping of tails and heels.

While this was going on, we had been hearing from time to time a great sound, half-whine, half-rumbling guttural cough, that came from somewhere behind the exit from the cage. It was repeated at rapidly decreasing intervals, and grew lower in pitch until it ended in a short bass grunt. It sounded cruel and menacing, and when at its full volume the wood of the benches under us thrilled and vibrated.

There was a little pause in the programme while the arena was cleared and new and much larger and heavier paraphernalia were set about, and a gentleman with well-groomed hair and a very shiny hat entered and announced "the world's greatest lion-tamer." Then he went away and the tamer came in and stood expectantly by the side of the entrance, there was another short wait and the band struck a long minor chord.

And then they came in, one after the other, with long, crouching, lurching strides, not at all good-humoredly, like the dogs, or the elephant, or even the bear, but with low-hanging heads, surly, watchful, their eyes gleaming with the rage and hate that burned in their hearts and that they dared not vent. Their loose, yellow hides rolled and rip-

pled over the great muscles as they moved, and the breath coming from their hot, half-open mouths turned to steam as it struck the air.

A huge, blue-painted see-saw was dragged out to the centre, and the tamer made a sharp sound of command. Slowly, and with twitching tails, two of them obeyed and clambering upon the balancing-board swung up and down, while the music played a see-saw waltz. And all the while their great eyes flamed with the detestation of the thing and their black upper lips curled away from their long fangs in protest of this hourly renewed humiliation and degradation.

And one of the others, while waiting his turn to be whipped and bullied, sat up on his haunches and faced us and looked far away beyond us over the heads of the audience—over the continent and ocean, as it were—as though he saw something in that quarter that made him forget his present surroundings.

"You grand old brute," muttered Toppan; and then he said: "Do you know what you would see if you were to look into his eyes now? You would see Africa, and unnamed mountains, and great stony stretches of desert, with hot blue shadows, and plains of salt, and lairs in the jungle-grass, and lurking places near the paths the steinbok make when they go down to water. But now he's hampered and caged—is there anything worse than a caged lion?—and kept from the life he loves and was made for"—just here the tamer spoke sharply to him, and his eyes and crest drooped—"and ruled over," concluded Toppan, "by some one who is not so great as he, who has spoiled what was best in him and has turned his powers to trivial, resultless uses—some one weaker than he, yet stronger. Ah, well, old brute, it was yours once, we will remember that."

They wheeled out a clumsy velocipede, built expressly for him, and, while the lash whistled and snapped about him, the conquered king heaved himself upon it and went around and around the ring, while the band played a quickstep, the audience broke into applause, and the tamer smirked and bobbed his well-oiled head. I thought of Samson performing for the Philistines and Thesuselda at the triumph of Germanicus. The great beasts, grand though conquered, seemed to be the only dignified ones in the whole business. I hated the audience who saw their shame from behind iron bars; I hated myself for being one of them; and I hated the smug, sniggering tamer.

This latter had been drawing out various stools and ladders, and now arranged the lions upon them so they should form a pyramid, with himself on top.

Then he swung himself up among them, with his heels upon their necks, and, taking hold of the jaws of one, wrenched them apart with a great show of strength, turning his head to the audience so that all should see.

And just then the electric light above him cackled harshly, guttered, dropped down to a pencil of dull red, then went out, and the place was absolutely dark.

The band stopped abruptly with a discord, and there was an instant of silence. Then we heard the stools and ladders clattering as the lions leaped down, and straightway four pair of lambent green spots burned out of the darkness and traveled swiftly about here and there, crossing and recrossing one another like the lights of steamers in a storm. Heretofore, the lions had been sluggish and inert; now they were aroused and alert in an instant, and we could hear the swift *pad-pad* of their heavy feet as they swung around the arena and the sound of their great bodies rubbing against the bars of the cage as one and the other passed nearer to us.

I don't think the audience at all appreciated the situation at first, for no one moved or seemed excited, and one shrill voice suggested that the band should play "When the electric lights go out."

"Keep perfectly quiet, please!" called the tamer out of the darkness, and a certain peculiar ring in his voice was the first intimation of a possible danger.

But Toppan knew; and as we heard the tamer fumbling for the catch of the gate, which he somehow could not loose in the darkness, he said, with a rising voice: "He wants to get that gate open pretty quick."

But for their restless movements the lions were quiet; they uttered no sound, which was a bad sign. Blinking and dazed by the garish blue whiteness of a few moments before, they could see perfectly now where the tamer was blind.

"Listen," said Toppan. Near to us, and on the inside of the cage, we could hear a sound as of some slender body being whisked back and forth over the surface of the floor. In an instant I guessed what it was; one of the lions was crouched there, whipping his sides with his tail.

"When he stops that he'll spring," said Toppan, excitedly.

"Bring a light, Jerry—quick!" came the tamer's voice. People were clambering to their feet by this time, talking loud, and we heard a woman cry out.

"Please keep as quiet as possible, ladies and gentlemen!" cried the tamer; "it won't do to excite—"

From the direction of the voice came the sound of a heavy fall and a crash that shook the iron gratings in their sockets.

"He's got him!" shouted Toppan.

And then what a scene! In that thick darkness every one sprang up, stumbling over the seats and over each other, all shouting and crying out, suddenly stricken with a panic fear of something they could not see. Inside the barred death-trap every lion suddenly gave tongue at once, until the air shook and sang in our ears. We could hear the great cats hurling themselves against the bars, and could see their eyes leaving brassy streaks against the darkness as they leaped. Two more sprang as the first had done toward that quarter of the cage from which came sounds of stamping and struggling, and then the tamer began to scream.

I think that so long as I shall live I shall not forget the sound of the tamer's screams. He did not scream as a woman would have done, from the head, but from the chest, which sounded so much worse that I was sick from it in a second with that sickness that weakens one at the pit of the stomach and along the muscles at the back of the legs. He did not pause for a second. Every breath was a scream, and every scream was alike, and one heard through it all the long snarls of satisfied hate and revenge, muffled by the man's clothes and the *rip, rip* of the cruel, blunt claws.

Hearing it all in the dark, as we did, made it all the more dreadful. I think for a time I must have taken leave of my senses. I was ready to vomit for the sickness that was upon me, and I beat my hands raw upon the iron bars or clasped them over my ears against the sounds of the dreadful thing that was doing behind them. I remember praying aloud that it might soon be over, so only those screams might be stopped.

It seemed as though it had gone on for hours, when some men rushed in with a lantern and long, sharp irons. A hundred voices cried: "Here he is, over here!" and they ran around outside the cage and threw the light of the lantern on a place where a heap of gray, gold-laced clothes writhed and twisted beneath three great bulks of fulvous hide and bristling black mane.

The irons were useless. The three furies dragged their prey out of their reach and crouched over it again and recommenced. No one dared to go into the cage, and still the man lived and struggled and screamed.

I saw Toppan's fingers go to his mouth, and through that medley of dreadful noises there issued a sound that, sick as I was, made me shrink anew and close my eyes and teeth and shudder as though some cold slime had been poured through the hollow of my bones where the marrow should be. It was as the noise of the whistling of a fine whip-lash, mingled with the whirr of a locust magnified a hundred times, and ended in an abrupt clacking noise thrice repeated.

At once I remembered where I had heard it before, because, having once heard the hiss of an aroused and angry serpent, no child of Eve can ever forget it.

The sound that now came from between Toppan's teeth and that filled the arena from wall to wall, was the sound that I had heard once before in the Paris Jardin des Plantes at feeding-time—the sound made by the great constrictors, when their huge bodies are looped and coiled like a *reata* for the throw that never misses, that never relaxes, and that no beast of the field is built strong enough to withstand. All the filthy wickedness and abominable malice of the centuries since the Enemy first entered into that shape that crawls, was concentrated in that hoarse, whistling hiss—a hiss that was cold and piercing like an icicle-made sound. It was not loud, but had in it some sort of penetrating quality that cut through the waves of horrid sounds about us, as the snake-carved prow of a Viking galley might have cut its way through the tumbling eddies of a tide-rip.

At the second repetition the lions paused. None better than they knew what was the meaning of that hiss. They had heard it before in their native hunting-grounds in the earlier days of summer, when the first heat lay close over all the jungle like the hollow of the palm of an angry god. Or if they themselves had not heard it, their sires before them had, and the fear of the thing bred into their bones suddenly leaped to life at the sound and gripped them and held them close.

When for a third time the sound sung and shrilled in their ears, their heads drew between their shoulders, their great eyes grew small and glittering, the hackles rose and stiffened on their backs, their tails drooped, and they backed slowly to the further side of the cage and cowered there, whining and beaten.

Toppan wiped the sweat from the inside of his hands and went into the cage with the keepers and gathered up the panting, broken body, with its twitching fingers and dead, white face and ears, and carried it out. As they lifted it, the handful of pitiful medals dropped from the shredded gray coat and rattled down upon the floor. In the silence that had now succeeded, it was about the only sound one heard.

As we sat that evening on the porch of Toppan's house, in a fashionable suburb of the city, he said, for the third time: "I had that trick from a Mpongwee headman," and added: "It was while I was at Victoria Falls, waiting to cross the Kalahari Desert."

Then he continued, his eyes growing keener and his manner changing: "There is some interesting work to be done in that quarter by some one. You see, the Kalahari runs like this"—he drew the lines on the ground with his cane—"coming down in something like this shape from the Orange River to about the twentieth parallel south. The aneroid gives its average elevation about six hundred feet. I didn't cross it at the time, because we had sickness and the porters cut. But I made a lot of geological observations, and from these I have built up a theory that the Kalahari is no desert at all, but a big, well-watered plateau, with higher ground on the east and west. The tribes, too, thereabout call the place *Linoka-Noka*, and that's the Bantu for rivers upon rivers. They're nasty, though, these Bantu, and gave us a lot of trouble. They have a way of spitting little poisoned thorns into you unawares, and your tongue swells up and turns blue and your teeth fall out and—"

His wife Victoria came out to us in evening dress.

"Ah, Vic," said Toppan, jumping up, with a very sweet smile, "we were just talking about your paper-german next Tuesday, and I think we might have some very pretty favors made out of white tissue-paper—roses and butterflies, you know."

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1894.

FRANK NOBIS.

THE PIXLEY-SWIFT CAMPAIGN.

By Jerome A. Hart.

It is over twenty years since the exciting State campaign in which two old friends, Frank M. Pixley and John F. Swift, found themselves turned into enemies. The incident with the sensational defeat of the head of the Republican ticket, was one of the most striking in the political history of California.

Its inside history has never been written. There were not many who knew how reluctantly Pixley was forced into fighting his old friend, and most of those few who did know it are dead. The earthquake and fire of the past year have shown us all how ephemeral are the records of contemporaneous history. It may be well to set down some of these facts before they are forgotten.

Pixley was forced to bear much harsh criticism for his conduct in that campaign. But I know how reluctantly he was forced into his attitude of opposition to Swift, and how he struggled to avoid it. For some years he had been the leader of the "American Party" in California. His functions mainly consisted in fighting the Republican bosses; who in San Francisco at that time were Higgins, Gannon, and Chute. After the various conventions had finished nominating, Pixley usually made up a mosaic ticket, which he called the "American Party ticket." In this he generally included such members of the old "Know-Nothing Party" as may have obtained recognition on either the Republican or the Democratic tickets. It must not be forgotten that there has always been a strong tinge of "Know-Nothingism" in California, and that J. Neely Johnson was elected Governor in 1855 as the "Know-Nothing" candidate. Pixley was in the habit of excluding from his "American Party ticket" nearly all Roman Catholic foreigners. Naturally, he caused much irritation, both within and without the Republican ranks, and was almost always in hot water. But that rarely perturbed him.

When the campaign of 1886 began, the "American Party" had determined to hold a convention of its own. It looked to Pixley for chieftainship. But Pixley remained singularly deaf to the leaders' letters and personal pleadings. His conduct seemed to them incomprehensible. He kept assuring his former lieutenants that 1886 was not a good year for an American Party Convention, and that they had better confine themselves to endorsing candidates from the tickets of the old parties. So earnest was he in his discouragement of the American Party Convention that by midsummer it looked as if it would not be called.

The secret of Pixley's lukewarmness was this: Matters had so shaped themselves in the Republican party that the nomination of John F. Swift for Governor seemed highly probable. Before this, Pixley had attempted to secure election as a delegate from the precinct in which he had lived since 1852, but the heelers of the bosses, Higgins and Gannon, downed him. He could easily have secured a proxy, but he became convinced that his lack of "party regularity" and his reputation as a bolter might injure his friend Swift. Therefore, in order not to imperil Swift's chances, he determined to stay away from the Republican Convention, which that year was held in Los Angeles.

No one who did not know Pixley could guess how severe a trial this was to him. Although he had never filled any political office after he was Attorney-General under Stanford in 1861-3, nor sought any after he was defeated for Congress in 1868, he dearly loved to attend conventions. He yearned to be a convention delegate—at any kind of convention, it mattered not what—a national, a State, a district, or a county convention. I do not think Pixley ever enjoyed anything so much in his life as attending the National Republican Convention in Chicago and seconding the nomination of Blaine—that same Blaine whom, a few years later, he was bitterly denouncing. Therefore, when he remained away from the State Republican Convention in Los Angeles—fearing that his presence there might endanger the chances of his friend Swift, whose nomination he ardently desired—it speaks volumes for his friendship.

Just before the convention, on August 21, 1886, he said in print: "I have known Mr. Swift during all his life of manhood and mine, and in my opinion there is no man in the Republican party better equipped than he for the discharge of official duties. Were I in the Republican State Convention, I should vote for John F. Swift as the candidate of the party for Governor."

These things led to a significant pause in the American Party campaign just before the convening of the Republican convention. The more ardent of the American Party men, headed by P. D. Wigginton, were so disconcerted by Pixley's attitude that they were uncertain what to do, and it seemed as if the campaign would open with only a half-hearted American Party candidate in the field, or none at all.

The Republican Convention duly convened at Los Angeles. Swift's most prominent rival in the field was General W. H. Dimond, who was ardently supported by General W. H. L. Barnes. But John F. Swift was chosen, and his nomination was very cordially received by the people of the State and by the press. At that time the State government was in the hands of the Democrats, and it was generally believed that a strong and popular candidate was needed to head the Republican forces, and to enable the party to win back the State administration. On September 4, Pixley, speaking of the convention's action, said in print: "The nomination of Hon. John F. Swift at the Republican Convention was alike honorable to the party and to the candidate. It was obtained by him without any device that was not creditable. His nomi-

nation gives universal satisfaction to the party, and his candidacy will no doubt be a brilliant and successful one." Pixley followed this with Swift's speech of acceptance in full, and with several columns advocating his election.

On the day when the balloting for the gubernatorial candidates began, Pixley had made arrangements to receive dispatches from Los Angeles at the *Argonaut* office throughout the day. I had rarely seen him more enthusiastic and excited than he was on that day. I was in and out of his office as the messages came. The day wore on, with the receipt of dispatches of the most encouraging nature. At last I heard wild cheering from Pixley's room. I hastened in, and found him in the centre of a group of Swift adherents, waving a yellow telegram in his hand, and cheering at the top of his voice. News had come that Swift was nominated.

The campaign was a peculiar one. The number of tickets was bewildering. The "Regular Republican ticket" was led by John F. Swift. The "Regular Democratic ticket" was headed by Washington Bartlett. There were four other candidates for Governor—Joel Russell, "Prohibition;" P. D. Wigginton, "American Party;" C. C. O'Donnell, "Independent;" Jerome B. Cox, "Labor." The remaining tickets included "Anti-monopoly," "Independent Republican," "Labor Party," "United Anti-Boss," "Regular Irish-American Democrat," "Citizens' Independent," "Regular United Labor," and "American Home Rule Party."

Jerome B. Cox, the "Labor" candidate, was a former partner of Charles McLaughlin, a railroad contracting millionaire. As a result of business disputes, Cox fatally shot McLaughlin in his office, and, on being tried for murder, was successfully defended by D. M. Delmas. McLaughlin's fortune, after his widow's death, went to Miss Ives, now Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, and to Miss Dillon, now Mrs. Emory Winship.

The State campaign speedily became very hot. Pixley's attacks on foreigners aroused violent denunciation in the Republican party, as it was feared he would injure the State ticket. He had by this time withdrawn his opposition to the appearance of an American Party ticket, apparently, however, stipulating that he should be allowed to place Swift's name at its head. When attacked by the Democratic papers on the charge of being a "Know-Nothing" he retorted in print (September 11) that the *Examiner* was owned by a former "Know-Nothing"; that it was endeavoring to induce foreigners to vote for Washington Bartlett, who had been a leading "Know-Nothing"; and that George Penn Johnston, former editor and proprietor of the *Examiner*, was also a "Know-Nothing," and had initiated him (Pixley) into that secret order. But while this outburst silenced the Democratic attacks, it did not relieve the anxiety of the anti-Know-Nothings in the Republican ranks.

Soon after the Republican Convention Pixley printed in the *Argonaut* (September 18) "An American ticket which is the result of the united consultation of twelve gentlemen—seven of them Republicans, and five Democrats." This ticket, which was headed by "John F. Swift for Governor," was made up largely of Republican candidates with some seven or eight Democrats. It was prefaced by the declaration that it "represents the idea of Americans of native birth being first entitled to enjoy the offices of the country, provided that they are competent and honest."

On the very day that it appeared in the *Argonaut*, Swift formally requested Pixley to remove his name from the American ticket. It is my impression—I was so assured at the time—that he did so on his own initiative, and without consultation with his personal and political friends. He wrote a letter to that effect, which he sent to the *Evening Bulletin*, where it appeared on Saturday, September 18, 1886. Pixley knew nothing of the letter until he read it in the evening paper. This pregnant epistle decided the vote for the governorship of a great State. Publication meant non-election; non-publication meant election. As it is an historic document, I reproduce it here in full:

FRANK M. PIXLEY, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: I observed in this morning's issue of the *Argonaut* that twelve gentlemen, whose names are not given, have done me the honor to nominate me for Governor upon what is printed in the paper as an "American ticket," with my name at the head. The supposed views of the twelve gentlemen are set forth in the same issue of your journal, and coincide substantially with the opinions which have been urged by the *Argonaut* for some years past. I do not agree with those views. I can easily understand how you, in your kindly feeling toward me personally, based upon our long-standing friendly relations, should be willing to vote for me, even though conscious, as I know you to be, that I do not agree with the *Argonaut* in its attitude toward Roman Catholics and foreign-born citizens.

But I can not so easily understand why the twelve gentlemen you refer to should also desire to confer this unsolicited and undesired honor upon me. But I am not sorry they have done so, for it gives me an opportunity of expressing my opinions upon the questions raised by your article.

I have never in my life, either in public or private, expressed or entertained any such views as are contained in the article suggesting my name, and which the twelve gentlemen are understood to agree with.

I have never made or felt any distinction between men of our race, citizens or not citizens, on account of their nationality or religion, and I never shall.

I believe that the policy adopted in the early days of the Republic, of extending the right of citizenship to all Europeans, in order to encourage their coming hither, was a wise policy, and I would not change it if I had the power. And I think, further, that even if the policy as an original question was of doubtful advantage, it is in my opinion in the highest degree unjust, and unwise because unjust, to agitate the matter over again after millions of good men and excellent citizens have accepted the invitation and acted upon it.

I believe that Roman Catholics are as loyal to Republican institutions and to the United States as Protestant Christians, or people of any other faith. And I believe that they, whether born in the United States or in foreign lands, if citizens, ought to enjoy precisely the same right as to holding office and all other rights of citizenship under the Constitution and laws, with myself or any other native-born citizen.

Such being my views, as you know—I may say almost better than anybody, for I have so often told you so—I take it for granted the twelve gentlemen will not want me longer at the head of their

ticket, but will promptly take me down.

But whatever may be their wishes on that subject, I beg that you will see that my name is taken down, and not again printed in that connection.

I am, dear sir, very truly and sincerely your friend,

JOHN F. SWIFT.

824 Valencia Street, San Francisco, September 18, 1886.

When this letter appeared, Pixley was surprised and wounded. I really think he was even more grieved than wounded, for he entertained a sincere affection for Swift. But he did not hesitate over his course of action. He replied at length to Swift in a published letter, dated September 22. In it he said that Swift's "independence had not been compromised by anything appearing in the *Argonaut*, for if Mr. Swift could not control its opinions, he could not be held responsible for them, and that the *Argonaut* had so stated repeatedly." This was true; Pixley had endeavored to support Swift without implying that Swift endorsed his (Pixley's) views. He closed by saying: "As you desire, your name will be removed from the American ticket. You are a strong, able, fearless man, and it is a matter of deep regret to me that you have taken a political attitude which in my opinion will be fatal to your political ambition. When I recall all that has passed between us for the last thirty years, and believed that you knew that I was doing all in my power to elect you Governor of California, and endeavoring not to compromise you in any way by allowing anybody to hold you responsible for my political opinions and actions, I can but think that you have taken a somewhat harsh and unceremonious mode of parting company with one who, whatever his eccentricities and faults, has never been guilty of disloyalty to you, and has never omitted an opportunity to advance your political fortunes for the number of years in which we have always been associated as political friends."

Even after the unhappy misunderstanding between the two men, Pixley did not hesitate to defend his friend. On October 29, he said in print, in defending Swift from attacks made on him by the *Examiner* and *Alta California*, that they were "false and libellous charges." These journals had accused Swift of attempting to grab a part of a public street, of robbing his father's estate, and of pleading the statute of limitations in bar of returning money unjustly held. In reply to these accusations, Pixley said in print, October 9: "These accusations are absolutely groundless and untrue, with not even a shadow of foundation. Such journalism is shameful and indefensible. It is the work of slanderers and cowards." Thus for a column or more Pixley defended his friend.

After the publication of Swift's letter, Pixley decided to lift the lid which he had placed on the American Party Convention, and the pot speedily began to bubble. The delegates met at Fresno on September 28, and nominated an incomplete ticket. For Governor, P. D. Wigginton was nominated. For Lieutenant-Governor the delegates unanimously voted for Frank M. Pixley. But as Pixley absolutely refused to accept, his name was withdrawn, and instead there was substituted that of the Republican nominee, R. H. Waterman. This action made Waterman Governor of California. Among the other nominees were C. N. Wilson for Secretary of State, E. L. Denny for Controller, George T. White for Treasurer, Alfred Daggett for Attorney-General, Ira G. Hoitt for Superintendent of Schools, Theodore Reichert for Surveyor-General, Samuel Frew for Clerk of the Supreme Court. The other nominations were referred to district or county conventions.

The election took place on November 2. It was so close that for several days the result was doubtful. By Saturday it seemed as if the Republican ticket was elected, with Swift running behind, but safe. On November 6 Pixley said in print: "It is probable that the Hon. John F. Swift is by a small plurality elected Governor. We sincerely hope this may be true, and that the State may have at the head of its administration a gentleman as able and honorable as we know Mr. Swift to be. That he will adorn the position, as he has every other public trust he has been called on to perform, and will with dignity fill the office, we feel convinced." But as the later returns came in, the complexion of the poll was changed. The returns showed that Swift (Rep.) had polled 84,316 votes; Bartlett (Dem.) 84,968; hence Bartlett had a plurality of 652. Waterman (Rep. Lt. Gov.), polled 94,969; Tarpey (Dem. Lt. Gov.), 92,476. Waterman thus had a plurality over Tarpey of 2,493. Waterman's vote exceeded that of Swift by 10,653, which probably represents the number of votes lost to Swift by his letter of September 18, 1886. And by it he also lost the governorship. What was additionally remarkable in this curious campaign is that the Democrats did not secure the governorship after all. For Waterman not only exceeded Swift by 10,000 votes, but by the death of Bartlett, the Democratic incumbent, which took place some months after the inauguration, Waterman became Governor.

Was Swift right or wrong in his action? It depends upon the standard. Politically, he was probably wrong. Seven men out of ten under such circumstances would remain silent. Ethically, he was right, if he sincerely believed as he wrote. Personally, I believe he was sincere. I very much regretted his defeat, and I deplored the unhappy ending of this friendship of many years.

Swift and Pixley were genuinely affectionate in their friendship. They differed radically, but their very points of difference probably attracted each to the other. They were much together. Prior to this campaign, Swift was a constant visitor at Pixley's office; I have seen him there probably hundreds of times. When Pixley happened to be out, Swift would often drop into my office. He was a brilliant talker, mordant, witty, enthralling; his

mind was well stored by wide reading and extensive travel; he was a man of great personal charm. There were those who did not like him, for he was intolerant of dullness, and he had a caustic satire. But nearly all who knew him fell under his spell.

Swift was the author of several books. One, a volume of travel sketches, entitled "Going to Jericho," had a great vogue in its day. Another, "Robert Greathouse," a novel, was the event of literary San Francisco many years ago. It was believed to contain many characters taken from life, and one over-conversational jurist was generally believed to be Judge Ogden Hoffman. I had picked up a copy of the book in which some person had pencilled the "genuine names" of the characters, and one day, when Swift was in my office, I submitted it to him for identification. He examined it carefully with an enigmatic smile, but he refused to commit himself. He took refuge, as do most authors under such circumstances, behind the shield of "composite types."

Swift filled various positions of honor, both before and after this campaign. In 1880, the President appointed him a commissioner to China, to negotiate a treaty concerning immigration. In conversation with me one day he described most vividly his arrival in Peking—a vast and squalid city, in which there were then no hotels save the filthy inns of the natives, and no white men save the handful about the legations.

Some years later he was appointed Minister to Japan, which post he filled with marked ability, and his dispatches to the State Department during 1889 and 1890 ranked high at Washington.

He died in March, 1891, and four years later Pixley followed him to the grave. To my knowledge, there never was any intercourse between these two friends of a lifetime after the campaign of 1886.

How melancholy is the wreck of such a friendship! For men do not make new friends after they pass middle life. Acquaintances?—Yes. Friends?—No.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1907.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The German government has raised the salary of its American Ambassador, Baron Speck von Sternburg, to \$30,000 per annum.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland has written to the president of the California Anglers' Association, renewing his letter of acceptance of honorary membership in the association, his original letter having been lost in the fire.

George W. Perkins, formerly the first vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, has sent to that company his personal check for \$54,019, in reimbursement to the company of the contribution made from its funds in 1904 to the expenses of the Republican campaign.

The President is about to appoint three members of the Immigration Commission, who will serve with three Senators and three Representatives to make a thorough investigation of the immigration situation. It is intimated that one of the commissioners will be from the Pacific Coast.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana maintains that the government has a right to make a treaty giving rights to aliens which may be denied by State constitutions and laws, and that when so given the State must observe the treaty, whether it affects schools, real estate, or any other subject.

Ambassador Leishmann has resolutely refused to reopen the discussion with the Turkish government as to the official recognition to be accorded to American schools and missionary establishments in Turkey. Energetic measures are likely to be taken should existing conditions continue.

Governor Carter of Honolulu has aroused intense indignation by his recent statement that he would be quite willing that his daughters should marry Japanese. The two little girls, who have been greatly teased by their schoolmates, are said to have minds of their own in the matter and to have expressed them with much force.

Senator Knox was severely taken to task by some of his constituents for his position in defending Senator Reed Smoot of Utah. His critics were mainly of the fair sex, but their indignation received something of a set back when it became known that President Roosevelt had personally complimented Senator Knox upon his speech, which did much to turn senatorial sentiment in favor of the Utah man.

Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, speaking before the Business Men's Bible Class in New York, said: "It is well known to have been possible, if not probable, that if we had not declared the war with Spain in 1898, if we had permitted negotiations to continue for thirty days, we never would have had a war with Spain and Cuba would have been free from Spanish control and we should not have paid any more than we paid for the Philippine Islands."

Ex-Secretary Shaw has been elected president of the Carnegie Trust Company at New York. Asked as to the effect that this step would have upon his political fortunes, he replied: "A man by taking thought may make himself justice of the peace, but no man in my time by taking thought has made himself President of the United States, and those who have given the subject most serious consideration have usually died in disappointment. Admittedly some of the successful ones have sought the place, but no one was nominated because he sought it."

MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS.

A Woman's Raid upon the Houses of Parliament.

The riot of the woman suffragists in front of the parliament house in Westminster has simply proved once more that the so-called gentle sex can not resort to violence without making itself ridiculous. The story of this street fight, almost without its like in the history of civilization, is a little pitiful and more than a little ludicrous, and London oscillates in an uncertain manner between indignation and ridicule. Either these women—and many of them are of high social position—must be allowed to do exactly as they please, or their illegalities must be checked in the ordinary way by the prosaic hand of the policeman. Both alternatives are painful and it is hard to say which is the more so.

Unauthorized processions in parliament yard are not allowed, nor are such processions permitted in any capital in the world. The several hundred women who arranged to raid the Parliament House knew well that they were doing something that could not be permitted. Presumably they relied upon their sex for immunity, and in so doing they denied the very object of their gathering, which was to demand a political equality with men. Had they been men, the casualty lists would have been much more serious than a few cases of hysteria and a liberal harvest of hair-pins.

The invading forces sent an advance guard of two hundred women, headed by Mrs. Despard, who is the sister of General French, the well-known cavalry leader. They sang as they went, and the nature of their melody may be judged from a single verse:

Rise up, women! for the fight is hard and long;
Rise in thousands, singing loud a battle song.
Right is might, and in its strength we shall be strong,
And the cause goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
But the cause goes marching on.

On arriving at Westminster the women were warned by the police, but they disregarded the admonition to go home and behave themselves. The police tried to disperse them and failed. Then some mounted men forced their way through and through the demonstrators, breaking them up and trying to scatter them, but the women simply dodged the horses and re-formed still nearer to their goal. Then at last when everything else had failed, the police laid forcible hands upon the reformers, dragging them back into the road and throwing them about with some violence. Mrs. Despard was the first to be arrested, and she at least can have no complaint, as it was the desire of her heart to be a martyr to the cause, and she had been grievously disappointed upon the occasion of the previous raid. Altogether about fifty were arrested amid scenes of indescribable confusion and from the throng of many thousands of persons who had been attracted by so extraordinary a scene. Some of the prisoners submitted with a good grace. Others were indignant, defiant, or sarcastic. "Tak tha 'ands off me," cried one sturdy lady from Lancashire. "Ah dunna want to be touched by such fingers as thine." Another captive said, "You lay a hand on a woman and, mark my words, it'll come back to you some day." Others shouted, "Cowards, to strike a woman!" The police upon occasions showed a marked facility for repartee. One defiant little lady was advised to go home to her mother and learn to darn socks, but as a rule the arguments were more forcible. At least seven women received bruises, some of them severe.

The scene at the police court in the morning was an entertaining one. Mrs. Chatterton refused to stand up on the ground that she was tired, and the magistrate judiciously excused her, but as she refused to withdraw when her case was put back, she had to be carried out bodily by a burly policeman, murmuring as she was carried away, "This is just lovely." Miss Seruya, a graceful young lady, openly chuckled at the grim policeman who testified that she had struck him with her clenched fist. "What?" said Miss Seruya. "I only struck you with this muff, although it certainly did have a book inside it." "It seemed like a clenched fist," explained the magistrate; "twenty shillings or fourteen days." "Oh, the fourteen days, of course," remarked defendant sweetly, as she stepped off to the coveted martyrdom. Miss Olivia Smith was equally amusing. She was accused of "pushing and shoving about," and in her defense she said, "I had already shoved one horse off the footpath, and the policeman said, 'There's another there; go and shove that'; so not liking to disobey I went and I did so." Forty shillings or a month for her. Mrs. Sanders, the delicate and fragile wife of Alderman Sanders, was accused of striking a burly constable, and convulsed the court by tenderly enquiring of the aggrieved minion of the law if she had hurt him. The majority of the defendants were fined twenty shillings or fourteen days; half a dozen were asked to pay forty shillings or go to prison for a month, while a few escaped with a fine of ten shillings or seven days in durance vile. All the prisoners, with the exception of two, elected to go to prison and were duly removed to Holloway Gaol, where their sufferings will not be very acute in view of the welcome and demonstration that will certainly attend their release. It will be a long time before the woman's raid upon the House of Commons is forgotten, even if it is not repeated, as it most probably will be.

The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and there is general certainty among the friends of female suffrage, male as well as female, that the cause has been advanced by a display of determination that may have its ludicrous aspects, but that can not be without its effects. No great reform is ever granted by a British

government until the spectre of violence is visible in the background, and these women agitators know well that they have only to go on as they have begun and they must win. Even such women as Mrs. Fawcett, who would shrink from personal encounters with the police, have no condemnation and, indeed, nothing but praise for those who are untroubled by such scruples, and such seems to be the general sentiment among women whose names protect them from ridicule. Clearly, the end is not yet in sight.

LONDON, March 4, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Soul of Eloquence.

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them? to persuade?
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no airs
Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!
And when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh, these fine holiday phrases
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,—
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,—
These filagree ornaments,—are good for nothing!
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one:
Are unrefreshing as the wind that whistles
In autumn 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.
If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive:
If from the soul your language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,—
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly,
Toil on forever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And hlow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes—
Startle the schoolboys with your metaphors—
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one.
By words which come not native from the heart.
—John Anster, from Goethe.

The Mariner's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
He dreamed of his home, of his dear native shores,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And hadd the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
The jessamine clammers, in flower, o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
A father hends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."
Ah! whence is that flame which now glares on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now hursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere!
He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck,
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire!
Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save:
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.
O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unhushed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.
No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy windings-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.
Days, months, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

—William Dimond.

Immigration Commissioner Sargent has stated that the law under which it is unlawful for a State to pay the passage of intending immigrants or to assist immigration except by advertisement, does not apply to Hawaii. Under the auspices of the Territorial Immigration Society immigrants are being brought to the island from Europe and the Azores to take the place of Japanese laborers upon the sugar plantations.

It seems that Senator La Follette is a vegetable. This will be a surprise to several of his opponents, who have supposed that he dined on iron filings and black vinegar.

RIVALS OF PEG WOFFINGTON.

The Stories of Some Stage Favorites of an Early Day.

Among recent volumes of theatrical biography and reminiscence there are few so interesting as "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era," by John Fyvie. Twelve famous actresses are described in the book, and a wealth of portraiture, criticism, and anecdote, won from many sources, is given with directness and discrimination. From Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, the first in Mr. Fyvie's list, to Harriot Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans, the last, nearly all these noted women were historical figures as well as prominent personages in the chronicles of the stage. Among them, Margaret Woffington, the heroine of Charles Reade's story, is best known to readers of this day, yet in the chapter devoted to her life and achievements the author has effectually disposed of some persisting illusions concerning her real character.

Peg Woffington's lowly birth and childhood experience as a water-cress girl in the streets of Dublin were remarkably similar to those of a great actress of earlier days, and are briefly noted. The beginning of her real career, however, is a peculiarly interesting statement when considered with the knowledge of later events in the world of music and drama. As Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," gave to the theatre of today scores of its best-known actors, so, a century and a half before, did Gay's "Beggar's Opera" give to the stage more than one of its widely celebrated figures. This is the story, as credited in the book:

In 1727, according to Hitchcock's "Historical View of the Irish Stage," Madame Violante, a capital dancer, rented a large house, with a spacious garden, in Fowne's Court, which she converted into a commodious booth, and brought over a company of tumblers and rope-dancers, who exhibited there for some time with success. When the public tired of her tumblers, she converted the booth into a playhouse, and performed both plays and operas. And when her actors proved a bad and unattractive lot, Madame Violante, who was a woman of many resources, formed a company of children, all under ten years of age, who became known as the Lilliputian Troupe. Amongst other things they performed "The Beggar's Opera," which had not previously been seen in Dublin, and which drew crowded houses. Many of these children, says Hitchcock, afterwards became actors and actresses of distinction, but the most distinguished of them all was Peg Woffington, who in "The Beggar's Opera" played the part of Polly. In 1730 Madame Violante moved to more commodious premises in George's Lane, with her Lilliputian Troupe in great estimation. Lee Leves tells us that Madame Violante perceived the bent of Margaret's genius, and instructed her in several other ballad-farical parts; and that Mr. Charles Coffey, author of "The Beggar's Wedding" and other humorous poems, took much notice of her, and carefully taught her every applauded stroke he had noticed in the performance by Miss Raftor (afterwards Mrs. Clive) of the part of Nell in "The Devil to Pay."

The young actress had, in addition to her beauty of face and form and rich dramatic gifts, a hot temper, a biting humor, and incisive speech. Her encounters with managers and rivals were frequent:

Unfortunately none of Mrs. Clive's sharp speeches nor of Woffington's keen and sarcastic replies have been recorded. The solitary instance which Mr. Daly gives is not unimpeachably authentic. Kitty is said to have remarked to Peg, "A pretty face, of course, excuses a multiplicity of sweet-hearts;" and Peg to have replied to Kitty, "And a plain one insures a vast overflow of unmarketable virtue." With Quin she carried on a perpetual war of wit. In Reade's novel Quin always gets the worst of it, but in reality the reverse seems to have happened.

This is the closing scene of a brilliant career that had lasted thirty years:

"She went through Rosalind for four acts without my perceiving she was in the least disordered, but in the fifth she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, the which she graciously accepted; I thought she looked softened in her behavior, and had less of the hauteur. When she came off at the quick change of dress she again complained of being ill, but got scouted, and returned to finish the part, and pronounced in the epilogue speech, 'If it be true that good wine needs no bush, it is as true that a good play needs no epilogue,' etc., but when she arrived at 'If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that

pleased me,' her voice broke, she faltered, endeavored to go on, but could not proceed; then in a voice of tremor screamed 'O God! O God!' tottered to the stage-door, speechless, where she was caught. The audience, of course, applauded until she was out of sight, and then sunk into awful looks of astonishment to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favorite principal actress, who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of Death, in such a situation of time and place, and in her prime of life."

In the life of George Anne Bellamy, one of Peg Woffington's English-born rivals, there are many romantic incidents. This actress was the natural daughter of Lord Tyrawley, a dissolute Irish diplomatist, and a young Quakeress who ran away from school with him at the age of fourteen. From her childhood this daughter was her father's especial favorite, though he had other children through several alliances, and he kept her with him when less favored members of his household were sent way for various reasons:

His company soon perceived that the best way to pay court to him was by being lavish in their praise of her; whereby she came in for a good deal more professed admiration and flattery than was at all good for her. Even the superfine Lord Chesterfield condescended to bestow upon her his "elegant praises"; and it appears to have been only a certain crooked little great man at Twickenham who had the courage to place her on her proper level. She could repeat the first three books of Pope's "Homer" by rote; and having one day persuaded her father to let her accompany him on a visit to the poet, she looked forward to creating a great impression by her literary acquirements and wit. But as soon as they were shown in, Mr. Pope rang for his house-keeper and desired her to take little "Miss" into the gardens and give her as much fruit as she chose to eat; whereat "Miss" felt herself to have been more humiliated than ever before in her short life.

Her mother, deserted by Tyrawley, went on the stage, and the daughter eventually went to her and was soon acquainted with many members of the profession. Rich, a partner of the celebrated Quin, noted her intelligence and pleasing voice, and induced her to appear at Covent Garden Theatre when she was seventeen, much against Quin's judgment:

When she made her *début*, on November 22, 1744, it seemed at first as though Quin's prognostications were to be justified. Throughout the first, second, and third acts she appeared to be dazed, both memory and voice completely failing her, but the audience was fortunately kind and encouraging, and to the exultation of the manager and the astonishment of everybody else, in the fourth act she seemed to be suddenly inspired, "blazed out with meridian splendor," and scored a triumphant success. Quin, who was as fascinated as he was surprised, lifted her up in a transport of enthusiasm, exclaiming "Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee!" From that moment the old actor became one of her firmest friends.

Her admirers among the young blades of fashion were soon numerous, and of the various accounts concerning one adventure, the author offers this story, which has since been adapted by more than one novelist:

A less scrupulous admirer was Lord Byron, a nobleman who, unlike his illustrious descendant, the poet, had nothing but his title and an agreeable-looking face to boast about. Byron's vanity was hurt by her decisive rejection of his proposals; and he formed a plot to kidnap her. One of his friends, a noble earl whose name is not given, who was engaged in a similar pursuit of one of her theatrical friends, called at her house in Southampton Street one day to inform her that this friend of hers was on a coach at the end of the street and wished to speak with her for a moment. When George Anne at once unsuspectingly ran out, without waiting even to put on a hat, Byron's noble friend suddenly hoisted her into the coach and drove off as fast as the horses could gallop. During the drive his lordship cynically told her that she would do well to consent to make his friend happy; for Byron was shortly to be married to Miss Shaw, whose large fortune would enable him to provide handsomely for any one whom he took under his protection. At length the coach stopped at what was then a lonely place, fronting the fields, at the top of North Audley Street; she was carried into her abductor's house, and the nobleman left her there, saying he was going to prepare a lodging for her at a mantua-maker's in Broad Street, Carnaby Market. By one of those extraordinary freaks of fortune which are supposed to happen only in novels, George Anne's brother, just re-

turned home from sea, arrived at the top of Southampton Street just as the coach was driving away with his sister. On being informed of what had happened, he immediately went on to the earl's house, and finding that his lordship had gone out for a short time, walked about within sight of the door to await his return. The earl seems to have been ready enough with a plausible story, and convinced O'Hara that George Anne had been a consenting party to Byron's proposals; so that when they walked into the room together, and she flew into the arms of her brother, the young sailor shook her off so roughly that she fell insensible to the ground. However, before he left the house he gave the earl so sound a thrashing, and so effectually frightened him with the threat of a prosecution, that his lordship promptly took himself out of the way.

With all the adulation won by her beauty and success, the actress was not made indifferent to the less happy fortune of others. This is the story of one of her charitable acts:

As she was one day returning from rehearsal she heard a sound of lamentation proceeding from a house at the bottom of Britain Street, and with characteristic impulsiveness, pushed past some evil-looking men who were guarding the door, to inquire if she could be of any assistance. Inside she found a woman of a most elegant figure, surrounded by four beautiful girls and a young boy, all evidently in a state of the utmost distress. The lady, who was Mrs. Gunning, informed her that, in consequence of living beyond his income, her husband had been obliged to retire into the country to avoid arrest. Her brother, Lord Mayo, would not listen to her solicitations for help; and the men at the door were bailiffs, who would shortly turn her and her children into the street. George Anne's sympathies were aroused, and after a short consultation it was arranged that her manservant should come after nightfall and take away everything that could be thrown out to him from the drawing-room window; that the two eldest girls (who afterwards became Countess of Coventry and Duchess of Argyll respectively) should stay with her as long as necessary. The other children were to be placed with an aunt, and Mrs. Gunning was to join her husband and assist him in the settlement of his affairs. The two girls were most grateful for the asylum thus afforded them, and professed great affection for their youthful protector—for it must be remembered that George Anne was herself at this time only a girl of eighteen.

When Miss Bellamy was in the same company with Peg Woffington, there were numerous occasions that displayed the spirit of the rival favorites:

Instead of having her theatrical costumes bought for her, the proprietors of the theatre made her an allowance in cash; and this circumstance gave rise on one occasion to a pretty squabble with her rival, Peg Woffington. George Anne had got her dressmaker to buy for her in Paris two of the "most elegant" tragedy dresses that money could procure, the ground of one being a rich purple, of the other, a deep yellow. A revival of Lee's "Alexander," in which she was to play Statira, and Peg Woffington, Roxana, promised to afford an admirable opportunity for showing off this new finery. Rich had bought a dress from the wardrobe of the Princess Dowager of Wales for Roxana, which, as it was not at all soiled, looked very beautiful by daylight, but which, being of a straw color, seemed only a dirty-white by candlelight, especially when in juxtaposition with George Anne's splendid deep yellow. As soon as Mistress Woffington caught sight of her rival attired in such magnificent finery, she grew white with rage and magisterially observed, "I desire, madam, you will never more upon any account wear those clothes in the piece we perform tonight." To which George Anne loftily replied, "I know not, madam, by what right you take upon you to dictate to me what I shall wear." Mrs. Woffington then treated her in a somewhat softer strain, and George Anne promised that she would not wear that eclipsing yellow gown on the following evening. But when Statira appeared on the following night even more resplendent in her new purple robe, the fury of Roxana knew no bounds, and, seizing an opportunity which the play afforded, she drove the rival queen off the carpet, and stabbing viciously at her with the theatrical dagger, nearly succeeded in giving her the *coup de grâce* behind the scenes. As may be supposed, George Anne promptly retaliated by donning both the yellow and the purple costumes on every available occasion, and the green-room was frequently the scene of violent recriminations.

Miss Bellamy once gave a rebuke to sleeping royalty, and was evidently pleased with her effort, as she wrote of it afterward in her memoirs:

The King of Denmark, while on a visit

to this country, went to Covent Garden to see Jane Shore, and was soon most conspicuously fast asleep in his box. "Unwilling that he should lose the fine acting it might be supposed he came to see, I drew near his box, and with a most violent exertion of voice (which the part admitted), cried out, 'Oh! thou false Lord,' by which I so effectually roused his majesty that he told the unfortunate Count de Bathmore . . . he would not be married to a woman with such a bell of a voice on any account."

In the same memoirs she set down this incident as one of her experiences in Edinburgh. It has a Scottish flavor:

Mrs. Kennedy was to have played Zara, in "The Mourning Bride," for the benefit of some one she wished to befriend, but about 4:00 o'clock on the day of the performance was taken so ill that her appearance became impossible. In this dilemma a sister, who was twenty years older than herself, and totally unfit for anything but the parts of old nurses, etc., which she usually played, undertook to supply Mrs. Kennedy's place. The audience expressed marks of disapprobation throughout the whole of her playing, but particularly so when she died. Upon which she arose from between the mutes, and advancing towards the front of the stage, she told the audience that she was concerned she could not acquit herself so as to give satisfaction; but as good-nature had induced her to undertake the part, merely to serve the person whose benefit it was, she hoped they would excuse it. Having finished her speech, she hastened to the place from whence she had risen, and threw herself down again between the mutes, who covered her face with the veil.

In spite of all her success, her life was far from happy, and some of its scenes were as sorrowful as any in the plays she studied and presented:

Frederick Reynolds says that Mrs. Bellamy was not only a beautiful woman, but a most accomplished actress, and that in the opinion of Quin, Garrick, and other critical contemporaries, she surpassed even Mrs. Woffington in conversational powers. But what a wreck did this charming creature make of her life! It may perhaps be urged that, if there be anything in the theory of heredity, much better conduct could hardly have been expected from the child of such aberrant specimens of humanity as Lord Tyrawley and Miss Seal, to say nothing of the education and example which they both afforded her.

With all her power of winning immense sums by her talent, the actress saw many vicissitudes of fortune, and some of them were notably discouraging:

She admits, and there is no doubt about it whatever, that she was habitually extravagant. But she was also particularly unfortunate in her pecuniary affairs. On one occasion her cousin, Crawford, a solicitor whom she had trusted to act for her, cheated her out of £500 and some valuable diamond earrings. And even when a fortune of £50,000 was left her, she never received a penny of the money. This last disaster must have been peculiarly mortifying, both to Calcraft and herself. He burst into her room one day in a state of great excitement and read an advertisement from a newspaper to the effect that Mr. Thomas Sykes (who was a brother-in-law of Captain Bellamy, and had once met George Anne at the house of a cousin) had died in the south of France and left money in the English funds, and some property at The Hague to "Miss Bellamy, belonging to one of the theatres." A firm of solicitors in London, who possessed a draft or a copy of the will, confirmed the advertisement, estimated the bequest at £50,000, and told her that the original will was expected to be brought over to England, together with the body of Mr. Sykes (who had desired to be buried at Westminster), by the servant who had been in attendance on him in France. But that servant, being apparently desirous of appropriating to himself the money and effects which Mr. Sykes had with him at the time of his death, left his master's mortal remains where they were, and disappeared with whatever valuables he could lay hands upon. In consequence the will was never recovered, and poor George Anne never saw a penny of her £50,000. Some years after, when in Holland, she learned that as no legal claimant had appeared for the property at The Hague, it had lapsed to the States.

To convey to his readers a satisfying description of the personal charm and dramatic art of these great actresses, the author quotes from all the noted writers of their day, and the praise bestowed upon them by such essayists as Lamb and such contemporaries as Garrick is drawn upon throughout the work. There are no tedious passages in its four hundred pages, and the fine portraits and complete index are attractive features.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$4.00 net.

RECENT VERSE.

At the Top of the Road.

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see the hill is passed, and smooth the road."
"Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maiden-hood,

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay;
"Was I not always here, then, as today?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied; "but this I understand—
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath;
"Lord of the Land, but men have named me Death."
—Charles Buxton Going, in McClure's Magazine.

The Clean, Green Hills.

The clean, green hills have called to me amid the
city's stress,
"Come back to us, O wearied heart, and find
thine old redress,
The long-lost beauty of thy days, the vanished
loveliness!"

"Return to us and here regain the dreams lost
long ago,
Whether the April grasses wake or whether the
keen winds blow;
Oh, find again the quiet hills, their healing secrets
know!"

The clean, green hills, the silent hills, the ancient
place of peace!
I heard their voices calling me, and craved the old
surcease.

O clean, green hills, how long, how long before I
find release!
—Charles Hanson Towne in Broadway Magazine.

I Hid My Love in the Bannel Broom.

I hid my love in the bannel broom;
She bowed her head, but she had full room;
And the riders sought, but they did not see,
For she was slender and she was wee;
And the broom rose high though the wind was
wild,
And the swordsmen that sought were all beguiled.
So when they sought and they did not find,

Away they galloped, with me behind—
Behind a trooper that rode a roan.
Ah, Lord! but I did heavily groan:
Such sorrow it was to leave the lass
And know not what might come to pass!

But still 'twas well they rode away
And found her not the livelong day:
They sought and sought through copse and dune,
With curses to keep their wrath in tune.
That night I slipped from the basement floor,
Slew the sentry and got to the door,
Mounted the roan and raced to the coast;
And now my love is the Lübeck toast!
Her gown's a silk that needs more room
Than e'er 'twould get in the bannel broom!
—Charles Woodward Hutson, in Appleton's Magazine.

The Hoyden, March.

The heedless hoyden, March is here!
Old Winter kept her, while he could,
Shut in the schoolroom of the wood
Throughout the session of the year.

But mark her scatter as she goes
Her lesson pages, left and right;
What old December gave so white,
The rogue hath stained with green and rose.

The rain-drops cling along her dress;
Her scarlet cheeks and lips are wet;
And she hath twined a violet,
Half-opened, in each wayward tress.

The hanker of her saucy tongue—
Like hail against the window pane
Is scarcely gone, when through the rain
The echo of a sob is rung.

The sweetness of the maid to be
The violets along her hair
Hint softly. Pray you, leave them there;
Child-woman March seems hest to me!
—Garnet Noel Wiley, in Putnam's Monthly.

Word has been received from Germany that a firm will exhibit the latest device for saving time at the National Business Show, to be held in the Coliseum, Chicago, March 16 to 23. This device will report speeches, take testimony, write letters and even transcribe a singer's words, and at the same time make a record of the music. It is operated by electricity, and when in use, makes two records of the matter at the same time. As soon as the dictated matter is all complete, the machine will at once transcribe it in legible characters. When testimony is ruled out by the court, the printing mechanism may be thrown off so that it will not go into the permanent record, while the other record, that of the verbal testimony, may be retained for use at any future time.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court is the best speechmaker among the nine members of that distinguished body.

Joseph Mannetti, recently reelected Lord Mayor of Dublin, has sat in Parliament since 1900. He is the son of an Italian modeler and was educated in Dublin. Mayor Mannetti is in his fifty-seventh year.

The new president of the University of Chicago, Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, is a Baptist—he has to be that—but he was never a clergyman. President Judson is a trained educator, simply that, and he reaches the top by the natural route.

A commission of which Secretary Taft is president has selected a site at Connecticut Avenue and N Street, one of the best in Washington, for the statue to the poet Longfellow. Congress has appropriated \$4000 for the pedestal for this statue.

It has become known that M. Clemenceau, the French premier, wrote a play many years ago that was never produced. This play is entitled "The Veil of Happiness," and arrangements have now been made to present it during the forthcoming spring.

The French Academy has elected Maurice Donnay, the dramatist, and the Marquis de Segur, the historian, to the seats in the Academy made vacant by the death of Albert Sorel, the historian, and Edmond Rousse, who was counsel for the Communists in 1871.

Vicomte Georges D'Avenel, who will deliver a series of lectures at Harvard University and then make a tour of the country, speaking before the various groups of the Alliance Française, will discuss political remedies for the correction of economic conditions.

The Empress of Japan has been reading some European plays, and she does not like them. She considers that they deal with forbidden subjects and must lead to dangerous meditations. The freedom with which women in them are represented as expressing their opinions in public, giving vent to their most intimate sentiments and

putting their handkerchiefs over their eyes and weeping before people, is said to strike her as quite incomprehensible.

The visit of Alexis Alladin, peasant leader in the Russian Douma, is attracting much attention among the Russians of New York City. Alladin will make a tour of America, making speeches in behalf of freedom for his native land. He will speak both at Harvard and Yale. Although born a peasant, he has received a liberal education, having studied at the University of Kazan. He founded the group of toil in the late Douma, but is prevented by the government from reelection.

The Danish minister of agriculture, Ole Hansen, is one of the most popular and democratic of the public men of his country. His daughter, desiring to learn practical housekeeping, decided, with her father's consent, to start at the bottom of the ladder. Therefore, she went to Berlin and took a position as cook at a modest stipend at the home of a small government employée. Her employer for a long time had no suspicion that her cook was a daughter of a minister of state.

Many times did the German emperor press the title of prince upon Herr von Bülow before the latter would accept. The statesman wanted the title, but could not afford to live up to it. Of this the Kaiser knew nothing, of course. At length, about eighteen months ago, a relative of Von Bülow died, leaving him \$1,350,000. A few days later he showed the Kaiser a legal notification of his good fortune. The monarch grunted. "So that was the reason—my prince," he said, laying stress on the title. "Why did you not say so before?"

Richard Bartholdt, Congressman from Missouri, is one of the few men who already have bronze tablets erected to their memory. The house in which he was born in Germany is marked with a tablet showing the interesting events in the life of the doctor, together with a statement to the effect that he went to America and there became famous, becoming a member of the national law-making body and a prominent figure in the world-wide movement looking toward disarmament and universal peace.

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THE PEERLESS SEASONING.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Short Papers on American Liberal Education, by Andrew Fleming West. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 75 cents.

This is a collection of papers read at various times and in various parts of the country, and based upon the contention that the American college is the one thing in our higher education most worth maintaining. The first paper on the Tutorial System in College is perhaps the most important, because it faces the problem evolved by the large colleges as to the best way to bring the student into direct personal relations with the teacher. This personal relation between teacher and taught is the advantage of the small college and the disadvantage of the large, where the students tend to become less and less an organized army and more and more a mere herd. Other papers written with equal lucidity deal with The Faculty, True and False Standards of Graduate Work, The Present Peril to Liberal Education, The Length of the College Course, and The American College. This little volume is a valuable addition to the literature of education.

Some Cities and San Francisco and Resurgam, by Hubert Howe Bancroft. Published by the Bancroft Company, New York.

This is a plea for a beautiful San Francisco, and a comparison of her attainments and possibilities with those of other cities. This little book contains nothing that has not been said before, but it is said well and concisely and will have its due weight when the situation is less strenuous. We are reminded that such catastrophes have always proved to be blessings—effectually disguised—but none the less real. San Francisco has been burned five times, by "a merciful providence," says Mr. Bancroft, but other cities have suffered far more severely and have been the better for it. Now we must imitate some of those other cities and recognize the opportunities for beautification and the wealth that accompanies beauty. Already the country teems with prosperity. Labor is scarce and wages are "high and advancing." Mr. Bancroft is in accord with common knowledge when he says that "five times the present number of mechanics can find profitable employment in the city, and it will be so for years to come." It is well that this should be said authoritatively and often in view of self-interested efforts to persuade to the contrary. This little book, admirable in its get up, restrained and accurate in its statements, ought to have a wide circulation, not only on the Coast, but wherever there is a kindly curiosity as to the situation in San Francisco.

The Psychic Riddle, by Isaac K. Funk, D. D., LL.D. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.

There is a natural impulse to put such books as this upon one side as pertaining to a domain with which the average reader feels himself to be immediately unconcerned. The general attitude toward psychic phenomena is not so much a demand for better evidence or for demonstrated truth, as an unwillingness to examine any evidence at all and a reluctance to be convinced by either testimony or proof. That attitude may presently pass away, and Dr. Funk's book may hasten the process by its judicial temper and critical examination of records, many of which seem to be unimpeachable and which are certainly puzzling.

The Spirit of Labor, by Hutchins Hapgood. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a valuable book and will be read with interest by those who wish really to understand what is called the labor problem, but what after all is nothing more than the problem of human nature. The author searches Chicago for a typical working man. He finds him, as he supposes, in a man named Anton, and he persuades Anton to tell him his life story, and this, with the author's paraphrasing and comment, forms the book. Anton is of foreign birth and parentage: "as is the way with the typical American-working man." He and his parents came to America the habit of penury and memories of mendicancy and super-

possibilities and, of course, he does so eccentrically. He runs away from home, slowly learns a trade in the intervals of hoboism, gets a wife and a little domestic wisdom, and becomes a fervent trades unionist, a socialist, and then an anarchist. The value of this book depends upon the extent to which Anton is a representative character. He certainly represents a large class, but does he represent the American working man as such? In an organization so complex as ours and with so strong and fresh an infusion of many foreign elements, is it possible to find a representative at all whose career and thought-life may fairly be taken as a miniature? If such a man has been found in Anton, then the outlook is not a pleasing one. There is much about him to love and to admire, but all his efforts seem to hinge upon the theory that there is a permanent and necessary cat and dog relationship between labor and capital, employed and employer. It never seems to occur to him that they are both parts of a whole and with restraining duties toward that whole. The author may be right in believing that he has succeeded in painting things as they are and that Anton is a representative man. Current events go far to justify the fear that he may be right, and he has at least succeeded in giving us an entertaining book and one that raises the curtain on a part of life's stage where great things are happening.

The Lone Furrow, by W. A. Fraser. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Fraser's other works will look in vain for the sensationalism to which they have been used. Here we have a simple story of country life, of a minister who unaccountably disappears, and of an uncouth Scotchman who loves the minister's wife, but who spends his life in searching for the husband. The power of the story is in its character sketching and not in its events, and only those who demand sensationalism in their fiction and a succession of thrilling events will be disappointed.

Amerigo Vespucci, by Frederick A. Ober. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.

This is a careful effort to establish and define the part actually played by Vespucci in the discovery of America, and the extent to which Columbus must share his laurels with his adventurous contemporary. It is clearly shown that there was no rivalry between the explorers, and that if Amerigo Vespucci gave his name to the continent it was through no ambition upon his part and, as a matter of fact, without his knowledge. Vespucci claimed that he had discovered a fourth part of the globe, but he was referring to the southern hemisphere only, and he seems to have known what he had found, whereas the discoveries of Columbus were in the north, and he believed to the last that they were a part of Asia or India.

New Publications.

"Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground," by John Henderson Miller, is a story purporting to be a representation of life in Kansas. It may be so. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.

"America, a Litany of Nations," is a collection of appropriate verses of optimism by Elsa Barker, A. I. du P. Coleman, Leonard Van Noppen, Lloyd Roberts, Ludwig Lewisohn, William Ellery Leonard, W. A. Ballantine, and George Sylvester Viereck. Published by the New Immigrants' Protective League.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Colonel Henry Watterson is spending the winter in Egypt, whence he has been sending home some characteristic letters to the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville. A new and enlarged edition of Colonel Watterson's book, "The Compromises of Life," has lately been issued by Duffield & Co.

A discussion of "Swollen Fortunes" by Grover Cleveland is an important contribution soon to appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

A few months ago a prominent New York critic published a magazine article in which he rated Richard Mansfield as "the worst living actor." In antipodal contrast to this amazing claim is an article in the March *Appleton's* by John Corbin, who

proposes Mr. Mansfield as "the greatest living English-speaking actor." Mr. Corbin is well known as the dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*.

Thomas Whittaker has just published a new volume of sermons by the Rev. George Hodges, D.D., Dean of Cambridge, entitled, "A Year of Grace," also a book entitled, "Churchmanship and Labor," by Canon Scott Holland, Percy Dearmer, G. W. E. Russell, and others.

Beardsley's Salome.

A score or more of varying editions of Oscar Wilde's tragedy, "Salomé," have been brought out since interest in it has been revived by Strauss's opera, and some of them give reproductions of Aubrey Beardsley's bizarre illustrations. The pictures recall the comment passed upon them by that now forgotten publication, *The Chap Book*, in its second number, issued in the spring of 1894. One stanza ran:

There are beauties in every cuntry,
But if such a looking mousemee
Had come here and plead
For Jokanaan's head,
She wouldn't have got it from me.

The Colonial Theatre.

"Scrambled Matrimony," a comedy in four acts by the well-known playwright, Howard P. Taylor, will be the attraction during the coming week at the Colonial Theatre. It is a play full of rich humor and is sure to please the many patrons of the McAllister Street playhouse. The cast will include Frank Bacon, Wilfrid Roger, A. Burt Wesner, R. Peralta Galindo, Izetta Jewell, Jane Jeffery, Bessie Bacon, and Maud Odelle. This will be the first presentation of this comedy in this city. On Monday night, March 18, the Dolphin Boating and Swimming Club has made arrangements to hold a theatre party at the Colonial. "Piney Ridge," which has been doing a big business all the week, will be withdrawn Sunday night.

The Novelty Theatre.

Raymond Hitchcock is announced by Henry W. Savage in a new and novel production, "A Yankee Tourist," which will be seen at the Novelty Theatre for two weeks, commencing next Monday night. The book of "A Yankee Tourist" is by Richard Harding Davis, and he has fitted Mr. Hitchcock admirably. The lyrics are from the pen of Wallace Irwin. Alfred G. Rebyn, who provided the score of "A Yankee Consul," has written the music of "A Yankee Tourist," and he is said to have exceeded all his best previous efforts in this score. The cast engaged for the support of Mr. Hitchcock is one of unusual strength. The production will be complete in every detail.

Following "Mrs. Wiggs" at the Van Ness Theatre comes Klaw & Erlanger's elaborate production of Sousa's new comic opera, "The Free Lance," in which Joe Cawthorn is starring. Sousa is said to have excelled even his tuneful "El Capitan" in his latest work.

"Letterhain," the three-act comedy by Marguerite Merington, in which E. H. Sothern starred for a number of seasons, has been published in bookform. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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NANCE O'NEIL AND SARDOU.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Nance O'Neil is an extremely handsome Zoraya, the dark, dull, rich colors of her Moorish costume suiting her opulent beauty to perfection. "The Sorceress," too, is particularly well calculated to provide a suitable vent for those geyser-like gushes of emotionalism upon which the fame of our California actress is founded.

Sardou's latest is neither an edifying nor a poetically beautiful tragedy. Indeed, since the theme is fleshly love and the crass cruelty of the monks of the Spanish Inquisition, it follows that the treatment is in kind. Sardou's favorite tragic appeal is to the sense of horror and cruelty, and great as is his ability for dramatic construction, he is unable to infuse the element of solemnity and grandeur, which leaves a lingering impress of mournful beauty upon the mind.

In the important scene of the play, that in which Zoraya, baited by the cruel priests, shrieks forth her denunciation and defiance, Miss O'Neil let forth all the might of her voice and all that seething volcano of temperament in one great, lava-like flood. She played upon the quivering nerves as one might sweep the harp-strings with strong fingers, but discords instead of harmonies resulted, and I do not cherish the recollection of that scene of unquestioned power.

The realistic portrayal of the old, self-accused witch is exceedingly unpleasant; so, too, the story of the degradation of Manuela at the gypsy's debauch. These aspects of life are such that, while we know that they exist, we do not willingly turn our eyes upon them, and not even for the sake of such a sincere and truthful portrayal of repentance and anguish as that by Martha Mayo is it easy to regard their dramatic presentation as reconcilable with a sense of enjoyment. It seems to me that the pleasurable emotions involved are of a purely morbid nature, akin to those experienced by avid readers of the sordid tragedies of tenement life.

True, the tragedy of Zoraya's fatal love is of a more spectacular nature; true, too, that a truthful historical background lends dignity and impressiveness to "The Sorceress," but it is built on the same familiar lines as the other Sardou dramas, and affords not one single uplifting emotion. It is the sort of play, too, which a single hearing will satisfy. Nobody ever wishes to hear "La Tosca" a second time. I have now seen several performances of this drama, and after the horror and excitement of the first hearing I have always been thoroughly bored.

I heard "Salomé" twice within a fortnight's time, and, ghastly as is the theme, the tragedy is such a superb work of art, and the diction, with its wealth of Oriental imagery, so strangely beautiful, that I relived my first emotions in almost their original keenness.

To my mind, "The Sorceress" is not true tragedy, but tragic drama, almost melodrama. What keeps it from crossing the line is the well-controlled dramatic instinct of its author and the absence of representatives of suffering virtue in the play. The hero does not amount to much, and Zoraya, although kind and charitable to her compatriots, is no saint. The tie between the lovers is solely that of the flesh, and while I listened to the unfolding of their tragedy I felt an unsympathetic conviction that if they had been spared to each other their *liaison* would have worked itself out to its logical conclusion.

Miss O'Neil is supported by a better company than has been the case during any of her previous engagements, although Mr. Joseph O'Meara, the leading man, of the breathful voice, is a rather mechanical actor. Mr. McKee Rankin appeared as his cruel eminence, the Cardinal Niemenes, and a rankly American old gentleman (with a mustache) he made him appear to be. Ellnor Page's Joanna is gentle and maidenly, Edith Vanderveer's old witch is effective, and Martha Mayo is an actress of feeling—she allows her imagination to work.

It is now evident that Nance O'Neil's statue will not occupy a lofty niche in the temple of fame. She is a born actress, but she is not a student. She relies too much on temperament and does not develop. As a result, she is getting to seem alike in all roles, and her gestures we now know by heart. Those who are unacquainted with her methods will be thrilled to the marrow of their bones, but others, who have heard her many times, realize how impossible it

is for her to emulate an actress of Julia Marlowe's type, who carries a thousand changeable phases of character in one fascinating personality.

There is a tropical love scene—several, in fact—between Zoraya and her Spanish lover, of the kind constructed with an eye to the Bernhardt of the past; a Circe even through her late forties, probably even in her early fifties as well, although during that fateful descent into the vale of years the French actress did not come our way. When she came to San Francisco during the "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" furor, she had reached an age that had a chilling effect on the imagination. In "L'Aiglon" she appeared to me as an exceedingly mature woman, essaying, with an absolute lack of compassing the desired illusion, the rôle of a stripling. Wonderful as her art is, its finish could not atone for the absence of nature, which, in this case, meant youth and a different sex.

In "Cyrano de Bergerac" her incomparable grace and fascination still counted for much. But more of the encroaching years have passed since then, and although I failed to see Bernhardt in "La Sorcière" during her post-earthquake visit to this Coast, I do not regret it. I had seen her act when her charm and genius were in dazzling bloom, and the recollection is so vivid and ineffaceable, that I would not willingly cast a shadow on its brilliance.

Miss O'Neil has not the temperament that lends itself to depicting either tenderness or the witcheries of a passionately loving woman. Revolt, fury, fiery rebellion, are more in her line. In the love scenes of "The Sorceress" the lovers clung together, eye to eye, lip to lip, nose to nose—well, pretty nearly nose to nose. When stage lovers get their faces within cross-eyed focus and still gaze at each other with what we know to be physical discomfort, it is a sure sign that their imaginations have slackened, and they are acting mechanically. But on every occasion that Zoraya mingled her passionate protestations of affection with threats to kill if the love of her lover should cool, the dying coals were rekindled and Nance O'Neil, who is always a superb rebel, was herself again.

If you want to cultivate a taste for musical comedy, sit the performance half out, and then go because duty calls. Result, you will depart with some reluctance, with a lot of tuneful melodies ringing in your ears, the images of a number of pretty girls agreeably impressed upon your vision, and even with some lingering fragments of curiosity left as to how it all turns out. I could not pass an examination on the American Theatre's production of "The Wild Rose," but know that while I was there every musical number was melodious and sung with spirit and harmony. The girls, in their pretty gypsy costumes, with their semblance of joy and light-heartedness, were conducive to a responsive state of mind in their auditors. They pirouetted so sportively and smiled so radiantly, that it was easy to believe that their gaiety was rooted in genuine feeling, and was not hired out at so much per, until they all took a vacation from happy smiles while a nice little stage gypsy favored the audience with a violin solo.

I always find the chorus girls particularly interesting during these intervals, when they temporarily drop their masks and cease to be automatic details in a generally animated whole. The chorus girl is no uninteresting a part of our kaleidoscopic American life, and if she is studied as a unit, she shows signs of individuality. What would musical comedy do without her? Go to the wall, I suspect. In the meantime it shows no signs of so doing, and continues peacefully to pursue the even tenor of its way without giving its admirers any rude shocks in the way of startling breaks from well-established tradition. So, although I left before the performance was over, I could easily, no doubt, sketch out the remains of the plot, except for one detail. Was Teddy Webb allowed by the clamorous orchestra to finish telling the story of his life? That, I fear, I shall never know. Carl Haydn, the new arrival, sings in a pleasant tenor, although he did flat his final note in his initial love song, and Aida Hemmi's voice rings out with delightful freshness and volume. Maude Beatty's opening song was not in the darkly rich tones of her voice, but she was an animated figure on the stage, and George Kunkel gave the gypsy Lothario's lines with an unctious that amused.

Teddy Webb makes his entrance during one of those grand bursts of inconsequence

which diversify the so-called plots of musical comedies and interpolates a number of Teddy Webbisms, which have a familiar pre-earthquake flavor, but serve their purpose of amusing the audience.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The American Theatre.

Theatre-goers will have but two more opportunities to see the San Francisco Opera Company in "The Wild Rose," at the matinee today and tonight, as this pleasing opera will be taken off and Offenbach's delightful comic opera, "The Nightingale," will be given, commencing Monday, March 18. As enjoyable as has been "The Wild Rose," the "Nightingale" promises to be even more so. It is the New York Casino version of Offenbach's favorite opera, "La Perichole," made for Lillian Russell. The same plot remains, but the dialogue has been freshened, some of the old numbers cut, and other numbers and specialties introduced. In addition to the beautiful music of the opera, several catchy song hits will be heard, chief among them being "The Goo Goo Man," "The Same Old Girl," "That's What the Daisy Said," "Years and Years Ago," and "Parla." A special feature will be the male quartet in De Koven's "Serenade."

The San Carlo Opera Season.

The sale of seats for the opera season is now in full sway at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Good seats can be had as low as \$1.00, and \$3.00 is the moderate price for the best seats. The opening night at the Chutes Theatre will be Thursday, March 21, and the opera, "La Gioconda," with Nordica in the title rôle. Friday, "La Bohème"; Saturday matinee, "Faust"; Saturday evening, "Carmen," and Sunday evening, a great double bill, "The Barber of Seville" and "I Pagliacci."

The second week will be devoted to "Il Trovatore" Monday, "Rigoletto" Tuesday, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" Wednesday, and "Traviata" Thursday. The balance of the week has not been definitely arranged, but "Carmen" will surely have a repetition and a double bill of "Daughter of the Regiment" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" is one of the promises, with Tarquini as Santuzza.

The Van Ness Theatre.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which comes to the new Van Ness Monday night, for a two weeks' engagement, is the successful drama which has been written around her life and that of Lovey Mary and their neighbors. Theatre-goers feel kindly toward Mrs. Wiggs, and thousands who have read Mrs. Rice's amusing books recall her first glimpse. And now Mrs. Wiggs is a permanent figure upon the stage, the central character of a quaint character play, in the footlight creation of Madge Carr Cook. She is a pronounced type of American humor, and her kindly fun is set off by the comically odd background of the cabbage patch itself; but interesting as is Mrs. Wiggs, she is hard pressed for honors by Miss Hazy, as played by Vivian Ogden, the Mr. Stubbins of Charles Carter and the Lovey Mary of Edith Taliaferro.

The Orpheum.

The Uesses will head the new bill at the Orpheum, two young Spaniards who have created a furor throughout Europe, and also in the East, as equilibrists. Bert Howard and Leona Bland will introduce a sketch entitled "A Strange Boy," which is rich in absurd and unexpected complications. Raymond Finlay and Lottie Burke will appear in a dialogue called "In Stage-land Satire." The Sharp Brothers, who are known as "The Two Dixie Boys," will appear in Southern songs and dances. The Olivottis will be heard in new numbers. Bert Levy will sketch famous people and Johnny Johns will divert in new monologues. It will be the last week of May Tully and her company, who will repeat "Stop, Look and Listen." There will be new motion pictures.

The Augustin Daly Opera Company, in "The Cingalee" and "A Country Girl" will be offered by the Van Ness early next month.

Florence Roberts is to follow Raymond Hitchcock at the Novelty Theatre, where she is to produce two new plays.

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Club life in New York is to be no longer an exclusively male resource. When the Colonial on Madison Avenue is opened it will give to the society woman all the delights of the men's institutions, and perhaps some additional ones peculiarly feminine. The new clubhouse will cost a million dollars, and over five hundred members have been already enrolled. The president of the club is Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, daughter-in-law of Edward H. Harriman, and associated with her are Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. A. S. Alexander, Mrs. Reginald Bishop, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Miss Mary Harriman, Miss Anne Tracy Morgan, Miss Kate Brice, Miss Mary Parsons, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, Jr., Mrs. Henry F. Osborn, and a number of other women who stand in the forefront of the social life of New York.

The club will have a complete gymnasium, all kinds of baths, manicure parlors, hairdressing apartments and the like, tearooms, reading-rooms, meeting-rooms, and in fact everything demanded by the exigencies of modern fashionable life. For the use of non-residents there will be ten bedrooms on the upper floor, with rooms for maids attached, while the restaurant, in convenient proximity to the roof garden, will be everything that a restaurant ought to be. Men will be admitted to certain reserved enclosures on the premises and, of course, under proper supervision. The initiation fee is \$150 and the annual dues \$100, and when the institution throws open its doors the society women of New York will feel that they have at last "arrived."

A nice social question is likely to follow the installation at Washington of Mr. Bryce, the new British Ambassador. Mr. Bryce is not exactly the kind of man with whom one associates the whirl of social gayeties, and the chief duty of entertaining is likely to devolve upon Mr. Esmé Howard, the first secretary of the legation. Mr. Howard and his wife, Lady Isabel, have taken a house in Dupont Circle, and they evidently intend to do the correct thing socially. Lady Isabel is the daughter of the Earl of Newburgh, and if she wishes she can assume the higher rank of Princess of Guistiani-Bandini, which she inherits from her grandmother. Lady Isabel Howard's personal rank is, therefore, very much higher than her official status, which is simply that of the wife of a legation secretary, and it remains to be seen in which direction her personal preferences will take her. If she is a woman of good sense—and otherwise she ought not to be the wife of a diplomat—she will take the lowest precedence that she can find—remembering the mischief wrought by Lady Susan Townley by intrusion into affairs beyond her province.

Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson has been presented to the Emperor of Austria, an event especially interesting from the fact that Mrs. Robinson, before her marriage, was Miss Ailene Ivers, of San Francisco, and also because presentations at the court of Austria are very rare, owing to the advanced age of the emperor. Mrs. Robinson has the typical fresh Western beauty of the blonde type and an unusual talent for wearing magnificent gowns. The Robinsons are well known in New York and Washington society, although their home is in Philadelphia.

It would seem that Senator Cbauncey M. Depew is to emerge from the clouds of social unpopularity. The Montauk Club of Brooklyn, which represents everything select and elect in Brooklyn society is to renew its annual Depew dinners by which it has for many years been the fashion to celebrate the birthday of that truly great man. Last year there was no dinner. The word went forth that the glory of Depew had departed, and the verdict of the Montaukers was supposed to be absolute and final. But justice has been tempered by mercy; the dinners are to be resumed, and it is said that Mr. Depew intends to be present, even if he has to be carried in on a stretcher.

Harry Lehr, Newport jester and owner of a millionaire wife, has fallen into disfavor at the German court, and he has probably learned that there are times and seasons for advertising champagne, as for most things. The German emperor does

not like to be laughed at, and he bitterly resented the trick by which he substituted French for German wine at the christening of the *Metcor*, after the emperor had specially ordered the latter. It is never safe to play practical jokes with royalty, as Mrs. Langtry discovered to her cost when she slipped a piece of ice down the back of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Mr. Tower, the United States Ambassador to Germany, will probably exercise a little more circumspection in future in his introductions to the court.

The departure of the Shonts family is a distinct loss to Washington society. Mr. and Mrs. Shonts and their daughters have had a prominent social place at the capital. The Misses Shonts, Marguerite and Theodora, were presented at the English court over a year ago and before they made their appearance here. It was in London that they acquired some of the charming fashions prevailing there, and amongst others that of courtesying.

It seems that we no longer know how to courtesy as it should be done, although our grandmothers were adepts in the art. The Shonts girls reintroduced it, and it was readily accepted and became the vogue. They have displayed such charming inclinations toward everything that is gracious and kindly that their departure will be unfeignedly regretted around the large circle of real friends that they have made. The entertainments at the Shonts' home have been very pleasant, in spite of the nervous prostration from which Mrs. Shonts has suffered.

The absence of Mrs. Fairbanks also has had a tendency to diminish the festivities of the season. Mrs. Fairbanks has been suffering from the after effects of grip and has gone to Atlantic City to recuperate.

Some sensation has been caused by one of the prettiest Irish hostesses in London declaring that she will have only American, Scotch, or Irish people to her house. She says the English people in good society are too dull for words. The topic is beginning to be discussed. There is no doubt that American, Scotch, and Irish people in society mutually fraternize more cordially than they do with the English, while the lady in question declares that English hostesses have to invite some Scotch or Irish to every dinner party in order to relieve the heaviness and make things cheerful. Somebody else, on hearing this, said: "Ah, that accounts for the smart set being so rapid; they have to skim on thin ice to avoid petrifying in their British frigidity."

It seems that the troubles of actresses are not confined to the pictorial reproduction of their faces upon bodies that do not belong to them and in postures that are unbecoming. Miss Gertie Millar ineffectually appealed to an English judge for a remedy against the photographer who represented her as creeping out of an eggshell, whereas she had never in her life been in an eggshell, and therefore could never have crawled out of one. Now Miss Edna May comes to the front and says that Miss Millar's troubles are as nothing compared with her own. Miss May has been disgusted by a postcard representing her as "a dreadful young person sitting on a rock by the sea shore pulling on my stockings! Worse, still, people used to send these dreadful things to me and ask me to sign them."

Lapsing then into the reminiscent mood, Edna May goes on to speak of the perplexities of the stage life. We all of us have our perplexities, but to be fallen in love with, in season and out of season, must certainly be an embarrassment, almost as great as not to be fallen in love with at all. Edna May's particular antipathy is the man who threatens suicide as the appropriate remedy for a broken heart. She says she gets one of these about every two weeks, and the duty of saving lives is a serious burden upon her. She had a humorous dresser who used to inform her that there was "another suicide on the mat."

The crusade against tipping is attaining to creditable proportions, and legislation upon the subject is threatened in more than one State, including California, where some of our legislators are anxious to hand themselves down in this way to the grateful memory of posterity. It might be thought that the best way to stop tipping is not to tip, but this remedy is far too simple for the legislative mind. Representative Mur-

phy of Missouri has introduced a bill to "promote the comfort of patrons of hotels, restaurants, cafes, and eating houses in the District of Columbia." Any one giving a tip, or offering a tip, receiving a tip, or being in any way concerned with a tip, either as tipper or tippee, is to be fined for a misdemeanor. It is a pity that Representative Murphy and our own like-

minded Solons have nothing better to do, for they are certainly mistaken in supposing that they are promoting the comfort of restaurant and café patrons. The result of refusing to give a reasonable tip is usually quite the reverse of comfort, and an attempt to make legislation take the place of good sense is so futile as to be ludicrous.

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Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

This is a paragraph from the composition of a cynical Eastern schoolboy: "The earthquake and fire in San Francisco although first looked upon as a calamity really did a great deal of good. It purified the city of the great curse of underground Chinatown and burned down thirty-nine churches."

A teacher in a Long Island City school was giving her class a lesson in hygiene. "Never sleep on more than one pillow," she said; "in fact, it's better to use no pillow at all, because if you do it's likely to make you round-shouldered." Little Rocco Pisciotta waved his arm wildly "Well?" said the teacher. "S'posen you sleep on your stummick?" piped Rocco.

The Persians possess a sense of humor with which they are not always credited. Almost modern is the anecdote of the man whose disagreeable voice in reciting his prayers in the mosque was annoying to every one. One day some one asked him how much he was paid for reciting. "Paid!" he replied, "I am not paid. I recite for the sake of Allah!" "Then," replied the other, "for Allah's sake don't!"

One of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology, from which go out each week many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies." A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station. "What are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked of the brakeman. "Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties for the college."

An old colored woman appeared at the courthouse of a Carolina town not long ago. "Am yo' de judge ob reprobates, sah?" she asked, cautiously opening a crack of the office door. "Yes, I am the judge of probate, aunty; what can I do for you?" was the smiling reply. "Yassah! T'anky, sah! I'se heah 'cause mah ole man done died detested an' lef' fo' lil' infidels, an' Ah wanter be 'pinted to be dere executioner, ef yo' please, sah!"

It was a case of breach of promise. The defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf. "Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house." The lawyer for the plaintiff was pleased. "Then you confess it?" he said. "Yes, I do confess it. But I had to do it." "You had to do it! What do you mean?" "That was the only way I could keep her from singing." The jury gave a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats.

It is said of Mr. John Wanamaker that one Sunday he delivered before the infant class of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, a brief but eloquent address on the lesson. At the end he said: "And now is there any question that any little boy or girl would like to ask me?" A girl of eight or nine years rose. "Well, Martha, what is it?" said the superintendent, smiling on the tot in kindly fashion. "Please, Mr. Wanamaker," said the little girl, "what is the price of those large wax dolls in your window?"

A well-known detective was complimented on an arrest that he had made. The arrest had been mysteriously achieved and the detective was asked to explain it. This, though, he refused to do. "There are so many ways of catching criminals," he said, laughing. "You know what the old man told his wife? She first said to him: 'Don't talk, John. You can't say I ever ran after you.' 'True,' the old man assented. 'And you can't say the trap ever runs after the mouse, either, but it gathers him in just the same.'"

One of the leading tenors in Moscow was called upon to sing an opera in which one note was much too high for him, but he got a man in the orchestra to come in just at the right time and supply the note. In exchange, the tenor was to take him to supper. The plan answered well, the applause was loud, but the tenor forgot all about the supper. Next time he sang the opera he went to the front of the stage, put his hand on his heart and opened his mouth as wide as he could. His discom-

figure was great when the expectant hush was broken by a voice from the orchestra saying: "Where's my supper?"

In the village of Poitou a woman fell into a trance. After the Poitevin custom, she was wrapped in a sheet to be carried to the cemetery; but as the procession was passing through a narrow road a thorn of the wayside pierced the sheet, wounded her so that the blood flowed, and she awoke. Fourteen years later the woman really died, and again was borne towards the grave. As the procession passed through the narrow road, the husband called: "Not so near the hedge, friends! Not so near the hedge!"

Wilton Lackaye, the player, tells of a farmer in Indiana who went to see "Hamlet" for the first time, quite unbiased by any knowledge of either tragedy or author. After the star, who, of course, enacted the part of the Melancholy Prince, had made his first exit, the tiller of the soil turned to the man seated on his right and asked: "Does that young man in black come on again?" "Why, certainly!" exclaimed the man. "You'll see a great deal of him." "That so?" queried the farmer, disappointedly. "Then I'm off."

An Oakland farmer one day last year found a score of men putting up telegraph poles all over his best field. He ordered the men away, but they wouldn't go. They showed him a paper that gave them authority to put up their poles wherever they wished. The old man looked at the paper, saw it was lawful, walked away in silence. He went to the barn and turned a savage red bull into the field. The bull made for the men, the men fled at top speed, and the farmer shouted after them: "Show him your paper! Show him your paper!"

The train was crowded. In one compartment a dignified, middle-aged gentleman was trying to read. Among the passengers was a lady with a very sprightly little girl, who had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold and an inquisitorial tongue. She asked the dignified gentleman innumerable questions and played with his watch chain. The mother fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the lady said: "Madam, what do you call this sweet child?" The mother smiled, and replied: "Ethel." "Please call her, then."

An artist was talking about the late Water Appleton Clark, who died at the beginning of his artistic career. "And Clark," he said, "had a strong sense of humor. I remember going through a millionaire's stables with him one day. You know what a millionaire's stables nowadays are like—floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings, and so forth and so on. 'Well, gentlemen,' said the millionaire, proudly, 'is anything lacking?' 'I can think of nothing,' said Clark, 'except a sofa for each horse.'"

The richest parishioner of a suburban clergyman is a certain Mrs. Dash Blank, a very influential old lady, but a great bore as well. Mrs. Dash Blank called at the rectory one afternoon. The minister, busy in his study, kept out of her way. He left to his good wife the task of her entertainment. A couple of hours passed. Then, at work at his desk, he heard footsteps in the hall, the closing of the front door, silence. Glad to think that his wife was relieved of her visitor, he walked out on the landing and called upstairs: "So that old bore has gone at last, has she?" The sweet, firm voice of his resourceful and tactful wife replied: "Oh, yes, dear. She has been gone several hours. But dear Mrs. Dash Blank is here now. I know you will want to come up and speak to her."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Etelka Williar, daughter of Mr. Harry P. Williar, of Sausalito, to Lieutenant Max Garber, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A. Their marriage will take place in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sylvia Harris, daughter of the late Dr. James Harris and Mrs. Harris, to Dr. Samuel Hardy. The wedding will be celebrated later in the spring.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Anita Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, to Mr. Oscar Cooper will take place on Wednesday, April 17. The ceremony will be celebrated at high noon at the home of the bride's parents on Webster Street.

Invitations have been received to the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Biddle Syle, daughter of the late Professor L. Du Pont Syle and Mrs. Edith Syle, to Mr. Arthur Edward Madison, of Santa Barbara, at the Church of the Angels, Los Angeles.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Burney Owens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Owens, to Mr. George Herrick will take place on Tuesday evening, April 2, at St. Luke's Church. Miss Edith Curry, of Dixon, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Jeannette Wright, Miss Marion Wright, Miss Anita Davis, and Miss Ruth Morton. Mr. Hugh Owens, will be the best man.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Jennie Wainwright, sister of Lieutenant J. M. Wainwright, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Frederick Mears, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., will take place on April 8, at Fort Clark, Texas.

President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler have sent out invitations to a reception at Hearst Hall, Berkeley, on Friday evening, March 22, in honor of President Butler of Columbia College and Mrs. Butler (formerly Miss Kate La Montagne) who are to arrive here from New York on their wedding journey.

The California Branch of the American National Red Cross entertained at a reception on Friday of last week at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman, of Washington, D. C. Those who received were: Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Miss Phelan, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Miss Anna Beaver, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. John Bakewell, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Robert T. Devlin, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. E. L. Dunbar, and Mrs. E. B. Young.

Captain James H. Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull entertained at a dinner on Tuesday of last week at their home at Yerba Buena Island. Those present were: Captain Wendell L. Simpson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simpson, Dr. and Mrs. McEnery, Mr. and Mrs. Curran Clarke, Mrs. Darragh, Miss McEnery, Miss Marjorie Bull, Miss Isabel McLaughlin, Dr. Biddle, U. S. N., and Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N. Coming in later for bridge were: Captain Daniel Hand, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hand, Captain Arthur Marix, U. S. N., and Mrs. Marix, Paymaster Reynolds, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Katharine Shirley, Miss Katharine Stevens, Paymaster Beecher, U. S. N., Paymaster Helmicks, U. S. N., Dr. Abekan, U. S. N., and Dr. Stibbins, U. S. N.

Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N.; Dr. Biddle, U. S. N.; Dr. Abekan, U. S. N.; Dr. Stibbins, U. S. N.; Paymaster Beecher, U. S. N., and Paymaster Helmicks, U. S. N., were the hosts at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week on board the *Pensacola* at the Naval Training Station, Yerba Buena Island, in honor of Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull. The other guests were: Captain and Mrs. Marix, Dr. and Mrs. McEnery, Mrs. Flagg, Mrs. Florence Stone Darragh, Miss McEnery, and Miss Eleanor Phelps.

A dance was given on board the U. S. S. *Milwaukee* at Mare Island on Thursday afternoon of last week by the captain and wardroom officers.

Miss Johanna Volkman was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of two brides-elect, Miss Burney Owens and Miss Ruth Morton. Those

present besides the guests of honor were: Mrs. Claude Brigham, Mrs. Converse, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Erna Herrmann, Miss Anita Davis, Miss Alice Peters, and Miss Rhoda Mills.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg will leave next month for an Eastern visit.

Miss Adeline Mills and Miss Josephine Polhemus, of San José, who left here last fall for the Orient, en route around the world, have arrived in Europe and will spend the spring months in southern Italy.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall left on Monday for New York for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who have been cruising in the Mediterranean on Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s yacht *Valiant*, have gone to Lucerne for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan have returned from a stay of several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have recently been guests at Del Monte.

Miss Kate Stone, who has been in Europe and in the East for the past year, will return to California late this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have gone down from their country place in the Napa Valley to Santa Barbara, and are spending some weeks there.

Mr. Ward Barron has returned from an automobile trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Cunningham, Miss Hale, and Miss Helen Thomas left on Friday morning of last week for New York.

Mrs. William Howard, of Boston, who spent several weeks here, has gone recently to Del Monte and from there to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Adam Grant is spending some months in Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have left for a visit to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, who are in Santa Barbara for a year's stay, have recently visited Los Angeles.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan left on Sunday morning last for her home in England.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin, who have recently arrived in Paris, will spend the next few months in Italy.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffatt went down last week to Monterey for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Stent sailed on Friday of last week for Japan, where they will spend several months.

Miss Ardella Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills returned on Monday from New York, where they have spent the winter.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs went down recently from Berkeley to Del Monte for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mullins sailed on Friday of last week for the Orient, en route to England, where they will remain permanently.

ART AND ARTISTS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

With the completion by Arthur F. Mathews of two more panels of the general scheme of mural decoration, planned by him for the Oakland Free Library, that institution has taken another important step forward. For several years past the conspicuous libraries throughout the United States have expended both time and money to make a fitting environment for the treasures of book lore, but very little along that line has been done in California. Before calamity overtook San Francisco, Mr. Mathews, upon the personal order of President Taussig, painted a panel for the entrance hall of the Mechanics' Institute Library. That, in truth, was the only piece of worth-while mural decoration in a public building in the city. Oakland people, appreciative of the handsome library building that came to them through Carnegie's generosity, took immediate steps toward its dignified adornment. Through influence, rather than because of eminent fitness, the painting of two of the minor panels was awarded to Miss Holden, who had many an anxious hour before she managed to get the panels in shape for acceptance. She found that there were secrets about medium and painting for mural effects that she had never fathomed.

It was after this experience and uncertainty that the directors of the Oakland Library concluded that they must secure the services of the one man in the West who could limn and paint panels that would stand comparison with any in the country, not excepting the famous frieze decorations in the Boston Public Library, done by Ed-

win Austin Abbey, or the almost equally notable murals of the Congressional Library, done by men from near and far. Abbey's work, which satisfies every sense, paraphrases the legends of the Holy Grail, making a consecutive narrative; Mathews has outlined a scheme the full development of which will tell in logical sequence the story of life, its struggles, and achievements. The grouping includes two sets of circular-topped panels, each with an accompanying group of four large squares. Considerably more than a year ago Mathews painted "Maternity" and "Art," which will in good time have near them the four square panels: "The Soil," "The Harvest," "The Mart," and "The Loaf." The round-topped panels, now ready for installation, are "Harmony" and "Discord." They will soon be surrounded by the set: "Grace," "Force," "Sympathy," and "Reverence."

This work will be finished as the trustees find themselves able to make the needed appropriations. The two latest panels will be in place within two weeks. They are most worthy of making a pilgrimage from here to see. Oaklanders are to be envied in that they will have these beautiful things always with them.

As nearly all of Arthur Mathews's mural painting has found its way into private homes, and as its showing, except where it belongs, is a difficult matter, comparatively few people have had the pleasure of seeing any of it. Along this line the troubles that transposed the greatest variety of interests in this city opened the Borel mansion to the Pacific-Union Club, and now its members and guests may look to their hearts' content upon the wonderful decorations that Mathews wrought for it when W. J. Dingee of Oakland thought he would make his home there. Many and urgent have been the offers to Mathews to go East to what some people are pleased to call "a larger sphere." His devotion to the West is abiding. It was he who said: "San Francisco did not burn: only some of its houses."

Although the Jules Pages exhibition at Vickery's gallery closed a few days ago, the firm retains a half-dozen paintings for further exploitation. The remainder of the collection, with the exception of two large pictures, will be taken this week to Los Angeles for exhibition. The sale of Pages's work has not been as large as its exceeding merit warranted. This does not mean that San Franciscans are indifferent to this distinguished native son, nor that they can not afford to buy his pictures, but that they are so busy rebuilding homes and business that they do not give themselves time to go to see the artistic things of life. In the smooth-running days of other years this side of life could be postponed, but not now. Still, San Francisco can not afford to lose her place as an art centre. Attention to civic art and art in the home is as necessary now as are new buildings and clean streets. Leading citizens are giving their time for lectures, wherever possible, on the necessity for beautifying the city-to-be. As individuals, every man and woman should think of the home to be adorned, and not fail to continue the quest for the things that will make for this most gratifying of all pleasures. There are many good things in art to be seen in San Francisco now, and its people must again acquire the habit of going to see them. With the material rush on every side, an hour of restful dalliance among good pictures will help both men and women on their busy way.

The pictures that Pages will leave in the Vickery gallery will give those who have not been fortunate enough to see the exhibition as a whole, an adequate idea of the genius of this Californian, who has won honors without number in Europe. Each picture that Pages has shown emphasizes his superior skill as a draughtsman, his tasteful revelry in color, and his sympathetic consideration of the things he portrays. Each picture is a tribute to his sincerity and intelligence.

The Art Association directory has been trying to induce Mr. Pages to remain permanently in this city and to accept the position of dean of the faculty. This is impossible, as he has academic obligations in Paris that he can not repudiate. He leaves for Europe in August. But Mr. Pages's heart is more tenderly turned to the city of his birth than ever before, and it is his intention to spend a great part of his time here, to live with it during its

regrowth, and surely to take a part in its artistic rehabilitation.

To the Art Association Mr. Pages gives assurance of his sympathy, of his willingness to help the students when he is here, and even says that his name may be used, but full responsibility he can not take. Mr. Pages's salon picture, "A Corner of the Studio," owned by the Art Association, was one of the paintings saved when the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art burned.

And now the question is being asked on all sides, When will the San Francisco School of Design reopen? No date is set for it: no one seems yet to be able to speak with authority about the plans for this institution, which was once the pride of the city, for the value of its teaching was known far and wide. Arthur F. Mathews, who presided over its destinies for so many years, and to whom so many of the younger and coming artists owe much, is no longer connected with the school. His place will be difficult to fill.

There are signs of activity on the site of the former institute. A temporary structure is being erected, and all possible haste is being made. Much unrest has been the fate of the association since April. With the withdrawal of the interest of Edward F. Searles, who gave the property to honor the name of the late Mark Hopkins, the society has changed its name and so that of the man who bought the site will soon be nothing but a tradition. Furthermore, the deed to this holding is now so changed that the entire control of the property is vested in the regents of the University of California.

But another school of design will come into being, albeit the set-back it has received may make the day somewhat distant.

Joseph Greenbaum's exhibition has been transferred to the White House and he has hurried off to Southern California to fill some orders. With the exception of the portraits and ideal heads, the inspiration for all the pictures in the present collection of this artist was found at Santa Catalina. His handling of the marines is particularly interesting. By mixing his colors on the canvas and laying them in with bold dashes and almost with his palette knife he has secured a vibrant quality that gives life and brilliancy to the water. Greenbaum's work is getting marked individuality. His "Symphony in Brown," which is well hung, is a pretty color harmony. It is a girl in brown on her way through a brown country. Greenbaum has managed the textures of earth and tree and sky and cloth admirably—not an easy thing to do in one color.

Greenbaum will have to find a new model for his "Puritan Girl" or else change her name. She is engaging in the extreme, but no such bewitching, mischievous eyes ever sparkled in a Puritan atmosphere. If she were really found in a Plymouth Rock family, she must have been adopted or kidnapped.

The Guild of Arts and Crafts announces a spring exhibition, to be held in its rooms, 1825 California Street, commencing Friday evening, March 15, and continuing throughout the month.

L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz" and other extravaganzas, is at the Hotel del Coronado, and a few days ago he was made the spokesman for a number of the guests who joined in a tribute to Mr. Morgan Ross, the efficient and popular manager of the noted Southern California resort. The memento presented was a watch fob in the form of the well-known Coronado crown in gold and diamonds. Mr. Baum's address was a happy one, whimsical and witty, and it expressed the satisfaction of his fellows and was a well-earned compliment for the hotel manager.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., commander of the Department of Columbia, was retired March 1 by operation of law, having reached the age limit. General Jocelyn was for some time chief of staff of the Pacific Division, with station here. Rear-Admiral B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., has been promoted to that rank, his promotion to date from February 21.

Colonel William H. Heuer, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., on duty in San Francisco, was retired on March 2 by operation of law.

Colonel Alfred C. Markley, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list of the army with the rank of brigadier-general, to date from February 25.

Colonel George L. Cooke, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., and two companies of that regiment, stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, have been ordered to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, and will proceed there on March 25.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander B. Dyer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been promoted to be colonel, dating from January 25. Colonel Dyer will remain on his present duty as acting military secretary until further orders.

Major John B. Bellinger, quartermaster, U. S. A., was promoted on February 16 to be deputy quartermaster-general, with rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Major Edward T. Brown, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, dating from January 25.

Major John Stafford, U. S. A., retired, has been detailed for general recruiting service and ordered to proceed to Fort Slocum and report to the commanding officer of the recruit depot for practical instruction for a period of ten days in the methods of examining recruits, and at the expiration of that period to proceed to Providence, R. I., and enter upon recruiting duty at that place, relieving Major Clarence Ewen, U. S. A., retired, who will proceed to his home.

Major Kenneth Morton, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., Benicia Arsenal, was ordered recently to proceed to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, on official business pertaining to inspection of the armament at that post and the work of the mechanics thereon, and upon the completion of this duty will return to his proper station.

Major Arthur W. Yates, quartermaster, U. S. A., sailed on the transport leaving here last week, having been relieved from duty at Portland, Maine, and ordered to proceed to the Philippines, reporting upon his arrival in Manila to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant-Commander R. R. Belknap U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as executive officer of the *Kearsage*, now at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Captain Harry L. Hawthorne, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been promoted to be a major, his promotion dating from January 25.

Captain Frank A. Cooke, commissary, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed, upon his arrival here from the Philippines, to Washington, D. C., and report to the commissary-general for duty in his office as assistant.

Lieutenant Edward A. Sturges, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to be a captain, and is assigned to the First Cavalry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant John L. Shepard, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of captain, to date from February 21.

Lieutenant George O. Duncan, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability, his retirement is announced, to date from February 25.

Lieutenant Samuel Noyes, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted eighteen days' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Lloyd P. Horsfall, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, reported recently to the commanding officer, Benicia Arsenal, for examination with a view to selection for detail for service for a period of four years in the Ordnance Department.

Lieutenant John H. White, U. S. M. C., is promoted to be first lieutenant, his promotion to date from November 29, 1906.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., West Point, was in Washington, D. C., last week.

Ensign J. W. Hayward, U. S. N., is detached from the *Chattanooga* and ordered to the Naval Hospital at Mare Island for treatment.

Contract Surgeon Leonard S. Hughes, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the department rifle range, Point Bonita, and ordered to proceed to the depot of

recruits and casuals, Angel Island, for duty.

Lieutenant Franklin B. Harwood, U. S. R. C. S., has had his leave of absence extended fourteen days.

The Second Squadron, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Presidio of Monterey, and ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco for station on March 20.

Ode by Francis Bret Harte.

[The following poem was written by Bret Harte for the ceremonial laying of the corner stone of the Institution for the Deaf and Blind in Berkeley, September 26, 1867. It had been lost since that time until recently, when it was found in some historical matter preserved in the Bancroft Library.]

Fair the terrace that o'erlooks
Curving bay and sheltered nooks;
Groves that break the western blasts,
Steeped distance fringed with masts,
And the Gate that fronts our home
With its bars of cold sea-foam.

Here no flashing signal falls
Over darkened sea and sail;
Here no ruddy light-house calls
White-winged Commerce with its hail;
But above the peaceful vale
Watchful, silent, calm and pale,
Science lifts her beacon walls.

Love, alone, the lamp whose beam
Shines above the troubled stream:
Here shall Patience, wise and sweet,
Gather round her waiting feet
God's unfinished few, whom fate
And their failings consecrate;
Haply that her skill create
What His will left incomplete.

Ah, Bethesda's pool no more
Sees the miracles of yore;
Faith no more to blinded eyes,
Brings the light that skill denies;
Not again shall part on earth
Lips that Nature sealed from birth.
Though his face the Master hides,
Love eternal still abides
Underneath the arching sky,
And His hand through Science guides
Speechless lip and sightless eye.

This is our Bethesda's pool,
This our thaumaturgic school;
We, O Lord, more dumb than these—
Knowing but of bended knees
And the sign of clasped hands,
Here upon our western sands,
By these broad Pacific seas,
Through these stones are eloquent,
And our feeble, faltering speech,
Gains what once the pebbles lent
On the legendary beach
Unto Old Demosthenes.

Some excitement was created in a Berlin street the other day by a Turk who ran after the kaiser's automobile, shouting "Imperator tschok yascha" (Long live the emperor). The motor did not stop, but the man was taken in charge by policemen and led to the royal palace, where an official questioned him (he could not speak a word of German), and received the petition he wanted to hand to the kaiser. He proved to be the owner of a sawmill, which had been craftily taken from him. Aged seventy, and doomed to a life of poverty, he had appealed for justice to the sultan, who, however, had paid no heed to him; whereupon Hussein undertook the journey to Berlin to implore the aid of the kaiser, who is considered in Constantinople a sort of guardian saint since his Oriental tour, during which he promised his assistance not only to Turkey as a whole, but to every individual Mussulman.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Paris is to bear "Salomé" in the spring. We fear Paris will find it rather dull.—*Puck*.

"He's perfectly wild over his new auto." "Huh! You should see him under it."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

The young man spoke bitterly: "Do you take me for a fool?" "Oh, George," she said, "this is so sudden."—*Memphis Journal*.

First millionaire—You were laid up in your house all last week. weren't you? Second millionaire—Yes. "Sickness or investigation committee?"—*Life*.

The Agent—If you have this machine, sir, you won't take anybody's dust. The Magnate—Then I don't want it. I'm out for everybody's dust.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Trust Mognate (newly rich)—I want one of them octopus-shaped rooms for the library. Cynical architect—So appropriate, dear madam.—*Baltimore American*.

Hodge—What's old Scribbles doing? He looks poverty-stricken. Podge—He's writing a series of articles on "How to Get Rich Without Capital."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What do you think of my style?" asked the young lady society reporter who was on trial. "Well, I think you pad altogether too much," replied the editor thoughtlessly.—*Yankers Statesman*.

Algernon—I—aw—have resolved to—aw—do something useful in the world, doncher know. Miss DeStyle—Indeed! Algernon—Yaws. I am—aw—learning to tie me own ties.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"What class of people do you think has been most benefited by the libraries you have founded?" "I'm not sure," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But I kind of suspect it's the architects."—*Washington Star*.

Salicitar (making a concession to his client in the matter of charges)—Weel, Sandy, seeing I kent your father, I'll make it sax guineas. Sandy—Guid sake, mon! I'm glad ye dinna ken grandfaether.—*Punch*.

A Lexington woman had a habit of riding all day in a street car until at last she died in one. Either she had a queer idea of fun or they have a different sort of street-car system in Lexington.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Teacher—If coal is \$5 per ton, how many tons could you get for \$20. Disturbing Element—Three tons. Teacher—That's wrong. Disturbing Element—I know it is, but they will do it just the same.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"I am a worthless thing!" exclaimed the rejected and dejected young man, despairingly. "Oh, no," replied the fair girl cheerfully. "Not worthless. Your skeleton alone would sell for twenty dollars."—*Somerville Journal*.

Surly Strong—Gimme a nickel, missus? Missus—I should think a big, strong man like you would be ashamed to ask for money. Surly Strong—I am, missus, but I ain't got der nerve to take it without askin'.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Gussie Giddy—I hear when you awsked her to marry you she said she'd pwefer to have a dog for a companion. Cholly Saphead—Not exactly. She said if she had to have a pup at all she pweffered a pretty one.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Dubley bought a horse the other day —" "Yes, and he was horribly stuck, wasn't he?" "Oh! you've seen the horse then?" "No, but he told me he was going to buy one from 'a friend who is in the business.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

"That was an awful break Bimerly made last night after he had proposed to the rich Miss Anteeck and been accepted." "What was it?" "Just after she had accepted him he asked if she gave trading stamps."—*Commercial Progress*.

Bibliophile (ogham)—I beg your pardon, madam, but that book your little girl is playing with is an old and exceedingly rare first edition. Caller—Oh, that's all right, Mr. Vibbert. It will amuse her just as much as if it were nice and new.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Did your bull terrier get a blue ribbon at the show?" "Yes." "I should think you could hang it up in a prominent place." "No. You see, this was a hair ribbon heatched from a little girl, and we bad to

pay her father not to make any trouble."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

"Anything peculiar about these people that have just moved into the house next door to you, Mrs. Crossway?" "No; there's nothing unusual about them. They've borrowed a step-ladder and a tackhammer, and turned their children loose in our back yard."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Mussed Up.

Susie Green quite carelessly
Stepped in front of the express.
Oh, my goodness gracious me!
How it mussed her Sunday dress!
—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

Memories of Last Spring.

When mother starts to tidy up
Poor father sneaks away,
For well he knows the bitter cup
Is his to quaff that day.
Those cherished papers that he placed
In one particular spot,
Again on earth are never traced
Because she's hurt the lot.

That good old pipe, well seasoned, which
Was sweet, although 'twas old,
Is missing from its usual niche
With other "rubbish" sold.
The dustman smiles a healthy smile
And strokes his brindle pup,
He knows to call it worth his while
When mother tidies up.

—*Pick-Me-Up*.

The Jokesmith's Stock.

If Pittsburg was a smokeless town
And Doston nothing knew
Of Kant or pie or baked beans brown,
What would we jokesmiths do?

If New York would not let a Celt
Serve on its civic crew,
And Louisville in dry goods dealt,
What would we jokesmiths do?

If all St. Louis girls had feet
That took a dainty shoe,
And Brooklyn owned no babies sweet,
What would we jokesmiths do?

O humorists, both near and far,
But for the gallant few
Who made our cities what they are,
What would we jokesmiths do?

—*Washington Herald*.

Myself and Me.

I'm the best pal that I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late,
And I find myself a hully chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me
And shew me right and wrong,
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me,
I'm as truthful as can be;
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself and have
A pal that's all your own;
To be such company for yourself
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses,
And you'll find a crowd's a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well yourself
Will like you if you do.

—*George M. Cohan*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

Redd—He says he never ran over a man in his automobile in his life. Greene—No; he's a lucky dog! He's always managed to strike 'em so they went up in the air!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. —You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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1:45P	1:45P	2:50P	5:45P		
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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argoey and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	8.00
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
New YorkMar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11
St. LouisMar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
PhiladelphiaMar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
Celtic, 20,904 tonsApr. 6, May 4
PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
NoordlandMar. 16, MerionMar. 30
FrieslandMar. 23, WesternlandApr. 6

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
MinnehahaMar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
MesabaMar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
MinnetonkaApr. 6, May 4, June 1
MinneapolisApr. 13, Apr. 11, June 8

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Ryndam, Mar. 6, 10 a m Stat'd'm, Mar. 27, 10 am
Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a m Noordam, Apr. 3, 9 a m
N.Am'd'm Mar. 20, 10am Ryndam, Apr. 10, 4 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER ANTWERP
VaderlandMar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11
FinlandMar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
ZeelandMar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
KronlandApr. 6, May 4, June 1

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
BalticMar. 13, Apr. 10, May 8
MajesticMar. 20, Apr. 17, May 15
CedricMar. 27, Apr. 19, May 17
OceanicMar. 27, Apr. 24
TeutonicApr. 3, May 1

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

CelticApr. 6, noon; May 4
*AdriaticMay 23, June 19, July 17
TeutonicMay 29, June 26, July 24
OceanicJune 5, July 3, July 31
MajesticJune 12, July 10, Aug. 7
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CymricMar. 30, Apr. 25, May 23
ArabicMay 9, June 6
RepublicMay 30, July 3
To the Mediterranean, via Azores
FROM NEW YORK
CreticMar. 30, noon; May 9, June 20
RepublicApr. 20, 10 a m

FROM BOSTON
Republic, Mar. 16, noon. Romanic, Apr. 27
CanopicApr. 10, 8:30 a m; May 18
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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1567.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 23, 1907.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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An Astounding Exposure.

Just as the *Argonaut* goes to press there comes an announcement to the effect that the drag-net of the graft prosecution has uncovered an amazing body of testimony, incriminating not only Abraham Ruef, Eugene Schmitz, and their associates of the grafting combination, but certain criminals of higher rank and pretensions—none other than those by whom enormous bribes have been paid. Under pressure, it is alleged, the whole group of graft-taking city supervisors, with only one or two exceptions, have been brought to make a clean breast of their part in the game of plunder under which San Francisco has recently suffered. According to current reports it has been developed that each of the supervisors received \$4000 for his vote for a certain grant of privileges within the week following the disaster, to the United Railroads corporation; that each of ten supervisors received \$5000 for his vote for privileges granted to the Pacific States Telephone Company; that each of ten supervisors received \$3500 in connection with a franchise

grant to the Home Telephone Company; and that each of seven supervisors received \$6000 in the same deal; that each supervisor was paid \$750 in connection with a deal favoring the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company; that each supervisor received \$500 for complacency in the interest of the Prize-fight Trust. It is further alleged that Ruef and Schmitz divided the sum of \$400,000 in the United Railroads deal, \$10,000 in the prize-fight deal, and other large sums down a long line of deals involving grants of franchises, etc.

Concurrently with this announcement comes a postponement of the trial of Abraham Ruef on which a formal beginning was made last week. The presumption is that the prosecution has put off this case for a few days for the purpose of submitting Ruef to what is known as the "sweating" process. He will, it is said, be promised some measure of immunity in return for information laying bare the whole mass of his grafting transactions during the past three years, especially during the fifteen months in which his authority in the municipal administration has been supreme. The idea of the prosecutors, it is said, is to get evidence that will convict not merely the brokers in municipal corruption but the bribe-givers, who, while holding their heads high, have nevertheless been effective agents in the infamous business of municipal debauchery.

An immediate outcome of the exposures already accomplished will, it is said, be the deposition of the entire group of supervisors and of the Mayor, under a statute which gives sufficient authority for summary action at the hands of the local courts.

It would be quite useless for the *Argonaut* to multiply phrases with respect to these amazing disclosures. The facts speak for themselves; they point their own moral; they emphasize their own shame.

The Democratic Outlook.

The Democratic party is temperamentally hopeful. In forty-seven years it has gone down to eleven national defeats, and in the same period it has won but two national victories. One of these quickly turned out to be a party disappointment, since in his second term Mr. Cleveland quickly cut loose from the prevailing sentiment of his party and became in effect more nearly a Republican than a Democrat. But in spite of repeated repulses, and further despite periodical defections to Populism, and other transient and eccentric movements, the Democratic organization has been maintained, and its hopes, though again and again blighted, have never faltered. No political party was ever more severely tried by hard fortune, and none in this, or in any other country, has ever carried itself with a more persistent courage, in the face of persistent adversity.

The persistence of the Democratic party is the soundest possible proof that it has a foundation and a backing in fixed and essential principles, that it exists through no caprice, through no mere political expediency, but because it stands for something vitally connected with government of the people by the people. It is true that the exigencies of the past half century have inevitably made its policy one of protest, and there have been shallow critics to condemn it as a mere party of negation; but there is far more in Democracy than protest and negation; there is in it a vitality which these qualities never can inspire. It would, no doubt, be accounted presumption in a journal holding firmly to the principles of Republicanism, and hopeful within reasonable limitations of continued Republican control of the government, to define precisely what Democracy stands for. The *Argonaut*, therefore, will go no further than to pay its brief tribute

to Democracy as a party of definite foundation and aims, of a temperament sound in its relation to the nature of things, a party which, in spite of repeated failures, has nevertheless played an essential part in the life of the Republic during the last half century. Democracy may be wrong at many points. It may be weak in many things. It may, in a practical sense, be even unworthy of confidence as an administrative agency; nevertheless it has no need to apologize for its existence.

Looking broadly over the field of our national affairs the *Argonaut* will not scruple to admit that there are at this time signs and portents which may fairly justify not merely the existence of the Democratic party as a political organization, but a very reasonable hopefulness of better fortunes in the immediate future than it has had in recent times. With respect to the quadrennial Presidential election of 1908, there is a situation differing from anything in the recent history of American politics, a situation tending at many points to the advantage of the Democratic party over its great and long-successful rival.

Never in recent times have the fortunes of any political party risen above the high tide of Republicanism, marked by the election of Mr. Roosevelt in 1904. Roosevelt's majority was unprecedented, but a little study of the election returns, in comparison with population figures, and with the voting record of the second McKinley election, will make it plain that the result in 1904 was not so much due to accessions to Republicanism as to the default of Democrats with respect to their own party ticket. Roosevelt's majority was indeed colossal, but in spite of the fact of a prodigious growth in population, the total Presidential vote of 1904 fell short of the total vote of 1900. Great numbers of Democrats who could not bring themselves to support the party nominee, nevertheless declined to give their votes to the candidate of the opposing party. Perhaps it would be going too far to assert that the stay-at-home Democratic vote in 1904 would have elected Judge Parker; but it may at least be said that it would have robbed Mr. Roosevelt's success at its point of numerical brilliancy.

Republicanism, we think, reached high water mark in Mr. Roosevelt's election. Every circumstance of the year was favorable to it. The country was prosperous beyond precedent; nothing had happened to create distrust at any point; every element in the party came to the support of the ticket; the opposition was divided into hostile factions. The Democratic candidate, while respectable enough, was merely a lay figure. Perhaps more important than all, the Republican nominee was then, if not now, the most engaging personal figure in American politics—we use the word politics advisedly—since Andrew Jackson. It may further be said that the Republican campaign of 1904, like that of preceding years, had the support of a vast money expenditure, funds being provided largely by interests of one kind or another upon the theory that in Republicanism lay the line of protection and promotion of these interests. All these things together served to swell the volume of the Republican vote, while things equally potential in an adverse sense tended to cut down the Democratic vote.

It must be confessed that the Republican party has not in all respects maintained itself before the country since 1904. First of all, the President, with all his merits of character, has done some things to weaken his party. He has, indeed, carried the party to a higher moral plane than that upon which it stood under the Presidency of McKinley, and under the chairmanship of Mark Hanna; but in doing it he has somehow failed at the point of cre-

party with the progress that has been achieved. Either his intense personalism of character, or something else more subtle, has tended to make the impression that the President, in the higher range of his motives, is rather a better man than his party. While the good things done by Republicanism have been so done as to augment the name of fame of Roosevelt, on the other hand all his whimsies, follies, and blunders have gone to the account of party discredit. Whatever the future estimate of Theodore Roosevelt may be, his immediate repute does not appear to be much damaged by the Panama incident, the Hayti incident, the snub to General Miles, the promotion of personal friends, the Japanese incident, or even the failure to remember the party pledges in the matter of tariff reform. The popular admiration of the President's spectacular vitality, the universal confidence in his rectitude of purpose, his success in the great coal miners' strike, the showy part he played in the peace negotiation between Japan and Russia, and, perhaps above all, the popular approval of his fight against the trusts—these things have all tended to sustain and advance his fame. His successes in the general mind are counted as his own; his faults and failures have largely been charged against his party. History has a way of coming to its own reckonings; under its closer scrutiny there may be a fairer distribution of praise and blame. But as the account stands today, the Republican party is in a position where it must explain a good many things and seek to justify itself for certain lapses of performance where its responsibility was very great.

Perhaps first among the failures of recent Republican administration stands the Isthmian Canal. There was, it will be remembered, very general disappointment throughout the country when the Nicaraguan scheme was thrown over in favor of the Panama project. We don't hear much of the Nicaraguan proposal these days; nevertheless it has by no means been forgotten. There are many who believe that a prodigious blunder was made by the substitution, and who charge the blame to the dominant party. Again, there was given nearly three years back an optimistic pledge that the "dirt would fly" in short order. This pledge has not been kept. Instead, we have had three or four radical changes of methods of administration at the Isthmus, each promising everything and ending in a disappointment barely above the scandal line. Already, before the canal is fairly begun, there has been expended upon it a sum nearly, if not quite, equal to the highest estimate for the completed performance. As yet, with the exception of two or three hurried newspaper critics, only friendly eyes have looked into the situation at Panama. Probably, indeed, assuredly, there has been a tremendous waste of money at the Isthmus, and probably before the campaign of next year is well under way, there will be before the country a sizable canal scandal, and no matter where the fault shall really lie, it will be up to the Republican party to provide the explanation.

Another point at which the Republican party will be on the defensive in 1908 will be that of the tariff. In the last Republican platform there was a specific pledge to reform certain notorious abuses under which certain great trusts have been "sheltered" in plain sight before the country. Not only the national platform, but many State platforms of the Republican party, defined the issue in the plainest terms. The views of the President were again and again made known indirectly, and he went so far in 1905 as to prepare a message to Congress on this question, although later he was prevailed on not to submit it. The net result of the whole matter is that the party has not found the strength within itself to correct certain patent and offensive abuses. Certain large interests have, by one means or another, held sufficient authority in the party councils to restrain it at the point of keeping its plighted word. Another session of Congress is to be held between now and the time of the nominating conventions of 1908. There is indeed time for the redemption of the tariff pledge of 1904, but experience does not lead to hope. There will be no reform of the tariff next winter; the "stand-patters" have won their fight. The Republican party will be embarrassed to explain the reason why.

Again, since the campaign of 1904, protest against certain methods of long practice has achieved a certain success before the country which will bar those gigan-

gantic contributions to campaign extravagance which have marked Presidential campaigns in the past. Neither party will have "sinews of war" in anything like the old volume, and as between the two, the Republican party will suffer most. Republican campaign practice has largely been established upon the basis of large resources. The reform involved in coming down to the basis of a less money supply will, in effect, be revolutionary—and the revolution will be more seriously disadvantageous to the Republicans, since having more money they have hitherto used it more freely.

If on top of these conditions there should between now and June, 1908, come a sharp decline in the prosperity of the country there would be a situation precisely to the hand of Democracy. Probably there will be no serious fall off in the thrifty activities of the country. While it is easily possible that there may be some decline in the great wave of material prosperity, whose influences are felt throughout the land, it is not likely that there will be such a slump as will reproduce the conditions which led to the Socialistic spasm by which the name of William J. Bryan was first presented to the American people. Probably we shall go into the campaign under circumstances tending to obscure, even if they can not be made to justify, certain deficiencies in Republican administration. This is, perhaps, the best hope of the party, and its next best hope is the moralizing movement which is giving us a set of working ideals in political affairs, with a prospect of moral conditions higher than anything the country has seen since, concurrently with the Civil War, it entered upon an era of larger things.

We have traced facts and conditions tending to make a situation calculated at many points to give opportunity and hope to the Democratic party in the coming Presidential year, 1908. Now, let us see how the party is prepared to meet a situation thus promising to its hopes. Whatever may have been earlier conceptions of government, it is now recognized that governmental administration is nothing more nor less than business. It calls, first, for a broad understanding of the affairs of the world, and of the country, for poise and habit in the conduct of large things, and for experience and training in the ten thousand details of routine administration. Perhaps above all this, or rather preliminary to it, it demands a large measure of public confidence. The most efficient body of administrators in the country could not possibly be successful in conducting its affairs if they undertook the task without the support of public faith. How stands the Democratic party in this respect? The question answers itself. The party is distinctly lacking at the point of public confidence, and there is good reason for it. First it has been so long out of authority that it has no body of men trained for the work of public administration. Even in those States where Democracy is dominant, for the most part older ideals of politics still obtain, and there is less attention to the management of affairs—to the real business of government—than to toploftical oratory and to other and kindred accessories of politics. It is in the South that the core of Democratic power is to be found, and in government, as in commerce, your Southerner is an indifferent man of affairs. Twice within the present political era the Democratic party has been entrusted with the administration of national affairs, and in both instances the outcome was a tremendous depression in the prosperity of the country. Mr. Cleveland's second administration broke down completely early in its career, and it was only by abandoning both the precepts and the advisers of his party that the harrassed President was able to save the country from real disaster. In the public opinion the Democratic party, by its false economics, its recklessness in innovation, its genius for blundering, its lack of administrative skill and persistency, was responsible for that period of hard times which made the full dinner bucket a potent symbol in the political diplomacy of the country. The disappointment and disgust over the two Cleveland administrations have, of course, been softened by time, but there remains in the public mind a memory which spells distrust of Democracy and of all its works.

If Democracy meant some definite and tangible thing, if it were a fixed mark of some assured line of action, if it could bring to its support in solid array

all who call themselves Democrats, then it would be comparatively easy to reassure the country. But the Democratic party is not a party of solidarity. It is essentially a party of sections widely divided in political ideals, in economic principles, and in administrative methods. Between the "safe and sane" Democracy of New England and New York and the Democracy of the West—between Clevelandism and Bryanism—there is a great gulf fixed. The Democracy of the South, resting upon traditional memories and sustained by racial feeling, is a thing of still another sort. And between these great and greatly divided sections there is neither sympathy nor good will. The contempt of the East for the West is only comparable in its profundity with the robust distrust of the West for the East; and there is no spirit of party loyalty strong enough to bring these sections into working harmony. As the East broke away from the party in its adherence to Parker and Clevelandism, so the West broke away from the party in its distrust of Clevelandism, and in its adherence to Bryan.

Again, the Democratic party is made up of men not easily subject to party discipline nor accustomed to coöperative efforts along progressive and responsible lines. Democrats are largely, through temperament and habit, men of the protesting and rebellious sort. Habit, combined with propensity, has confirmed them as practiced "kickers." Indeed, an appreciable element of the Democratic party is Democratic for no better reason than the objection of its individual members to the doings of the Republican party. From long association with minority politics they have become habited to objection and protest, and have given to the party itself a fixed temperamental bias towards opposition and obstruction. This is not the temperament, nor the mood of progressive and hopeful political action, and it does not lead to it.

It is the habit of the Democratic party to boast its fixed antipathy to the great and acknowledged abuses which afflict our political and economic life. The country, however, does not accept Democracy at par value of its high pretensions. When the question is raised there arise inevitably those who point to the historical fact that Democracy, when put to the test, has failed to make good at the point of performance. Democracy again and again pledged itself to reform the abuses of the tariff, but Democracy in power did nothing of the kind. In its effort to reform the tariff it so bungled the job that even a Democratic President was constrained to stigmatize its work as a product of "perfidy and dishonor", even while permitting a mangled and discredited scheme to become the law of the land—a law whose practical effect was to snuff out ten thousand furnace fires, to plunge the people into universal distress, and to still the wheels of national progress. There are those, too, to discredit Democratic professions with respect to trust abuses by pointing out that the greatest and grossest of all the trusts—the oil monopoly—is, in so far as its membership goes, a Democratic institution, and that it has steadily carried forward its oppressive courses at the hands of men conspicuous in the councils of the Democratic party. There are those to point out further that every effective thing thus far done toward bridling the trusts has been done upon the initiative of Republican statesmen and by the hands of Republican authority. The charge is everywhere driven home that while Democracy promises, Republicanism achieves; and so profoundly have these things been impressed upon the public mind that public expectation turns inevitably to the Republican party when the necessity for doing things becomes urgent.

Perhaps the most striking practical weakness of Democracy is its lack of a leadership commanding universal party confidence, high moral purpose, with practical working power. If there be in the Democratic party such leadership—if there be in it one man of this high character—he has not yet been brought to the front of its affairs.

And if such a man could be found, it is more than doubtful if his party could be brought to accept him. The genius of the modernized Democratic party is not friendly to strong men. The party stumbled upon Cleveland, but ultimately it discredited him and cast him out. Mr. Bryan remains the favorite son of Democracy, and in spite of extravagances which have lost him the confidence and favor of multitudes of Democrats, he remains its

likeliest man for the Presidential nomination. It is today not easy to conceive any circumstance that will deny him for the third time the supreme favor of his party. Here, indeed, is the essential weakness of a party which would otherwise stand in a position of extraordinary opportunity.

Mr. Bryan is not, indeed, the same crude figure he was in 1905. Time, with observation of men and things, has refashioned his views, as it has his personal manners and the cut of his clothes. He has gained so much in the way of conservatism as to have lost those characteristics that made him the mouthpiece and the champion of a wild-eyed radicalism. But Mr. Bryan, for all the metamorphosis of twelve years, is nevertheless a man of a very wild type of mind. He has neither the temperament nor the mental equipment of a man truly safe and sane. He knows more than he did, but no amount of knowledge can ever discipline or check his propensity to novelty, to pose, to melodrama. Withal, Mr. Bryan is a truly gallant figure; like Mr. Roosevelt, he irresistibly challenges personal admiration and a certain moral approval, but, unlike Mr. Roosevelt, he lacks the power to get himself estimated upon the merits rather than upon the defects of his character. It is here, perhaps, that these two men, who have so much in common, most strikingly differ. Roosevelt excites criticism, and even apprehension, by his egotism, his boyish extravagances, by his unconsidered rushing into things; but with all, he inspires the country with a certain confidence, a certain fixed assurance that in the end no harm will come of it. Bryan, on the other hand, rings the alarm bell at every crisis. Just when the people have begun to respect him, to take him seriously, then unfailingly he says or does some fool thing to develop sober and adverse thought, to remind his fellow-citizens that his gift is rather that of inspiring men than of leading and guiding them.

From the present outlook, the nomination of Mr. Bryan by the Democrats seems an assurance. He seems the one figure in his party upon whom it can combine. In so far as preliminary nomination can go, he is already the accepted candidate. At the same time, his name affords no assurance to his party, much less to the country. To sober thought he is unthinkable in the Presidential office. His name is directly suggestive of things which the country can not view without alarm. His formal nomination would immediately excite popular fears, while a serious prospect of his election could hardly fail to involve the country in a funk of apprehension. His election could not fail to be a national misfortune, since it would inevitably accelerate a socialistic movement which all men of conservative mind regard with distrust.

An Obstructive Regulation.

When, not long after the disaster, there seemed to a few persons a chance to remodel our down-town district on esthetic lines, there was enacted an ordinance that no building should be carried to a height greater than one and one-half times the width of the adjacent street. The idea back of this rule was that of enforcing the widening of certain down-town thoroughfares. Now there never was any real prospect of radical change in the lines of our streets. No city hard hit as San Francisco was ever paused in the work of restoration to take serious counsel of the artist or the landscape gardener. What San Francisco needed immediately after the fire and what she needs now, is not so much to look pretty as to get ahead; and to the taste of many of us a city never looks so well as when it is adjusted to its work.

As the business of reconstruction goes on it becomes evident that the rule limiting the height of buildings is a serious hindrance to building enterprise. It means that in the financial district of which Montgomery Street is the centre, no new buildings of the magnitude of the Mills Building, the Kohl Building, the Crocker Building, etc., can be constructed. It is claimed that Class A buildings to be profitable must be carried to a height above the allowance of the restrictive ordinance; and those who have planned such buildings must alter their projects, must substitute lesser and cheaper structures if the law is to be left as it now stands.

It would of course be desirable if our down-town streets were wider, but it is now plain that they are

not to be changed from the old lines. And since this is so it is absurd to enforce a restriction whose effect will be to give us small and cheap rather than high and costly buildings. There seems no motive in common sense why we should enforce in San Francisco a rule which is not accepted in any other city of the country. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other of the older cities are lining their narrowest thoroughfares with splendid modern structures. San Francisco ought to have a similar privilege. It is a simple choice between first-class buildings and cheap buildings.

Righteous Retribution.

A news item worthy of consideration reaches us from Portland, Oregon. It seems that a man named Philander Lemmon has been killed, or we might say more appropriately, executed, for the offense of snoring. This act of retributive justice was carried out by an aged companion named Bloss, who shared his room and bed and who was therefore peculiarly in a position to judge the enormity of the offense and to estimate the penalty that should be exacted. Lemmon and Bloss lived alone in a little cabin near Salem. There were, therefore, no witnesses of the final scene nor auditors of the provocation. We have nothing but circumstantial evidence to guide us and the simple and dignified statement of Bloss who, greatly to his surprise, finds that his act is deprecated by unimaginative and unsympathetic persons. From this statement it seems that Bloss was awakened from sleep by the hideous nasal disturbances of Lemmon. If we may believe the assurances of the survivor he did not immediately kill the offender as he would have been amply justified in doing. He remonstrated with him and his remonstrances were resented. Even then he did not resort to extreme measures but, tempering justice with mercy and remembering that even the vilest snorer may repent, he simply fought with him, striving to win him from his evil courses and restore him to the respect of his fellow men. It was only when everything else failed, when Lemmon's obduracy was apparent and hopeless, that Bloss grasped an axe and killed him. After satisfying himself that justice had got its due and that life was extinct he went to his breakfast and on his return he buried the body in a ditch.

Bloss now finds himself threatened by the minions of the law. He has unavailingly explained that the man snored and there is no evidence to the contrary. Indeed the fact is uncontradicted, but the law, with that blind observance of form and precedent that distinguishes it, is unsatisfied and proposes to submit this man to the indignity of a trial. Who can say to what lengths it will go if public opinion should fail to raise a timely and effectual protest? Who can doubt that Bloss acted not only in self-defense but in the public interest without undue passion and with a judicial restraint. After all lesser persuasions had failed he simply killed the offender. He did not scalp him nor refuse him decent burial in a ditch. If it could be urged that Lemmon did not snore, or that he was not an habitual snorer, or that he only snored in a diffident and tentative way, or in a minor key, or spasmodically and intermittently, there might be some excuse for the annoyances to which his executioner is being subjected and that almost fringe upon persecution. There can be little doubt that those who are responsible for it themselves snore and are, therefore, biased and disqualified. But none of the foregoing contentions have been advanced. There were no extenuating circumstances or we should have heard of them.

There is another aspect of this case that ought not to be overlooked. There can be little doubt that if Lemmon had been brought to realize the enormity of his offense the guilty wretch would not have wished to live to be a scourge and a terror to every one within range of his peculiar form of nocturnal profanity. What value could such a man have placed upon life, knowing as he must have known that his noisy meditations would depopulate an ordinary boarding-house and lower rents throughout a whole ward? He is better off dead. Indeed he ought not to have been born.

A serious principle is here at issue and we must avoid a dangerous precedent. If Bloss is to be punished for his resort to the unwritten law that places the persistent snorer outside the range of human sympathy, then, indeed, his fellow malefac-

tors will take heart of grace and they will snore more insolently than ever. It will be a case of

Let those snore now who never snored before,
And those who always snored now snore more.

But if Bloss is triumphantly acquitted a warning will be conveyed to the whole pestilent fraternity. With the fear of death before their eyes, death without mercy and without benefit of clergy, they will learn a new self-restraint and a degrading practice will be effectually discouraged. This is one of those matters in which we need to be careful.

The President's Change of Face.

San Francisco and California have been compelled to swallow a nauseous mess of crow in the matter of the Japanese school question. That this is so is, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, due to the subservience of that municipal government which labor politics in combination with the politics of graft has given us. If we had had in the municipal government of San Francisco high character, manly resolution, and a worthy measure of self-respect, much of that which has been so unpleasant during the last three months might have been avoided. A very positive humiliation is the price we pay for permitting our affairs to get into hands lacking the strength of moral purpose and of moral courage.

But while San Francisco has been eating crow, the President has had his full share of it. It is only three months ago that Mr. Roosevelt while characterizing San Francisco as "wickedly absurd" in its attitude toward the Japanese, and threatening us with the terrors of military coercion, was applauding these same people as having in their character and domestic habit much that would be good for us to imitate, at the same time urging that Congress give to them the privileges of naturalization with full participation in our political affairs.

This was only three months ago, yet today we find this same President active and apparently dead in earnest in an effort to exclude Japanese subjects from this country. He has changed about as completely as ever a man did—more completely indeed than our ridiculous Mayor and his ridiculous associates of the School Board. So far as appears on the surface, the revocation by the School Board of its original order appears to be the President's only motive; but in truth his change of front came about before that of Schmitz *et al.* What it was that changed the President's mind we can only surmise. Possibly for once in his life there came to him the correcting judgment of a sober second thought. Be this as it may, he now plainly enough sees the folly of his original position and is doing what he can to mitigate its effects. Unfortunately he will not be able to do this completely. By the extravagance of his first plunge into this matter he has given to Japanese conceit a text and an impetus which it will not speedily lose. He has done to California and the country a tremendous mischief, a mischief that no amount of crow-eating on his part can entirely correct.

There is another serious side to this incident. It lies in the precedent which the President required to be made by the San Francisco authorities as a cover to his own change of face. In consenting that a local school regulation was a subject in which the President had a legitimate official interest, in accepting the President's summons to Washington and in going there at the government's cost, in reversing its action at the President's dictation—these things taken together form a precedent at odds with the constitution and the laws, and tending to yield to national authority certain points in local government concerning which the national government has no legitimate voice. The yielding of this point was indeed a tremendous price to pay for saving the face of a President whose precipitance and self-sufficiency had led him into an attitude of stupendous folly.

More Millions for Education.

The ink is hardly yet dry upon a deed of gift of some thirty-and-odd million dollars by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the income from this fund to be apportioned among minor universities under the judgment of a continuing committee. And now it is declared the same eminent philanthropist is arranging for another gift to the tune of \$240,000,000, also in promotion of education. Passing the point of "taint" involved in Mr. Rock-

benefactions, there arises the suggestion that the cause of education—scholastic education—is being endowed to an enormous and possibly unreasonable extent in these United States. Our schools of higher culture are absorbing amazing sums of money, tainted and other—so much as to suggest a condition not dissimilar to that in the middle ages when religious establishments came by one process or another to engross an undue share of the wealth of the world.

It is curious, truly, that while so many men of swollen fortunes are seeking ways to dispossess themselves of their over-much wealth, none have thought of that most crying of all our necessities, the need of manual or trade training. Under the rule of trades-unionism it is becoming more and more difficult for American youth to acquire training and skill in the handicrafts. Enterprise and progress are embarrassed by the lack of trained hands; worse still, a large proportion of the youth of the country is denied not merely the skill required for productive industry, but the discipline essential in the upbuilding of moral character. The facts are plainly before the country; every man of observation and common sense sees the evil and grieves over it; and yet nobody raises a hand to correct it, either through a reform of our school system or by the creation of private establishments available to the industrially ambitious youth of the country. We can but wonder that men of the practical type like Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, and others, should persist in bestowing enormous sums where no great need exists, at the same time leaving in almost complete neglect a field where liberality and beneficence might reasonably hope to achieve large results, not merely for the benefit of individuals but for the good of society.

The explanation, perhaps, lies in the fact that the higher educational idea presents a more effective appeal to ambition and vanity than the lowlier project of industrial training. To be the founder of a great university or library—to be associated with scholastic and literary culture—carries with it a kind of distinction not connected with any other form of personal patronage. The men who give millions do it nominally for the good of mankind and probably they deceive themselves with the flattering notion that their only motive is that of pure beneficence. But in truth every man of them is really groping out for a distinction which he hopes may attach to his name for all time. The hope, of course, is futile but it is none the less a mainspring of action with men of the unimaginative type who commonly have millions at their disposal.

Another explanation, perhaps, lies in the observed difficulty of administering foundations in promotion of manual training. Men to manage colleges, or at least men who think they can manage them and who are willing to undertake the work, may be had in plenty at the touch of a bell. They are men of a fine social quality and they mingle freely in circles where the multi-millionaire is at home. They are able in season and out of season to supply the suggestions and to multiply the persuasions potent to unlock the strong boxes of the rich.

On the other hand men competent to administer training schools are commonly employed in great industries; the sweat and the grime of the shop is about them; they have no easy social access to men of wealth at those times when susceptibility to appeal may be most effective. They lack, too, the social tact and grace of those whose interests lie in academic rather than in industrial interests. But whatever may be the reason the fact remains that universities, colleges, and libraries are engrossing a prodigious body of wealth while industrial education with all its tremendous possibilities of advantage is neglected.

The "Flurry" of Last Week.

It is truly matter for surprise that at a time when the business activities of the country are in full tide, when production is unprecedented in its volume, when markets are eager at profitable prices, when the transportation system of the country is pushed to the limit of its capacity and even beyond it, that there should be a movement in the financial centre having for a moment something of the character of a panic. The world is not unfamiliar with these accidents, but it looks for them rather at times of flood tide prosperity. It is a new

experience to see the "market" in a funk when every circumstance in the business life of the country seems active and hopeful.

The New York stock market is to a large extent a gambling institution, but it is none the less a thing to be regarded seriously, since it bears to the financial health of the country something of the relationship of the barometer to the weather. If the New York stock market is to be charged with the vice of the gambler, it must nevertheless be credited with the gambler's instinct for knowing the difference between realities and appearances. The stock market does not get into a flurry without some basis of reason for it, and probably in the present instance there is something more than mere caprice in an incident which has given the country an hour of real alarm and which has brought the authorities at Washington, in effect, to lend the resources of the government to the support of the universal credit.

The country is disposed to regard the sensational incident of last week as a mere flurry and therefore without significance or warning, but this we think is a view too highly colored by the spirit of optimism. Even flurries do not happen without some species of causation and we can not believe that the immediate incident is an exception to the universal rule. None of the explanations offered by the press reports seems to the *Argonaut* either candid or adequate. That the flurry was a product of distrust of all things American on the part of European investors, is not borne out by what has followed. For a good while back Europe has been rather more than less shy of American securities, but there has been nothing like a disposition to unload in a hurry. There was some selling at Berlin and London last week, but it bore none of the characteristics of a general movement and did not affect the stock markets for more than a few hours. Another story to the effect that President Roosevelt had called upon three or four prominent financial magnates of New York to combine in an effort to "dethrone" another financial magnate, is unthinkable. Whatever may be the opinion of Mr. Roosevelt concerning the operations or the character of Mr. Harriman, or anybody else, it is beyond reason that he should go to the length of suggesting and heading a conspiracy to do him up in the Wall Street game. Mr. Roosevelt is a man of many activities, but piracy, even though he might think it in a good cause, is not among them. There was a condition in the world some three or four hundred years ago when that sort of thing might have been possible, but the last head of a government who could possibly have devised and headed such a scheme has long been dead. A third explanation that the flurry was brought about by certain great financial magnates for the purpose of "scaring" the President and thereby inducing him to curb the activities of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is, to say the least, highly improbable. The incident was one better calculated to "scare" the operators themselves than the President, even assuming that the latter is the kind of a man to be scared. Financial magnates do sometimes by their blunders bring on general panics, but nobody ever heard of a serious and calculated effort to do this sort of thing by men holding the supreme stake in the financial world. Perhaps nobody knows so well as the great financial magnates how easy it is to kindle a fire which nobody can put out.

In the opinion of the *Argonaut* the incident of last week is significant of a feeling throughout the country that the kite of our material prosperity is flying a little too high. It is not indeed a feeling that anybody is willing to exploit very loudly, but it is in the air nevertheless. The very magnitude and prosperity of our business operations tend to inspire questionings for the future. It is not so much a matter of reason as a matter of instinct, and instinct even though without a tangible basis is nowhere more powerful than in its relation to financial matters. But there is a tangible basis. For months past the money market has been tight and the interest rate has ruled high. Even men of the most assured credit have had to scheme and bargain for money and to pay for it an interest rate far above what is ordinarily reckoned normal and wholesome. The colossal sums now going into railroad construction in various parts of the country have been secured at prices unprecedented in recent years. Right in our home market of San Francisco the

great Gould system is seeking money—and with none too much success—at interest rates which would have been thought beyond the limits of extravagance two or three years ago.

We believe that these facts exhibit very plainly to those who are willing to look the situation in its face, a very real and widespread lack of confidence with respect to the general business situation. There is an instinctive feeling throughout the country that the wave has gone about as far as it can reasonably be expected to go. There is a disposition on the part of multitudes of persons engaged in production and commerce to get themselves into such position that whatever happens it may not happen to them. In a quiet way even bold operators are limiting their line of credit and curtailing the line of their obligations. This we think is the general spirit out of which came the flurry of last week.

In the meantime it is well to remember that these general conditions upon which rests the welfare of the country—real, as distinct from artificial—are sound through and through. Whatever during the past few years has genuinely attached to real and basic values, remains all that it has ever been. The country enjoys to the full the favors of Providence. Production was never on a better basis and there is work and wages for everybody. At no point touching the material realities of things is there the slightest reason for distrust. With respect to those things which belong to real prosperity, complete and perfect confidence is justified. It is only when we turn to speculative activities, to the sphere of the gambler, the mere exploiter, the get-rich-quick faker, that we can see any possibility of trouble ahead.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Robert S. McCormick, formerly United States Ambassador to France, arrived at New York on March 17 by the steamer *Amerika*.

The expressions of opinion that have followed the resignation of Mr. Spooner from the Senate are all of a complimentary nature. Senator Knox regards the resignation as a "national calamity."

Senator Warner, of Missouri, took a prominent part in the examination of witnesses in connection with the Brownsville shooting affray, and achieved some distinction by asking a witness, "How many shots did you hear before you woke up?"

Captain Igna Rodric of the Austro-Hungarian army has written a pamphlet entitled "The Prospects of the Future American-Japanese War." Captain Rodric is of opinion that the undefended condition of the Pacific Coast offers opportunities for Japanese aggression.

It is said that Governor Hoch, of Kansas, does not intend to serve out his term. He has accepted a number of assignments from a lecture bureau for this summer. He is to receive, so it is said, \$150 a night, and will be able to make \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year.

A conference between President Roosevelt and Governor Deneen of Illinois is said to have resulted in an understanding between the administration and the State machine of Illinois, which means a strong fight should any effort be made to nominate for President a man opposed to the Roosevelt policies.

Congressman James, of Kentucky, took up an attitude of strong opposition to the Fowler bill on banking and currency. In the course of a recent speech he raised a ripple of laughter by saying, "So far as I am concerned, Wall Street is a place where a man is a bull one day, a bear the next, and a hog all the time."

Bourke Cockran has not occupied his seat in Congress during the present year. A few weeks before the opening of the session Mr. Cockran married the daughter of former Governor Ide of the Philippines, whom he met during the Taft trip to the islands. Soon after the wedding Mr. Cockran took his wife to Europe, and there they have been ever since.

President Ripley of the Santa Fé Railroad attributes the recent flurry on the New York Stock Exchange to "the brush fire which the President started." Speaking of government ownership, the Santa Fé magnate said that it would mean the downfall of the republic. "In a business way the government has never done anything well or economically. The postoffice revenues annually run behind several millions of dollars, and nothing would please me more than to be allowed to organize a syndicate to operate the department."

There is some curiosity in Washington as to whether President Roosevelt is sufficiently familiar with Ambassador Bryce's book, "The American Commonwealth," to recall chapter 8 in the first volume. It is entitled "Why Great Men Are Not Made Presidents." The author asserts that not a man since Madison except General Grant who has reached the presidential office would have been remembered had he not attained the chief magistracy, and "no President except Abraham Lincoln has displayed rare or striking qualities in the chair."

LYNCHED BY COWBOYS.

The Story of a Man who Was Hanged as a Horse-Thief.

My friend Jenkins is a rabid materialist; and finding in me a certain mild form of opposition that only serves to stimulate his argumentative powers, he considers me an excellent listener, and never loses an opportunity of inflicting his theories on me. The other night, in full tilt astride his favorite hobby, while reaching round for an example with which to clinch his argument, he was betrayed into the relation of an episode from his past life that I found more than usually dramatic. In fact, so entertaining was the story that I consider myself amply remunerated for the many long evenings of boredom I have endured at his hands.

"Depend upon it," he was saying, "a man who is about to die, and has time to look his situation in the face—I refer, of course, to one in full possession of his faculties—such a man does not fritter away the last priceless moments of consciousness in futile speculations as to what may become of him after death. No, indeed; every heart-throb of the few precious ones remaining to him is devoted to rapid contemplation of the past and present, both of which he is about to lose forever. His memory and observation become abnormally active; his eye taking note of the most insignificant happenings of the moment, and his mind recalling the most trivial incidents of his past, every remembrance of which, now that he is to be deprived of it, has become fraught with new interest. Why should he consume time, now so valuable, in speculating upon a hypothetical future, which, granting that there is one, is so utterly beyond his control?"

"Ah, no; it is not the thought of what may come after that harasses us, but the fact that the joy of living shall be ours no more. I do not believe there ever existed a veritable Hamlet—a man who, wishing to die, paused to worry about the hereafter. But I have no desire to argue on the immortality of the soul; I am merely endeavoring to emphasize my belief that all thought of a future existence is totally absent from the mind of a dying man, provided, of course, that he be not surrounded at the moment of dissolution by sympathetic friends who suggest to him hopes of a future state. Civilized man lives in such an atmosphere of cant, and all of us are such devout worshipers of custom and precedent, that even on a death-bed one speaks platitudes, without thinking how little they mean; just as a man who has no belief in any God will use the name in profanity because it has been a habit with the human race since mythological times.

"You will admit I am in a position to speak with authority on the subject, when I inform you that I myself have been as near to death as any man has ever approached who lived to relate his sensations at the last moment. What will you say when I tell you that I have been the victim of a mob—have been actually lynched? Yet such is the case. The fatal noose has been knotted round my neck, and I have taken the awful leap. I never relate the disagreeable incident—I shrink from living over again, even in imagination, the acute agony of that terrible half-hour of my life. True, I emerged from the ordeal unharmed; but it was as though, in the full vigor of my youth and strength, I, bound and helpless, had awaited the visible approach of the grim destroyer till he met and overwhelmed me. And I solemnly assure you that in all the whirling tempest of thoughts that swept through my mind after the moment when I gave up hope, there was not one that had the slightest reference to a possible hereafter.

"Sixteen years ago, after an unsuccessful mining experiment at Silver City, New Mexico, I determined to leave bad luck behind me and assail fortune in the neighboring territory of Arizona. It was shortly after the discovery of rich deposits of silver and copper in the Pinal Mountains, and everybody who was 'foot-loose' was pushing for Globe, the central point of the new district. Impeded with little baggage and less money, I decided to make the trip on horseback, and purchased a good horse, also a second-hand saddle, in one of the feed-yards of Silver City. I booked my valise to go by stage to Globe, and the next morning, bright and early, I set out alone over the treeless and unpicturesque mountain-trail that led to the little settlement of ranchers and cattlemen known as Upper Gila, my intention being to visit the Clifton copper-mines and from there cross the San Carlos Indian Reservation to Globe.

"The distance to the Gila was, I think, twenty-five miles, and my horse, proving himself a good traveler, covered some twenty miles of it by noon, when I missed my canteen that had been hanging on the horn of the saddle. As the day was a warm one, and I had been making frequent use of the canteen, I was satisfied it had not been missing very long, and turned back to look for it. That turning back came near bringing me to my death, for it added the last link to a chain of circumstantial evidence that threatened later on to drag me to eternity. I had proceeded but a few hundred yards on the back track when I heard the sound of galloping horses rapidly approaching from behind, and drew aside to let them pass, turning at the same time to observe them. It proved to be a party of horsemen—cattlemen, apparently—and, as they rode up, the foremost of them brought his Winchester to bear on me, and ordered my hands up. Of course I made no delay in complying, as his features were determined and uncompromising, and he with his party made four to one against me.

"I reckon you've got a reg'lar bill o' sale to that there animal, stranger," said the fellow who had his gun on me, with a malicious scowl; 'you're needin' one pretty bad about this time, as sure as you're a foot high.' My heart gave a great jump. The bill of sale I had received with the horse was in my valise, by this time well on its way to

Globe; and what if the animal should prove to have been stolen by the man from whom I had purchased it? However, putting a bold face on the matter, I answered: 'Gentlemen, I assure you I bought this horse in good faith from a stranger at Lacey's corral in Silver City, and I can easily prove it by turning back with you, as you seem to be going that way.'

"Too old a trick," sneered the spokesman of the party. 'I reckon we'll settle your case 'thout goin' to Silver. You'd like us to tote you back there, so's the sheriff 'd take you away from us 'n' then the lawyers 'd turn you loose. It don't go, stranger; my name's Bill Fry, 'n' I swore the chap as stole my sorrel colt 'd swing for't if ever I got my gun on him; 'n' whatever I be, I ain't no perjurer. Come on, boys; let's git down to th' river, whar there's trees handy.'

"While speaking he had tied my hands behind me as I sat in the saddle, without himself dismounting, the others keeping me covered with their rifles. Then attaching his *reata* to my horse's neck, he led off down the road to the Gila River, his horse and mine traveling side by side, and the remainder of the party bringing up the rear. I could not conceal from myself that my situation was becoming serious, but as yet I was not greatly alarmed. I felt certain I could explain matters to the others, who, I noted, had not yet taken any part in the conversation.

"The five miles or so that we covered on a lope before reaching the bottom land, though we traversed them in silence, seemed all too short; and when we turned off the trail into a grove of cottonwoods and came to a halt at the edge of a little open glade, I found myself wishing the distance had been greater, that I might have had more time in which to arrange my defense. Fry dismounted, and unloosening the rope that hung in a coil from my saddle-bow, tossed it over a low, horizontal bough that extended above my head, and ordered me to say what I had to say, and 'say it quick,' as my time was short. I was cool and perhaps a trifle indignant, for I did not yet believe it possible that this unpleasant rencontre would result fatally for me, and considered the 'rope play' merely a bluff to intimidate me.

"Gentlemen," I said, 'I take it for granted that you are not murderers, and do not wish to become such through an error in judgment. Beware, then, of acting too hastily in this matter. All I ask at your hands is fair play. Even were I guilty, there would be no need of so much dispatch in taking my life, for I can not escape you. I demand, therefore, that while I am safely guarded here by three of your number, the fourth man be sent back to Silver City, where he can go to Lacey's corral and easily satisfy himself of the truth of my statements.' I then recounted how and where I had bought the animal; how I had packed the bill of sale in my valise and forwarded it to Globe; and how I had left Silver City that very morning at sunrise.

"To this, Bill Fry, as he called himself, doggedly retorted that the animal was his, as was well known to the others there present; that he had that morning discovered fresh horse signs leading from his pasture in the direction of Globe, and recognized them as having been made by his sorrel colt; that in company with his three companions there present he had followed the trail and had overtaken me astride the missing animal; that what I had said about my coming from town was all a lie, for they themselves had found me going toward town; and, lastly, that I belonged to the gang of horse-thieves that had infested the Gila Valley all summer, and all my lies were merely for the purpose of gaining time, hoping for a rescue or an escape.

"What could I do? Of course I explained to them about losing my canteen and turning back to look for it—I even begged them to ride back and find it for themselves; but it was of no use. They had made up their minds that I was guilty, and that an example must be made of me, as a warning to the gang to which they pretended to believe I belonged. I pointed to the accoutrements of my horse, and asked my accuser, with some sarcasm, if his horse had been saddled and bridled when it left the pasture; but he retorted that I had hid the 'riggin' out in the brush before stealing the animal—an old trick with horse-thieves.

"In the pause that followed, the conviction slowly forced itself upon me, with the deadly chill of despair, that I must die. No possible way of escape presented itself. I must prepare to accept the inevitable. Here, in this lonely place, with no one near but these stolid ruffians, I must give up my life; and, ah, life was so sweet. It seemed to me then that I had never realized how sweet it was—how exhaustless were its capabilities for enjoyment—and now I must lose it. The world would go on as usual; friends would wonder at first what had become of me; then, by degrees, forget me, and my fate would remain forever unknown. A dread, sickening sensation—a nausea—stole over me. Was this to be the end? Oh, the pity of it!—the horror of it! Soon my body would be dangling here, a stupid, unconscious thing, limp and motionless—or turning, perhaps, with the twist of the rope, slowly round and then back again, as I had seen a hanging horse-thief once, long before, in Texas. I recalled every sickening detail of that body, suspended in a dim, solitary wood. Like it, my dull, glazed eyes, protruding awfully, would gaze at vacancy, and the flies would be buzzing and swarming round my blue, bloated face. Night would come, and I should still be hanging there, all alone in the darkness—motionless—a part of the silence—Something is moving over there in the shadows, on the other side of the glade. It is a skulking coyote. Will he pass without discovering me? Yes; he is moving off. But, no; he stops and raises his nose, sniffing the tainted air. He leans around till his hungry eye lights on the awful thing hanging here, and he sneaks nearer. To and fro he trots, suspicious, before me and behind, always drawing nearer. Soon he becomes bolder—he is close beneath me—he leaps

up and snaps at my foot, hanging just above his head—I shuddered, and involuntarily jerked my feet up out of the stirrups, just as Fry approached to attach the dangling rope to my neck.

"Passing over the limb, not more than four feet above my head, the other end of the rope fell to the ground, where it lay in one or two coils. Fry picked it up and made it fast to the nearest tree-trunk. In order to do this he had to draw it tight, taking up all the slack between my neck and the limb. Thus it would happen that when the horse was started from under me, my body having no drop, I would merely hang there and strangle slowly. I noted all this as, one in a nightmare, my mind, the while, full to bursting with a thousand thoughts and memories. So fiercely did they come teeming through my brain, that I am convinced that the human mind, at its greatest tension, is capable of receiving and recording innumerable distinct impressions simultaneously. From the knotting of the rope around my neck to the moment when the other end was drawn tight and fastened to the tree-trunk near by, not more than three minutes could have elapsed; yet it would be impossible for me now, in two hours, to relate to you one-half of my thoughts during that space of time.

"Through it all, too, my senses were keenly alive to every action of the men, and even the most insignificant occurrences going on about me. I remember how a raven croaked as it flapped slowly by over the tree-tops, and how my horse pricked up his ears at the ominous sound. A long army of black ants was winding across a sandy space in front of the horse's feet, and I noticed that one of them was transporting a dead grasshopper six times its own bulk. It comes before me now as though I were gazing at a picture of the scene.

"Suddenly I was filled with fierce, passionate resentment and rage at the cruelty of the fools who were about to perpetrate such a terrible blunder. Aloud and furiously I cursed them. I taunted them as cowards, who had tied my hands to murder me, when not one of them dared face me alone, armed or unarmed. I dared them to set me free and give me a fair chance for my life. It is needless to repeat all the extravagances I uttered; but in the midst of my bitter and violent denunciations, Fry remounted his horse and, silently, they all ranged themselves alongside of me, Fry himself grasping the *reata* attached to my horse. Then, simultaneously with a wild cowboy yell and a clash of spurs, they dashed forward at a gallop, taking my horse with them.

"I felt the body of the animal slide from beneath me; then a violent wrench at my neck, and I was dangling in mid-air, suffocating, and making superhuman efforts to wrench my hands loose and tear the dreadful oppression from my throat. A frightful, roaring din was in my ears: flashes and darts of blood-red flame blasted my eyes; my head was expanding—cracking—soon it must burst. Something—I knew not what—was coming—coming—why was it so long?—ages—ages—would it never come?—Ah!—it was over. I knew I was lying on the ground, and oh, the delightful sensation of ease—of freedom from pain. With a mighty effort I opened my eyes.

"I had not quite fainted, and sprung to my feet with a confused notion of fighting desperately for my life and selling myself as dearly as possible. For, in my dazed condition, I thought my enemies were still there and ready to torture me afresh. As my vision became clear, I saw a man advancing toward me whom I knew. It was Sheriff Tucker, of Grant County, New Mexico—an officer who bore the name on all the border of a determined and fearless man, and one who, like the lightning, never struck twice in the same place. Like the lightning, he did not have to, for he never missed his aim. Tucker had ridden into the glade just as my would-be murderers had galloped off, and, recognizing my dangling form, a ball from his ready six-shooter had cut me down, severing the rope that suspended me at the point where it was drawn tight against the limb above my head.

"Some more of Bill Fry's devilry," he said, grimly, after my story was told. 'Bill had better be looking out for his own hide. I'm down here now with a warrant for his arrest. He's thought to know more than is good for him about that killing over at Pinos Altos last week. That was his horse you had, though, sure enough. I saw you ride out of town this morning and recognized the animal, but I did not have time to hail you. It was stolen the day before, of course, and the trail that Fry and his party were following when they overtook you was a day old and made by the thief when he rode the horse into town. They're mighty poor trailers, the lot of 'em, to make such a mistake. Anyhow, I'm glad I got here in time. You can't be too careful buying horses from strangers nowadays.'

"I accompanied Tucker to a ranch near by, where he borrowed a horse for me. Then, at my earnest request, he gave me the warrant that he had come down to serve on Fry, and deputized me to make the arrest, offering me his Winchester, which I refused, though I helped myself to one of his six-shooters. Fry's ranch was less than a mile up the river, and, as I rode off to perform the duty, my whole being dominated by a fierce desire for vengeance on the ruffian who had been so eager for my blood, Tucker called out: 'Be careful, boy; Fry's a tricky customer, and may resist arrest. Whatever you do, don't let him get the drop on you.' This was my cue, if I needed one, and the rancher, standing near by heard my instructions, which was an important point.

"There—that's the whole story," said Jenkins, after a pause.

"But how about Fry? Did you fetch him all right? Did you arrest him and bring him in?" I asked.

"No," answered Jenkins, rather gruffly, I thought. "No; I did not bring him in. He resisted—but I dropped on him." P. C. B.

EXILED AT RARA TONGA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

One morning some twenty years ago—in 1887, I think—I was in the old Union Club, then in the building at the northwest corner of Montgomery and California Streets. I was seated at a small table, carefully scanning the bill of fare. While I was thus engaged, Charles W. Banks, one of Wells-Fargo's head officials, entered, paused a moment at the millionaires' table, and then came over to where I was seated.

"Good morning, Mr. Hart," said he, "have you heard of anything notable in the hook line lately?"

Here I will pause to say that Banks was quite a hook collector. My acquaintance with him was slight, but as he knew I was fond of books he had invited me to look at his library. So, with Henry Gregory and two or three others I went to examine it. Banks then occupied a suite of luxuriously furnished rooms in the Phelan Building, which contained his unique and costly library. His collection consisted largely of rare, curious, and costly books. It did not contain many first editions, nor did it incline in any marked direction toward science, art, or letters. Its predominant tone was the curious and the rare. He had, of course, certain costly books, which are found in many libraries, such as the John Payne and Richard Burton editions of "The Arabian Nights." One, I remember, was bound in black parchment, the other in white vellum. There were other publications of the Kamashastra Society, which pseudonymous publishing house hook-lovers know. There were books on all sorts of recondite topics. One I recall on "Corpus Profanation," as practiced by the embalmers of ancient Egypt; medical treatises containing fantastic theories regarding the genesis of certain maladies; the "Aranga Nanga," a treatise on a peculiar Hindoo art, also known to hook-lovers. There were two extremely curious volumes—one entitled "Centuria Librorum Prohibitorum," the other, "Centuria Librorum Absconditorum." These books were beautifully printed, and were richly bound by Zahndorff; each volume was made up of one hundred title-pages of the lost or forbidden books; each title-page was printed in fac-simile, sometimes rubricated and sometimes illuminated; and each was followed by a careful digest of the contents of the book. From a rapid perusal of some of these digests I am inclined to think that it was an excellent thing for the world that nothing remains of the books but their title-pages.

Not the least odd thing about this odd library was that the volumes were in many languages, and that Banks could read nothing but English.

But I am digressing. I left Banks standing by my table saying, "Mr. Hart, have you heard of anything notable in the book line lately?"

I rose. We were formal in the old Union Club. If you knew Dick Jones well, you called him "Dick." If you did not know him well, you called him "Mr. Jones." But he was rarely addressed as plain "Jones," *tout court*. There was a famous incident (in another club) at which a banking millionaire resented being called "Edgar" by a mining millionaire whom he did not know very well. But that is another story.

This could not have occurred at the Union Club. There was a certain grave courtesy at that agreeable old institution which has disappeared in the haste of these more modern days. I do not defend it. It is, I know, hack-numberism. Let us forget it. Still it was, if stately, not unpleasant. I have even seen men lift their hats on meeting in the old Union Club. But then they were generally be-nighted foreigners, and knew no better.

That reminds me—hat-wearing was the custom in the old Union Club. Hats were worn all over the club-house, except in the dining hall. At that time hat-wearing in clubs was not universal in the United States. In New York it was common in the Union Club then, but was less so in the Union League. It was not the general custom then in the Lotus Club, nor was it universal in the University Club. The members stood about half in half in that regard, as I recall it, in the New York Club, then on the gore at Broadway and Fifth Avenue, facing Madison Square; so, also, in the Manhattan Club there was then no well-settled rule. This custom came, I presume, from the hat-wearing fashion in the English House of Commons, which has been dubbed "the best club in London." The London clubs were gradually affected by this custom of the Commons, and thence probably the fashion extended to the American clubs. In San Francisco, at that time, while hat-wearing was the rule in the Union Club, it was not so common in the Pacific Club. In the Bohemian Club the custom was then unknown.

As we were in the dining hall, Banks and I wore no hats. But being formal in the old Union Club, I rose and bowed, waved my hand toward my little table, and invited Banks to join me. Banks, with equal formality, politely declined, saying that he was about to join some friends at the "big table," pointing to the gathering of millionaires. In the old Union Club, if you sat at the large table you got an excellent *table d'hôte* luncheon for fifty cents, with only part of a force of waiters. Whereas, if you sat at a small table you were served with a super-excellent *à la carte*—or *à prix fixe*—luncheon for one dollar, with a waiter all to yourself. It is needless to say that most of the millionaires sat at the fifty-cent table. It is the poor men who spend the most of their money in this world. Naturally so. That is why the millionaires leave so much more behind them when they die.

As Banks and I were doing the Alphonse-Gaston act the waiter stood deferentially at the prescribed distance, with the *table d'hôte* and the *à la carte* bills, waiting for order. Banks politely offered to postpone the consideration of his urgent question until after I should have

ordered my luncheon. But I, with equal politeness, insisted on replying first.

"Anything notable in the hook line lately?" I repeated, musingly, "let me see." And I laid down the bill of fare.

This reminds me of the fact that the bill of fare in the old Union Club was the most elaborate and the prices the most moderate of any club, restaurant, or hotel in any part of the world that I have visited. I do not know how the Governing Committee succeeded in conducting so perfect a restaurant and so excellent a service with so small a membership and at such moderate prices. There were less than two hundred and fifty members in the old Union Club, and we fared wondrous well. You could order as part of your dinner such little trifles as pompano, teal or canvas-back duck, oysters, terrapin, and similar delicacies without passing the dollar limit. For this was the price for both luncheon and dinner, at what the French call *à prix fixe*; it was theoretically *à la carte*, but it really meant ordering as much as you could eat, and paying only a dollar for it.

To show how complete was the wine-room service, there were three grades of table claret, imported for us from France in the cask, and bottled in the club—"red seal," "yellow seal," and "green seal," at fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and one dollar a quart respectively. Then there was an excellent California Zinfandel at thirty-five cents a quart. These table clarets (imported by the club, and bearing no commercial labels, but only their seals and the date of bottling) were supplemented by many excellent brands of Bordeaux and Burgundy, bearing every label dear to the wine-bibber. People even drank vintage champagnes there. Now they apparently drink champagnes by the brand—or by the agent, let us say. The old Union Club greatly relished a story, by the way, of four champagne agents who sat down by accident to dine together—in another club. They were watched with delighted curiosity by the other diners. It was thought that each man, with *grand-cru* courtesy, would order his neighbor's brand of wine, on the theory of *nabbesse oblige*. It turned out to be an error—each man solidly ordered his own.

As for the restaurant service, old Marchand (before this time) used to be the club chef. He left it to start the well-known Marchand Restaurant. If there was anything you wanted not to be found in the club larder the chef would send across the street to the California Market, and it was difficult to call for anything in reason that you could not obtain from there. Lobster was one thing; diamond-back terrapin was another; neither exists on this Coast.

My appreciation of the Union Club kitchen need not be set down to a feeble-minded admiration of times which are past. The following facts can not be disputed,—that now all food supplies are much dearer; all labor is much higher; service is less careful; labor is less efficient; increasing demand has diminished the supply of delicacies; and the indiscriminate and excessive use of cold storage has greatly lowered the standard of perishable foods. I sometimes think, in these later days, that the canvas-back, the teal, the mountain quail, and the pompano have unionized themselves, and not only struck for higher prices, but at times have boycotted us, and swum or flown to other aquatic stations, giving us the go-by.

But I fear I am keeping Mr. Banks waiting. "Yes," I replied, "there is an edition de luxe announced which is attracting much attention in London. It is to be called 'The Book of the Sword' and is by Captain Richard Burton." (He was not then Sir Richard.) "It is to be published by Eyre & Spottiswood, No. 7 Paternoster Lane, I think, and the advance subscription is twenty-five guineas per volume."

Banks took out his note-book, and began methodically to jot this down. I can see him now, standing there, with his crinkly hair, his eyes fixed on the note-book, as I gazed past him absent-mindedly into Montgomery Street.

The building in which we were was a queer old place, but very comfortable. Its ceilings were low—although no lower than those of modern buildings—and it was old-fashioned in many ways. In the rear was a courtyard with a driveway and a carriage gate. The building was constructed of granite blocks which had been imported from China by John Parrott many years before. These blocks had been marked with Chinese characters, indicating the ways in which they were to be laid and bonded. But as the American stone masons could not read these marks, Parrott was forced to import Chinese workmen to erect the building, which they did most substantially.

So substantial was the building, in fact, that it had successfully gone through a severe trial many years before the time of which I write. In April, 1866, Wells-Fargo had their express office in the lower part of the old granite building. A large case from Panama, via the Pacific Mail, was found to be leaking—some oily substance was exuding. As the damage involved a determination of responsibility, the Pacific Mail agent and the Wells-Fargo agent agreed to have the box opened in their presence, in order to determine the damages and the responsibility. An employee began opening the box with a mallet and chisel. When struck, it instantly exploded, killing all those present in the courtyard, and likewise killing Supervisor Bell, who was outside the building, passing along California Street. The explosion shattered all the windows in the buildings for two blocks around. Violent as the explosion was, however, it did no structural damage to the old granite building.

These facts were all brought out in subsequent damage suits, which suits also showed the cause of the explosion. The oily substance exuding from the case was the new explosive—nitro-glycerine. As it was then not known as an article of commerce, both companies were freed by the lower court from liability for the damage. This view of the case was finally upheld by the United States Supreme Court.

Years afterwards, when I joined the old Union Club, one

of its cherished souvenirs was an old "voting-book." In those days the members voted directly on candidates' names, and not through an election committee. On the day of the explosion the book lay open on the desk, with the name of the candidate and his proposer and seconder at the top, followed by the names of the members who had voted. After the wreck had been cleared away, across the middle of the page was a broad black band. This was caused by the explosion, when it overturned the inkstand across the page. It was the autograph of the nitro-glycerine.

Apocryphal of the voting-book, I was put up at the old Union Club in 1885 by George Ladd and seconded by William F. Russell. George Ladd was superintendent of the Western Union, and when the new Bell telephone was being promoted he tried to introduce it in San Francisco. But it practically failed to interest local capitalists. They looked upon it as a "toy." The parent company in Boston desired to retain only fifty-one per cent of the San Francisco stock, and wanted the remainder to be held by local men. So Ladd was forced to borrow all the money he could in an attempt to take the stock himself personally. He thus assumed such a burden that he feared bankruptcy. But as a result it made him almost a millionaire in a very few years.

But I must return to Mr. Banks, whom I have left standing by my table in the old Union Club.

"How do you spell that publisher's first name?" inquired Banks.

"E-y-r-e," I replied.

"Ah, indeed," said Banks, "I was spelling it with an A. And the street number you said was—?"

"No 7, Paternoster Lane."

Banks repeated it after me mechanically, put it down methodically, closed his book carefully, bowed to me politely, and went over to the millionaires' table.

I resumed my interrupted task of ordering my luncheon, and in a short time was absorbed in the joys of mastication, deglutition, and digestion.

I never saw Banks again.

The next day I read in the evening paper that Charles W. Banks had not been at his desk in Wells-Fargo's office that day. The next morning the papers hinted that he had "disappeared." The third day they had a detailed story concerning his movements. They related that he had spent much of the day in purchasing light clothing and other articles suited for a sojourn in a tropical climate, and as a barkentine called the *Bird of the Equator*, or something like that, had sailed for Tahiti the same day, they believed that Banks had sailed on this barkentine. The papers also had a detailed account of defalcations extending over a number of years, the amount of which (strangely enough) varied in the different papers. It ran all the way from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars.

I read these accounts with amazement, and I could not help but wonder what strange working of the human mind had impelled this man, on the eve of flight, to come to me, a semi-stranger, and take down minute particulars concerning the author, the publisher, and the price of a book that was not yet published and which he never intended to buy. For I was not a Hawkshaw. I was very little interested in Banks, and not at all in Wells-Fargo. Therefore why mystify me? Why throw dust in my eyes? I was never in the habit of meeting Banks's official associates, and I was the last man in San Francisco who would be apt to mention to them this elaborate hoodwinkery.

Verily the mystery of the human mind passeth understanding.

Not long after this a great fire occurred in the block between Sutter and Post, on Stockton Street. At that time we owned a building on Grant Avenue, between Post and Sutter Streets. The *Argonaut* business offices were on the ground floor, Pixley and I had our editorial rooms on the second floor, and on the top floor I had a suite of living rooms. Late one night I was awakened by the rhythmic throbbing of fire-engines. I looked out of my front windows and saw lines of fire hose girding the block. I looked out of my side windows and saw more hose running toward Stockton Street. Up there the entire block seemed to be a sea of flames. An enormous wooden pavilion then stood on that block, which was used for mechanics' fairs, skating rinks, and the like. This was burned to the ground. On the site thus cleared away there speedily was erected a stately and handsome building for the Union Club, and we abandoned the old quarters on Montgomery and California Streets. Not long after this, the Pacific Club, which had moved from Montgomery and Bush Streets to a new building erected for them at Post and Grant Avenue, concluded to consolidate with the Union Club. This was in 1889, and the new organization was called "The Pacific-Union Club." The Bohemian Club thereupon abandoned its old rooms on Pine, near Kearny Street, and moved into the vacated Pacific Club quarters.

In the course of years the Pacific-Union Club finally bought a lot of its own on the northeast corner of Post and Stockton Streets, and erected a fine building, occupying it in 1904. The Bohemian Club also bought a lot farther up on Post Street, and began preparations for building. But with the catastrophe of April, 1906, all these buildings and contemplated buildings vanished. The old Pacific Club house, which later was the Bohemian Club quarters—the old Pacific-Union Building on the Square, which later was the Union League Club quarters—the old Bohemian Club room on Pine Street—the new Pacific-Union Building on Post Street—all of these are dust and ashes.

Yet, defying the nitro-glycerine explosion of 1866, the earthquakes of 1865, of 1868, of 1871, of 1886, of 1898, and even the great earthquake and conflagration of 1906, the

old granite structure on the corner of California and Montgomery Streets still stands today.

I was recently reading an account of a yachting cruise taken by Count Festetics de Tolma. It is published in Paris, in two large volumes, copiously illustrated and sumptuously printed. Count Festetics is the man who married Miss Ely Haggin, granddaughter of James Ben Eli Haggin, and daughter of Louis T. and Blanche Butterworth Haggin. On their wedding journey they sailed from here for the South Seas in the yacht *Tolma*. They sailed the vast Pacific together for eight years. Between here and Honolulu the first officer stirred up a mutiny, intending to throw the count and countess overboard, seize the yacht, and go "black-birding." Between Honolulu and Samoa a vengeful cook tried to poison them. Between Samoa and Rara Tonga the second officer went crazy from drink and tried to scuttle the ship. In some islands the natives tried to eat them; in others the men offered to sell their wives or daughters to the count for an axe or a bottle of gin. After eight years of this pleasure trip, the countess got a divorce, oddly enough.

In his book, "Vers les Cannibales," the count describes his visit to Rara Tonga, which is one of several sunlit isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea—isles of Eden where they used to eat "long pig," and hanker for it still. Mention is made of a certain English adviser to the queen—a sort of a prince consort to this Queen of the Cannibal Islands. I have been told that this adviser to Rara Tongan royalty was really Charles W. Banks, and that he selected Rara Tonga as a residence as being one of the few places in the South Pacific where he could not be extradited. But that is hearsay.

This is a curious world. It is curious that Count Festetics should have gone to Rara Tonga. It is curious that, after such a delightful yachting trip, the countess should have wanted to get a divorce. It is curious that the Queen of Rara Tonga should have taken a fancy to an elderly business man. Human nature is curious. But one of the most curious things about it is why did Embezzler Banks, on the eve of his departure from San Francisco, take careful note from me of the author, publisher, and price of a book which was not yet published and which he never intended to buy?

San Francisco, March 18, 1907.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Church Property in France.

PARIS, Feb. 19, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: As a transplanted San Franciscan living in Paris, the weekly reading of the *Argonaut* has been both pleasure and profit to me. I have been glad to keep informed of the public questions and events in my city and State through the fair-minded columns of your paper. Recognizing the Americanism of the *Argonaut* and rejoicing in it, I was therefore surprised to read in your issue of January 3, 1907, the editorial on the French Separation Law.

Living here almost within the shadow of the Chamber of Deputies, and reading the Paris dailies representing the socialistic, the liberal, the conservative, and the church parties, one could scarcely fail to know the full facts in the case. In the spirit of American justice and fairness, will you, therefore, allow me a few words on this much-vexed question?

According to the public letter of the Pope, nothing is more desired by the papacy than the separation of church and state. But the so-called Separation Law is simply spoliation. Neither M. Clemenceau, nor any representative of the present government, claims that the "state has held and owned the church property for centuries," as stated in your editorial of January 5. After the reign of terror and lawlessness of the French Revolution, all public form of religion was suppressed. Napoleon I, coming into power in the beginning of the nineteenth century, saw the need of religion in the remaking of the nation. He entered into negotiations with Rome, the result of which was the concordat or treaty. Now this concordat has lasted until the present day, notwithstanding all the changes in the French state and forms of government. The title to church property had to be settled, as the revolutionists had confiscated all belongings of the church. The state was bankrupt and needed the wealth of the church. By the terms of the concordat, Napoleon agreed to give back to the church such property, the seminaries, convents, rectories, churches, sacred vessels, vestments, etc.—all that was necessary to carry on public worship; and for the church property still withheld by the state, the government agreed to pay for the support of the church, i. e., salaries to the clergy in perpetuity. This support represented about one per cent of the value of the property withheld, and this obligation was formally recognized by the government as part of the national debt. The law of 1905 summarily broke this contract, without the consent of the church, and took possession of all church property. It then offered to rent this property to its owners if they, the church, agreed that the state had the right to regulate all forms of worship.

We know what is the American opinion of an individual or corporation who repudiates a recognized debt, especially when the debtor is the weaker party and has no resource but to let himself be robbed.

To say, too, that "it is evident, since the French people elected such a government, that both government and people desired such a separation," is as illogical as to say that the people of San Francisco desired graft and malfeasance in office, since they elected public officials who have brought this shame upon San Francisco. We know that representation is often misrepresentation. The present socialistic party holding the reins of French government bears that relation to the majority of the citizens of France.

LILY TOOMEY STACK.

16 Ave du Maine, Paris.

[This correspondent seems to overlook the main issue of the present dispute as to the rights of ownership of church property in France. In the broader sense all prop-

erty in France belongs to the French people, to be administered according to their laws. In the narrower sense, the property of the "Church" belongs to the religious interests of the country, organized under the laws of the country and subject neither to control nor to dictation from outside. The government of France is paramount and sovereign within its frontiers, and no authority nor proprietorship can exceed its own. Church property in France belongs to the church in precisely the same way that St. Mary's Cathedral on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, belongs to the church. It belongs, in other words, to the religious interests of the country, subject to the laws of the country, and neither the Pope nor any other foreign authority can exercise legal jurisdiction over it. Proprietorship has no other rights than those conferred upon it by the laws of the country in which it is found.—ED. ARGONAUT.]

To Destroy Class Distinction.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 16, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have just read your leading editorial in the *Argonaut* of March 9 on "The Labor Situation," and I can not fail to congratulate you upon the strength and courage of your presentation of this most vital question. Your article is candid and breathes the true American spirit that must bring all of us under abiding control, if the republic is to grow strong and clean in its future life.

To my mind, the patriotic spirit must assert itself to destroy the class distinction made by the fundamental issue manufactured to array labor against capital, or the employee against his employer. I say "fundamental" because it is made so by nearly all labor sociologists, and tacitly assumed as true by some capitalists. But the heaven of altruism is working, and the great common people will have victory for justice and right, if only such men as yourself are heeded. Yours very truly,

F. D. WILLIAMS.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the flashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyeey towers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the hills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn.
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have hroken the woof of my tent's thin roof.
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I hind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
In the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I can not die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of earth is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE ABSINTHE FIEND.

What He Is and What France Is Doing for Him.

Persistent rumor credits the French government with an intention to abate the absinthe evil, and certainly much may be expected from an administration that has had the hardihood to attack the casinos and to penalize gambling. France is participating, in a French way, in the wave of Puritanism that has touched the whole of civilization. It is always a delight to her to "regularize" something, and when the something is a domestic evil, then duty and inclination go amicably hand in hand.

So far the absinthe drinkers are not seriously perturbed. The "green devil" is just as much in evidence as ever it was, and the cafés are reaping their usual harvest from its devotees. The absinthe drinker attracts more attention from the foreigner who is visiting Paris for the first time than perhaps any other feature of French life. In fine weather he is to be found outside the café at one of the little marble tables upon the sidewalk, and in wet or cold weather he is to be found inside the café, but nothing keeps him away altogether, nor ever will, except destitution or death. He gives his order, unless he is an *habitué* at that particular café, in which case his order is anticipated and the waiter brings the tall absinthe glass, with its inch or two of nearly colorless liquor, the two pieces of sugar, the curious perforated absinthe spoon, and the bottle of water. The spoon is placed bridge-like across the top of the glass, a piece of sugar is placed in its bowl, and the requisite quantity of water is then poured on the sugar so that it may percolate through the perforations in the spoon and so convey the sweetness to the alcohol below. But the fascinating miracle of the proceeding is in the shimmering green tint that at once results from the mixture of the absinthe and the water, a green that at first is exquisitely bright and transparent, but that speedily becomes dull and cloudy, symbolic, we may believe, of a corresponding and resulting mental process in the mind of the drinker. Wherever there is a café in Paris, there the absinthe drinker is to be found. He has neither times nor seasons. He drinks before meals as an appetizer, after meals as a digestive, and between meals upon general principles. After a time the meals become superfluous, but the appetizers and the digestives still hold the fort.

But it must not be supposed that the absinthe drinker is necessarily the absinthe fiend. Absinthe worship is nearly universal among certain classes, but complete surrender to its seductions is by no means the rule. Worthy citizens, *pères de famille*, and honest householders indulge in their *petits verres*, and even urge them upon their seemingly reluctant womankind, but habit is shackled by restraint, and it would be a mistake to suppose that regular absinthe drinking is necessarily an offense either against the individual or against society. But the army of absinthe fiends, of those who have reached the stage of utter abandon, is upon the increase, and the camp followers upon that army are violent crime, suicide, and a moral degradation without its parallel. It is this that has been recognized by the government as a national peril and against which it is about to declare war.

It will not be "temperance legislation" of the ordinary and approved kind, because absinthe stands alone and apart among all other alcoholic drinks. There is nothing like it upon the catalogue for the insidiousness of its attack, for the manner of its working, or the utter impotence of its victim. The whisky drunkard has sinned against the light, and warnings have attended every step upon the downward path. The whisky habit must be acquired against the revolt of nature, but nature seems to make no preliminary revolt against absinthe. There is usually no "next morning," no enforced and salutary repentance. Absinthe is the green devil that drives away the blue devil, that leaves the brain in a state of deceptive restfulness and that dissipates the clouds as though before a strong mental sunrise. Absinthe rarely declares the havoc that it is working until it is too late. There are no warnings, no portents, and it attacks the mind and the morals before it makes its wound upon the body.

More than thirty years ago the French government tried hard to suppress the sale of absinthe, and it failed. In 1872 it was declared that the active ingredients of the liquor were poisons and must be subject to the poisons law and sold only under the usual regulations by registered pharmacists. The law, of course, was ineffective, as such laws usually are, and today it would be no exaggeration to say that the evils of all other alcoholic drinks put together are as nothing compared with those of absinthe, which now threatens to destroy both the national mind and the national morals. This is hard to believe by those who have lived for months in Paris, and who have never upon any occasion seen a drunken man or woman. But it is true. Absinthe does not work in the old familiar way.

The essential principle of absinthe is wormwood, and to this bitter ingredient it owes all of its infernal temptations. The finished product is supposed to contain about one-third of one per cent of the oil of wormwood, and it is also far richer in alcohol than is whisky. Then there are flavoring matters such as anise, fennel, marjoram, and a host of others, and some of these are highly poisonous. In some instances the harmful salts of copper are added to intensify the color.

Some well-meaning people have tried to show that the alarming prevalence of suicide in Paris is due to the absence of religious sentiment. The scientists of the French government think differently. Their verdict is almost unanimous, and absinthe stands convicted as directly productive of that hopeless despair that culminates in the waters of the Seine, and that fills the dreary streets of the morgue under the uncomfortable shadow of Notre Dame.

PARIS, March 9, 1907.

ST. JAMES.

A FRENZIED FINANCE NOVEL

By Thomas W. Lawson.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson has done his best to initiate us into the mysteries of frenzied finance in a way so clear and convincing that "the wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." He has overwhelmed us with prose—sometimes prosy prose—and now he has captivated us with fiction. If Mr. Lawson will presently deviate into verse, he shall have run the gamut of his literary possibilities.

"Friday, the Thirteenth," is a remarkable story, and, in its essentials, it is probably both typical and true. It is an application to the individual of the principles of frenzied finance, a dramatic picture of a world in which the high lights are colossal and unearned fortunes, and in which the shadows are insanity and suicide. There are no half tones.

The hero of the story is Bob Brownley, and the heroine is Beulah Sands. Bob Brownley is a young stock broker, who acts on the "floor" for Randolph & Randolph, a banking house of staid and old-fashioned respectability. Bob almost lets us into the whole sequel of the story by the confession that he makes to Jim Randolph in the opening chapter and when he is first appointed as the representative of the house:

"Then again, Jim, there's a little secret I have never let even you into. The truth is, I am not safe yet—not safe to speak for the old house of Randolph & Randolph. * * * Jim, I have found since I have been over on the floor that the Southern gambling blood that made my grandfather, on one of his trips back from New York, though he had more land and slaves than he could use, stake his land and slaves—yes, and grandmother's, too, on a card game, and—lose, and change the whole face of the Brownley destiny—those same gambling microbes are in my blood, and when they begin to claw and gnaw I want to do something; and, Jim, if those microbes ever get unleashed there'll be mischief to play on the floor—sure there will."

Beulah Sands is the daughter of Judge Lee Sands of Virginia, and she enters the story by an appeal for aid to Bob Brownley on behalf of her father. The old judge, a pillar of Southern pride, has been active in affairs. He is "the trustee for about all the best estates in our part of the country," and has taken a prominent hand in the Seaboard Air Line. In endeavoring to resist a financial effort to squeeze him out of the railroad, the judge has not only lost his own fortune but nearly a million and a half of trust funds, and is now face to face with disgrace and exposure. In view of the fact that the judge and his daughter, Beulah, are represented as the innocent victims of frenzied finance, it may be thought that this misuse of trust funds is itself a reprehensible proceeding, but perhaps a peccadillo of this kind seems innocent itself to those who live in an atmosphere of colossal financial crime.

Beulah Sands comes to Bob Brownley for help, and, of course, they fall in love with each other. Her plan is to come to New York and to endeavor to retrieve her father's position by stock gambling. She has sixty thousand dollars, and this must be turned into a million and a half in the course of a few months—frenzied finance with a vengeance. Beulah takes a seat in Randolph's banking house, with Brownley for guide, philosopher, and friend, and the young woman speedily develops into a financial genius, whose methods are quite as culpable, if less extensive, than those of the "gang," the "ring," Standard Oil, and the rest of the money market sharks whom the author wishes to gibbet.

Beulah and Bob develop a gamble in sugar which bids fair to solve the situation. It is well planned, based on "inside information," and a sure winner. The scene in the stock exchange when the scheme is put to the test is well drawn:

Suddenly as I watched the scene, there rang through the great hall the first sharp stroke of the gong. There were no echoes heard that morning. The metallic voice was yet shaping its command to "at 'em, you fiends," when from three hundred throats burst the wild sound of the stock exchange yell. No other sound in any of the open or hidden places of all nature duplicates the yell of a great stock exchange at an exciting opening. It not only fills and fills space, for the volume is terrific, but it has an individuality all its own, which from the incisive "take-mine-I've-got-it" of the aggressive, almost confident "you-can't-you-won't-have-your-thing" of the confident "by-heaven-I-will" in-

dividual notes that enter into the whole, as they blend with the shrill scream of triumph and the die-away note of disappointment when the floor men realize their success or their failure. I picked Bob's magnificently resonant voice from the mass—"40 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." It was this daring bid that struck terror to the bears and filled the bulls with a frenzy of encouragement. Again it rang out—"45 for any part of 25,000"; and a third time, "50 for any part of 50,000." The great crowd was surging all over the room. Hats were smashed and coats were being stripped from their owners' backs as though made of paper, and now and then a particularly frantic buyer or seller would be borne to the floor by the impetus of those who sought to fill his bid or grab his offer. Through all the wild whirl, straight and erect and commanding was the form of Bob, his face cold and expressionless as an iceberg. In five minutes the human mass had worked back to the Sugar pole and there was the inevitable lull while its members "verified."

By the middle of the day Brownley, Beulah Sands & Co. have won \$1,800,000, and under the sudden and bewildering good fortune Beulah faints. On recovery she says:

"I was dizzy for the moment. It must have been the thought of taking \$1,800,000 back to father that upset me. With that amount father could make good all the trust funds, and have back enough of his own fortune to make us seem, after what we have been going through, richer than before. Pardon me, Mr. Randolph, won't you, when I say—God bless you and every one whom you hold dear, God bless you? What could I or my father have done but for you and Mr. Brownley?"

A reliance upon divine guidance is one of the features of this book. The blessing of the Almighty is invariably invoked in aid of every financial raid, and these victims of frenzied finance, themselves in a perpetual frenzy, try to persuade themselves that the Deity is upon their side, personally interested in the most immoral forms of speculation and to be depended upon for a tip at the right moment.

But the following day the tide turns. The "System" intervenes through its broker, Barry Conant, with a determined effort to stem the torrent of inflated prices created by Brownley and to force the sugar market down to a point even lower than before. There is another panic, vividly described and with an intense realism:

While every other man in the crowd was at a high tension of excitement, Barry Conant was as calm as though standing in the centre of a ten-acre daisy field cutting off the helpless flowers' heads with every swing of his arm. Switching stock gamblers into eternity had grown to be a pastime to Barry Conant. Here was Bob thundering with terrific emphasis "78 for 5000, 77 for 5000, 75 for 5000, 74 for 5000, 73 for 5000, 72 for 5000," seemingly expecting through sheer power of voice to crush his opponent into silence. But with the regularity of a trip-hammer Barry Conant's right hand, raised in unhurried gesture, and his clear, calm "Sold" met Bob's every retreating bid. It was a battle royal—a king on one side, a Richelieu on the other. Though there was frantic buying and selling all around these two generals, the trading was gauged by the trend of their battle. All knew that if Bob should be beaten down by this concentrated modern finance devil, a panic would ensue, and Sugar would go none could say how low. But if Bob should play him to a standstill by exhausting his selling power, Sugar would quickly soar to even higher figures than before. It was known that Barry Conant's usual order from his clients, the "System" masters, for such an occasion as the present, was "Break the price at any cost."

The price was broken. The "System" triumphed, and in the course of a few hours Beulah Sands's fortune has disappeared. She is reduced to a capital of \$30,000, and must begin all over again, and with only a few months before her father's exposure becomes certain. But her courage is undaunted. She will try again. "If our cause is as just as we think, God in his goodness will make this ample for our purposes." And this touching reliance that in some way or other Providence will mark the cards or load the dice in her favor, comes from a young woman of whom her lover says:

"If all Wall Street had a code similar to Beulah Sands to how to in their gambles, ours would be a fairer and more manly game, and many of the multi-millionaires would be clerking, while a lot of the hand-to-mouth traders would come down town in a new auto every day in the week. She does not believe in stock gambling. She has worked it out that every dollar one man makes, another loses; that the one who makes gives nothing in return for what he gets away with, and that the other fel-

low's loss makes him and his as miserable as would be robbery to the same amount. Yet she realizes that she must get back those millions stolen from her father," etc.

Of course, Beulah writes to her father, and while she does not tell him that the situation is hopeless, she warns him to prepare for the worst, and then girds up her loins, so to speak, for a final and despairing effort. Bob Brownley matures his plans for another encounter with Barry Conant upon the floor of the exchange, and in such scenes the author is at his best:

The hands of the big clock on the wall showed that trading had been thirty minutes under way, and still Barry Conant was pushing up the price. His voice had just rung out "25 for any part of 5000," when, like an echo, sounded through the hall, "Sold." It was Bob. He had worked his way to the centre of the crowd and stood in front of Barry Conant * * * who hesitated for just the fraction of a second, while he waved with lightning-like rapidity a set of finger signals to his lieutenants. Then he squared himself for the encounter. "25 for 5000." Cold, cold as the voice of a condemning judge rang Bob's voice, "Sold." "25 for 5000." "Sold." Their eyes were fixed upon each other; in Barry's, a defiant glare, in Bob's, mingled pity and contempt. The rest of the brokers hushed their own bids and offers, until it could have truthfully been said that the floor of the stock exchange was quiet, an almost unheard of thing in like circumstances. Again Barry Conant's voice, "25 for 5000." "Sold." "25 for 5000." "Sold." Barry Conant had met his master. Whether it was that for the first time in all his wonderful career he realized that the System was to meet its Nemesis, or what the cause, none could tell, perhaps not even Barry Conant himself, but some emotion caused his olive face for an instant to turn pale and gave his voice a tell-tale quaver. Once more he pealed forth, "25 for 5000." That Bob saw the pallor, that he caught the quiver, was evident to all, for the instant his "Sold" rang out he followed it with "5000 at 24, 23, 22, 20." Neither Barry Conant nor any of his lieutenants got in a "Take it," although whether they wanted to or not was an open question until Bob allowed his voice to dwell just a pendulum swing of time on the 20. It was as if he were tantalizing them to stick to their guns. By the time he paused, Barry Conant's nerve was back, for his piercing "Take it" had linked to it "20 for any part of 10,000." The bid was yet on his lips when Bob's deep voice rang out "Sold." "Any part of 25,000 at 19, 18, 15, 10." Hell was now loose. Back and forth, up against the rail, around the room, and back and around again, the crowd surged for fifteen of the wildest, craziest minutes in the history of the New York Stock Exchange, a history replete with records of wild and crazy scenes.

Bob Brownley had made ten million dollars, seven million for himself and three million for Beulah Sands. The situation was saved so far as money could save it.

Beulah naturally is grateful, but into the mind of this truly remarkable young woman some doubts present themselves. She asks questions which she might have asked before, and of which she well knows the answers:

"Bob, speak to me, speak to me, tell me there was no dishonor in the getting of these millions. Tell me no one was made to suffer as my father and I have suffered. Tell me that the suicides and the convicts, the daughters dragged to shame and the mothers driven to the madhouse as the result of this panic can not be charged to anything unfair or dishonorable that you have done."

What extraordinary questions for a frenzied financier—although a woman!

But what Emerson calls the law of compensation here makes a showing, suggesting that Providence had perhaps been a little overinvoked. In the midst of their frenzied-finance ecstasy the fearful news arrives that Judge Sands, in a moment of despairing insanity, has cut the throat of his invalid wife, his daughter's, and then his own. Another column of the same newspaper announces that

"ROBERT BROWNLEY CREATES THE MOST DISASTROUS PANIC IN THE HISTORY OF WALL STREET AND SPREADS WRECK AND RUIN THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY."

Beulah becomes insane on receipt of the awful news, and her millions are useless to her. But, all the same, Bob and Beulah are married. He hopes that she will eventually recover her reason, and the picture of his care for her is drawn with power and pathos. Bob Brownley withdraws for a time from the whirl of financial affairs, but the inherited microbe reasserts its power and we have one more stock exchange scene, in which he sweeps

all before him and then divulges his methods in an impassioned, reproachful harangue to the astonished brokers around him. It is the last act of the drama. A message is brought to him that the mind of his wife has cleared and she is asking for her husband at the bank offices where in the old days she worked and watched the tape. But he is too late. The re-awakening of intelligence is but the prelude to death, and, overwhelmed by this new grief, the husband kneels by the wife's side and dies with her. "The System had skewered Robert Brownley's heart also."

It is a powerful story, and is nearly faultlessly told. But a greater effect would have been produced by a rearrangement of the characters. Human sympathy for a beautiful woman is always illogical, unreasonable, and unthinking, but even this can not close our eyes to the fact that Beulah Sands's great need arose from her father's misuse of trust funds, for which the story contains no rebuke, and that Beulah herself in endeavoring to meet that need deliberately imitates the tactics and the methods that in other and stronger hands are denounced as vile, cruel, and rapacious. Beulah Sands was a victim of the System, but she herself emulated that system. The small shark was devoured by the great one, and our sympathy for the beautiful Beulah would have been greater had she been more financially innocent, even though less beautiful.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The current season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has revealed an indifference to the German performances which it is not easy to understand, says the New York Sun. There is, to be sure, no predominating figure in the German personnel of the troupe, but admired powers are there. There have been no German productions at the Manhattan and will be none, as Mr. Hammerstein intends to confine his repertoire to the Italian and French operas. The failure of the Germans to support the performances of their own operas at the Metropolitan has brought about the present ascendancy of the Italian works. German opera-goers no longer hanker after the Wagnerian repertoire as they did of old. They are now enthusiastic supporters of the Italian performances, and it is the union of the two elements that has brought about the great revival in taste for the modern as well as the classic Italian repertoire. The Italians can feel the satisfaction of having stood for their own ideals throughout. New York's Italian colony is large and prosperous. It supplies every year more and more subscribers to the expensive parts of the opera houses, and its tastes will not be ignored in the future by any prudent manager.

Miss Marion S. Parker, a Detroit girl and a graduate of Michigan University, is a civil engineer. She has done the architect's work on several New York skyscrapers. She designed the Board Exchange building in the Wall Street section, a twenty-eight story monster that houses 8000 brokers, bankers, and corporation officers. She built the Astoria, half of the Waldorf-Astoria, the Whitehall building and a dozen other notable structures. She did nearly all the designing alone, planning the steel work and everything from sub-basement to roof.

When Thomas Hardy took the manuscript of "Under the Greenwood Tree" to the late Mr. Tinsley that enterprising publisher offered the novelist the sum of £25 down for the book. Mr. Hardy accepted the sum, although he owned that he was a "bit disappointed," adding that nevertheless he "meant to keep on." Next came his book "A Pair of Blue Eyes," for which Mr. Tinsley gave the novelist £100, saying: "There is no great money in the book, but I can see that Hardy is going to get a grip some day."

Professor Brander Matthews has just been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Professor Matthews, as is well known, has written illuminating volumes on the French drama and has identified himself with French interests in this country.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani is still trying to get payment from the United States for the crown lands taken from her at the time of the revolution in Hawaii.

RECENT VERSE.

A Resemblance.
SULLY PRUDHOMME.

You ask me why I smile and sigh
To watch you as you come and go;
I love you, child, and this is why:
You seem what I was long ago.

Your shadowed eyes are quick with gleams
Of changing hope and joy and woe;
And deep with light of inward gleams;
You seem what I was long ago.

Your head is Grecian marble pure,
In Attic summers made to glow;
Where snows in azure skies endure;
You seem what I was long ago.

Each day I stretch my hands and cry:
"I give you all the love I know!"
Each day you laugh and pass me by;
You seem what I was long ago.

—Transatlantic Tales.

Song.

Love, I grow old.
The world is still in flower.
Still do the birds in wayside hedges sing;
Pageant is yet of golden day and hour.....
Only—I stand without the fairy ring.

Love, I grow old.
The west is steeped in roses,
Unto the sea, the moon is lover yet;
Only—for me, the Book of Magic closes:
I, who was young, grow old and shall forget.

Love, I grow old.
From too much life and laughter;
Old from the glare of scenes that hurt mine
eyes;
Cruel or kind, whatever follows after,
It shall be one with dusk, and ashen skies.

Love, I grow old.
Look backwards in your flying,
You, who have kissed the years and made them
fleet.
See, I am gray, my days are spent in sighing....
Love, I grow old—your wonder is complete.
—Fannie Heatly Lea, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Hope.

Who thinks tomorrow will not bring him more
Than the sad days and years he's passed before,
Who thinks that joy is false, and love a cheat,
That since some things are bitter, none are sweet,
Has cast away—or lost—his kindest friend:
Hope; which all men should cherish to the end.

Cling fast to Hope! What though she show to thee
Visions of gladness which shall never be?
Wouldst thou walk blindly through a darkened
vale
Because the sun shows heights thou canst not
scale?

Wouldst thou tear down the drap'ry of thy halls
Because it hides the rough and jagged walls?

Man of the downcast face, lift up thine eyes!
Look on the world which all around thee lies!
To left and right full many a path you'll see
Whose first long stage was grief and misery,
And yet which ended in the ways of ease,
Leading along cool brooks, 'mid flow'rs and trees.

Remember this: That in a life whose sum
Includes both Joy and Sorrow there must come
A time when Sorrow, having spent his all
Of wrath upon thy head, must then let fall
His shattered sword, and give unwilling place
To Joy, who follows him with shining face.

So when, the end approaching, thou lookest back
Over the lights and shadows of thy track,
And by the clear rays of the setting sun
Seest plain what blessings thou hast lost or won,
Thou then canst lift thy voice and raise thine eyes,
And thank the God above thee in the skies
That in the darkness where thou oft didst grope
There was not lost thy greatest treasure, Hope!
—D. M. Goetschius, in *New York Sun*.

Maurice Grau, the well-known impresario, died in Paris, March 14. Mr. Grau came to New York City in 1854 from Austria, where he was born in 1849. He took a course in law in the Columbia Law School. In 1872 he became manager for Aimee, an opera bouffe prima donna. He also managed Rubenstein, the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company, Salvini, and others. The firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau managed Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry, and other leading stars of the stage. Mr. Grau retired from the firm in 1903.

The Euche Indians, 500 in number, who live in a remote part of the Creek nation, cling to their own language and marry principally among their own tribe, after being conquered and absorbed by the Creek Indians more than 200 years ago. In some cases a Euche may marry a Creek and the children will speak to the father in the Euche language and to the mother in Creek.

Queen Margharita, of Italy, has purchased the house and library of the late Giosue Carducci, the Italian poet, who died at Bologna, February 15, and has presented them to the city of Bologna on conditions that the rooms inhabited for 20 years by the poet remain unchanged and that posterity be permitted to visit them.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian author, has bought Wandrinne abbey, the old monastery on the banks of the Seine, between Rouen and Caudebec. The building used to be the home of 400 monks, and though it is 1300 years old may be restored to a habitable condition.

Ransford D. Buckman of Worcester, Mass., recently appointed naval adviser to the Sultan of Turkey, is now in command of the fleet which guards the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, with the rank of admiral. His first experience as a sailor was gained on the great lakes, where he was a cabin boy. Now, at 40, he is an admiral.

Theodore Barth, for 20 years a leading figure among the Liberals in Germany, and editor of *Die Nation*, will leave the fatherland and settle in this country, through which he has traveled extensively. He is disgusted at the result of the recent election and believes that true Liberalism in Germany is dead for at least a generation.

Dr. John F. Goucher, President of the Woman's College, Baltimore, now traveling in the Orient, has offered scholarships which when in operation will permit four girls from India to be continually at the Woman's College. Dr. Goucher has done much for the cause of education in India and has contributed largely to mission work in that country.

Professor Addison Ballard, who for many years occupied the chair of logic in New York University, is an example of the power of exercise in promoting longevity. He is 85 years old and is still to be seen around Pittsfield, Mass., where he now lives, taking long walks with a stride which gives many younger men some trouble in keeping pace with him.

Harry S. Howland, just 28 years old, is the youngest major in the United States army. He is now with the Fourth Battalion of Philippine scouts. Major Howland is the hero of a curious incident. Because in the discharge of his duty he invaded territory in Mindanao, never before reached by white men, and destroyed the cottas or forts of robber dattos and assassins, the Moro chiefs, greatly impressed

with his abilities, made Major Howland Sultan of Nunungan.

The wealthiest British woman living is a Welsh woman; more, she is single. Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot was one of the three children of Christopher Talbot, a popular M. P. of the mid-Victorian era. The only son died in early youth and Miss Talbot's sister, somewhat younger than herself, became the wife, just 40 years ago, of Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun. Miss Talbot remained at home, keeping house for her father, and on his death found herself left his sole executrix and owner of all the Talbot real estate, valued at about £1,500,000, as also of a reversionary interest in a huge trust fund in consols.

Begging visitors beset Miss Helen Gould during her recent visit to Paris. She subscribed \$200 for a new organ in one American church; in another she bought a pew outright and made it perpetually free to visitors; she made handsome gifts of money to the Young Women's Christian Union and to Mrs. Hoff's hotel for girl students, and she subscribed to the American hospital fund. Friends induced her to visit the Latin quarter, in the hope that she would give generously to the cause of American art. They were disappointed. Miss Gould looked coldly on the life of the quarter, bought nothing, and subscribed to nothing.

James Bryce, the new British Ambassador to the United States, has a horror of telephones. The diplomat has frequently been called on the wire since his arrival in Washington, and it is said that on numerous occasions he has refused to talk by means of the speaking piece. When he does talk, however, he insists on knowing immediately who the person is at the other end of the line and his business. Mr. Bryce simply doesn't like this modern method of carrying on a conversation, and as a result gets out of it whenever he can. Long-distance calls are said to be particularly distasteful to the ambassador. While at times he has consented to talk to people over the phone in Washington, he hates to converse on the long-distance lines. Consequently out-of-town calls for England's new representative are not cordially received, if at all.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Before Adam, by Jack London. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book lacks a great deal of the charm that belongs to the author's animal stories. It has the demerit of an autobiographical basis, and we are asked to believe that it is an actual amplification of actual inherited memories of the days when men ran naked through the woods, living in rock clefts and caves, and disputing for their sustenance with the saber-toothed tiger and the hyena. That is a heavy burden to assume at the beginning of such a book, and it has to be carried to the last page.

When Jack London wrote the "Call of the Wild" he was accused of plagiarizing from Egerton R. Young's "My Dogs in the Northland," and he defended himself by saying that while he had indeed borrowed some material without giving a very legible I. O. U. therefor, Mr. Young's book was but a statement of fact of which a legitimate, if second-hand, use had been made. As has already been shown in the *Argonaut*, there is a similar and even more striking resemblance between "Before Adam" and Stanley Waterloo's "The Story of Ab," and what has been called the deadly parallel column has more than usually deadly results. It may be that the "statement of fact" theory will once more apply, and that Jack London and Stanley Waterloo happened to have similar and coincidental inherited memories. Mr. London says that he and Mr. Waterloo have studied the same scientific books, but if this be so, what becomes of the inherited memory that Mr. London effectively uses as the basis for his story of pre-Adamic days?

The story is, of course, well told, and of its scientific accuracy we must leave others to judge. The story of prehistoric days—even if we knew enough about them, which we do not—does not lend itself to a recital in the first person, and the incongruity of such a handling is apparent all the way through.

Success in Life, by Emil Reich. Published by Duffield & Company, New York; \$1.50.

In a previous work the author attempted to show us something of the law of success among nations. He now applies the same methods to the individual, and the result is an eminently readable volume, full of practical advice and sage reflections from which, however, most people are either too young or too old to benefit.

The author does not like definitions, but he attempts to give us a definition of success which, he says, is "the realization of some, of many, or of nearly all, the deep-seated desires for health, love, honor, or power." Of course, the definition is pitifully inadequate, although it will be widely accepted now-a-days, and may, therefore, be allowed to pass. First of all we have a consideration of the constants of success, such as physical health and education. Then we have the variables of success; the woman, new turns in public events, and finally various occupations are specially examined, such as that of the journalist, the novelist, the dramatist, the scholar, the artist, the business man, etc. The author is always terse; logical, and forceful, and it is not his fault if he fails to convince that success in life has been reduced to understood law or that it can be purchased at an understood price. Luck as an element of success is dismissed with a wave of the hand, and perhaps this is as it should be, but we must either believe that what is called luck is a manifestation of unrecognized law or else run into collision with common and daily experience. But the book is a good and a helpful one, and deserves a wide audience.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

One of the recent candidates for position as librarian in the New York public library wrote on her examination paper, in answer to a question regarding the novels of Lew Wallace, that his principal work was "Her Ben."

George Meredith has just entered his 80th year. His long literary career began 56 years ago with the publication of a volume of verse. Apparently Mr. Meredith intends to write no more novels. His last work of prose fiction appeared in 1895. He

has since published more poems and miscellaneous writings. In his early days Meredith had a hard struggle for existence, and once, when he was writing a book, he spent his last guinea for a sack of oatmeal, on which he lived for weeks. For the last ten years the sales of his books have been very large.

It is stated that seven famous English authors, lately deceased, including Sir Edwin Arnold, George Gissing, and William Sharp, left estates which, added together, amounted to about \$65,000.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Colonial Theatre.

A testimonial benefit will be tendered James M. Ward at the Colonial Theatre on Monday evening, March 25, the attraction being "Sapho." Mr. Ward is one of the oldest and best known actors in the country, and he has many friends. The house will undoubtedly be filled to overflowing on that occasion. Mr. Ward has been identified with the theatrical profession for half a century. He was the first man to play the rôle of Harvey Green in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" in this country, when it was produced in 1858. Many men prominent in the profession owe their success in a great measure to the careful instruction of Mr. Ward. A. Burt Wesner, now playing with the Colonial Stock Company, was one of his pupils. Frank Bacon, also, owes considerable of his early training to Mr. Ward's painstaking efforts. In his prime Mr. Ward was connected with most of the foremost theatrical organizations in the country, having played with Modjeska, Booth, Forrest, and Davenport. He was quite a favorite in this city when he was with the old Grand Opera House Stock Company.

"Sapho," the Olga Nethersole version, will be the bill all the coming week at the Colonial Theatre, and the play will be produced with special care and fine appointments.

The American Theatre.

The performances today and tonight and tomorrow will be the last ones of the melodramatic opera, "The Nightingale," at the American Theatre. Commencing Monday night, March 25, Balfe's beautiful romantic opera, "The Bohemian Girl," will be presented. The piece will be gorgeously costumed and the cast should give a splendid interpretation of the great composer's best effort. The music of "The Bohemian Girl" will suit admirably the delightful soprano voice of Miss Aida Hemmi, and it would be difficult to find a more pleasing Arline than this singer. The comedy part of Devilshoof will be in the hands of Mr. Kunkel. Mr. Carl Haydn's beautiful tenor will have its first opportunity in the heavier operas. To Teddy Webb will fall the part of Florestine. Miss Leicester will be the gypsy queen. The chorus will also be called upon to give their very best, under the able direction of George Lask.

To follow, an elaborate production of the great New York success, "Fantana."

The Van Ness Theatre.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Van Ness Theatre, has repeated last season's success and is proving a strong attraction. The Leiber and Company production of this unique comedy-drama is cast this season to perfection, and once more Madge Carr Cooke is making a big hit in the title rôle. There will be a Sunday night performance and on Monday the second and last week of the engagement begins. There will be a Saturday matinee.

The management announces one of its most important attractions of the season to follow on Monday, April 1. It is Klaw & Erlanger's presentation of Sousa's latest comic opera success, "The Free Lance," in which Joseph Cawthorn is star at the head of a big company, including all the original New York cast.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

Large and enthusiastic audiences have greeted the new Alcazar Stock Company at every performance during the past week. "The Altar of Friendship" will continue the attraction until next Monday evening. The first matinee in the new theatre will take place this (Saturday) afternoon; there will also be a matinee on Sunday.

For the second week Belasco & Mayer offer the new Alcazar Company in Captain Robert Marshall's play, "The Unforeseen."

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JACK LONDON'S BEFORE ADAM
is published by
The Macmillan Company, New York



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PUCCINI'S "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The Savage production of Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly," during the week beginning March 11 was, from a social point of view, a historic occasion. For the first time since the earthquake, society, dressed with its old-time gorgeousness, rallied its cohorts and assembled in representative splendor at a play-house. The Van Ness Theatre, so named after James Van Ness, sterling pioneer and sometime mayor of San Francisco, is to occupy for the time being the rank of leading high-class theatre of San Francisco, formerly held by the Baldwin Theatre, and later by the Columbia. The scaffolded and raw-planked front of the building in which the new theatre is housed gives little indication of its completed interior, which is of spacious area, laid out in normal lines of theatric architecture, and finished off in unobtrusive good taste.

It gave a sense of strangeness, even in this altered city of unfamiliar conditions, to see the carriage line—now, as much auto as carriage—spread out over the noble spaces of Van Ness Avenue. It was the first notable gathering of the kind since an audience of similar character at the Grand Opera House on the night of April 17, 1906, shaved eternity, escaping a hideous holocaust by a margin of some five hours. Last week the opening of the Van Ness Theatre, on the surface of no moment except socially or theatrically, meant far more. San Francisco had passed another mile-stone on its return to normal conditions.

The performance by Henry W. Savage's troupe of singers was of a nature to warrant the character of the gathering in front being first-class in every respect.

Although the play is a one-act piece, in operatic form, it is expanded to three acts. Of the three, the only one that seemed unduly long was the first. Perhaps that is because the action of the last two acts offers much greater opportunity for effective musical treatment.

Cho-Cho-San, the Japanese heroine, is a toy in the first act, a woman in the second, a martyr in the third, and with the gradual evolution of her poor, tortured heart to its supremest development of anguish and despair, Puccini has kept marvelous pace in the musical language in which he has told her pathetic story.

Opera is the most artificial form of the drama. And yet, so poignant is the pathos of the last act of "Madame Butterfly" that many of the auditors were moved to tears during the closing scenes.

On Tuesday night Rena Vivienne, a handsome young woman, with a fresh, sweet, light soprano, filled the title rôle in a manner to charm, both vocally and histrionically. I rather fancy that the Tuesday nighters came off the best of it in some particulars. "Madame Butterfly" is very modern in treatment. It is a music-drama, and in music-drama the possibilities of illusion are much greater than in the old troubadour type of operas, which nobody nowadays can take seriously, except from a musical standpoint. In the two important matters of appearance and acting Rena Vivienne gave an ample sense of illusion, and Francis MacLennan's Pinkerton harmonized perfectly with one's conception of a good-looking young American lieutenant in search of amatory diversion. Miss Harriet Behnee's Susuki was sung and acted in harmony with the spirit of the piece, and Mr. Richards, although rather impassive as an actor, gave pleasure by the sweetness of his singing.

The story of Madame Butterfly's tragic constancy, when given dramatic treatment, has a remarkably cumulative effect, and to this Puccini's music keeps wonderful pace. The opera is one in which the orchestra is of first importance. During the first act the general effect of the music is of brightness and gaiety, only a hint of tragedy being given by the appearance of the Bonze, a Buddhist priest and uncle of Madame Butterfly, who unloads a sort of Japanese curse on his fair young relative for marrying one not of her own race. There is much recitative in this act, which tends to make the dialogue, in its English form, sound rather flat. A lovely duet between the newly wedded pair closes an act which, with the opera-bouffesque marriage broker, the whisky and seltzer drinking of the two friends, who are in strictly modern dress, and the daintily mincing attitudes and play of the geisha girls, offers but little suggestion of the tragedy to come.

In the second act, the faithless lieutenant does not appear. The rôle of Pinkerton is not a particularly grateful one for a popular tenor, although Caruso took the part in Conreid's production of the piece at the Metropolitan Opera House. Geraldine Farrar, in the same cast, was very successful as Butterfly, but it is noticeable that the more famous sopranos did not attempt the part, although the singer who plays Butterfly has no tenor rival to dispute her supremacy on the stage during the last two acts. During the final scene Pinkerton enters in time to drop a remorseful tear or two over the body of his quondam sweetheart and toy, but during the entire act a deeply pathetic effect is given the dramatic treatment, which includes detailed stage business, laid out for all the characters. It is at this stage that the music seems to fulfill a double function, and not only to sing, but to speak a language of the most piercing pathos. This is the crowning triumph of Puccini's composition, for grand opera, which is another name for musical tragedy, is almost never known to move auditors to emotion verging on tears.

"Madame Butterfly" bids fair to repeat, perhaps even to exceed, the popularity of "La Bohème." The lyric charm of the lighter themes, and the dramatic fervor of the composition in its entirety, have captivated the public, which has also shown itself susceptible to the beauty of the stage pictures as set forth in this opera of Japanese inspiration. Puccini has happily blended in his score a number of the more melodious of Japanese folk-songs, and has adopted the use of leading motives very noticeably. The opening bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner" appear in the Pinkerton motive; not exactly acceptable to the national pride, one would think, for Pinkerton, in spite of his well-turned figure and his gold stripes, is a poor creature when all's said and done, who acted a dastardly part. But the complaisance with which American audiences have accepted this slander on a representative of the navy recalls the serenity with which English audiences have sat and applauded the play of "Monsieur Beaucaire," the French hero of which is exalted at the expense of the heavy English squires surrounding him, who are made to appear false, cowardly, stupid and ridiculous.

During the week just closing another event of further importance to the world of theatre-goers was the re-inauguration of the Alcazar. This theatre is now domiciled on Sutter Street, near Steiner, and is the brightest, handsomest, and cosiest play-house in the city. There was more genuine hearty sentiment felt and expressed over the return of the Alcazar to the theatrical arena than was the case at any other reopening of the kind. For one thing, the Alcazar retained its old name. For another, few changes have been made in the business staff, and the majority of its former members still remain in the company, so that the identity of the O'Farrell Street Alcazar is thoroughly preserved. And, best of all, this popular stock theatre had made itself a necessity to its patrons. There used always to be a kind of family atmosphere at the little play-house on first nights, and last Monday evening, in spite of the heavy storm and unintermitting rain, the special friends and patrons of the theatre assembled in serried ranks to welcome their favorite play-house back to the ranks of the rehabilitated.

The Alcazar is now the furthest up-town theatre, but on this night of equinoctial storm, when people were almost obliged to swim in order to get about, the handsome auditorium, decorated tastefully in the Moorish style—a bit of fidelity to things as they were in the vanished past—was packed with a well-dressed crowd, who were determined not to allow the weather to prevent them from making the occasion a gala night. The lobby was stacked with towering floral pieces, which, after the close of the second act, made a bower of bloom of the stage, through which the happy faces of old and new members of the company looked out over a sea of welcoming faces and applauding hands.

Mr. Fred Butler, who is still in the present as in the past, the Alcazar's stage director, made a very felicitous speech in which he said, referring to the Alcazar's revived energies, its list of coming attractions, its new building, and its special equipment of numerous and convenient dressing-rooms for the comfort of the players—"A pretty good go for a city that's down and out."

So it is, and so is the general theatrical

situation in this city of persistent theatre-goers. Besides the numerous cheap vaudeville houses in San Francisco, there are now about eight important play-houses firmly established in the favor of their patrons. Who would have thought eleven months ago, when all the theatres of San Francisco went up in a fiery mist, that inside a year the theatrical business would be so thoroughly restored?

To return to the Alcazar: The opening play is Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "Altar of Friendship," which was written for Nat Goodwin. With Goodwin, the impression left by the piece was that of its not having much backbone. But it proved to be a very acceptable vehicle for the Alcazar company. There was too much excitement, personal feeling, and cordial greeting in the air to make the selection of a play of heavier calibre advisable, and the light society comedy of the piece showed off the youth, refinement, good clothes, and good looks of the company to great advantage. Both Bertram Lytell, the handsome leading man, and Laura Lang, the new leading lady, have sufficient versatility to carry off easily the light badinage and drawing-room comedy of the two important rôles, and both gave promise during the more serious scenes of the play of being good emotional actors. Miss Daisy Lovering, the new ingénue, was obliged to plunge right in and swim in tears, which she did with a finish that suggested previous experience in leading rôles. These three, with Marie Merle, a very modish young woman, who was effective in drawing-room costume and well up to the requirements of a small character part, and Harry Pollard, late of the Colonial Theatre, are the newcomers. The rest are well known, and, as demonstrated by the welcome of the audience, cordially liked.

There is something of an artificial tone to Mrs. Ryley's comedy, but it was just as well—everybody was very happy, very congratulatory, and very, very much in earnest in the feeling of having emerged into the warmth, cheer, and sunlight of safety and prosperity, after having passed through a dark and threatening cloud. And I rather surmise that many of the women were just a little "teary 'round the lashes," so that they were thankful that the piece ran to comedy and laughter, instead of sadness and tears.

The Orpheum.

The programme for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be headed by Dan Burke and his schoolgirls, one of the daintiest dancing numbers ever presented in vaudeville. Merri Osborne, who created a furore as Fifi in "The Belle of New York," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, will, in conjunction with her own company, appear in the dainty playlet, "Taming an Actress." The Joseph Adelmann Trio, just back from a five years' tour through Europe, will be heard in their great xylophone playing. Julius Tannen, mimic, will astonish and amuse. Howard and Bland, who have scored a great hit, will appear in a new sketch called "The Stage Manager." Finlay and Burke and the Sharp Brothers will continue, as will the Uessemes, the marvelous equilibrists.

The Novelty Theatre.

Raymond Hitchcock, in the musical comedy hit, "A Yankee Tourist," is playing to large houses at the Novelty Theatre. There is to be a matinee on Sunday of this amusing musical work, and on Monday the second and last week of the engagement begins. Hitchcock is even more amusing in the title rôle of this piece than he was in the laughable "King Dodo" production.

We happened to stray into the new store of the S. & G. Gump Co., on California Street, the other day and noted with pleasure that this enterprising and progressive firm are more than keeping abreast of the times. They have added, in connection with their other beautiful line of art—two entirely new departments, a Chinese and Japanese art department—containing many quaint old pieces, besides an endless variety of furniture, both in Chinese Teak and Japanese Cherry. Also a rug department in which they show a line of Oriental rugs that have been selected with the greatest care for refinement of design and color. They have just opened their new art gallery, which is a most unusual feature in itself, being differently planned from any gallery heretofore seen. There are some new and beautiful canvases on exhibition which are bound to be of interest to all lovers of art. It is well worth while for you to pay this establishment a visit. You will leave with a feeling that your time has been well and agreeably spent.

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VANITY FAIR.

The hotel-keepers and tradesmen of London are gleefully anticipating an unusually large influx of Americans for the forthcoming season. Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, are expected to send all their fashionable men and women to London in good time for the International Horse Show that will open in June. By that time nearly the whole of the Vanderbilt family will be in London. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will probably take the house in Park Lane that was the property of the late Alfred Beit.

New York and Washington society is paying some much needed attention to the question of etiquette for children, and if a little of this same solicitude should accidentally stray westward it would be welcome. For little girls the charming old custom of the courtesy has been revived. It is not the sweeping movement of the minuet, but a little dip that is accomplished by putting the right foot a little behind the left, raising the right heel, and at the same time slightly bending the right knee. With the left hand the little maiden holds her skirt near the hem and slightly spreads it. This form of salutation has proved so acceptable that the handsbake has almost disappeared, although children should, of course, respond to a proffered hand.

For boys the salute is different. The heels are brought sharply together, and the bow is from the waist and not from the head, the right arm being bent at the elbow and held across the body. Boys are also taught to kiss the band of a lady.

Society women who are really solicitous for the manners of their children—and there are still a good many society women who have children, strange as it may appear—are teaching their little ones always to repeat the person's name at the end of a reply, and never to say "ma'am." It is, of course, a small point, but it marks a difference. Another small point is the use of the napkin in the right way at meals, and the right way is not to tuck it into the neck. A child can show quite as much dexterity in eating as an adult, and a misplaced morsel of food or a spilled drop of liquid is proof of a misdemeanor. An ill-behaved child in good society is rightly considered as a reflection upon the manners of its parents and in no way to be tolerated, and there is now a general tendency to teach boys that they must invariably wait upon older persons and upon girls, while girls are being trained to wait upon older persons, men, and women alike.

Sarah Bernhardt has locked horns with her publisher, and, as neither party will give way, there seems to be nothing for it but a lawsuit. The trouble arose in this way. The publisher, no less a one than Mr. Heinemann himself, arranged with the divine Sarah for 200,000 words of memoirs, naturally supposing that the intimate recollections of one who had been in the confidence of kings would be the liveliest kind of "copy." As an earnest of his good will he, and various other publishers who shared in the enterprise, including Appleton's of New York, paid a very large sum of money in advance. Great was Mr. Heinemann's consternation to find that the forthcoming material was in no way what was expected. There were no revelations and no recollections, no real memoirs at all, but simply "roger scrapbook stuff," as Mr. Heinemann irreverently calls it. He therefore notified the great tragedienne that it would not do at all, and that he would expect the real article, with prompt delivery and full weight. So madame refused to write anything more at all, which was a very real tragedy for Mr. Heinemann and full justification for the suit that he brought at once and that is now pending.

The art of hospitality has deviated far from that simple line of behavior toward a guest that is indicated by kindly and intelligent good feeling. In becoming an art, hospitality has lost its heart, and an attitude of selfish indifference toward the guest is all too often a mark of good society. This is far less noticeable in America than it is in England, where the country house visitor may expect to be entirely ignored, unless wealth or social position give him, or her, a fictitious value that can not be overlooked. A writer in a London weekly relates her experiences very fully, and there is good reason to

believe that she has not overdrawn the picture. She says:

"On arrival we are ushered into a hot room full of people, where our hostess is dispensing tea and scandal, to be greeted with a shower of kisses and 'dearests,' or two fingers and 'd' 'do,' according to our sex, friendship, or, possibly, social standing; in either case the greeting to be accompanied by a close and rapid scrutiny of our clothes. We are not introduced to our fellow-guests; nowadays this is done only in the servants' hall, and we are lucky if we discern an acquaintance to prevent our possibly drinking our much-brewed tea in more or less silence.

"Presently a move upstairs is suggested for the women. The hostess saunters languidly along passages, 'believing' we are in No. 25, only to find, by the name-card on that door, that Captain Jones is located there. After two or three futile efforts at hide-and-seek with our room, she rings for a resplendent housekeeper, who severely conducts us to No. 19.

"Later on, at the county ball, our hostess will, if she remembers it, introduce us to one or two so-called dancing men, languid beings in pink, who esteem it a favor to take a stranger one turn round the crowded room. If we know no one else we have ample opportunities for observation. And when presently our host takes us down to supper, boring us almost to salt tears, we come to the conclusion that visiting is an overrated amusement.

"We intimate our wish to leave the next morning by a fairly early train to catch the connection north, but arrive down at ten, to a solitary breakfast, to learn, in answer to our timid inquiry of the butler, that he 'doesn't believe no carriage was ordered for the 10:50.' We enlist his sympathies, and catch our train, without any adieu or even a glimpse of our host or hostess, and finally reach home to sit down and write, with what enthusiasm we may, a letter of thanks for our 'delightful visit.'"

But at least one innovation has been made that is probably not intended for the convenience of the guest, but that none the less operates in that way. It has now become the custom to name in the invitation the day of departure as well as the day of arrival. In this way it becomes easy to arrange plans, and the diffident guest is spared the embarrassment of outstaying the welcome. "Come and stay from the 6th to the 10th" has an undesirable brusqueness about it, but perhaps it is sensible.

Madame Gould, formerly the Countess Castellane, will exercise the freedom recently given to her by the divorce court and will resume the weekly receptions that it was formerly her habit to give in the famous chateau on the Avenue Malakoff in Paris. There is no lack of French friends of the better kind who will gladly accept her hospitality, while Americans, who to their credit were not favorably regarded by the unspeakable little count, will once more be in evidence in the Castellane palace. Madame Gould has no social ambitions nor other desire than to extend the hospitalities of her house in accordance with the best traditions of American refinement.

The prosecution in the Thaw case would very much like to secure the evidence of Lady Ashburton, whose name has been mentioned quite frequently during the proceedings. Lady Ashburton is better known as Frances Belmont, formerly a popular member of the Florodora sextette and a participant in many an escapade of which the recital would tickle the fancies of those to whom anything like a sensation is as water in a dry land. Unfortunately for Mr. Jerome, Lady Ashburton is in England, and she knows enough to stay there so long as the terror of a subpoena awaits her in America.

The head maid of Queen Margharita of Italy has been making between \$5000 and \$6000 a year for some time past by selling her mistress's old dresses, which are one of her perquisites. She holds a sale twice a year, and among her best customers are American women, who are willing to pay very high prices for these "souvenirs of a queen."

It is an ill wind that blows good to no one, and the slum dwellers of London have cause to congratulate themselves that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough can not agree like the proverbial little birds in the

nest. The duchess has made it known that she will henceforth engage in charitable work, and she has therefore joined the Church Army, which is something like a Salvation Army with a social halo. There

has been some talk of a reconciliation, and if peace should be reestablished between the duke and his American wife it may be wondered if the poor would be called upon to suffer therefrom.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The following advertisement appears in a fashionable English newspaper: "Lonely lady wishes to exchange scandal with another; replies required only from those in the best 'society,' etc."

That was a vivid and popular bit of description in which the vaudeville performer on the stage referred to the official at the front entrance of the theatre as the "eight-dollar-a-week man at the door who wears a thousand dollars' worth of gold buttons."

One of the recent instances of ready retort by the New York theatrical manager, shows that Oscar Hammerstein had received a cablegram saying that Patti had been engaged for him for next season, and that the famous Oscar had cabled back immediately, "Male, black, or real?"

Rossini, the composer, was a great eater, and his objection to roast turkey is famous—that it was "too much for one person and not enough for two." On one occasion he went into a restaurant and ordered dinner for three. After a while the waiter said: "The dinner is on the fire, sir. When the people come, it is ready." "Very well," said Rossini; "serve it. I am the people."

At a public dinner in an English city, the toast of "Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces" was proposed in rather unusual terms. In submitting the toast, the chairman said: "This is a toast which requires very little comment from me, as the subject is one with which you are all familiar. The Army and Navy have been drunk for very many years and the Reserve Forces have now been drunk for something over twenty years."

Two laborers in Council Bluffs were preparing to dig a hole in the street, and a passer by stopped to watch them mark it off on the asphalt. As they worked, one laborer said: "Did yez work yisterday, Tim?" "Av course not," replied the other. "Yisterday wor Lincoln's birthday." The one who had spoken first finished marking off the asphalt, and then said: "Tim, what makes 'em cillibrate the birthday av Lincoln?" "Oi don't know," replied the other, "unless it's because Willian Jinnings Bryan comes from there."

Mrs. Brown awoke her husband in the dead of night with the startling information that she had just heard a burglar in the room below. "Now," she exclaimed, excitedly, "he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again." Then John sat up and listened. "By Jove, Mary, you're right!" he answered. "He is! He's actually smoking one of those—er those cigars." Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets. "Go to sleep again, Mary," he said, complacently. "We'll find the poor wretch in the morning."

Captain Bragge once bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time. The athlete took the bet and made the trial. But there were forty-one steps to the flight, and therefore, after making twenty hops, the man found he had lost. He paid up, but accused Captain Bragge of sharp practice. "Sharp practice!" said Bragge, indignantly. "Well, I'll make the same bet with you that I can do it." The other, expecting to win his money back, assented. Captain Bragge then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops, and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner and won the bet.

P. T. Barnum made a determined effort on one of his tours through the South to get hold of a centenarian for his side show. Somebody gave him the address of a negro, said to be 101. Barnum looked him up in person. "You say you are more than 100 years old?" Barnum asked. "Yassir, some-where about that," the old man replied. "Well, how would you like to travel with the show? I'll be glad to give you a good salary and your board, too." "I dunno, sir, I'll ha' ter see paw first," came the reply. "Your father! You certainly don't mean to tell me your father is living?"

Where is he?" "He's in the house there," said the old negro, "givin' gran'paw his medicine."

A Methodist of New York was praising the late Bishop C. C. McCabe. "When Bishop McCabe was secretary of our missionary society," he said, "he added \$500,000 to its annual income. I once heard the Bishop ask a millionaire for a missionary contribution. 'Who was it,' said the millionaire, smiling, 'that said that charity begins at home?' Bishop McCabe frowned. 'It was some one, I'll be bound,' he answered, 'who was looking for an excuse not to contribute.'"

An actor without funds managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco. The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days, and in view of the fact that his finances were at a low ebb, he solved the question in this way: The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating, and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises. On the third day he could not stand the strain any longer, and went down in the dining-room and ordered the best meal on board the boat. While eating this meal he could see in his mind's eye a picture of a cell in the bastille in San Francisco. After finishing his meal he said to the waiter: "How much do I owe you?" "Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals were included in your ticket."

An unvarnished Eastern contemporary declares that Senator Leland Stanford once had a colleague who could never discover even how to vote, because of his inability to comprehend the drift of parliamentary practice. He could only clutch the nearest bystander and whisper hoarsely, "How's the party going?" Once, entering the chamber just as a roll was being concluded, the Californian halted in mute perplexity. The secretary called his name, while floor and galleries turned inquiringly toward the troubled figure in the centre doorway. The great mine-owner frantically clapped his hands, and, grabbing a mischievous imp who answered his summons, gasped in a stage undertone, "Which way do I vote?" "Aye," whispered the boy, and when the secretary again called the name of the junior Senator from California, the Senator raised his head serenely and, looking around with calmness, echoed, "Aye." A frenzied rush of the Democratic Senators and the earnest expostulations of the Democratic senatorial whip alone prevented this unconscious apostasy, and the next morning the monkey-like page had a bad quarter-hour with old Senator Harris of Tennessee, chairman of the Democratic caucus. "Of course you did it on purpose!" and the Confederate brigadier shook his long forefinger at the trembling eleven-year-old head. "And now I tell you one thing, my son; if ever you vote the Senator wrong again, you leave the Senate!"

Japan as an advertiser has taken some billboard ideas from America. Worshippers at Buddhist temples invariably wash their hands in a fountain at the entrance before making their supplications. Formerly the priests hung towels there. Now the merchants of Tokio and other cities furnish the temples with free towels, reserving the privilege of printing their advertisements on them.

The young Duke of Zaragoza, besides being a grandee of Spain, is an expert locomotive engineer. He proved his qualification by passing a strict examination, and twice a week runs the express train from Madrid to the French frontier over the North Spanish Railroad.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Coon, daughter of Mrs. Palmer Dudley, to Mr. Oliver Kehrlein. Their wedding will take place in June at Menlo Park.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Griffin, of St. Paul, Minnesota, to Mr. Frank Sewall, of Highlands, San Bernardino County, but formerly of San Francisco. Their wedding will take place on Tuesday, March 26, in Los Angeles.

The marriage of Miss Mary Bell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Bell, of Berkeley, to Colonel James Morwood, surgeon-in-chief of the British Army in India, took place on Wednesday, March 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Palmer in Calcutta.

Miss Alice Hager was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday of last week, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, and Mr. Robert Coleman.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges entertained at a dinner on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Lorraine de la Montanya and Mr. Edward Davis, who are to be married in June. Those present were: Miss de la Montanya, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Maude Payne, Miss Roma Paxton, Miss Edith Metcalf, Mr. Edward Davis, Mr. Percy Towne, Mr. Dwight C. Leeper, Paymaster Helmicks, U. S. N., Paymaster Beecher, U. S. N., and Dr. Pressley.

Mrs. Hugh Huddleston was the hostess at a luncheon recently at her home on Washington Street. Her guests were: Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. John D. McKee, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. John Flournoy, and Mrs. Hundley.

Mrs. Oliver P. M. Hazzard was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home at the Presidio on Saturday of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. John L. Clem, Mrs. Wendell L. Simpson, Mrs. James H. Bull, of Yerba Buena Island, Mrs. John Donnellan, Mrs. Daniel W. Hand, Mrs. B. Frank Cheatham, and Mrs. Lawrence B. Simonds.

Mrs. Alexander McCracken was the hostess recently at an informal tea at her home at Mare Island, in honor of Mrs. Gove, Mrs. Scranton, Mrs. Jessop, Mrs. Fenner, Mrs. Huff, and Mrs. Osburn, wives of officers of the U. S. S. Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained at an opera party on Monday of last week, followed by a supper. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. Frank Owen.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained two tables of guests at bridge on Thursday afternoon of last week at the Town and Country Club.

It is announced that the next meeting of the Monday Night Skating Club, of which Mrs. Ynez Shorb White is the director, will be a fancy dress and mask affair. It will take place on Monday evening, April 1.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Julia Langhorne returned early this week from a visit to Coronado and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen and Miss Jessie Wright left on Thursday for the East, where they will visit friends and relatives until the fall.

Mrs. William Kohl and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury have returned from Santa Barbara after a six weeks' stay.

Miss Jennie Crocker left on Monday of last week for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will leave in May for New York, and will sail from there for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. John Franklin Babcock (formerly Miss Gertrude Eells) has arrived from her home in Milwaukee and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells.

Mr. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown will leave in April for a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Katrina Page Brown, and Miss Mary Keeney have returned from visiting Coronado, Santa Barbara, and Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwallader (formerly Miss Charlotte Wilson) have returned from spending their honeymoon

at Del Monte, and are guests of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson at the latter's home on California Street.

Miss Crosby, of New York, is in California as the guest of Miss Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. McComas (formerly Miss Marie Louise Parrott) have gone recently from England to Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman will leave shortly for Ross Valley, where they have taken a house for the summer months.

Miss Claire Nichols has recently been the guest of Miss Helen Baker in San Rafael.

Miss Hazel King has returned from a trip to New Mexico.

Mrs. Walter J. Burns, of Portland, Oregon, has returned to her home in the north after a brief visit to Mrs. A. B. Williamson in this city.

Mrs. E. B. Cadwallader and Miss Linda Cadwallader are spending a month in Berkeley.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned after several weeks' absence in Southern California and Arizona.

Miss Elizabeth Foote and Mr. Arthur Foote, of Grass Valley, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellmann have returned from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her home in Chico from Washington, D. C., where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alexander, since early in the winter.

Mr. Edgar Mills left last week for New York, and will go abroad later to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard and Mr. Ward Mailliard are visiting in Santa Barbara, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Benito Forbes Smith.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond will go East early in May to spend the summer.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who has been in Vevey, Switzerland, for several months past, left there in February for Italy, where she will make an extended motor trip with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and their family, who have spent the winter in Philadelphia, will return to San Francisco during April.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry will sail today (Saturday) from New York for Europe, where they will spend several months traveling.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden have gone to Del Monte, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. James L. Flood and Mr. John Twiggs are in the East on a brief business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop and Mr. Grantland Voorhies have returned from a stay of a month at the Bishop ranch in Santa Barbara County.

Mrs. George A. Moore has left Chicago, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Geissler, and is now visiting her sister, Miss Du Val, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She will return to California in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney left last week for Southern California to spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin have returned from a trip to Coronado and Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles M. Woods has returned to her home in Sausalito, after a visit of several weeks' duration in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. R. Judah and Miss Christine Judah have been the guests of relatives in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Muller (née Heick) have gone south on their honeymoon and later will settle in their new home on Third Avenue and B Street.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son left for New York last Sunday to join Mr. Brown, en route to Europe.

Miss Mildred Pierce, of San José, who is spending some time abroad, is at present in Greece.

Mrs. John F. Merrill has returned from Santa Barbara, where she spent several weeks.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters is spending some time in Southern California.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Naylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. Klein, of San Francisco; Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruitvale; Mr. D. Atwater, of Papeete, Tahiti.

GUILD OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

While the oil, the water-color, and the pastel, done with a sure hand backed by intelligence and feeling, never fail to charm for the very beauty that is in them, what gives greater pleasure and satisfaction than the practical application of art? Ample proof of this is to be found in the studio of the Guild of Arts and Crafts, which is, through the courtesy of Mrs. H. G. Meyer, at her residence, 1825 California Street. Just at present there is more than passing interest in the work of the artisans in this organization, because a special ex-

hibition of it is being held, the great variety of pieces having just been placed, to remain for the coming three weeks. The members in turn will be on duty at the exhibition, which is open throughout the day from 10 A. M. until 5 P. M.

There is nothing more appreciated in the show than the display of art photography. Adelaide Hanscome has a number of striking compositions, which are more than the equal of the photographs for illustrating which brought her so prominently before the art world a few years ago. Another one of the exhibitors in this field is Mrs. Annie Brigman. Her pictures are not so daring in composition and not so artistic in conception as those shown in the Vickery Gallery last year. Emily Pitchford's photographs are well thought out and artistically developed, and, while they are conspicuously good, they lack something of the refinement and sentiment always expressed in Miss Hanscome's work. Oscar Maurer is exhibiting a number of his excellent pictures, which ever measure up with the best.

In looking over this exhibition the wish comes unbidden that the generous people who make presents for weddings or holidays would find the place where the members of the guild show the beautiful things wrought by their capable hands. If they did, there would be more grateful brides and other recipients of kindly meant courtesies. What bride has not looked at the endless things made of silver and crystal and wished that a fairy godmother might turn some of them into a candlestick or a bowl or any one of the endless things beaten and bent out of metal, that are useful as well as beautiful? All these treasures are to be found at the room of the Guild of Arts and Crafts of California.

The leather work at the exhibition is a feature. This includes fine bindings, some of the best of which are done by Miss Octavia Holden. Miss Annie C. Crane is one of the expert leather workers exhibiting. Conspicuous among the metal workers are Miss Katherine Bunnell and Douglas Van Denburgh.

For the first time in two or three years Gertrude Boyle, the sculptor, is showing some of her work. She has three new

compositions and some of her well-known relief portraits in the Guild exhibition. Ill health and other diverting circumstances turned her energies in other directions, making a break in what promised to be a most interesting career. It is gratifying to know that she is again striving to express the unmistakable genius that is in her. The pieces on exhibition show that she has taken up her work where she laid it down. She is a disciple of the vigorous Rodin school, never handling her clay like a woman.

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Table Mask
Crash
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Turkish Towels
Linen
Persian Lawns
Organdies
Men's Handkerchiefs
Women's Handkerchiefs
Piques
Men's Hosiery
Men's Underwear
Women's Hosiery
Women's Underwear
Brown Shirts
Bleached Shirts
Wide Bleached Sheetings
Wide Brown Sheetings

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Farenholt, U. S. N., retired, has returned to San Francisco, after spending some time in Southern California.

Colonel R. D. Potts, U. S. A., has been detailed as chief of staff of the Pacific Division, and will arrive here soon after April 1, upon which date he is to be relieved as head of the Second Division (Military Information Bureau) of the General Staff, in Washington, D. C.

Commander Frederick W. Coffin, U. S. N., who returned from the Orient for treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, and who went East in January on two months' sick leave, has been ordered to command of the prison ship at Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Perry* and ordered home to wait orders.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as judge advocate, Department of California, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order, and will proceed about April 2 to Manila, and report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty as judge advocate of that division, relieving Major Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A. Major Morrow, upon being thus relieved, will proceed to report to the commanding general, Department of Luzon, for duty as judge advocate of that department, relieving Major Walter A. Bethel, U. S. A. Major Bethel, upon being thus relieved, will proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as judge advocate of the department.

Major Ormond M. Lissak, U. S. A., is detailed as professor of ordnance and science of gunnery at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

Major Edwin A. Root, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report, upon expiration of his present leave, to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty, pending the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines, when he will join that regiment and proceed with it to its station.

Captain John L. Hayden, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the last transport to undergo his examination for promotion.

Captain Fred G. Stritzinger, Jr., Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, has been ordered to proceed to Benicia Barracks and Benicia Arsenal, to confer with the respective commanding officers concerning supplies for the school of musketry at the Presidio of Monterey.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., who has been discharged from the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, is now awaiting orders.

Lieutenant James J. Raby, U. S. N., on duty here in connection with the U. S. S. *South Dakota*, has recently gone East for a brief trip.

Lieutenant Charles Burnett, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I., to report to Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., for appointment and duty as aid-de-camp on his staff.

Lieutenant William T. Carpenter, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted ten days' leave of absence, to take effect upon the completion of his examination for promotion at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Paul H. Weyrauch, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, his retirement from active service is announced, dating from March 1.

Lieutenant Edward A. Stuart, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had his former orders revoked, and is ordered to report to Colonel Sydney W. Taylor, U. S. A., president of an examining board at the Presidio of San Francisco, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Russell V. Venable, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for three months, to take effect upon completion of this year's target practice of his company.

Ensign Martin K. Metcalf, U. S. N., is the guest of relatives in Berkeley.

Midshipman W. F. Lafrenz, U. S. N., Midshipman R. B. Horner, U. S. N., Midshipman F. R. King, U. S. N., and Midshipman J. B. Earle, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Mitauksee*, now at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Garrard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is announced as the officer in charge of the School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, and Captain F. G. Stritzinger, Jr., Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is announced as assistant instructor. The school will open on April 1. Company E, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A. (Captain Learnard, commanding);

Company C, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A. (Captain Davison, commanding); and the machine gun platoon, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., are designated for duty at the School of Musketry.

The following named officers have been selected by the Division Commander for detail for a course of instruction at the School of Musketry, Pacific Division, and will proceed from their present station to the Presidio of Monterey and report on or before April 1 for duty: Lieutenant Norman H. Davis, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Murray B. Rush, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Rufus B. Clark, Third Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant George N. Ewell, Third Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Charles F. Conry, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant William B. Wallace, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Burt W. Phillips, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Edward E. McCammon, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Lloyd P. Horsfall, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John B. De Lancey, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.

The Late Theodore F. Payne.

The death of Theodore F. Payne last week has caused widespread grief. He was a son of one of San Francisco's early pioneers, and spent his childhood, his boyhood, and his manhood in this city; hence his circle of friends was very wide. He had been ill for some time at his country place near Menlo Park, but his friends had not looked for the unfavorable turn which came last week, resulting in his death on Friday, March 8, 1907.

Theodore F. Payne was born in 1845 and was a native of New York City. His father, Theodore Payne, also a native of New York City, came to San Francisco in September, 1849. Here he took up mercantile pursuits, to which he had been trained. He speedily was successful, and soon entered the auction business, which was a leading pursuit in the feverish days of San Francisco in the early fifties. The city would first find herself in the midst of a flour famine, whereupon cargoes of flour would set sail for San Francisco from all over the world. In a few months there would be such vast quantities of flour that the only way to get rid of it would be to sell it at auction. Hence the importance of the old auctioneering firms in San Francisco many years ago. In 1850 Theodore Payne, the elder, took in as a partner Squire P. Dewey, and they then confined their auction business to real estate. He soon accumulated a large fortune, which was swept away by one of the early conflagrations. But he built up his fortunes again, and when San Francisco's beach and water lots were being sold at sheriff's sale the firm of Theodore Payne & Co. advanced a large sum of money as a loan to the struggling municipality. In short, he was a public-spirited citizen of the highest order.

When he died Theodore Payne left a large fortune to his widow, to his two sons, Theodore F. and Warren R. Payne, and to his daughter, who died in childhood. So large was the property left by the elder Payne that the young Theodore found his whole time occupied in managing his father's great estate. Hence he never undertook the study of any profession. A curious and an interesting fact is that some large pieces of realty in San Francisco—purchased and held in common by the elder Theodore Payne and Squire P. Dewey—are still owned by their sons undivided. It is unusual for such holdings to extend over more than a generation, and it speaks volumes for the consideration and thoughtfulness of the co-owners.

Theodore F. Payne grew up in San Francisco and was a schoolmate of such boys as Eugene E. Dewey, William P. Dewey, Nat J. Brittan, his brother Warren R. Payne, John Lord Love, George W. Nagle, and others. Some of the "old boys," who used to go to school by what is now Union Square, will hear of his death with a pang. As boy and as man he was extremely popular. When he reached manhood he became a member of several of the leading clubs, and was a valued associate in all of them. He was fortunate in the possession of youth, health, wealth, good looks, and hosts of friends. Although he made frequent trips to Europe, he was loyal to California and spent the greater part of his time in the Golden State.

In 1880 Mr. Payne met for the first time Pauline O'Brien, a favorite niece of William O'Brien of the famous Bonanza firm. He at once conceived an attachment for her, and it was soon apparent that the attachment was mutual. Miss O'Brien was a young lady of great personal beauty and charm, and when they were married—which was soon the case—they were pointed out as the handsomest couple in San Francisco. The marriage took place in New York, and the ceremony was performed by Cardinal McCloskey.

After their wedding tour the young couple returned to California. Mr. Payne

had built a handsome house on Sutter Street, near Franklin—one of the residences spared by the great conflagration—and here they made their home. They had also two country places, one near Menlo Park, where they spent much of their time. Their home life was very happy, and they were blessed with three sons. In her affliction the bereaved widow will have her sons to comfort her. The eldest of these is a student at Columbia, the second at Yale. The only other surviving relative is Warren R. Payne, a brother.

The funeral ceremonies took place at the family residence at Menlo Park at 3:30 p.m. Sunday, March 10. Despite the inclement weather, the blockaded railways, and the impassable roads, the friends of the deceased gentleman came many miles to pay him their last tribute of respect. The interment did not take place here, as it was the desire of the family that he should be interred in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, at the family burying-place, where his father, mother, and sister already lie. His son Herbert, who is now East, will attend to these last pious rites for his dead father.

It was with sad hearts that his old friends gathered around all that was mortal of Theodore Payne. His life had been so bright, so free from shadow, and so undimmed by care, that we scarcely thought even of illness in connection with him, much less of death. Probably there never was a man who possessed so strongly that impalpable quality known as "magnetism"; there were few men who had so many friends; and there was no man who had so few enemies. For Theodore Payne had none.

The death of a great statesman, a great inventor, a great soldier, may sometimes impress the world at large, yet leave the hearts of those around him cold. He may have been great, yet not greatly loved. On the other hand, the death of one who never strove to do aught but to live a kindly, generous, and upright life may profoundly move his friends. The man who goes through life with a kind heart, a generous hand, and a cheerful face, does good among his fellow-men. He leaves them better for having known him, for having gazed on his smiling face, for having pressed his warm hand. And such a man was he who has gone. He was a fine type of the American gentleman—upright, honorable, clean-handed, clean-hearted, a devoted husband and father.

May the earth rest lightly on him!

President Roosevelt will write the introduction to Commander Peary's complete story, which will appear in March, with the title "Nearest the Pole."

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TO A
GOOD
DINNER



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Miss Oldgirl—Yes, I am single entirely from choice. *Miss Pert*—Whose choice?—*Philadelphia Record*.

Yeast—Are all the rooms in your flat light? *Crimsonbeak*—Oh, yes; we have gas in 'em all!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A south Missouri paper says: "Aunt Ann Haskins had four dozen fresh eggs to freeze on her one day last week."—*Kansas City Star*.

Fatigued Philip—Did dat lady t'row boilin' water on youse? *Wandering Walter*—Worse'n dat, Phil—worse'n dat. It wuz soapsuds.—*Cleveland Leader*.

She—Have you ever written any poetry? *He (proudly)*—I had a sonnet once in one of the leading magazines. *She*—No, but I mean any real poetry.—*Somerville Journal*.

Nell—Maud says she has had seventeen proposals this year. *Belle*—I didn't think she knew so many men. *Nell*—Oh, sixteen of them were from Chollie Saphedde.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new vicar's wife)—Oh, yes, mum, I've 'ad my ups and downs, but I never 'ad what you may call a serious trouble. I've only lost two husbands!—*Punch*.

"Guilty or innocent?" asked the judge. "Oh, go 'long, judge," replied the prisoner, "des gimme dat time what you gwine ter gimme, en go home."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"How do you know he is used to receiving letters from that girl?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "he knew immediately where to look for the second page."—*Washington Star*.

Old Hunks—Didn't you marry me for my money? Answer me that, madam! *Mrs. Hunks*—Certainly I did. And we'd get along just lovely if you were not so stingy with it.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I don't see what you're growlin' at, sence you say you got treasure in heaven?" "My fr'en," said Brother Dickey, "treasure in heaven is one thing, en ten dollars in de bank is another!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Ma," asked the little gosling, "are the big things without horses that honk so any relation to us?" "No, my child," replied the wise old bird fowl, "but the people in them are."—*Baltimore American*.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. *Visitor (despairingly)*—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—*Baltimore American*.

"I hear your son is taking a scientific course at college, Mr. Innit. What are the special studies he has taken up?" "I dunno eggscactly, but I kinder think it's physiognomy and tautology."—*Baltimore American*.

"Yes, ma'am," the convict was saying. "I'm here jist for tryin' to flatter a rich man." "The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor. "Yes, ma'am, I jist tried to imitate his signature on a check."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Chumpley's auto got away from him and ran fourteen miles on a country road." "I'll bet he was mad." "No, he was tickled. He said it was the best run his car had made without adjusting."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Where," asked the tenderfoot, "was the last man killed here?" "He ain't been killed yet," replied Arizona Al. "There's goin' to be at least one more killed as soon as him and me comes face to face."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Ah!" he sighed. "I have long worshipped you at a distance." "Well," she replied, coldly, "if it is necessary for you to worship me at all, I prefer it that way." And it was back to the boarding-house for him.—*Chicago Daily News*.

She—Gladys is so sorry she took her engagement ring round to the jeweler's to have it valued. *He*—Why? Did he say it was too cheap? *She*—Oh, no. He said he would keep it for a bit, as Freddie hadn't settled up for it yet.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"I hear that you called me a land shark," said the real estate dealer, hotly. "Yes," said the customer, "and I desire to apologize for it. The lots you sold me are under water at high tide. You're really a marine shark." However, even this concession did

not seem to restore the *entente cordiale*.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"Sir, I want your daughter's hand." "You may have it with the greatest pleasure, dear boy, if you'll take the one that's always in my pocket."—*Baltimore Sun*.

Mrs. Stubbs—Land's sakes, John, there must be a great many barber-shops in Wall Street!" *Mr. Stubbs*—What causes you to think so, Maria? *Mrs. Stubbs*—Why, the papers say hundreds of men are "trimmed" there every day.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Just the Thing.

Once on a time in Brazil,
Attacked by a violent chill,
A big alligator
Climbed on the Equator
And enjoyed a comforting grill.
—Puck.

Query.

Is there a man in this broad land
Who never to a friend has said:
"Old man, I have a remedy
That'll cure that cold in your bead?"
—Life.

Gentle Spring Thoughts.

The violet will shortly blow,
The crocus lift its cup,
And in the fields the bemp will grow
To string the umpire up.
—Baltimore Sun.

Loaded.

The Russians handled gently
A prisoner they had taken;
At times they'd had some prisoners bad
Explode when they were shaken.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Phony Tennyson.

Break, break, break
My phone connections—See?
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the telephone girl
That she's only in reach of my shout;
O well for the manager, too,
That his lies can not be found out.

And the damnable breaks go on,
To the ruin of business hopes;
But O for a chance to revenge myself
On the telephone central dopes!

Break, break, break,
And I have most bootlesslee!
But the tender grace of a placid mind
Will never come back to me.
—New York Mail.

A Publisher's Chance.

They publish the letters of all who can write,
Collected and made into books—
Business men, bachelors, children, and wives,
Spinsters, and lovers, and cooks;
But why doesn't somebody give to the world
A volume that's sure of a sale,
Made up of the letters we put in our coats
And never remember to mail?
—McLanburgh Wilson.

A Baltimore minister once delivered a sermon of but ten minutes' duration—a most unusual thing for him. Upon the conclusion of his remarks, the minister added: "I regret to inform you, brethren, that my dog, who appears to be peculiarly fond of paper, this morning ate that portion of my sermon that I have not delivered." After the service the clergyman was met at the door by a man who, as a rule, attended divine service in another parish. Shaking the good man by the hand, he said: "Doctor, I should like to know whether that dog of yours has any pups. If so, I want to get one to give to my minister."

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"I wisht," said Hungry Hank, wistfully, "that I wuz one o' dese here Filipecncr fellers dat likes dog fer dinner." "Wot fer?" inquired Fatigued Philip. "Jes' think o' havin' a good dinner sicked onter yer every day—comin' right over de fence at yer!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

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9:50A	9:50A	1:05P	2:30P
1:45P	11:00A	2:30P	4:30P
4:35P	1:45P	4:30P	5:45P
4:35P	3:15P	5:45P	9:30P

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Minneapolis Apr. 13, May 11, June 8

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NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Ryndam, Mar. 6, 10 a m | Stat'd'm, Mar. 27, 10 am
Potsdam, Mar. 13, 5 a m | Noordam, Apr. 3, 9 a m
N.Am'd'm Mar. 20, 10 am | Ryndam, Apr. 10, 4 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER ANTWERP

Vaderland Mar. 16, Apr. 13, May 11
Finland Mar. 23, Apr. 20, May 18
Zeeland Mar. 30, Apr. 27, May 25
Kronland Apr. 6, May 4, June 1

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

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Maestic Mar. 20, Apr. 17, May 15
Cedric Mar. 27, Apr. 24, May 22
Oceanic Mar. 27, Apr. 24, May 22

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Celtic Apr. 6, noon; May 4
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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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Some Pertinent Reflections.

If twenty years ago there had come as a visitor to California a famous college president, a man distinguished for scholarship, a man presumably representative of what is best and of what is to the front in civilization, he would have given us an abstruse discourse upon some phase of religious verity, sustaining his theme and his professional repite by arguments drawn from the old theology. The tone of the man would have been clerical; his manner would have been a blend of benignancy and austerity; his very clothes would have bespoken the intellectual and moral specialist, a cousinship once removed from the status of the clergyman. If ten years ago there had come the same order of man, he would have given us an erudite discourse upon some purely literary theme. He would, perchance, have analyzed the poetry of Tennyson as illustrative of the mind of the Victorian era, and he would have told us how different it all was from

what they thought and what they did in the days of good Queen Bess, whom he would not thus have nicknamed. The style of him would have been a close imitation of Prince Albert before he grew stout; the manner of him would have been suave, gracious, consciously elevated. Now in this year of grace, 1907, comes Nicholas Butler, president of Columbia College, New York City, distinguished as a scholar, widely famous as a force in those relationships representative of civilization at the very heart and centre of our country. He talks to us, not of theology, not of letters or academics, but of life—his theme is Democracy. Neither in his manners nor in his personal style is there anything to differentiate him from the typical first-class man of modern professional or even of higher commercial life. In the broadest sense Mr. Butler is a man of the world. He is one to whom "Democracy" is no mere academic abstraction. In his hands the theme expands to its full, practical significance. His discourse is no mere scholarly essay. It is representative of a critical acquaintance with universal history, of wide observation of life, intimate knowledge of every manner of man and immediate sympathy with progress. President Butler is, no doubt, entirely capable of abstract thought, but when he speaks of Democracy it is not in the spirit of abstract reflection—he thinks and talks at a mark, at the mark of public and private responsibility and duty.

We have thus defined the personal and professional attitude of a distinguished visitor, because it is significant of changes which have come about, not slowly, indeed, but with such absence of trumpet-blowing as perhaps not to have been universally noted. Scholarship, moral leadership, the educational spirit—these things have undergone a revolution almost complete within recent years. Today your man of light and leading is no scholastic ascetic, he is not a man of a caste separate and apart, marked—we had almost said stigmatized—by special fashions of manner, clothes, and thought. He is a man who walks abroad as do other men, with his eyes open to realities as are those of other men, who speaks indeed with the voice of the scholar, but in the tone of responsibility and authority. He is scarcely less the associate of the youth directly under his guidance than of those who in the world of active things represent the forces which sustain and advance the fabric of civilization.

Your modern man of light and leading, far from holding himself outside and above the line of work-a-day interests, represents the spirit of social responsibility in its boldest development. He holds himself bound not more to study the drama of life than to formulate and declare its principles. His part is not more to forge the sword of moral judgment than to wield it. In all ways towards all duties, and for all great ends, your scholar of 1907 A. D. holds himself a man of the working world.

We have noted that President Butler's theme in the one formal address which he has given in California was that of Democracy, the most vital and immediate of all subjects possible to be discussed before a California audience. The principles underlying Democracy may profitably be studied by a community whose municipal system is shaken to its foundations. But there is a deeper significance in President Butler's choice of a theme than the coincidence of this theme with local events. In truth, the message of the scholar and the events into which it so precisely fits are fairly to be regarded as separate manifestations of a broad and unified movement. They speak together of a new spirit in the land—of a revival of moral sensibility, marked on the one hand by the studies of the

scholar and on the other by the resentment of a long-suffering community. The two things are related in that, regarded separately or together, they are significant of a new attitude of the public mind—of a moral wave which promises to carry the political life of the country to a level higher than it has stood since the rise of that prodigious and overwhelming material development, with its stimulus to the spirit of greed and avarice, which has marked our more recent history. President Butler's address at Berkeley, by its theme alone, instructs us that, in the effort to reestablish civic conditions in San Francisco upon a moral basis, we are only acting our part in a broad movement tending to the moralization of the public and private life of the American people.

The reforming wave finds San Francisco under the blight of a ghastly exposure. At the same time it can not be said that the situation here in its essential aspects is very different from what we know it to be elsewhere. Because the energies of criminal prosecution have brought the inadequacies and the rottenness of our system into revolting view, it is very far from demonstration that conditions in San Francisco are worse than in other cities great and small all over the country. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities without number have gone through similar experiences in recent years; and in the sudden demand for Mr. Heney's services in half a dozen smaller places, we may see that the distemper from which we suffer is practically universal. Municipal government everywhere in the United States reflects that mental and moral infection which has come to us as a people through the over-rapid development of our material fortunes. This infection is fairly summarized in the current phrase, "Nothing succeeds like success." As a people we have become enamored of success; and as a people over-rich, we have allowed money-getting to become the standard of success. At bottom Americans don't love money more than other races of men. In our uses of money, once acquired, there are no excesses among the generality of our people in which other nationalities have not led the way. It is rather in the getting of money than in the use of it that our offense against old-fashioned standards of morality—that our crimes against civilization—are manifest. It is our overweening and stupid ambition for mere getting—our morally blind devotion to a false principle in the game of life—that has led to a condition in which men of really good purposes, men who would scorn to do things consciously unworthy, have become sinners against reason, against the principles of morality, against civilization.

So long as the American people bow the knee to mere success, and so long as we hold the commodity of money in the godship of success, there will be little use in new laws or new systems. The vices of communities are not in their laws, but in the ideas and standards of the people. Give us new laws and new systems, give us a clean-up ten times more widespread and more drastic than that proposed by Mr. Heney, and it will count us nothing unless there shall come to us a sounder comprehension of the realities of life, a truer instinct for what is worthy and worth while. We have got to get it out of our heads—out of our blood—that "success" is the one thing in the world worth striving for. We have got to learn, if our boasted progress is to be in truth anything better than an advancing degeneracy, that the real blessings of life are not to be measured in figures, that they relate to things outside and beyond the scrutiny of Bradstreet's.

Those who look for the moral regeneration of San Francisco as a direct outcome of the present

graft prosecutions are destined to disappointment. To be broadly effective, reforms must proceed, not from the energy of one man or a group of men, but from a disposition to better things on the part of the community as a whole. Permanent reforms come by natural and by slow processes; they have their root in better knowledge, in sounder views, in wholesomer purposes. Revolution, no doubt, we shall have in our civic system. Abraham Ruef, who recently walked among us in arrogance, will no doubt go to San Quentin. Eugene Schmitz will go with him. Probably these worthies will be associated in durance with others who have called themselves by higher names and whose pretensions are of a loftier sort. Mr. Heney is not making the common mistake of passing by the real criminals to waste the vengeance of society upon a few mere brokers in crime. But of what avail the mere conviction of two or three men, or a hundred, in the moralization of San Francisco? It may indeed intimidate elements that have hitherto been effective promoters of criminality, but intimidation is at best only a transient influence. Something deeper, something of higher moral potentiality, must be developed here if this prosecution in its effects is to be more than a passing incident. It must be borne in upon our people that every citizen among us is morally responsible for the conduct of our municipal affairs. There must be such a moral awakening as will recall great numbers of citizens from the lethargy and indifference into which they have fallen and bring them to an active sense of responsibility and duty.

If San Francisco is going to have a better city government, we must have such a revival of moral sentiment that citizens will not shirk their duty, and so leave municipal affairs to the army of political professionalism. To be specific, there must be developed here a sentiment that will make it personally discreditable for a rich man to evade taxation by maintaining a fictitious residence out of town; that it will be accounted a crime to cheat the tax collector; that it will be reckoned a dereliction to squirm out of jury service; that it will shame a citizen to remain away from the polls or from the primary election. If we are to get our municipal government upon a decent basis, we must have a sentiment here which will demand decent men in public office, and which will enforce the acceptance of public office by decent men. In recent years our city politics has been in its best aspect a mere study of political availability. This system must be superseded by higher standards and by better practice if we are to have a city government competent to command respect. In brief, we can not leave the government of San Francisco to the mercies of a mere political professionalism without suffering consequences in the varying forms of political and moral degeneracy exhibited in the rule of Ruef, Schmitz, their tools, their backers, and their bribers during the past two years. The politics of a city is never better than the men who make it. Leave the conduct of affairs in the hands of political brokers under the patronage of franchise-grabbers and privilege-seekers, and you will have precisely what Abraham Ruef has given us since he grasped the throttle of municipal control at a time when it had been abandoned by those naturally and morally responsible for its efficiency and integrity. If through the present convulsion we shall not learn these things, and so learn them as to heed them, then there is small hope for civic decency here.

The *Argonaut* can but remember that considerable numbers of our people systematically evade their municipal duty to save themselves at the point of taxation. We can but take note of the unfortunate fact that many thousands of conservative men, whose votes ought to count in our politics, are called by domestic interests to maintain their homes and their voting connection across the bay and elsewhere outside the lines of the municipality. We can not shut our eyes to the fact that there are many so abandoned in their notion of political morality as to be willing to barter a corrupt secret support in return for special privileges. We can but see that in the red-light district there is an element whose interests lie directly in support of the worst, as distinct from the best, in municipal administration. We should be blind to the plainest facts if we did not see that there is among us a veritable army who in one way or another have

more to hope for through privilege, corruption, or favoritism in municipal government than from a severe and even-handed integrity. Nor can we forget that in our crudely organized labor societies there is an instrument shamefully subject to the authority of a blatherskite and venal demagoguery. And, above all, we have the lessons of painful experience. In 1905, Eugene Schmitz was as well known to the people of San Francisco as he is today. He was then, as more recently, completely dominated by Abraham Ruef, then as widely known as a professional corruptionist as he is today. In the face of these facts, San Francisco voted by a large majority to retain Schmitz in the mayoralty. Is there now any reason to expect a better outcome? As the *Argonaut* looks at it, our chance for a better result lies in the hope, first, that San Francisco shares appreciably in the moralizing movement which we have already noted as spreading throughout the country; second, that the graft prosecution with its definite and shameful exposures will stimulate in the minds of our citizenship a larger sense of moral responsibility than we have recently seen.

In the events of the week we have a clear exposition of the theory and plan of the graft prosecution as related to the classes of criminals thus far uncovered. Messrs. Langdon, Spreckels, Heney, and Burns are proceeding upon the notion that a larger measure of moral responsibility attaches to the men who give bribes than to those who receive them. It is unquestionably true that the money of the bribe-giver supplies the sinews of corruption, without which the whole system would fall to the ground. And yet we question if the theory of the prosecution is absolutely a sound one. The bribe-giver in many cases is a grasping financial cormorant, willing to proceed by foul means if by foul means his profits may accrue. But this is not the only type of bribe-giver. In very many instances the financial or corporate agent who pays money to the grafters, does it in response to demands almost as insistent as that of the highwayman who graciously allows you to choose between yielding your money or your life. Take the case of a public service corporation whose charges are subject to regulation at the hands of an official group like our Board of Supervisors. What such a corporation demands, or has a right to demand, is a privilege in accord with the equities of the case. What it wants and what it must have, if the rights of its stockholders are to be respected and if it is to continue to perform its functions, is official authority to charge fair and equitable rates. But in such a situation there comes a corrupt agent, a Ruef or some other of his stripe, exhibiting undeniable proof of his power to control the action of the officials, demanding for them and for himself a cash fee before granting the authority which the law contemplates.

In such a situation the corporate agent finds himself between the devil and the deep sea. Organized society with one hand has invited his investment and granted to him certain general privileges; with the other hand, operating through its official agents, it holds a club over his head. He pays the fee, not because he believes it right, not because he likes to give up his money, not because he is reaching out for something he ought not to have, but because it is the only practicable means of really getting that which his charter assures to him. He gives to the public officials a fee to get them to grant to him an authority which already belongs to him, precisely as one gives a tip to a surly waiter to lay forth the meal for which he has previously paid the landlord.

It is not for the *Argonaut* to justify the act upon moral or upon any other grounds, but it sees the situation as one in which the agent of a public service corporation must choose between paying for the delivery of privileges already assured him by his charter, or of suffering an overwhelming loss, not through his own fault, but through the fault of organized society in vesting its authority in gross and corrupt hands. The agent justifies himself upon the theory that he is getting only what he is entitled to, that society is more blameworthy than himself in putting its business in the hands of dishonest officials. There is distinctly a difference between the blameworthiness of one who thus protects legitimate interests by submitting to be bled by or through the official agents of society,

and one who reaches out, as the United Railways and some other corporations are alleged to have done, for new and valuable privileges which official agents have no right in honor to grant, but which they are willing to grant in return for bribes.

It is to be said in opposition to the theory of the graft prosecution that the bribe-takers are full sharers in the crime of bribery, whatever its source, and that they have another measure of culpability and criminality due to the fact that they are the sworn and trusted agents of society in the administration of its responsibilities. Society—the public—may fairly lay against its debauched officials a special charge for their betrayal of official trust, a charge over and above that of simple criminality in taking that which does not belong to them. They stand in the position of a policeman commissioned to guard the property of the community who so far betrays his trust as to turn highwayman. In this view it is, we think, very seriously to be questioned if the prosecution has not made a moral mistake in granting immunity to the members of the Board of Supervisors. Is it, let us ask, right to give to these doubly guilty men, poor creatures as they are, blasted as they are for the default of society at the point of its solemn duties, an immunity which not merely exempts them from punishment, but which leaves them undisturbed in the possession of official responsibilities and emoluments?

Because of immunity thus granted we are to have the amazing condition of a city with financial operations running into many millions of dollars, with high responsibilities, both material and moral, governed by a body of self-confessed and self-convicted criminals. To return to an illustration which has already served us, it is as if we were to take a policeman caught in the act of burglary or arson, condone his delinquencies, and restore him to his beat as a guardian of the peace and safety of society. We do not question the motives of the prosecution in following this line of policy; unquestionably it means for the best; unquestionably it has done that which in its judgment is for the best interests of San Francisco. The *Argonaut*, however, finds it so difficult to justify this policy on moral grounds that, in spite of its wish to uphold the cause of the prosecution, it will not attempt it.

Of course, the prosecution is not without reasons—grave reasons—for granting to the guilty Supervisors practical immunity against the vengeance of the law and for permitting them to continue in the exercise of their official functions. Possibly there was no other way. At least, it is fair to assume that the prosecution could not see any other way by which its general and larger purposes could be carried forward. It is not for the *Argonaut* to question those who, in the face of tremendous odds, have achieved a tremendous public service. But, be the motives and the reasons what they may, the pity of it, the shame of it, is grievous.

It is to be said in justification of the policy of the prosecution in this matter that it holds over the heads of that body of confessed criminals who sit as Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco a sword of Damocles. The immunity granted covers specific acts, which make only a fraction of the general criminality under which these despicable creatures may be held to punishment. There remain other crimes not covered by Mr. Heney's grant of immunity upon which they may be proceeded against at any hour. The guilty Supervisors, therefore, are in the attitude of men permitted to go free of punishment and to continue their official responsibility, upon mere sufferance. As the situation is generously interpreted, they are under bonds to "be good." But there may be another and less generous interpretation of their status. It is this: they must do what they are told to do by the graft prosecution, they must not do what they are told not to do. In effect, the graft prosecution has by its grant of immunity and by its reservation of other causes of action established itself in an impregnable position of dictatorship. The prosecuting attorney, with those who act under his authority, is in effect the whole government of the city of San Francisco. That the extraordinary powers thus attaching to the prosecuting attorneyship will be discreetly and honorably employed, we have not the slightest question. Mr. Langdon, with Messrs. Spreckels, Heney, and Burns, have at heart, we believe, but one purpose

—a purpose in accord with their ideas of what is best for the welfare of San Francisco. But they have accepted a tremendous responsibility, quite outside of any authority directly embodied in our laws, quite beyond anything ever contemplated in connection with the function of the common prosecutor. Regarded legally, the practical dictatorship which rests in their hands is as far removed from what is orderly, allowable, and justifiable as was the dictatorship of Abraham Ruef in the heyday of his power. Regarded morally, it wears quite another face, and its hope of justification rests wholly upon concentration of the public judgment upon the higher aspect of their doings. Regarded practically, a serious risk is involved in it. Inevitably it will be judged by the outcome.

A little more than nine months of nominal authority remains to the discredited Board of Supervisors. During this period the graft prosecution will virtually be in control of the affairs of the municipality. Will they be able, under an extra legal authority and by such agents as those through whom they must work, to carry this authority so as to avoid blunders which will damage their cause? We fear not. Even the wisest and best-intentioned municipal administration, in the present posture of affairs, acting by virtue of a regular and orderly mandate, could not hope to avoid mistakes, to create resentments, to bring down upon itself a storm of criticism and censure. What then must be expected from a situation irregular, extra legal, operating through a group of practical convicts? We can only hope that the result may not be such as to add to the anomalies and confusions under which we suffer already. The purpose of the prosecutors is unquestionably good. They will spare no labor to justify their course. They deserve the good opinion and the support of all good citizens.

At other times the *Argonaut* has attempted to define the blame of our extraordinary situation. We have not tried to excuse those representatives of capital and social respectability who, during the teamsters' strike of half a dozen years back, arrogantly refused in any way to recognize organized labor, and who thereby drove that crude but potential social force into politics. It was a mistake so grave as to be fairly characterized as immoral if not criminal. But because organized labor was driven into politics for its own protection, is not a fact which may be pleaded in justification of the iniquities which have flowed out of labor politics. Organized labor may not justly be blamed for resorting to politics, but it is terribly at fault in the kind of politics which it has supported; it is criminally guilty in its support, persistent and repeated, of the corrupt system which has been carried forward in its name and upon the basis of its voting power by Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz. Organized labor can not be too severely censured for abandoning its responsibilities and for making itself a packhorse of such abominations as San Francisco has suffered under in these recent years. Organized labor stands condemned by a record which illustrates not more its inefficiency in matters of political responsibility than its shameful willingness to be marshaled and led as an army at the back of an unparalleled system of social and political infamy.

Nor can organized labor at this late day clear its skirts by resolutions of disavowal and censure of the exposed Ruef-Schmitz régime. Organized labor, through its leaders at least, and through its rank and file, if they had had eyes to see and ears to hear, knew in 1905 as well as it knows in 1907, that it was prostituting its powers and debauching its self-respect in giving its votes to Eugene Schmitz. The exposures of the past few days have given to organized labor no information that was not available to it—that was not in fact under the hat of every labor voter when he went to the polls in November of 1905 and surrendered his manhood by casting his ballot against the light of knowledge and of conscience. Today organized labor would better stand in the sackcloth and ashes of repentance than to seek to evade responsibility for crimes of its own promotion, and to further seek by new counsel of innovation and folly to sustain itself as a dominant political force. It is not for organized labor to endeavor, in this climax of its stupidity and criminality to commend gravely to San Francisco a system of public

ownership, of whose effects, social and moral, it can at best have only a theoretic and presumptive acquaintance.

There are those among us so optimistically blind as to hope that the tremendous disclosures of the past few days will serve for the moment to break down those currents of selfish aim and calculation which collectively we call politics. The *Argonaut* would gladly believe that the spirit of civic patriotism might be so revived as to give us as a community a single ambition and a single purpose to redeem ourselves from the shame and the reproach which events have put upon us. But experience is a sounder counsellor than sentiment. We shall not, even by such travail as we have suffered, exorcise the devil of politics. There will come to us no such development of civic spirit as will relieve our political action of the embarrassments of selfish calculation. In the effort to moralize decently our civic life, we shall have now as ever to face and to fight the grasping political schemer, the blatherskite, and the grafter. These evils, like the poor, we shall have always with us. Already we have at the hands of organized labor, unabashed as it stands, a definite proposal to correct the evils we suffer, by flying to others that we know not of. Organized labor would have us, even in the debauched and disabled state of our civic life, take on the responsibilities of an undefined scheme of public ownership of public utilities. This suggestion comes from men who, while they have votes in prodigious number, have no knowledge of the practical and economic aspects of the thing which they propose. They have no sense of the accretion of municipal indebtedness which their proposal would involve, no appreciation of the expansion of the tax levy and of the increased assessment values of all property, no comprehension of the bureaucratic power of officialism it would create, no conception of the temptation it would offer for the entry of new corrupting influences into municipal action.

And yet we can readily see that, despite the overwhelming reasons against such an innovation at such a time, there is likely to grow up, even among men who ought to rank themselves with the forces of conservatism, a wild and stupid demand for municipal ownership. It will be looked upon by many as a possible solution of difficulties otherwise apparently hopeless; and, having themselves small direct responsibility, they will be willing and even eager to try a desperate plunge even into uncharted depths. There is the more danger from the fact that we have in broad circulation here a daily newspaper ready to counsel any folly which may promote the overweening ambition of its non-resident owner for social and political leadership. We shall unquestionably have to meet proposals founded in the desire of organized labor—or, rather, let us say, the blatherskite leaders of organized labor—to perpetuate the direct political power of labor, supported by universal disgust with the present discreditable régime and possibly led by a man who in the district attorneyship has fairly earned public confidence. Let us hope that Mr. Langdon will not be led into this mistake—into a course that would surely nullify the golden opinions he has won. Let us accept the assurances of his associates in the graft prosecution that he stands with them committed to a course beyond and above political calculation. Other men, by energy and success in well-doing, have been carried to new and higher planes of personal and political character. Let us hope that it will be so with Mr. Langdon.

In any event the political situation during the coming two or three years is going to be a hard one. It will be one calling for the fullest measure of patriotic spirit on the part of the sober, responsible, and conservative factors of society.

The Sacramento Valley Flood.

The all-engrossing graft disclosures have all but shut out from the eye and the mind of San Francisco things of large account that are happening about us. Even so important a circumstance as the Sacramento Valley flood appears not to have been impressed in its full significance upon the people of San Francisco. The flood, in truth, is far the most serious in the history of the country, surpassing the great flood of 1862, not only by its magnitude, but by the vastly greater extent of the property loss. The cities, excepting Oroville, have

not materially suffered; Sacramento and Marysville have not suffered at all, thanks to their splendid levee systems. But the general devastation has been widespread and grievous. An enormous area has been flooded; growing crops to the value of millions have been destroyed; many thousands of domestic animals have been swept away. Probably ten million dollars—possibly twice that sum—has been lost. This amount, compared with the prodigious destruction of the San Francisco fire, seems trifling, but it is to be remembered that it comes on top of the earlier loss and that it will have practically no alleviation through insurance. The farmers of the drowned region, which includes not only the large low-lying area of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys but the great and productive islands which mark the junction of the two rivers, have suffered a damage which it will take years to restore. So large a diminution in seasonal production can not fail to be reflected on the business conditions of San Francisco this coming fall and winter. There is no reason why the truth should not be plainly told.

The causes contributory to this disaster are many, and most of them, it must be said, are of a kind which no prudence or energy could have averted. But there is one great and leading cause for which the indifference of the State and of the national government is clearly responsible. Chiefly through the dereliction of the government the several Sacramento Valley watercourses have been permitted to fill up with debris poured into their channels by the hydraulic miners in times remote and recent. It is said that the average elevation of the beds of the several streams above normal is now approximately twelve feet; and to these figures there must now be an addition, since the present flood has torn away the futile and ridiculous "impounding dams" by which there has been a pretense of restraining enormous quantities of mud and gravel recently washed out under license at the hands of government engineers. The flood waters, finding their natural channels obstructed and occupied by debris, have naturally flowed out over the face of the country.

Now the government, which has permitted this outrageous condition to be brought about, owes it to California to undo the damage in so far as it may. It lies under moral obligation to repeat here the great work which it did for the protection and conservation of the lower Mississippi Valley. It is a work in which the State of California can afford to bear a liberal part—a work, indeed, which it can not afford to neglect. A great necessity, hitherto comprehended by a few, has now by this widespread disaster been impressed upon the many. The lesson should not be allowed to go unheeded.

Matrimony and Courage.

An officer highly placed in the English military service has committed himself to the statement that the common experience of warfare has shown that married soldiers are more courageous than bachelors. Of course, the officer in question may have had domestic reasons of his own for so startling a verdict, as we upon our part may have similar reasons for an instant and abject assent to a proposition that was none the less received by his auditors with a gasp of surprise, mingled with a timid and diffident protest. But the proposition is not an entirely new one. Emile Zola attributed the success of the Germans against the French, in the war of thirty years ago, to the fact that the Germans sent their married men into the fighting line, where they would naturally feel most at home, whereas the French made no such nice discriminations.

It must be admitted that the theory improves upon acquaintance. No sooner is it faced with the gravity that it deserves than fifty reasons spring to the mind that may, perhaps, account for this preponderance of courage on the part of the Benedicts. It may first of all be accepted almost as an axiom that the mere fact of marriage is in itself a guarantee of courage, that may indeed be possessed also by those who are unmarried, but that has certainly not been demonstrated in so signal a manner. The soldier who upon enlistment can display a marriage certificate has already proved that fate has no terrors for him, nor can his personal bravery ever again be open to question. This seems so evident, upon sober reflection, that marriage, as a qualification for the army, should henceforth take precedence over all other requirements. We are far from

ing that the unmarried man is necessarily a coward, but it is safe to affirm that he has not yet given the supreme proof of courage.

It must, of course, be admitted, in the true judicial spirit, that marriage may be entered upon in a spirit of daredevil recklessness, or by those whose experience has been so limited as to suggest mere foolhardiness. But this does not affect the main position, as it must be obvious even to the meanest intelligence that the man who was not brave before marriage, must inevitably become so afterwards. Gradually inured to domestic perils, and accustomed to face them without flinching, the comparative dangers of the battlefield will become insignificant, and such a man can soon face the deadliest fire, or lead the forlorn hope, with the calm satisfaction that he has left the real perils of life at home, and that it would, therefore, ill become him to flinch before shot, shell, or steel. The turmoil of the combat will be but a gentle reminder of the domestic scenes from which he has been torn, and such a man is a real veteran, even in his first fight. He knows how to estimate danger and to discriminate between the real and the false. It does not, therefore, matter whether a man is brave because he is married, or whether he is married because he is brave. It does not matter whether his courage is natural or acquired, so long as he has it. The fact remains that the married men are the real strength of the army, and this fact ought to be recognized.

There are, of course, certain cavillings that will be raised by base persons, and these may be dismissed with mere mention as unworthy of refutation. It will thus be said that marriage does not show the possession of those higher forms of courage which are so valuable in the soldier, and that it may do no more than indicate a blind indifference to danger that is often a characteristic of the lower animals, and that is frequently possessed by human beings of a low order of intelligence, who have not sense enough to understand the dangers into which they are running.

Then, again, it will be urged by unmarried persons, who have not the decency to keep silence, and who are actuated only by a desire to defend their own miserable lot in life, that the married soldier is not actually brave, but that he only seems to be so, and that his apparent courage is mere desperation, or even a desire for death. Such persons will quote to us the case of the man who recently confessed to a murder that he had not committed because he preferred to be hanged rather than live any longer with his wife. We mention these contentions because they will be certainly advanced by ill-conditioned persons, but they may be left to the reprobation of decent married citizens who love a quiet life and who are serenely conscious of the courage that has become their own daily habit.

When it has been fully and generally admitted that it is only upon its married soldiers that the nation can look for protection with the absolute confidence that comes from experience, there are other valuable conclusions that ought not to be overlooked. If the married man has thus placed his courage beyond question, no matter whether natural or acquired, to what position of honor can we assign those heroes who have actually been married twice, and who have thus deliberately invoked upon their heads the dangers that have already become familiar? There are many instances of such intrepid behavior, but as an indication of military value it has been strangely overlooked. Henceforth such men as these should be removed from the ordinary ranks of the army lest they be wasted. They should be reserved for those great crises when the fate of the country depends upon some few who not only possess superhuman courage, but who have proved it, and who can be relied upon for that calm and intelligent valor which comes only from the highest virtue, combined with the ripest experience.

The 1913 Fair.

While the *Argonaut* regrets that Governor Gillett could not see his way to confirm to the 1913 Exposition the grant which the Legislature would have given it, it does not regard the fair project as damaged or even crippled by the postponement. The fair is six years ahead, and if the State provision for it shall be made available two years from now there will be time amply sufficient for the business of organization and preparation. If

energy in sufficient degree can be applied in the four years between 1909 and 1913, enough may be accomplished to make the fair all that anybody has a right to expect it to be.

Furthermore, the work of the fair promoters need not be put aside because the State appropriation has been postponed. Under the assurances given by Governor Gillett, taken with the overwhelming indorsement of the legislative body, the fair managers will be entirely justified in going ahead with preliminary work in reliance upon the generosity and good faith of the State.

It should comfort the fair promoters to recall that exposition enterprises elsewhere have almost uniformly found their responsible initiative not in State but in private liberality. Only the other day the State of Washington provided a fund of \$1,000,000 to the forthcoming Seattle Exposition, but this provision was antedated by a pledge of \$500,000 on the part of the citizens of the State. Oregon's appropriation of \$500,000 in promotion of the Lewis and Clarke Exposition of 1905, was likewise preceded by a private subscription of the same round sum. Experience at Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Atlanta, and elsewhere has been along the same line—the line of State assistance to a project already put upon its feet by private subscription. States help those who help themselves.

The proposal made to the Legislature was that the State should give the sum of \$3,000,000, provided an equal amount should be raised by other means. Now while the State, for reasons which Governor Gillett regards as good and sufficient, is waiting, the time would seem propitious for the fair promoters to make good their own suggestion—to get together the sum of \$3,000,000. There can be no doubt that if they can go before the next Legislature with this sum in hand there will be no difficulty in getting what they want.

The project is one that commends itself unreservedly to universal judgment. The event to be exploited—the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean—is preëminently worthy of commemoration. The date—1913—will come at a time when San Francisco should be sufficiently restored to afford the world an impressive illustration of our energy and of our resource. By all means let the fair go on. Let there be no halt because in the judgment of the Governor the bounty of the State must be for the moment withheld.

A Lesson in Municipal Ownership.

The Municipal Ownership or Progressive party, that has administered the affairs of London for the last twenty years, has gone down to defeat in the elections that have just been held. The London County Council is practically a metropolitan parliament. It was established in 1888, with very extensive governing powers, and before it had been in existence for many years it developed a "Progressive" or Municipal Ownership party, which has continuously commanded a majority in its deliberations until the present elections. The Moderates, as the opposition party is called, have been in a hopeless minority almost from the start, and their present success has, therefore, a peculiar significance as indicating popular revolt against the municipal ownership principles that have had their costly and long-continued innings. Henceforth American advocates of municipal ownership will not point to the experience of London with quite the same confidence as heretofore.

Twenty years should have been long enough to enable the Municipal Ownership party of the London government to redeem some at least of the economic and financial promises that heralded their advent to power. They have redeemed none of those promises. The present debt of London is \$576,000,000, of which \$200,000,000 has been created within the year. Misled by the example of London, the total local debt of England and Wales has increased within thirty years from \$452,580,000 to \$1,916,800,000, or forty-nine per cent of the entire national debt. Of this immense local indebtedness no less than 47.5 per cent is invested in municipal trading, which the taxpayers were glibly told would reduce taxation. Instead of reducing the rates they have been increased fifty per cent, inflicting grievous hardship upon householders and small traders, whose incomes have remained stationary while their ex-

penditure has been driven skyward. The taxpayer has been asked to provide the money for the purchase of the water system, the steamboats on the Thames, the tramcars, telephones, lighting plants, and model tenements. He has complied, and now he finds that the promised benefits are not forthcoming. But for the check that the recent elections have placed upon the Progressives, their achievements in the past were to be entirely eclipsed by other and immensely costly experiments in the immediate future. London was to own her own coal mines, electricity, docks, milk supply, hospitals, markets, slaughter-houses, garden suburbs, and supply farms. Apparently nothing was to be left to private enterprise, with the wholesome competition that regulates prices and insures efficiency. It was intended to turn London into a socialist community, wherein individuality would be lost and the government would become the employer of a vast army of workmen and the creator of nearly as large an army of officials. The process has already gone far, and, of course, it can not be reversed, but the long-suffering taxpayer has at length called a halt to a policy of which the financial advantages were always in the future, while the tax collector, with ever larger and more importunate demands, was always at the door.

Fortunately for the London ratepayer, he knows exactly what he is paying and for what purposes. The rates are not levied upon the value of his house, but on the rent. At the present time in some parts of London he is paying about \$2 on every \$5 that he pays in rent, and this in addition to his national taxes. A London householder who pays \$200 a year rent therefore pays about \$80 a year in rates, although in some parts of London they are very much higher than this. The cost of local government is therefore brought home to every householder in the clearest manner. He sees his rates rising higher year by year to pay for the purchase of concern after concern, and it is small consolation to him to know, or to be assured, that his children's children will benefit therefrom. His present revolt is largely due to the direct manner in which the rates are levied and the clear statement of the way in which they are to be applied.

It must be understood that the protest now entered by London against "Progressive" rule is directed at the system of municipal ownership itself, and not against the application of the system. It is not contended that the money has been dishonestly used or that there has been any discrimination against the poor or in favor of the rich. On the other hand, it is admitted that some of the enterprises taken over by the authorities have been more efficiently handled than under private ownership. But the principle itself has been condemned, because the sum total of its benefits is vastly less than the intolerable aggregate of taxation that has been involved. We may also believe that there is at least some recognition of the still more radical evils implied by the creation of a vast officialism and the extinction of the individual effort that comes from competition.

The London municipal elections are of peculiar value, because they register the verdict of a great city upon schemes that are not theoretical, as they are here, but that have been soberly and thoroughly tried and found wanting. The ratepayer had to face the alternative of stopping the Progressives in their work of owning everything and employing everybody, or having their own backs financially broken. They have seen the system in operation under the best possible conditions, and they have decided that it is an impossible one and that it must be stopped.

Gifford Pinchot, the government forestry expert, whose salary has been raised to \$5000 a year, is one of many rich young men attached to the public service whose salaries do not meet their living expenses by several thousand dollars every year. Mr. Pinchot took up forestry as a sort of fad soon after graduating from Yale and then sought a position in the government service in order that he might turn his fad to practical account. This he has done most successfully.

It seems that President Roosevelt will not fulfill his engagement to be present and to speak at the forthcoming fair to be held in Columbus, Ohio. The fair is conducted by negroes, and the expected attendance of the President has been injudiciously advertised to such an extent that intimations have reached him that it would be well to postpone the address until some more auspicious occasion.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Reports from Jamaica show that Governor Swettenham's resignation has been received with general satisfaction. The governor's unpopularity is of long standing and has been brought to a climax by recent events.

"I had a letter a few days ago," said Congressman Hale of Tennessee, "from a constituent who asked me to send him the rules and regulations of Congress." "Did you do it?" "Yes; I sent him a photograph of Joe Cannon."

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou and Timothy Woodruff, chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, have been in conference with President Roosevelt in reference to Presidential campaign plans for 1908.

Secretary Taft has announced that Colonel Goethals will succeed Mr. Stevens as chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission and engineer in charge of the canal works on April 1. Colonel Goethals will receive a salary of \$15,000 annually.

The President has appointed George J. Woodruff of the Forest Service to be Assistant Attorney-General for the Interior, to succeed Frank L. Campbell, who has been transferred to the position of special attorney in the Department of Justice.

In an interview after his address to the Wharton School of Finance in Philadelphia, Stuyvesant Fish, when asked for an estimate of President Roosevelt answered: "I have known him since he was two years of age, and he has always been unsteady."

Joseph R. Burton, formerly United States Senator from Kansas, has been released from jail, having completed his sentence of six months' imprisonment for appearing before a governmental department as the paid representative of an alleged "get-rich-quick" concern of St. Louis.

Secretary Metcalf and Speaker Cannon on arrival at Kingston, Jamaica, paid a visit to Governor Swettenham, and the governor subsequently returned the visit of the American statesmen at their hotel. The conversation between the governor and his visitors was most cordial.

Grover Cleveland says that there is something of delirium in the popular outcry against railroad corporations, and that we are recklessly damaging the property of widows and orphans. In Mr. Cleveland's opinion reformers should concentrate their attention upon the tariff.

Congressman Joseph R. Knowland is perfecting arrangements for a series of lectures with the magic lantern, illustrative of the work in progress at Panama. This is a part of the President's plan for a general educational campaign throughout the country on the subject of the Isthmian project.

William Lloyd Garrison, presiding at a Boston public meeting, said that not even Southern lynchings are so disheartening to the friends of either race as the acquiescence of such men as Grover Cleveland and President Eliot of Harvard in the nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment and the maintenance of class schools.

United States Senator William J. Stone, in the course of a speech in Kansas City, said that if we are to have serious trouble with any nation it will be with Japan. "Japan," he remarked, "wants the Philippines. I am not sure if it would not be best for all concerned if she would get them, but one thing is certain, and that is she will never get them with our consent."

A close observer in Washington, who has a good memory, recalls the fact that Mr. Spooner has been opposed to nearly every important subject of the Republican party policy since he has been in the Senate. He was opposed to the annexation of Hawaii, to the Spanish War, to the holding of the Philippines, and to rate bill legislation, but he ended by advocating and voting for all of them.

Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, who has come much to the front during the present dispute with the French Government, is an accomplished linguist, a finished scholar and an extremely fine diplomat. He was born in London of distinguished Spanish-Irish parentage. He was a cardinal before he was twenty-nine years of age, and a year later he became cardinal secretary of state.

Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, who died in 1898, held the record, still unbroken, for length of continuous service in Congress, although Senator Allison is running it very close. Mr. Morrill was twelve years in the lower house, going directly to the Senate, where he remained for thirty-two years. Mr. Allison has served eight years in the House and thirty-four in the Senate, but there is a break of two years in his record.

It is said that Senator Foraker has made a \$2000 contract with a Cincinnati lithographing house for an immediate supply of thousands of pictures and cartoons of himself. What he wants with these pictures is not definitely known. His campaign for reelection to the Senate comes on next year, but he does not apprehend a very serious struggle. It is therefore suspected that the Senator has his eye upon a position even more elevated than the one that he now occupies.

Grover Cleveland has paid his annual visit to his old friend, General E. P. Alexander of South Carolina. There is a strong bond of friendship between this fine old survivor of the baronial days of the South and the former President. When Mr. Cleveland first came to the White House, over twenty years ago, General Alexander was one of his few Southern visitors who did not want an office.

The general owns splendid estates along the coast, and the hunting and fishing that he can offer to his guests are of no ordinary kind.

William Alden Smith, who has just taken the Senate seat vacated by the death of Russell A. Alger, was asked how it felt to be a United States Senator. The Michigan man, who has worked himself up from the position of a newsboy to a seat among the mightiest in the land, replied: "You would better ask how a man should act under such circumstances. To that question my answer would be that the three cardinal virtues to be displayed are modesty, patience, and study. I must sit like a mouse and say nothing until I have served in the Senate a proper time. That presupposes modesty. Then I must feel perfectly content to sit quiet like a mouse. That requires patience. On top of this I must study carefully every move and manœuvre of the Senate. So, you see, a new Senator has a job that is calculated to keep him mighty busy with his own emotions."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Old Mill.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves,
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand today,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly around.
—Thomas Dunn English.

A Rose Bud.

It was merely the bud of a blood-red rose
That I found 'twixt the lids of my book today:
What of it? Nothing to you, I suppose—
Sweet ashes a breath would scatter away!
Yet here I am holding the dead, faded thing,
As the sun drops out of the August sky,
And dew-drunken blossoms their odors fling
On the twilight air—do you ask me why?

The years are gathered in this little tomb,—
(Strange that a grave in my hand I should hold!)
Springs that showered their kisses of bloom,
And summers that revelled in fruits of gold,
No breath of the meadows nor orange bough
Sheds to my spirit an odor so rare:
You see not—how can you?—what I see now—
That marvellous face—Are the angels so fair?

She gave me this bud and a single leaf,—
Geranium—it has crumbled away:—
What a glory touched life then, but how grief
Drives to tasks that sprinkle the head with gray!
Half doubting I number the seasons since flown;
Like a star she just trembled on womanhood's eve:
To what in the garden of God has she grown?
Naught more fair than she can my fancy conceive.

For the roses of morning, and music, and light,
The motions of birds, and the freshness of June,
The glimmer of lilies, and childhood's delight,
In her exquisite nature were blended in tune.
Its sweetness yet lingers like perfume that clings
To the air when the splendor of blossoms has fled,
More tender than touch of invisible wings,
The spell of her presence around me seems shed.

And now while this faded bud in my palm
Grows dim in the darkness, and still is dear,
All over my sorrow is sprinkled a balm
From the depth of a heavenly atmosphere.
A hand long vanished I seem to hold;
The years their glory of dreams restore;
I see a face that can never grow old,
And life looks large on the other shore.
—Horatio Nelson Powers.

Vice-President Fairbanks devotes more time actually to presiding over the deliberations of the Senate when it is in session, it is believed, than any of his distinguished predecessors in the office. During the hours of routine work and at times when speeches of only moderate interest are being delivered he amuses himself by drawing all sorts of pencil designs on the paper pads which he always keeps handy. Mr. Fairbanks has no pretensions to being an artist, though some of these little sketches show a considerable degree of skill.

With a few exceptions, the toll road in this country is a thing of the past. A project, however, is now on foot to construct the greatest toll road in the world between New York and Chicago for the use of automobiles. If built, it will have a roadway sixty-six feet wide, cost \$10,000,000, and be the most perfect road in the world. Motorists would pay a toll of one cent per mile, or \$10 for the round trip, and motor cars in which the public may ride as passengers would run daily between stated points for fare.

King Edward now wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of his left hand, the result of a suggestion from a society lady that it would induce married men to wear wedding rings, her idea being that man should be ticketed, so to speak, as definitely as is the matron.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Although South America has about twice the area of the United States, it has only half the population.

Secretary Taft has authorized the superintendent of the West Point military academy to take the entire corps of cadets to the Jamestown exposition.

Fishes have been discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair does duty above water and the other below, the fish thus being able to see equally well in the elements.

It is stated that J. Pierpont Morgan has been able to purchase seven valuable Van Dyke paintings from the family of the Marquis of Cattaneo, of Italy. The other seven they possessed have been secured by the British museum.

About forty employees of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad have been retired on pensions. The men so retired have been in the employ of the company from 35 to 40 years, and will now receive from \$6 to \$7 a week for the remainder of their lives.

The prediction is made that cement will soon be shipped largely in bulk on account of the increasing cost of bags and barrels. There were 40,000,000 barrels of cement made in this country last year. There would seem to be a good field for the inventor to provide some improved package in which to ship cement.

Nobody knows just why, but the old-style quill pen, feather and all, has come into favor among society women in New York City. Mrs. James E. Stillman and other leaders never write with any other. Another fad of the day—letters are not folded, being slipped into envelopes the exact size of the note paper.

Oscar Hammerstein, manager of the Manhattan Opera House, and several other theatres in New York, has turned all the office boys out of his head offices and employed young women in their places. He says he is tired of the laziness, inefficiency, and impudence of the "cubs," and believes the change will be a marked improvement.

Berlin has a veritable congestion of music halls. In addition to Bechstein and Beethoven halls, the Philharmonie and the Singakademie, that quartet of music temples, a new Mozart hall has lately been erected on Nollendorf platz. The latest comer is an auditorium, at the Zoological garden, built with a seating capacity of between 5000 and 6000.

Yale undergraduates are to attempt to purchase a field for "recreative athletics." "Yale Field is occupied most of the time by the varsity and freshmen teams," it is announced, "while the mass of the student body are not allowed to use the ground because too frequent use would ruin the turf, which is desirable on the gridiron and diamonds." This satirical comment on "college sports" speaks for itself.

Some investigator of curious subjects has discovered that the inventor of traveling incognito was Peter the Great of Russia. The next after the famous Russian sovereign to adopt the practice was Joseph II, of Austria, who, in 1777, made a little stay in Paris under the title of Count Von Falkenstein. Charles X passed as the Comte de Marles. The ex-Empress Eugenie, in her splendor, frequently took little trips as the Comtesse De Pierrefonds. King Leopold does so still as Comte De Ravenstein.

In Russia offices of every description, and all retail stores, invariably use the ancient abacus in their daily business transactions. The abacus is an oblong frame, across which is stretched several wires, each supplied with ten balls. The balls on the under wire represent units, those on the next above it tens, and so on to hundreds, thousands, etc. As the contrivance is used for the simplest transactions, it is very probable that with the proper effort a cheap automatic adding machine would find a large market in Russia.

An unusual type of Roman villa has been unearthed on the site of the ancient Roman encampment in Britain at Caerwent. The remains have been found to be in an excellent state of preservation. A departure from the conventional practice of the Romans in the designs of their residences, as revealed by previous excavations in that country, is the provision of extra rooms abutting on the four sides of the courtyard. In the basement two complete perfect heating devices or hypocausts were found, together with the peculiar blue tiles utilized by the owners for conducting the heat from the stove in the basement and radiating it through the upper rooms of the dwelling. In the basement some exquisite specimens of Roman paving were unearthed.

When the news of the Union rout at Bull Run reached Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia banker, he dropped all other occupations and visited his fellow bankers and brokers. Without authorization from Chase, or any one else, he drew up a paper, dated Philadelphia, July 22, 1861, 11:30 a. m., and set out upon a tour of the banking district, securing pledges of nearly two millions of dollars, to be advanced to Secretary Chase for a period of sixty days, at 6 per cent interest, intimating that the sum might be returned in the recently authorized seven-thirty treasury notes. The suggestion led to the negotiation of the first great war loan. If Philadelphia could do this, with a banking capital of \$11,000,000, Mr. Cooke argued, might not as much proportionately be expected of New York and Boston, with a capital of \$66,000,000 and \$30,000,000 respectively. In the arrangement of this loan with the "Associated Banks" of the three Eastern cities, Jay Cooke was closely consulted by Mr. Chase, and there began a friendship which knew no interruption.

THE FATE OF "YELLOW FEATHER."

How Tinta, the Stolen Squaw, Avenged a Young Lieutenant.

Clayson was a fine-looking fellow, trim built from his feet to his head, and he dressed to lose none of his natural advantages. But what really gave him his air of distinction was not his clothes nor his manner of wearing them, it was the long blonde mustache that he constantly twisted and untwisted at the ends. It was a mustache so imposing and ornamental in its waving color that the Indians—quick to seize salient points of personality for christening—named him "Yellow Feather" the day he arrived on the reserve. Still Clayson was more than a man with a mustache. His handsome head held a good brain that could reach a logical conclusion—and could reach it quickly. Of course, however, he was not always thinking logically; that in itself would be illogical, for, as yet, the world was young to him, and he was young in the world and life was not a serious effort.

He certainly was not straining his faculties as he sauntered from "evening stables" to the officers' club-room in the trader's store on a bright day in May, not many years ago. To tell the truth, there was nothing especial in his mind until he turned the corner of the building. Then he suddenly roused to mental activity, although the cause might seem trivial to others—it was only a squaw, and squaws were common, very common, in that vicinity. He, however, immediately saw, with surprise, wherein this particular squaw differed from the others. From the silver ornaments about her neck to the beaded moccasins, all was neatness and grace. She was untying a pony from the horse-rack in front of the store, and as he got closer he saw that the hands, slipping the turns of the lariat from the string-piece, were remarkably small and shapely, without brass rings on the fingers. A few more paces and he saw that the profile of her face was delicate in features, that the complexion was a clear olive, and that there was no paint on the cheek. Then she turned her head, and he saw such eyes as he never before had seen in a human head. They looked straight into his brain—and stayed there.

He did not speak to her—that was not etiquette, especially before the hucks squatted near the doorsteps—nor did he halt; he walked slowly by and entered the store, carrying with him the fascination of those soulful eyes. He walked over to the corner railed off as the postoffice and looked steadily in his letter-box for a minute, although he knew there was no mail and that there would be none for two days. Then he passed behind the store counter and took the shortest way to reach the club-room. But he stayed in there only long enough to join meaninglessly in the laugh when Hobbs was "stuck" and to decline an invitation to take a hand in the new game. Then he went outside again.

The squaw was on her pony, slowly riding away. He then noticed for the first time that her hair hung loose down her back—she was a married woman. When she reached the end of the corral wall and just before she made the turn, she glanced back, and that glance found him—the light in those luring eyes said: "Follow me!"

His impulse was to call to a passing man and order his horse; but fortunately the logic in his mind asserted itself and told him that he could not trail after a squaw in broad daylight. He thought of something else, and reentered the store to act upon that thought. He bought a pound of tobacco and several bundles of cigarette-papers, and with his purchase sought Sanchez, the interpreter, in his camp below the post.

He missed "retreat," and lost his dinner at the mess, before *finesse* and tobacco had drawn from Sanchez that Tinta was a Mexican captive, captured as a babe, and afterward reared as the only child of Bonito, bead-soldier of the Chiricahuas. She had recently married Ramone, a young sub-chief; but, within a moon from the wedding-feast, they had quarreled and, strange to all the tribe, she had asserted her rights. Apache women have rights—that is, property rights. She gathered her ponies and drove them to her father's herd. Now she dwelt in Bonito's lodge, and it was an open question how many ponies Ramone must pay before he got back his bride—the number depending upon her sweet will as expressed through the arbitrator, Bonito. Ramone had begun to bid. And Sanchez flung away the end of the fifteenth cigarette, with the admonition: "Tinta is heap muncho dangerous game!"

With the rising of the next sun, Clayson was three miles up the North Fork inspecting the troop gardens; he wished to see the dew on the cabbage sparkle in the early light; besides, the main camp of the Chiricahuas was in the bottom land on the opposite side, and Bonito's lodge stood by itself close to the river bank.

It may have been the sound of an iron shoe striking the rocks, or it may have been fatality—anyhow, Tinta came from the lodge while Clayson's horse was drinking, knee-deep in the stream. He reined up the horse's head and urged him through the water straight for those eyes. She smiled a welcome; and there in the hiding shadows of the tall cottonwoods, he kissed her.

But shadows are never dark enough. It soon passed from squaw to squaw in the village that "Yellow Feather" rode to Bonito's lodge; and, like the flame of a leaping prairie fire, the word swept on till it reached Ramone in the upper camp in the mountains. And as luck would have it at that time, the upper camp was drinking "tizwin" and dancing for war. So Ramone drank "tizwin" with increased vigor and danced with the other wild spirits, while in his inborn, general hate for the whites concentrated to one place, burning hate for one white.

The big moon came, and with it the last dance in the

upper camp. The old and the tender were sent down to the main camp on the river, while the strong and active, full of "tizwin" and hell, dashed into the night to make a merry killing in their line of flight. All the young hucks were in the ride save one—Ramone was too drunk to mount or move. Three hours later, by the light of the same big moon, two troops of cavalry had found and were on the trail of the "hroncos" at the upper camp. The next morning the agent, visiting the main camp to count a somewhat scattered flock and separate the sheep from the goats, as they had already separated themselves, found Ramone, tag, number, and all, present to be counted as one of the remnant of sheep. He really was meek as a lamb, sleeping most of the day in the brush near his mother's lodge, but occasionally waking to hear the frightened talk of women and children. Once he heard that the black-horse and the gray-horse soldiers were on the trail, and he knew that "Yellow Feather" rode with the grays.

He ate his supper in sullen silence, for the tribe was not a unit on the outbreak; then, when the twilight merged into night, he saddled his war-pony and left the camp. One buck more or less, in or out, made no difference, except to the buck himself, and Ramone chose to trail after the trailers and the trailed; in such a game the man behind often saw more than the man in front. He could easily find the trailed by signs and signals, and the first rendezvous would be the last high peak in the Black Range, where the "hroncos" would hold back to wait for any bucks on the reservation who might be emboldened by their lead to follow and join for the grand raid into the Sierra Madre of Mexico. By rounding up fresh stock, whenever needed, from the ranchers in the valleys and foothills, they could make the rendezvous and lie lost for a day or two before the soldiers, with only a single mount, could cover the distance to reach them. Then from their high perch on the rocky peak they could make a fight, or a run, or do both.

Ramone knew the rendezvous; also the water-holes and the rough, rugged mountains between. He loped along on a trail of his own making, heading for the far peak of the Black Range, traveling mostly by night and napping by day. On the third sun he cut the trail of his friends, within an easy ride of the high peak, but found no signs of shod horses upon it. He had headed the soldiers—he could go on or wait for the procession to pass, just as he saw fit. Perhaps "Yellow Feather" was not with the soldiers? If he was not, there was yet time enough for Ramone to be back on the reservation before the next count on "issue day." He rode on the trail for awhile, then left it, knowing a single trail would not be followed, although it was fresh, and hid his pony and himself safe in the rocks above a point where the trail led up from a side cañon.

Looking from this rock balcony, he soon saw what he waited for—the scouts and advance guard showed first. They rode abreast and were scattered to the right and left of the trail. One silently pointed to the fresh pony-tracks, but none halted to examine it—it meant a forager or a lookout, and was only another indication that the first camp made by the "hroncos" was not far off—prospects for a hold-back fight were improving. Then came the black-horse troop, in file of troopers, leading their leg-weary horses. When each man reached the top of the ascent, he mounted and kept moving. The pursuit was slow, but it was continuous. Then came the grays, and, last of all, "Yellow Feather."

Clayson, as junior lieutenant, rode in rear of the column to prevent straggling. When he got to the top of the cañon, the head of the column was already descending another cañon beyond. He ordered the men ahead of him to close up at a trot, but he did not mount at once. His horse, gaunted by lack of feed and the one hundred and twenty-five miles of hard riding, had no belly to bold a girth, so Clayson halted to re-saddle, and by that halt became a straggler himself; the command moving steadily was soon out of sight and sound.

Ramone crawled down from rock to rock, silent as death itself, to within sure range. Just below the left shoulder-blade was the spot; he aimed from a rest and fired, and made two killings; but the horse fell first, on his off side; then the man pitched across the horse. A few seconds later Ramone's knife had made a rapid piece of artistic carving. Then he was on his pony, lashing with his quirt for a wild dash for the reservation again.

When the search-party that dropped back found the lieutenant, they turned sick to a man. It was not till Sergeant Dowd flung a saddle-blanket over the grinning, lipless face that they had nerve enough to touch the body.

The long, fast ride killed his best pony, but Ramone was in the main camp the night before the second count. He went straight to Bonito's lodge, scratched on the door-flap, but entered unsummoned.

"Where have you been?" asked Bonito, without greeting.

"Gathering my ponies! Tell me your price!"

Ramone was wild-eyed, the *banda* was gone from his hair, and Bonito knew that he lied. But Bonito was an old man now; he counseled peace and tried to hold the young men in check, lest they forced the whole tribe to war. So he turned to Tinta, crouched by the fire, with the corner of her blanket held before her face, and whispered: "Go talk to Ramone!"

Ramone heard the whisper and strode outside.

Tinta rose and followed him in silence.

"I give ten ponies," he said.

"Too little."

"I give fifteen ponies." He spoke more fiercely.

"Too little," she said, in the same calm voice, her head still hid by the blanket.

"Twenty ponies—no more. No man—no spirit would give more." He laughed a harsh, nasty laugh.

She peeped from the blanket. The moon shone full in his face and on the "Yellow Feather" that he held on his upper lip.

She caught her breath with a gasp; then said, softly as a cooing dove: "Keep the ponies. Give me the 'Yellow Feather' and I'll go with you!"

He lost his cunning in his avaricious, vengeful joy, and gave her what she asked. She doubled the stiff, dry lip with the silky hair, and shoved it into the headed medicine-bag worn on her bosom. Then he seized her arm and dragged her to his mother's lodge.

The "issue day," next morning, was a grand round-up by order of the agent, and all the Chiricahuas, including the papooses and dogs, gathered about the agency building. There was to be a recount for rations and to fix definitely the number and names of those in the war-party.

Ramone and Tinta were there together. They stood apart from the others, and neither spoke; but not for an instant did he leave her side.

Finally Ramone was called. He was head of a family and had to speak for himself and those under him. He entered the building to wait his turn to answer the questions of the issue clerk.

Then, quick as a cat, Tinta was by the side of Sanchez. She whispered a few hurried words and pointed to her breast. Sanchez stepped into the agent's office and gave the information rapidly. Then the agent, with two Indian police, passed from the office into the issue-room; and, before Ramone had time to think of his knife, he was on the floor, tied like a calf.

It was a neat, sudden job for a beginning—but how was it to end? The pulse of the Indians was at fever heat, and the arrest of a sub-chief was dangerous even when conditions were normal. Still the agent went boldly on. He took Ramone out of the building through a crowd of sullen, scowling hucks, past the Indian calahoose, to the commanding officer of the post, to deliver a military prisoner.

Sanchez brought Tinta to the commanding officer's office, and there, with passionate hate flaming in those marvelous eyes, she told the horrified officers of Ramone's secret—and showed the proof.

The commanding officer held forth his handkerchief to receive and cover the sickening evidence; but she shook her head with a nervous laugh and thrust it back in her bosom. It belonged to her!—and the commanding officer, wise at the moment, humored her right. He even did more—granted the request that she might go to the guard-house and speak to Ramone, although he did not understand why she should wish to speak to him.

The officer of the day went with her and ordered Ramone brought outside. The corporal of the guard unlocked the cell-door and beckoned to the prisoner. Ramone had irons on his legs and wrists, but he followed, stepping short, to the limit of the clanking chain—his heart was had and he hung his head.

When he got outside, he saw at a glance why he was called. He made one spring and, quick as a flash, raised his arms and brought the iron handcuffs down with a crushing blow between the woman's eyes; then he leaped like a hobbled horse on a stampede, making for the chaparral.

Now, number one did a sentinel's duty; he gave three short cries of "Halt!" "Halt!" "Halt!" and shot an escaping prisoner.

ALLEN SMITH.

"We are losing many secrets in this shoddy age," an architect said. "If we keep on, the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well. Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades the Saracens turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two like butter. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust color, yet the ink of mediæval manuscripts is as black and bright today as it was 700 years ago. The beautiful blues and reds and greens of antique Oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain today brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics. We can't built as the ancients did. The secret of their mortar and cement is lost to us. Their mortar and cement were actually harder and more durable than the stones they bound together, whereas ours—horrors! We can't even make artificial diamonds now. Old brilliants of French paste were so beautiful that they could hardly be told from real brilliants by experts. But the secret of this French paste, like a hundred other secrets of the days of conscientious work, is irretrievably lost."

An odd custom of great antiquity still prevails in the town of Oakham, in Rutlandshire. Every peer of the realm passing near the castle, which was built by Walkelin de Ferrers, is expected to deliver a shoe from the foot of one of his horses or to pay a fine in default. The fine usually takes the form of an ornamental horseshoe, often surmounted by the coronet of the peer presenting it. The total number of shoes at present in possession of the local authorities is three hundred, and among the most valued are those presented by Queen Elizabeth, King George IV, Queen Victoria, and Queen Alexandra.

"Influenza" was originally an Italian word for "influence," and, among other things, for the "influence" of the stars, which manifested itself helpfully in epidemics of disease. Hence *Influenza di febbre scarlattina*, for instance, meant an "epidemic of scarlet fever." And so, when eighteenth-century Italy was prostrated by the sneezing, snuffling scourge, and passed it on to England, it was naturally spoken of as "the" influenza—"the" epidemic; though on the way through France it acquired also the name of "la grippe," in allusion to its ferocious way of seizing its victims.

Nearly 300 motor cars are now registered in Cairo, Egypt, and it is evident they are conquering the desert.

NEW YORK IN LENTEN DAYS.

Beginning of the Spring Hegira—Return of California and Florida Tourists—Opera and Drama.

As the closing days of Lent approach there is in society circles the usual stir of preparations for departure to Europe. The managers of the ocean steamer lines already report an increased volume of advance bookings, and those who wish to voyage on the especially favored liners find that choice accommodations, even at this early date, are difficult to secure. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan are on their way across the Atlantic, Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Mrs. Richard Townsend, and Miss Mathilde Townsend, have announced their departure this week, and many other prominent names are inscribed on the steamer books. Most of those who have gone, or are ready to sail, will spend the early summer in London. The great international horse show, to be held at the Olympia, in the British capital, will have a large representation, both in exhibits and attendance, from America this year.

While the stream of departures eastward is now in gentle current, and soon will be full and swiftly moving, the return of winter tourists from California and Florida is a flow not less noteworthy. More than the ordinary number of New Yorkers passed the season of snow and slush in the attractive resorts of the Southern Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and on the Pacific Slope, and they are arriving from their tours and sojourns with every evidence of pleasure in reaching town, no matter how joyful their stay in other communities. And in spite of the season and the drain of European voyagers, the opera, the play, the hotels and restaurants, and the clubs, have an ever-increasing attendance and a gayety and animation that demonstrate the certain renewal of all activities in the springtime.

With the present week—the seventeenth of the season—the Metropolitan Opera House will see the last of the great and brilliant audiences that Mr. Conried's well-paid singers have attracted. The company goes to the provinces, as those who delight in London phrases will say, and will repeat the triumphs achieved in the past four months. It has already been decided that Strauss's opera, "Salomé," will not be given on tour, and though this decision costs Manager Conried more than a pretty penny, it is as well, perhaps. The stormy incidents that followed its presentation, and the heated discussions aroused by the drama and the music, must be forgotten or regarded from a distance before any dispassionate judgment can be recorded. It is more than probable, however, that before another season comes an unprejudiced and less unfavorable view will be taken by our opera-goers.

At the Manhattan Opera House the opera continues joyously and successfully. Italian and French works remain the choice of Manager Hammerstein, and his clientele manifests no overpowering desire for innovations or changes. While the grand opera season will last only another month, Mr. Hammerstein has already prepared the public for what is to follow. He will give light operas through the summer, and has engaged some artists of reputation for his new departure. Among these are Mary Garden, who has won high favor in Paris and who will be seen here in at least two of her successes, Charpentier's "Louise," and Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande." It is remarked with some show of pleasure that Hammerstein's independence and self-confidence have met with thorough appreciation, and that the influence of the new opera house will be upbuilding in tendency and not destructive musically.

In the dramatic field there have been few events of first importance recently. It is a curious thing that the interdicted Shaw play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is now being given without opposition and with really only a modicum of the interest that was expected. Three months ago the police department resolved itself into an inquisition and decided that the play could not be produced without serious danger to the morals of the city. The story of the sensation and the court proceedings is not yet forgotten, but the recent judgment of the tribunal appealed to is a rebuke of the self-appointed censors of the stage. It would seem that the police might have found something really in their line to occupy their intermittent activities, instead of attacking reputable actors appearing in a play which appeals to the intelligence of an audience, rather than to any evil desires. Mary Shaw is the Mrs. Warren of the production at the Manhattan Theatre, and although the reservation of seats is still advertised as being made two weeks in advance, there are no indications that the revival of the piece is to be regarded as a popular success.

Ben Greet, with his so-called Elizabethan revivals of the Shakespearean drama, has not been successful in convincing the public that his efforts are capable, or even well-informed. He has shown us several productions which have been advertised as given in the real Shakespearean style—a style mainly notable for the bareness of the stage, all the scenery being imaginary, placards offering needed suggestions concerning the facts of place and time. The plays given might have interested, perhaps impressed, those who witnessed their presentation, had not histrionic art been as noticeably absent as the stage settings. Mr. Greet is not a great actor, not even a good reader, and his company is below even his own mark. His Shylock, offered in the farcical guise in which it is averred the great dramatist drew him, was not like comedy, or tragedy, or opera bouffe. However, Mr. Greet has furnished a broad mark for the critics, and thus has served a purpose not altogether vain.

At the New Amsterdam Theatre the four weeks' season of Richard Mansfield is closing with a round of that actor's earlier successes, three weeks having been given to "Peer Gynt." The Ibsen play displays some striking pictures and

gives the star unlimited opportunity for the use of the devices of make-up and stage illusion, but it is not of sustained or compelling interest except to those who seek earnestly for symbolism in the work of the poet. Mansfield is even more than ever a powerful figure in his art. His individualism, his versatility, his gift of stage direction, are qualities recognized and never too highly praised, yet there seems to be something in his work more on the level of an appeal for admiration than the uplift of inspiration or the magnetism of a sympathetic personality.

Last evening Ernesto Novelli, the Italian actor, made his first New York appearance at the Lyric Theatre in "Papa Lebonnard," by the Parisian author, Jean Aicard. Later in the week he will appear as King Lear and Shylock, and also in one of his great comedy rôles, that of Geronte, in Carlo Goldoni's "Il Burbero Benefico." The visit of the famous Italian has stirred memories of Ernesto Rossi, Adelaide Ristori, Tommaso Salvini, and Eleanora Duse, and there is little doubt that he will conquer, as did his compatriots. While he speaks his native language only, and his supporting company will use the same tongue, his audiences will by no means be limited to members of the great Italian colony that is so potent a factor in operatic affairs. His hearers will come from all ranks of American play-goers, for the fame or his gifts as a tragedian and as a comedian has long been established.

Ethel Barrymore, at the Empire Theatre, offered last night for the first time "The Silver Box," a London play by John Galsworthy. It gives this young but experienced actress a new part of an humble character, that of a charwoman, and although Miss Barrymore's friends are numerous enough to convince her that all her characterizations are not only skillfully drawn, but worthy, it must be acknowledged that this offering is not particularly charming at first examination. Miss Barrymore's company is more than capable, and there were several palpable hits in the initial presentation that may develop strength in what seems to be a not especially taking vehicle.

William Collier, in "Caught in the Rain," is still gratifying merrily at the Garrick Theatre, and the run of three months, already accomplished, is evidence that he has found something worth while. "The Great Divide," with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, is in its twenty-fifth week at the Princess Theatre. "The Rose of the Rancho," with Frances Starr, "Salome Jane," with Eleanor Robson, "The Parisian Model," with Anna Held, and "The Red Mill," with Montgomery and Stone, are no less firmly established in the good graces of the public.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1907.

FLANEUR.

A Song of Toil.

I take the little kiss she gives when I go forth at morn;
I take the little farewell wish upon the breezes' horn;
I take her little arms' caress, and in the morning light
Go out into the world of toil to battle for the right.

Ring, anvils, with your clangor!

Burn, forges, fierce and far!

The night shall bring—the world of home,

Where love and goodness are!

I lean to little lips she lifts to my rough lips of love,
I read the mother-hope that shines in eyes that gleam above;
I hear the roaring city call, and unto it I go
Light hearted for the stress, because a child heart loves me so.
Swing, hammers, with your clatter!
Whirl, wheels, and shaft and beam!
The light of love shall guide me home
From out this shroud of steam!

I take the little rose she holds and pin it on my breast,
I take the tender memory of her word that cheered and blest;
I face the urgent purpose of the labor that is mine,
Filled with her trust and patience, her youth and faith divine.
Plunge, cities, with your thunder
Of traffic, shout and roar!
I take the task and do the deed,
While she waits at the door.

I take the task, I face the toil, I deem it sweet to be
Bound to the labor that is love for love's fine liberty;
From morning unto eventide, remembering her I go
Under the hending wheel that glides forever to and fro.
Sing, mills, your clattering chorus,
Down where the millions sweat!
I hark my arms and give my strength
And joy in what I get.

I give and take, and give again, and unto dark am bent
Beneath the burden of the task for which sweet life is spent;
But ah! the wage is dear to have, the little lips that wait,
The hearts that ring, the arms that cling, when I unlatch the gate!
Clang with your mighty revel!
Roar, cities, with your strife!
And God be praised for strength to toil
For wage of love and life!

—Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore News.

John S. Fay, of Marlboro, Mass., the oldest postmaster in the United States in point of service, has received news to the effect that he had been confirmed in the Senate for another four years' term. Mr. Fay has served as postmaster for forty-two years.

King Edward VII is the fortunate possessor of one of the finest collections of pictures in the world, and one which, if it could all be brought under one roof, would be a formidable rival to the National gallery in London.

A lucrative business, it seems, is done in Japan in the exportation of frog-skins for purses. The works controlled by a Tokio merchant have exported as many as 130,000 skins in less than a year.

The Austrian diet has decided to remove from all the statues ornamenting its building the drapery put on them about twenty years ago, when they were deemed immodest.

The business of the gondoliers of Venice is being invaded by women, and the men are organizing unions to drive them out.

THE IRRESISTIBLE KAISER.

His Sincerity, His Gallant, Kingly Bearing, Appreciated by His People.

There can be no question that the Emperor William has added substantially to his prestige by his recent electoral advantage against the Socialists and this is more and more evident every day. He played a desperate card when he imitated Bismarck's famous cry of the "Empire in Danger," for it was actually the emperor and not von Bülow whose hand was upon the political rudder during the recent storm. We need not ask what he would have done had that card been trumped, because it was not trumped, and the emperor is fully entitled to the elation that he is at no pains to conceal.

Speaking with an intelligent German last week I ventured to express the surprise usually felt by Americans at the toleration extended by staid and sober Teutons to an emperor whose eccentricities have so often been the ridicule of the world. "How is it," I asked, "that Germans, who are above all else practical, and who are so well educated in the political ideals of the world, are so acquiescent in the vagaries of a ruler whose whole disposition is adverse to modern currents? Is it indifference, or approval, or helplessness, or what is it?"

"My friend," he said, "you make the very common mistake of judging the emperor by externals rather than by essentials. Does it not occur to you that he goes steadily on from success to success while all the world laughs, and that his very irresponsibility—for want of a better word—has made of him the weightiest of all factors in European affairs and is steadily raising his country to a more dominant position than she has ever yet occupied? One day the world will 'discover' the emperor and will recognize the real genius that underlies what you call the eccentricities of his character, at which we Germans laugh as much as anybody but without allowing them to obscure the immense abilities that are one-pointed for our country's good."

There is certainly much to be said for such a view. It is a view very widely held in Germany, and today it is the common talk of the streets. It is a fact that not one of the dire predictions, so freely made when the emperor came to the throne, has been fulfilled. We were told that he would incontinently plunge his country into war, but Germany has had a practically unbroken peace. We were assured that his lack of experience, his extraordinary belief in divine guidance, the vagaries of speech and action by which he sought to exalt his own status, would inevitably produce chaos and rebellion at home. They have done nothing of the kind. Germany has suffered, and perhaps unduly, from the political unrest of the day, but with that exception her advance socially and commercially has been a signal one. The imperial indiscretions have never produced the misfortunes that were anticipated. Indeed they have often produced substantial benefits.

Another German with whom I have conversed upon the recent elections and the emperor's share therein, said that the German people would forgive everything except insincerity or hypocrisy, and no one could accuse the emperor of either. "When he says 'I am your emperor by the will of God and am the conscious ally of the Almighty,' he believes every word he says, and between you and me it would be to the advantage of the world if there were more rulers who believed themselves personally responsible to the Almighty." That naturally silenced me, because it was obviously true, whatever bizarre forms the allegiance may take.

It is, after all, the imperial office that the emperor exalts, rather than the imperial personality, and there is a distinction. It was once said of him that whenever he attends a christening he succeeds in persuading himself that he is the baby; whenever he is present at a wedding he imagines that he is the bride, and if he finds himself at a funeral he has the idea that he is the corpse. He is called "coincided," "dramatic," "self-willed," "impetuous," and "rash." All the vocabulary of ridicule is poured upon his head without any recognition that all these things—or what there is of truth lying behind them—are the expressions of a clear-cut character and of boundless self-reliance, and these, combined with inflexible political and personal virtue, constitute a force that is nearly irresistible.

It is certain that never before has the emperor appealed more strongly than now to the imagination of the people, and it is impossible to mingle with the daily crowd without seeing how true this is. The Germans understand their emperor better than we do, and they see the smaller traits that are not widely reported but that are eloquent of character. They know how kind-hearted he is, how invariably considerate of the poor and the needy, how conscientious in his interpretation of what he believes to be his God-given mission, and in this belief there is no touch of hypocrisy. Three hundred years ago the Emperor William would have appealed to the heart and the conscience of the world. He would have been the fulfilment of an ideal, and recognized as a gallant and kingly figure. By an unkind fate he has been born too late, and there are not a few Germans, and good Germans, too, who regret that the day of such ideals has passed.

BERLIN, March 15, 1907.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

The popularity of Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, as a winter resort for English men and women is increasing to such an extent that it has been found necessary to augment the railway service and to increase the hotel accommodations.

The cultivation of rubber is now being taught in the schools of West Africa. Every village is obliged to plant a certain number of acres in rubber trees. In the Congo State 12,500,000 rubber trees have been planted.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

By Brand Whitlock.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

When Brand Whitlock wrote his first novel, "The Thirteenth District," he received general congratulations on the production of what President Roosevelt, Mr. Cleveland, and others described as the best American political story that has ever been written. Mr. Whitlock has now written another book, "The Turn of the Balance," that, as a social study and revelation, deserves to rank not only with his first book, but with anything of the kind that has yet been produced. "The Turn of the Balance" is a terrible indictment of the law as it is administered today in America, a picture of the savage cruelty that is still able to deny our civilization, an arraignment that ought to bite deeply and with a dreary persistence into the conscience of the nation.

The author shows a remarkable power in filling his stage with all sorts and conditions of men, and there is not a touch of unreality anywhere. Rich and poor, tramp and criminal, play their appointed parts, and the threads of their many destinies are woven into the pattern of the fabric with a skill that convinces because it is so true to common experience. Human society is just as full of dead souls as this book represents it to be, and there is just as much power brutalized by irresponsible opportunity.

The wretched hero of this book, if there can be said to be a hero, is Archie Koerner. He has served with some distinction in the Philippines, and we are introduced to him on his return home just after his father has been taken to the hospital to have his leg amputated as the result of a railway accident. We hear a good deal about the father, his action for damages against the railway company, and the resulting persecutions that eventually drive the old man to insanity, murder, and suicide. We are also told a good deal of Archie's beautiful young sister, Gusta, who is maid to a young heiress, Elizabeth Ward, and who eventually falls a victim to the son of the house.

Archie is a young man who is not overburdened with moral will-power and who is handicapped in civil life by his military employment. He might have been a good citizen if the laws had allowed him, but the law, after its manner and after it once had its grip upon him, proceeded to damn him body and soul, never relaxing its persecution until hope and life were lost. Archie commits some slight misdemeanor, or what has the same effect, is accused of doing so, and is sentenced to a few weeks in the workhouse. That is the beginning of the end for him, as the law would see to it that there should be no return on the declivity upon which he had started. Gusta visits him in his captivity:

After a long while an ill-natured guard, whose face had grown particularly sinister and vicious in the business, ordered Gusta to follow him and led her back into the building. Reluctantly he unlocked doors and locked them behind her, and Gusta grew alarmed. Once, waiting for him to unlock what proved to be a final door, he waited while a line of women, fourteen or fifteen of them, in uniform of striped gingham, went clattering up a spiral iron stairway; two or three of the women were negroes. They had been down to the services some Christian people had been holding for the inmates, preaching to them that if they believed on Jesus they would find release, and peace, and happiness. These people of course did not mean release from the workhouse, and the peace and happiness, it seemed, could not come until the inmates died. So long as they lived their only prospect seemed to be unpaid work by day, bread and molasses to eat, and a cell to sleep in at night, with iron bars locking them in and armed men to watch them. However, the inmates enjoyed the services because they were allowed to sing.

It is a dreary picture and one that does not suggest the process of reformation for first offenders, of which we hear so much. Archie finishes his thirty days in the workhouse and then finds himself in debt to the State for the costs. As he has no money to pay the debt, he is kept in prison for ten days longer although it was against the law in that State to imprison a man for debt.

Of course Archie gets into trouble again. There is small chance of honest work for the man who has once stepped aside. Employers have a prejudice against the sinner—that is to say, the convicted sinner—and the police take good care that for such there shall be no oblivion. Archie of course drifts inevitably into bad company, and consorts with the only society open to him—that of thieves, burglars, and hoboos. Incidentally we have a view of the respectable fence, the God-fearing merchant who adds to his profits by receiving a little stolen property, and varies benevolence with felony. He is called Bills:

Bills was sitting at an enormous desk which was set in perfect order; on either side of him were baskets containing the letters he was methodically answering. Bills's head showed over the top of the desk; it was a round head covered with short black hair, smoothly combed and shining. His black side-whiskers were likewise short and smooth. His neck was bound by a white collar and a little pious black cravat, and he wore black clothes. His smoothly shaven lips were pursed in a self-satisfied way; he was brisk and unctuous, very clean and proper, and looked as if he devoutly anointed himself with oil after his bath. In a word he bore himself as became a prominent business man, who, besides his own large enterprise, managed a popular Sunday-school, and gave Sunday afternoon "talks" on "Success" for the instruction of certain young men of the city, too mild and acquiescent to succeed as anything but conformers.

"Ah, Mr. Gibbs," he said. "You will excuse me for a moment." Bills turned and resumed the dictation of a stereotyped phrase of business. He dictated several words, then dismissed the stenographer and, turning about, with a smile:

"Now, Mr. Gibbs."

Gibbs drew his chair close to Bills's desk, and, taking a package from his pocket, laid out the stamps.

"One hundred sheets of twos, fifty of ones," he said. Bills had taken off his gold glasses and slowly lowered them to the end of their fine gold chain; he rubbed the little red marks the glasses left on the bridge of his nose, and in this manner there was an uncertainty that seemed unexpected by Gibbs.

"I was about to suggest, Mr. Gibbs," said Bills, placing his fingers tip to tip, "that you see our Mr. Wilson; he manages the mail order department now."

"Not for mine," said Gibbs, decisively. "I've always done business with you. I don't know this fellow Wilson."

Bills, choosing to take it as a tribute, smiled and went on:

"I think we're fully stocked just now, but—how would a sixty per cent proposition strike you?"

"No," said Gibbs, as decisively as before.

"No?" repeated Bills.

"No," Gibbs went on, "seventy-five."

Bills thought a moment, absently lifting the rustling sheets.

"How many did you say there were?"

"They come to one fifty," said Gibbs, "count 'em."

Bills did count them, and when he had done, he said:

"That would make it one, twelve, fifty?"

"Thirteen," it

"Verv well, shall I pass the amount to your credit?"

"No, I'll take the cash."

It is an ugly picture, and we may very well believe that an unctuous rectitude is used to cover the crimes of receivers of stolen property as well as of some bankers and financiers, whose ill deeds sometimes radiate ruin amongst those who have been deceived by the mask of piety.

We are not asked to believe that Archie was entirely innocent of the charges laid to his account. For the most part he was not entirely innocent, although he was not so guilty, nor nearly so guilty as his legal inquisitors pretended. And he would have been entirely innocent after his first slip if he had been allowed to be. When next we find him in prison it is under different conditions:

Archie had been able to endure the confinement as long as Mason and Dillon, Mendell and Squeak were there; the five men had formed a class by themselves; they had a certain superiority in the eyes of the other prisoners, who were confined for drunkenness, for disturbance, for fighting, for petty thefts, and other insignificant offenses. But when his companions were taken away, when his own hope of liberty failed, he grew morose. The city prison was an incredibly filthy place. The walls dripped with dampness. High up a single gas jet burned economically in its mantle, giving the place the only light it ever knew. A bench ran along the wall below it, and on this bench the prisoners sat all day and talked, or stretched themselves and talked; now and then for exercise they tried chinning themselves from the little iron gallery that ran around the cells of the upper tier. Twice a day they were fed on bologna and coffee and bread. At night they were locked in cells, the lights were put out, and the place became a hideous bedlam. Men snored from gross dissipations, vermin crawled, rats raced about, and the drunken men, whose bodies from time to time were thrown into the place, went mad with terror when they awoke from their stupors, and cursed and blasphemed. The crawling vermin and the scuttling rats, the noises that suggested monsters, made their delirium real. The atmosphere of the place was foul, compounded of the fumes of alcohol exhaled by all those gaping mouths, of the feculence of all those filthy bodies, of the foul odors of the slop pails, of the germs of all the diseases that had been brought on the place for forty years. Archie could not sleep; no one could sleep except those who were overcome by liquor, and they had awful nightmares.

Such stories have been told before by those who have been called by business or benevolence into prison quarters, and their uncontradicted reports confirm the same accounts in fiction form. The author is obviously trying to keep strictly within the facts, and the absence of all passion in his narrative, the almost deadly monotony of his horrible recitals, give them all the air of actuality that they need. But there are worse terrors to come:

His few moments of relief came when the turnkey, a man who had been embroiled by long years of locking other men in the prison, opened the door, called him with a curse, and turned him over to Kouka. Then the respite ended. He was subjected to new tortures, to fresh horrors, surpassing those physical terrors of the night by infinity. For Kouka and Quinn took him into a little room off the detectives' office, closed and locked the door, and then for two hours questioned him about the robbery of the post-office at Romeo, about countless other robberies in the city and out of it; they accused him of a hundred crimes, pressed him to tell where he had stolen the revolver. They bent their wills against his, they shook their fingers under his nose, their fists in his face; they told him they knew where he had got the revolver; they told him that his companions had confessed. He was borne down and beaten; at times a nausea overcame him—he was wringing with perspiration. * * * Then toward evening Kouka suddenly fell upon him, knocked him from his chair with a blow, beat him with his enormous hairy fists. Quinn, the only other person in the room, stood up and looked on. Finally, Quinn grew alarmed and said:

"Cheese it, Ike, cheese it."

Kouka stopped and got up.

There are some in that prison who are in worse trouble than Archie. What, for example, could be more revolting than this picture of the death squad:

Sometimes as they passed he caught a glimpse of the death squad—the men who were being kept until they could be killed in the electric chair—taking their daily exercise, curiously enough, for the benefit of their health. This squad varied in numbers. Sometimes there were a dozen, then there would come a night of horror when the floor of the cell house was deadened with sawdust. The next day one would be missing; only eleven would be exercising for their health. Then would come other nights of horror, and the squad would decrease until there were

but six. But soon it would begin to increase again and the number would run up to the normal. Sometimes in summer the Sunday-school excursionists had an opportunity to see the death squad. Archie had seen the children, held by a sick, morbid interest, shrink when the men marched by, as if they were something other than mere people.

A part of Archie's work in the prison was to make bolts. An officer of the prison examined these bolts and rejected all that were deficient. For his own private profit he rejected a great many that were not deficient, and these he sold. Archie, therefore, refused to work and this is what happened to him:

When court had adjourned they took Archie into the small room near by. Across one end of this room was a huge bath tub of wood; this and all the utensils of torture which in a kind of fiendish ingenuity of economy were concentrated in it, were water-worn and white. On the floor at the base of the tub were iron stocks. In these, when he had been stripped naked, perhaps for additional shame, Archie's ankles were clamped. Then he was forced to bend forward, over the bath tub, and was held there by guards while Ball stood there, smoking. A burly negro, Jim, a convict with privileges—this privilege among others—beat him on the bare skin with a paddle of ashwood that had been soaked in hot water and dipped in white sand.

But Archie would not work.

He would not work when still other and more devilish tortures were applied, tortures that it seems almost shameful to think of, and that are usually associated with the horrors of the Inquisition. These atrocities were regularly practiced and those who wish to read an account of them can find it in this book—and of course elsewhere.

In the end Archie is condemned to death for murder, a murder which was not a murder in its moral guilt, a murder to which he was pitilessly hounded by a law that had marked and branded him for damnation from his youth, that never once withdrew its fangs from his throat, and from which escape was impossible. Every detail is given to us with impartial exactness. The author works all the way through with photographic precision. His pen is a lens through which we are invited to look at a facet of life. We see no process of selection. Only the composite whole.

But there is a love story interwoven through the book. It is not all horrors. The wedding and the funeral meet sometimes upon the highway, and the cap and bells are in evidence as well as the dirge. Elizabeth Ward, the heiress, is the heroine of the love story. Elizabeth is a good girl and she marries a good man, after trying to do what she can for her race by joining various philanthropic societies, composed of persons who exercised their microscopic minds by discussing such profound questions as to whether they ought to open their meetings with prayer, and if it would be right to meet in a theatre. The love story is well told and congruously, and it ends as all love stories should end, in a marriage.

Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; \$1.50.

Already a magazine is published in Japan with the Japanese transliterated into Roman characters. It is meeting with hearty support, and it appears to be only a question of time when the old alphabet will have entirely disappeared. Not only will Japanese children learn to read in half the time now required, but foreigners will be encouraged to take up systematically the study of the Japanese language. Hitherto the Japanese have not demanded this concession, but have accepted the easier task of themselves acquiring the requisite European tongues. The time may be not far distant when diplomats at the court of Tokio will be expected to transact their business in the language of the land.

The tiger bird, so-called because he is the one thing the royal beast of India fears, is no larger than the English sparrow. Yet so bold and combative is he that if the great cat is surprised by a sufficient number of the little creature's kind far from the protecting shelter of the jungle, it will go hard with him. When alone the bird will not attack. Supported by a flock of friends, however, often numbering several thousand, the bird will seek out his hereditary foe and give battle. On such occasions the tiger seeks safety in flight. A hand thrust into a cage filled with these little gamesters will elicit a furious assault from their combined forces. Assembled en masse they know no fear.

A discovery is said to have been made by a chemist and engineer of St. Etienne by which the color may be taken out of silk, and it may be recolored in any desired tint, without in any way injuring its texture. In case the inventor can do what he promises, it will almost revolutionize the silk industry, and entirely do away with the danger of injuring silks through coloring by means of too strong chemicals, which eat the fabric. Such a discovery would furnish work for years upon silks faded or discolored. At the present time these silks are a great loss to merchants and manufacturers. By the new process all old silks could be recolored and made as attractive as any new silk.

Few Missourians know from what the State took its name. The original tribe of Indians from which the word Missouri was taken, was "Onmossouries," which meant in Indian language "dwellers at the mouth of waters," as the tribe lived near the mouth of the Missouri River. A number of histories state that Missouri means "muddy," which is erroneous.

The government authorities have made a parcels post agreement between Ecuador and the United States. It will now cost more to send a package through the mails to Oakland than it will to Ecuador.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Emperor of Austria is said to have the finest collection of orchids in the world at his palace at Schoenbrunn. There are 13,000 plants.

George Parr, who was a member of Sir James Ross's antarctic expedition in 1839, will celebrate his 91st birthday in a short time. He was also a member of the Franklin arctic expedition.

Colonel Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, LL. D., will soon begin a course of lectures at the Lowell, Mass., institute on "The English in India and Egypt." He is a Scotchman and has been building canals for the British government in India for the past fifty years.

After one day of wedded bliss Jesse L. Wrench, a Cornell instructor, left Ithaca recently for Constantinople, to be away from his bride for about a year and a half. Wrench and Miss Jane B. Schurter, a school teacher of Ithaca, were married Tuesday. The couple had just enough time to receive the congratulations of their friends when Wrench had to leave for the East. He is a member of the Cornell exploring expedition, which is to traverse Asia Minor and the Assyro Orient.

By a popular vote on "the most beautiful woman in all England," taken by a London newspaper, the first place has been awarded to Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, and married in 1901 to Major-General Pole-Carew, one of the heroes of the Boer war. The five other English women who followed Lady Pole-Carew, in the order of their popularity, are Lady Helen Vincent, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Sutherland, Julia Neilson and Evelyn Millard. The last two named are on the stage.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, who is trying the Thaw case in New York, is an Irishman, and one of the youngest judges in the States. He was originally intended for the Church, but when quite a youngster he emigrated to New York and got employment at a large store. So successful was he in business that when but little over thirty years of age he was extremely wealthy, and he then resolved to enter the law. Here the same good fortune has followed him.

and at fifty-six he is one of the leading judges of his adopted country.

Southerners are fond of pointing to Senator Foster of Louisiana as a Democrat of the old school—the type of statesman who is in his office because he loves the work and who holds service to his State next to that of service to his God. It was largely through his efforts that the Louisiana lottery was broken up, and so highly was his achievement appreciated that he was twice elected governor of the State, after which he was chosen to the United States Senate, where he will remain until March 3, 1913, at least. Senator Foster is a Louisianian, having been born in Franklin in 1849.

Of President Roosevelt's recent appointees to the United States Military Academy, all except one of the ten principals are sons of army officers. The exception is Donald W. Fraser, son of Sergeant John Fraser of the Ninety-seventh Company, Coast Artillery, at Fort Adams. Sergeant Fraser is a modest, unassuming soldier who has had twenty-six years' continuous service in the army. The son is 19 years old, a native of Fort Trumbull, Connecticut. He received his education in the public schools of Newport and is a member of the senior class in the Rogers High School. He is a fine athlete.

Herr Lagerkrantz, the newly appointed Minister of Sweden at Washington, began his career as a second lieutenant in a crack regiment at Stockholm and proved himself an uncommonly capable officer, even if he had not had wealth and powerful family influence behind him. His sudden resignation in 1889 to devote his life to the Salvation Army naturally created a sensation. He and his wife went to London, where they worked for years in the slums, and later he was transferred to India, where his power of organization was a great help to the Salvation Army in its social work. Contracting typhus fever, he returned to Sweden and severed his active connection with General Booth's followers. In 1896 he assumed the management of the Virsbo steel works, which he and his brothers own, and his abilities as an organizer in industrial fields brought him into a prominence which led to his recent appointment.

RECENT VERSE.

A New "America."

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot's dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—Katherine Lee Bates.

A Madrigal.

Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Lyric laughter from the stream
That between its banks so long
Murmured such a cheerless song;
Stirrings faint and fine and thin
Every woody place within;
Root and tendril, bough and bole,
Rousing with a throb of soul;
The old ecstasy awake
In the briar and in the brake:
Blue-bird raptures—dip and run—
And the robin-antiphon;
Tingling air and trembling earth.
And the crystal cup of mirth
Brimmed and lifted to the lip
For each one of us to sip.
Dream!—'tis something more than dream,
Easter-glow and Easter-gleam!
Prescience 'tis, and prophecy
Of the wonder that shall be
When the spirit leaps to light
After death's hiemal night!

—Clinton Scollard.

Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, and a pianist and composer, died a few days ago in London aged 78.

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REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Poison Island, by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q.). Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

It is said that the late Robert Louis Stevenson, desiring to write the ideal book of adventure, produced "Treasure Island." Mr. Quiller-Couch was evidently possessed by the spirit of emulation when he wrote "Poison Island," but he will not succeed in wresting from Mr. Stevenson the laurels that rightly belong to him for a story of adventure that is still without a peer. Comparisons are odorous, but Mr. Quiller-Couch has invited them by the many and aggressive resemblances that exist between his own book and Mr. Stevenson's, resemblances that positively jump at the reader from the first page to the last. *Poison Island*, or the Island of Mortallone, is an inhospitable sand tract in the Bay of Honduras, once the rendezvous of pirates and the hiding-place of their treasures. There is the old retired sea captain, whose reputation is not what it should be, and who is the sole possessor of the chart that describes in the customary piratical language where the treasure is to be found, and, of course, he is pursued and finally murdered by another piratical worthy whose only earthly ambition is to get hold of that chart. He fails in his attempt, or the story would stop just where it is. The chart falls into the hands of a schoolboy, whose friends, including two ladies, fit out an expedition for the recovery of the treasure, and it may be said that the introduction of two spinstery ladies into such a project is so incongruous as to weaken the story. Of course the treasure is found, or rather what is left of it, in spite of the insubordination of the boy, who goes ashore against orders and gets into trouble with the murderer of the old captain, who in some mysterious way has reached the island in advance of the expedition. There is some shooting, a suicide, a great deal of poisoning, and a rather ludicrous love incident, but the treasure is carried away, and we may suppose that the survivors have a good time forever afterward. The story on the whole is admirably told, but the resemblances to "Treasure Island" detract from it. There is the unmistakable counterpart of John Silver, but his villainy, although equally great, is not half so attractive. Even the parrot is not forgotten, but he has no such captivating refrain as

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo, heave ho, and a bottle of rum.

Stories of pirates and buried treasure have a tendency to run on the same lines. Stevenson in his "Treasure Island" told an old familiar story in a faultless way, and Mr. Quiller-Couch has now told it again in an enlarged form and with a merit that would be all the more obvious but for the comparisons that the best intentioned reader is not for long allowed to banish from his mind.

A Bath in an English Tub, by Charles Battell Loomis. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Mr. Loomis has been to England, and he shaves off some of the protruding recollections and impressions and presents them to us amusingly in this little volume. He admits that he had the best of good times, "partly because I was an American, but largely because I was my own sweet-tempered self." Mr. Loomis says that the English like us very much—"much more than we like them."

The author should have written more while he was about it. He tells us of his experience with the English bathtub, which was brought into his room by a buxom servant girl while he was still in bed, and of his apprehension lest she would forcibly bathe him. He likes the English tea and its tyrannical invasion upon the other serious duties of life, and, more wonderful still, he approves the English railway trains, and is courageous enough to say that the Englishman travels more comfortably than the American and more cheaply, and that the American express and checking system is a fraud and a delusion as compared with the much-abused methods across the herring-pond. For this perfidy Mr. Loomis's aggressive Americanism will save him, if anything can. He went slumming, and was wearied with the monotony of respectability of London's worst inns. He says to his guide, "but Jack London came over here and he pictured it a hell on earth," and was assured that

"Jack London would be able to find a Hell's Kitchen in London, because he has a trained scent for that sort of thing." Finally Mr. Loomis went to Henley to see just how an English crowd would behave when its picked oarsmen were beaten by a Harvard crew. It was the reverse that he saw, and the crowd behaved well. Altogether Mr. Loomis has given us an enjoyable little book, that might have been much longer without being wearisome.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Cambridge University Press announces "The Memoirs of Sir George Gabriel Stokes," the famous physicist. The volumes include some of his love letters to his *fiancée*. One of these "love letters" was fifty-five pages long and full of details about his scientific operations. It nearly led to the termination of the marriage engagement.

In his introduction to "A Doll's House" in the newly published edition of the works of Henrik Ibsen, issued by the Scribners, William Archer, the well-known English literary and dramatic critic, says that the real Nora, who suggested the plot of the play to Ibsen, committed forgery, not to save her husband's life, but to redecorate her house.

THE LITTLE CLAY CART.

By Arthur W. Ryden, Ph. D.
Instructor in Sanskrit, University of California.

The Sanskrit drama of this name is to be presented in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley on April 6 by the students of the University of California. The drama will be presented in English under the competent direction of Garnet Holme, who was so successful last autumn as the coach of the student production of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

The Hindu drama is an unfamiliar subject, even to educated people; there are not many who realize that we have hundreds of ancient Indian plays, and that a number of them have proved successful in the capitals of Europe. Yet the "Little Clay Cart" has been somewhat neglected, in spite of the fact that it is a much better acting play than the *Shakuntala* and others, which have received more attention. It has been reserved for the students of the University of California to give the first American production of this play, which is full of action and humor, of comedy and poetry.

"The Little Clay Cart" was written about 600 A. D. and was first presented in Ujjain, in west central India. Of the royal author, King Shudraka, almost nothing is known. The play is a love drama, with a minor political plot most ingeniously interwoven with the principal story. This story concerns the love of a poor Brahman, Charudatta, for Vasantasena, a rich and beautiful lady, who is pursued by Sans-thana, the king's brother-in-law, the villain of the piece. The villain, angered by Vasantasena's scorn of him, strangles her and leaves her for dead. He then accuses Charudatta of the murder, and secures his conviction. The poor Brahman is saved from the hands of the executioners by the reappearance of Vasantasena; at the same time, a fortunate dynastic change deprives the king's brother-in-law of power.

The play derives its name from a charming scene in which the little son of the hero is found lamenting the poverty which makes it necessary for him to play with a little toy cart made of clay. Vasantasena gives the boy her jewels to pay for a better toy. It is the discovery of these jewels in Charudatta's possession which seems to provide a motive for his supposed murder of Vasantasena, and which leads to his conviction.

The play will be most elaborately staged in the Greek Theatre, and with every care for historical accuracy. The cast is remarkably strong; the costumes are rich and varied; and the Hindu love of color gives an opportunity for brilliant effects against the great white pillars of the Greek stage. This is especially true in the festival represented at the beginning of the last act, in which at least a hundred students will take part, engaged in various typical Hindu forms of merrymaking. A double stage, with two rows of footlights, gives an opportunity to represent the quick shifts of scene which are common in the Hindu drama. Mr. Holme has been ably seconded in attaining accuracy by two learned Hindu gentlemen, the Swami Prakashananda and the Swami Trigunatita.

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THE SAN CARLO OPERA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

It was felt to be a necessary part of the topsyturviness of transient conditions in San Francisco that opera-goers should be obliged to travel far out beyond the Western Addition to the Chutes Theatre in order to hear the San Carlo troupe. Some shook their heads over the innovation, prophesying financial failure for the innovator. But opera-goers at once fell into line, and during a week-end of almost unexampled storm kept the Chutes cars packed and the Chutes Theatre so populous that the only seat area not well covered by occupants was that in the mid-section down stairs.

Society evidently passed the word along, for again, as in the recent Savage opera season, the second and not the opening night, was socially and fashionably the most brilliant. This was the night of Alice Nielsen's appearance as Mimi, in "La Bohème." The young singer showed perspicacity in her choice of the rôle. Except for the Scandinavian-Americanism of her type, she is, in appearance, an ideal Mimi, her slender figure and delicate, girlish prettiness being particularly appropriate to the impersonation of that frail transient blossom of Bohemia that drooped and died untimely in the feverish atmosphere of the Quarter. With her hair piquantly arranged in grissette style, with side-whiskers of fair curls over her cheeks, and bows of pink ribbon at neck and head, Miss Nielsen, in spite of the necessary plainness of her dress, was almost as pretty as ever. Vocally she delighted her audience by the freshness, clearness, pliancy, sweetness, and youthful ring of a soprano, which, although not great, has considerable brilliancy and much charm. Her voice lacks the magnetic warmth and fervor of those of the sopranos who are truly great, and in some indefinable way there is also missing from her acting that élan which assists in carrying conviction. She acts carefully, embellishing the part of Mimi with pretty demurenesses, shy smiles, and sudden ebullitions of girlish gaiety. The care is apparent, but the same sense of the fitness of things which caused her to appear in comic opera the prettiest, daintiest, ariest of sprites, enables her, in grand opera, to seem to be in the right place and doing the right thing.

In singing with Constantino, Miss Nielsen had to throw her comparatively light soprano against a powerful organ, and, except when the orchestral accompaniment pressed her hard, emerged triumphantly from the trial. The two voices blended, even while the soprano floated, as it should, in airy purity above the robust tones of the great tenor. For Constantino belongs to the galaxy of stars. His remarkably beautiful voice is unusual, combining power with the silver tenor quality and the lyric sweetness and dramatic warmth of tone that fire the hearts of listeners. Not to the degree, however, that Caruso can. Constantino's is a calmer temperament. His outer man shows it, and his singing and acting indicate it. His Rudolfo is not an ideal creation. It lacks romantic charm, and youthfully mercurial temperament. The barometer of Constantino's Rudolfo is set at "steady." But there is something in the man which inspires liking, and in the artist which inspires confidence, and we hailed his maturer Bohemian poet with intense enjoyment, with warmth, and hearty acclaim.

Fely Dereyne, the young French mezzo-soprano, flashed through the kaleidoscopic variety of movement and tone in the second act like a bit of personified Parisian vivacity. Her voice has a fine upper range, and the tones are rich and warm, although on Tuesday night they seemed to be rather sharpened by a cold. There was a touch of self-consciousness, and almost self-satisfaction, to the restless mischievousness of her Musetta, which detracted from its spontaneity. But with a voice and temperament such as hers, the young French singer may look forward to an interesting career of success and adulation.

In an ideal presentation, "La Bohème" perpetually rings with the sonority of splendid male voices, and Director Russell has gathered together a group of male vocalists to do the rôles justice. Galperini and De Seguro, as Marcello and Collin, proved themselves to be exceptionally fine artists, and each of the two singers in "Faust" strengthened the impression he had already made, although Galperini's Valentine lacked some of the ideal romanticism with which

so many baritones, famous and otherwise, have invested the part. De Seguro has a magnificent voice, even if it does lack in spectacular depth. He acts with just a shade too much unction, but he is a fine, masterful devil, and carries off the bits of extra business he puts in with a superb air. He gives his Mephistopheles a cruel beak, a saturnine expression, and a mocking roll of the eye, and, I fancy, gets as much enjoyment out of the part as any basso that ever played a rôle for which all of them owe eternal gratitude to Gounod and his librettist.

What a dear, thrilling old opera it is, and what a dim, yet ever-delightful recrudescence it affords of the wild excitements and youthful intensities of operatic obsessions of the past. And Nordica, no longer young and slender, is yet so consummate an artist that as Marguerite she can still cause one to re-taste the wine of youth's high, whole-hearted enthusiasm.

Nordica possesses the finished artist's discretion of holding her strength in reserve. Her Marguerite steadily rises in dramatic power, and in the last act, during that ever-glorious burst of heaven-soaring melody which releases the soul of poor, ensnared Gretchen for its celestial flight, her voice was as pure, as fresh, as crystal-clear as when she began, and showed the increase of power appropriate to the moment. Hers is neither the face nor the temperament for tragedy. Both Nordica and Nielsen have delightfully gentle feminine profiles, with softly rounded little noses which to Nordica is now, and to Nielsen will be in the future, invaluable in giving sweetness and the suggestion of youthfulness to soften the heavier outlines of maturity. But although Nordica's face seems to wear smiles by instinct, long training, the intuition of the artist, and the "dare" that any doughty deed offers to her vigorous, task-loving New England temperament, have united in assisting her to conquer the historic challenge of the great rôles. Therefore her Marguerite, gentle, sweet, and dreamy at first, grows steadily through each act in dramatic strength, and after seeing her in the rôle I am even willing to believe that she can seem a consumptive Violetta.

The American tenor, Richard Martin, was the Faust. This young singer has, in noticeable degree, the quality of easy emission of a broad, beautiful tenor. Not all the notes are perfectly pleasing, the voice sometimes lacking softness and warmth. But although Mr. Martin is not a fervid singer, he shows such intelligent appreciation of the meaning of what he sings, that the result is exceedingly pleasing. As with the majority of American singers when appearing on the same stage as Latins, he seems not quite able to lose himself in the rôle, in spite of being a careful and intelligent actor.

It can not, however, be said of Mme. Monti-Baldini's acting that it shows the Italian vivacity. Her Siebel, although prettily sung, in a light but pure, sweet mezzo, was acted with mechanical impassiveness.

At both of these operas Conti wielded an able and spirited baton, and the choruses were fully up to the general standard of Director Russell's exceptional musical organization.

The performances of this company have attracted a large number, as grand opera, with grand opera stars, always will attract a wider response when offered at popular prices. People of unexpected types have braved weather that ought to be put in a lunatic asylum to listen to Director Russell's song-birds. On my way out under the Niagara that fell preceding and during the Saturday matinee, when "Faust" was performed, I fell into conversation with a young woman who said "sure," whose attire was of the shabbiest, and who chewed gum. She was on her way to hear an opera which was sung in French, and there was not a word in the programme to enlighten her as to the progress or meaning of the story. During the performance, I overheard another young woman whose speech was refined, who was beautifully dressed, and who occupied one of the high-priced seats, bewail this omission. From which it is easy to infer that opera at prices for the multitude should be assisted by programmes containing information for the multitude.

Florence Roberts, than whom there is no more popular star with the theatre-goers of this city, will be greeted by a crowded house at the Novelty Theatre next Monday night.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The American Theatre.

Beginning at the matinee tomorrow, Easter Sunday, the San Francisco Opera Company, at the American Theatre, will give the first production in this city of "Fantana," one of the brightest musical comedies ever written. The book of the play was written by Robert B. Smith and the late Sam S. Shubert, and the music by Raymond Hubbell. Among its many song hits are "A Lesson in Etiquette," "It Is the Girl, Not the Horse, That Wins the Prize," "Drop in on Me at Luncheon," "The Farewell Waltz," "Darby and Joan," "My Word," "Laughing Little Almond Eyes," "The Lily of the Valley," "What Would Mrs. Grundy Say?" "The Secret," "The Girl at the Helm," "His Little Sister," "That's Art," and "Just My Style." Miss Florence Sinnott, a talented soubrette, last season with Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl," will make her appearance in "Fantana," as will J. Albert Wallerstedt, the young baritone, who will be remembered as a member of the old Tivoli Opera House company in 1905. The cast throughout will be admirably billed, and the managers are determined to make the production notable in every way.

The Colonial Theatre.

A dramatization of Count Tolstoi's famous story, "The Kreutzer Sonata," will receive its first local production next Monday night at the Colonial Theatre. Two different versions of "The Kreutzer Sonata" are now being presented on the stage by Blanche Walsh and Bertha Kalisch, and the reports sent out from the East would indicate that the play is achieving as much of a success as marked the sale of the book itself. The plot revolves around an unfaithful wife, who marries a rich Russian simply for his money in an effort to place her family once more in the social whirl. She secretly forms an attachment for her old lover and the two plan to elope. This leads to many complex and trying situations which afford the different players in the leading rôles excellent opportunities to display their dramatic talent. The scenes are laid in Russia, and the staging will be of a most elaborate nature. The full strength of the Colonial Stock Company will be seen in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

The Orpheum.

Edwin Stevens, who leads the bill at the Orpheum next week, beginning tomorrow, needs no eulogy. His genius and infinite variety have been acknowledged and applauded in every city of the Union. His contribution will be an original skit entitled "A Night Out," in which he will have the support of Miss Marshall, a clever young actress. Charley Case, "the man who talks about his father," will be warmly welcomed. The La Maze Brothers, an apparently boneless trio, who have no superiors as knockabout comedians, and Kelly and Rose, singing comedians, are included in the list of novelties. The Joseph Adelmann Trio, Julius Tannen, Merri Osborne, in her diverting farce, "The Taming of An Actress," are among the holdovers. It will be the last week of Dan Burke and his colleagues, who have one of the most quaintly charming acts in the memory of Orpheum patrons.

The Van Ness Theatre.

The attraction at the Van Ness Theatre for one week, beginning Monday evening, April 1, will be the Sousa Opera Company, headed by Joseph Cawthorn, in Klaw & Erlanger's production of John Philip Sousa's new military comic opera, "The Free Lance," the book for which was written by Harry B. Smith. This piece will be staged here with the same detail observed in its original presentation at the New Amsterdam Theatre, in New York, last spring, and will be sung by exactly the same company. No change has been made in the cast. This is the first time in the history of the stage that an operatic organization has been retained without change for two seasons. Nella Bergen, the most talented light opera prima donna on the American stage, sings the leading female rôle of Princess Yolande.

Blanche Walsh will be seen in San Francisco for a run of eight weeks during the spring in a repertoire of plays, including "The Straight Road," "The Woman in the Case," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "La Tosca," and "Resurrection."

A pair of properly fitted glasses will chase away that headache.

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Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. Bargain Matinee Wednesday, all seats reserved, 25c. Branch ticket office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Sts. Monday, April 8—"FRIENDS"

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The brightest musical comedy of the age.
Prices \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c
Seats at Box Office and Kohler and Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Streets.

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Beginning Monday, April 1st John Cort presents

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"The Strength of the Weak"
New and Handsome Production. Matinee Saturday only.

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One week beginning Monday, April 1st. Only matinee Saturday—Klaw & Erlanger present the Sousa Opera Co., with Joseph Cawthorn in Sousa and Smith's military comic opera

"The Free Lance"
Original New York production and cast intact. Coming—Only Opera Co., in "The Country Girl"

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The Greatest Russian Violinist and Mme. Petschnikoff. Violinist, presenting rarely heard works for two violins and solos. Fred Maurel, Jr., Pianist

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THURSDAY, APRIL 11, at Greek Theatre, with University Orchestra. W. C. Lord.

VANITY FAIR.

An American girl, returning to New York after six years' absence in Europe, has had the audacious ability to describe her impressions. Of course, she belongs to Vanity Fair or her impressions would have neither interest nor value, as no one wishes to be informed as to the denizens of lower altitudes. The metropolis seems to have caused our young friend something like a gasp of astonishment. No one, she says, has had time to read the warnings against extravagance of President Roosevelt or Secretary Shaw, because "every one of consequence is monstrously busy—spending money." She goes on to point out that the money-spending fever has reached its critical stage in New York, a "period of extravagance gone mad":

"The first thing that struck me in the Avenue (there is only one Avenue in New York which counts)—the Fifth—was the wonderful smartness of the carriages. The carriages of the 'Four Hundred' are drawn by perfectly matched horses, which must be prize-winners at one of the great shows. Even the men on the box are perfectly matched.

"The public vehicles and the tradesmen's carts are, on the other hand, as shabby and disgraceful as ever.

"But the gowns of the women! To the uninitiated the apparently simple dresses worn early in the morning might not convey any idea of extravagance, but I happen to know a two hundred dollar tailor-made costume when I see it."

Her first gasp of astonishment came when she started on a shopping excursion, with her hostess, who, of course, was a society leader. We are not told the name of this favored of the gods, but we are told that her husband "just revels in his handsome wife's capacity for teaching dollars to vamoose." Fortunate wife and complaisant husband!

"My hostess was giving a dinner party of twelve (that is the largest number now 'allowed' in the very smartest set) in my honor, and she wanted 'some little thing for the table.' Roses, however expensive, are not nearly expensive enough, and every hostess is expected to be absolutely original.

"Presently she rushed into an alleged 'antique' store like a small cyclone. She turned everything upside down until her eye lighted on some Dresden china flowers made to hold lights.

"She was delighted to hear they were a century old. 'Send them right away,' she cried. 'Oh! I forgot to ask the price.' 'Five hundred dollars,' replied the 'antique' dealer.

"As she seemed so pleased with her 'original' table decoration, I did not venture to express my opinion that the old Dresden was turned out about three months before, but I did suggest that the servants would probably settle the question by smashing the china after the dinner party.

"Well," she replied, "I couldn't possibly use the same old thing for another dinner party, could I?"

This lavish lady probably did not suppose that her young guest was possessed of such a very vulgar thing as the "newspaper instinct," and that she was not only taking notes, but would actually print them. But such was the fact, and to her enterprise we are indebted for a memorandum of one morning's purchases. Here it is:

Table decorations	\$500
Diamond charm	400
Lingerie (personal)	200
Irish lace for table	350
Flowers	50
Candy	20
Two hats	100
Cigars for Mr. X	50

Total

"It was the most exhausting day I have spent in years. We changed our gowns just in time for a women's luncheon, where each guest received a small silk bag containing loose amethysts. The table represented a Japanese garden, and the hostess burst into tears when her best friend told her after luncheon that it had been 'done before by Mrs. B.'"

Think of that! \$1670 for one morning's shopping, and that morning a typical one; and yet there are some who say that life is not worth living.

One afternoon was employed with similar profit and instruction:

"I paid calls, and my hostess was horrified to find I had an address printed on

my visiting card. 'We never do that now, dear,' she said, quite kindly.

"And then I learned that 'the really smart set' ceased printing their addresses a whole year ago! It is assumed that the whole world knows where and how each member of the set lives."

The assumption will soon be justified if "the really smart set" continue to get the police-court publicity that lately has been their lot. We shall all know where they live and also how—especially how.

A final quotation from the confessions of this interesting young woman with a note-book will show still another social amusement that probably is not without its delicious thrill:

"The 'charities' of the smart set amused me perhaps more than anything. One society woman heard through a minister of a girl aged sixteen whose stepmother ill-treated and starved her. What did she do? Did she go down to the East Side and abuse the mother or call the police? No, she invited her smartest friends to meet the child at a 'cracker-worry,' and they all sat round that scared little girl and asked questions. The party was a real success, and the child went off with two bottles of port, a five-dollar bill, some flowers, and an empty stomach."

It is unfortunate that these glimpses into the earthly paradise whose inhabitants toil not, neither do they spin, come so rarely, but we must value them accordingly.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is making somewhat of a flurry in New York society by introducing original ideas at her entertainments. At her latest, largest, and most novel luncheon she ticketed her guests with jocular quotations. An attractive widow found this at her place: "She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk with and pleasant to look upon." Another guest, devoted to bridge, found this: "She jests at scores who never played at bridge."

The affairs of the universe came very close to dislocation a few days ago when Mrs. William Waldorf Astor was presented at the English Court and curtsied to the king only, without even a nod of recognition for the queen. Naturally and properly the Court Chamberlain, whose purple blood probably froze in his stately veins, sent Mrs. Astor back again to fulfil the law and the prophets. Otherwise, who can tell what might not have happened, and the safety of the world already threatened by a comet, as it is? The queen was good enough to laugh at Mrs. Astor's discomfiture and the king, when he subsequently met her at Lord Revelstoke's dinner, bunted her unmercifully upon her unfortunate discrimination in his favor.

Most American women, on returning from a residence in Paris, are amazed at the way in which New York members of their sex use perfume. One woman who made a lengthy sojourn in the French capital, and who stopped in New York for a week or two on her way home, declares that in stores of the latter city she was almost "knocked down" by the odors of rank perfumes. "It is so different in France," she says, "I don't believe a Frenchwoman ever uses actual perfume.

There is always a delicate odor about her of the sachet powder she keeps laid away in her chiffonier with her lingerie, but never perfume. The odor of the sachet is never flagrant."

While Mme. Nordica was crossing the ocean, at the close of her engagement at Covent Garden, to spend a brief holiday with her kin, an older sister, Mrs. William Baldwin, of Dorchester, Mass., was enacting the rôle of a busy and generous Santa Claus. She was hastening to close up such business arrangements as would enable her to hand over to the unsuspecting *voyageur*, upon her arrival, deeds of the old homestead in Farmington, Me., where the prima donna was born. The gift of this farm, with its fifty acres of wooded slopes, was a welcome one, twice blessed, in fact, the giver and the recipient rejoicing equally that the house built by their own father on land long held by their ancestors is now Nordica's to have and to hold for all time. Mme. Nordica was only a little girl when her parents moved to Boston, where her musical education had its beginning at the New England Conservatory. Her father died in 1880, and seventeen years ago his cousin, Alexander Forsyth, a diamond broker of New York, purchased the farm

and continued its owner until the time of Mrs. Baldwin's acquiring it, a few weeks prior to his death. The latter was very glad to pay the price set by Mr. Forsyth—\$3000.

A woman who knows all about the Americans in Paris says that the most exclusive entertainments of the season have been given in a tiny house, the property of Mrs. John C. Breckenridge, who, before she was married, was Miss Adelaide Murphy, the daughter of a San Francisco banker and the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Sharon. Not a word of English is ever used in Mrs. Breckenridge's house. She entertains only people in the literary and artistic worlds, and her table is noted for the brilliant conversation to be heard there. She entertains all the most brilliant people of the day, and no American is admitted whose imperfect knowledge of French would be likely to be a drag. To be a guest of Mrs. Breckenridge is therefore a guarantee, not only of perfect French, but of high intellectual attainments.

Maurice Maeterlinck is reported to have purchased recently the Abbey of Saint, Wandrille, in Normandy, which dates back to the seventh century. At one time it was the residence of some four hundred monks. The abbey is now only a ruin, but Maeterlinck will have it restored to a habitable state.

"The Envoy"—After Kipling.

When earth's last bonnet is crumpled to wreckage of ribbon and braid,
And earth's last dress is discarded and jackets no longer are made,
We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it!—lie down for an æon somewhere
Where there's never a fuss over fashion nor fret over what we shall wear.

And they that are good shall be happy, and all shall be visibly glad,
For none shall be frowning and fuming o'er wherewithal they shall be clad,
And neither the snows of the winters nor rains of the swift-changing springs
Shall spot the front breadths of our velvets or take out the curl of our wings.

And none shall be bothered with dressing to make them distractingly late,
And none shall be tilting her halo to see if she has it on straight,
The morning, the noon and the evening shall all be as one and the same,
For none shall be set as a target, a mark for the milliners' aim.

And no one shall lace till she stifles, nor pinch up her feet in tight shoes,
Nor go like a lamb to the shearing in fashion-made purples or blues,
But each in her separate planet or each on her separate star
Shall wear the thing that she pleases, nor care what the new fashions are.

—Hilbur D. Nesbit, in *Chicago Evening Post*.

Lillian Russell will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre next month in her comedy production of "The Butterfly." She comes at the head of a very strong company of players.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once at a dinner, Liszt's hostess cried in a horrified voice that there were thirteen at table. "Don't let that alarm you, madam," said Liszt, with a reassuring smile. "I'll eat for two."

A newly elected Senator from the Northwest was pounding his desk and waving his arms in an impassioned appeal to the Senate. "What do you think of him?" whispered Senator Kean, of New Jersey, to the impassive Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania. "Oh, he can't help it," answered Knox. "It's a birthmark." "A what?" "A birthmark," repeated Knox. "His mother was scared by a windmill."

The late Baroness Burdett-Coutts used to relate with keen pleasure a story of the Duke of Wellington and Soult. On the first occasion the duke took Soult into Apsley House, the latter was surprised at the absence of pictures he had known in Madrid. "How is it, Monsieur le Duc," he said, "that you have so few of the Spanish masterpieces?" "Marshal, you forget," replied the duke, "that my army was only in Madrid after the one commanded by yourself."

A junior barrister was hurrying across to the law courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people. "Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked, with withering sarcasm. "See him!" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped on to the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways!"

Senator Penrose was discussing Philadelphia's need of a deeper channel in the Delaware for ships. "You know," he said, "how often ships get stuck in the mud of the Delaware now. Actually, to traverse that difficult stream with impunity you need as light a draught as they require on the Cape May thoroughfares. Amazed at the way we skimmed through creeks but an inch or two deep, I said to a Cape May skipper one day: 'I suppose, captain, that you think nothing of sailing across the meadows when there's been a heavy fall of dew?' 'Right you are,' said the captain, 'though occasionally we have to send a man ahead with a watering can.'"

Sir William Wightman held office in the old Court of Queen's Bench in London far beyond the prescribed time, and at last, on the eve of the "long vacation," he took a sort of farewell of his brother judges. However, when "the morrow of All Saints" came around, he turned up smiling at Westminster Hall. "Why, Brother Wightman," said Sir Alexander Cockburn, "you told us that you intended to send in your resignation to the Lord Chancellor before the end of August." "So I did," said Sir William. "But when I went home and told my wife she said, 'Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you messing about the house all day?' So, you see, I was obliged to come down to court again."

The teacher of a school near Providence received the following interesting instructions from a certain fond mother. This lady was most remarkable for the old school gentility she professed to have. She had just moved into the village from the city, and was most solicitous that the well-bred manners of her little daughter Muriel should not be contaminated by contact with the country children. "Always see that she has your best attention," said she, "and be very careful that she associates with no little child that uses slang, which Muriel has never heard. Above all, do not have her sit near that Williams boy. I knew his father in Providence, and (confidentially) they're a bum lot, the whole push of them."

A stranger in Denver was crossing a crowded street when he saw a big auto bearing down on him. He tried to get out of the way by stepping to one side, but cars and carriages made the auto swerve right toward him. He tried again, but once more the auto came for him. Finally he

gave one last desperate effort and dived on to the sidewalk, landing on his neck. The auto sped on down the street, and the man slowly arose and brushed his clothes. When he had caught his breath again he turned to a man near by and said: "It would seem that you have but two kinds of people in Denver." "What kinds do you refer to?" asked the other. "Why, the quick and the dead," was the man's reply. "A person has to be one or the other."

The late Thomas Nolan, a well-known member of the bar of New York, was once retained as counsel for a poor widow named Mulcahy. She was suing a construction company for damages by reason of her husband's death. The case had been frequently postponed, and it was in a very disturbed state of mind that the widow sought the lawyer just before the suit came up for the eighth time. In court the next day Nolan's rich brogue was more than usually fervid as he fought against the further adjournment of the case. "I am sorry," said the justice presiding, "but, Mr. Nolan, your opponent has shown good cause for adjournment. The case will, therefore, go over till next week." "Very well, sor," said the lawyer, sweetly, "but might I ask wan personal favor-r of this court?" "Certainly," replied the judge. "Will your honor kindly shtep down to my office and tell Mrs. Mulcahy that you have again adjourned the case?"

"Red" Wright and Jim Donovan were prospecting partners in a recent rush to new diggings. Wright was a man of quick and furious temper, while Donovan was as calm and unemotional as his partner was violent. The two were cooking breakfast in their mountain camp one morning when the coffee-pot happened to be Red's particular charge. The bacon, under Donovan's supervision, was almost done, so Red set the coffee-pot on the fire for a final boil. One of the sticks burned in two and the pot upset. Red flew into a rage and, jumping for the coffee-pot, he kicked it from one end of the camp to the other and back again. Donovan watched him with calm interest, and when Red's fury had expended itself, Donovan pulled his six-shooter and filled the coffee-pot full of holes. "By gracious, man," cried Red, wringing his hands. "What did you do that for? We can't make any more coffee!" "Do you think I'm goin' to stand here and see a son of a gun of a coffee-pot get the best of a friend of mine?" demanded Donovan, as he returned to his bacon.

Beef was very scarce in Ladysmith during the siege, but General Sir Ian Hamilton, then a colonel, insisted that "horse is not half bad when properly cooked and when one is used to it. In fact," he said, concluding a discussion, "I have a joint cooked tonight, which I hope you will all sample. Of course, there's beef, too—tonight!" Every one at the table preferred the beef, with the exception of Colonels Ward and Ian Hamilton, who ostentatiously carved generous slices from the "horseflesh." The dinner was nearly over when one of the servants whispered a communication to Ward. Up he sprang. "I'm distressed, gentlemen," he announced to the startled company. "A silly mistake has been made. Those joints were mixed up somehow and you have been eating the horse!" I'm really annoyed. But I hope you'll be convinced now that the meat is splendid eating! I'm sure you all seemed to enjoy it!" Glances were exchanged; mustaches were twirled. Nobody seemed ready with a response. Then a voice from the bottom of the table piped up: "Oh, don't distress yourself, Ward. I thought some mistake had been made: so I just changed those dishes as they stood on the sideboard. It was you and Hamilton had the horseflesh all right!"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Brechemin, daughter of Colonel Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brechemin, to Dr. David H. M. Gillespie of New York. Their wedding will take place in the fall.

Invitations have been received for the marriage of Miss Frances Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner F. Williams, to Mr. William Wallace Mein, on Thursday, April fourth, at high noon at St. Thomas' church, Washington, D. C., to be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Mein and his bride will go at once to their home in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Miss Eleanor Theresa Thorne Geissler, daughter of Mr. Louis F. Geissler, to Mr. Albert Joseph Diesinger, on Saturday, March 16th, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. They will make their home in Cranford, New Jersey.

Mrs. Arthur William Foster and Mrs. William A. S. Foster have sent out cards for a tea on Thursday next, from 3 to 6 o'clock at their home, "Fair Hills," San Rafael.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., entertained informally at tea on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Fred Sharon.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl was the hostess at an informal luncheon on Friday of last week at the Palace Hotel, her guests being Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Ethel Dean, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla entertained at a tea recently at her home in Santa Barbara, in honor of Mrs. Thomas Driscoll of San Mateo.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale have arrived from their Bakersfield ranch, El Tejon, and are in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood will leave for Europe in May and will spend the summer motoring on the Continent.

Mrs. Ernest Hartmann has arrived from her Eastern home and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy left on Sunday last for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon left this week for Paris where they will spend the summer.

Miss Flood and her guest, Miss Crosby of New York, have recently gone to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Miss Ethel Dean arrived last week from Santa Barbara and is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Eastland.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have been spending some days recently at Del Monte.

Mr. Edgar Carolan has arrived from his home in England and will spend several months visiting his family here.

Mr. William Clark, who has been the guest of his brother Mr. Charles Clark at San Mateo, has returned to his home in Butte, Montana.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned to her home in Fruitvale after a brief stay at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Abbot Kinney, of Santa Monica, left recently for a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan left on Wednesday for Seattle, and will sail thence on April 1st for several months' travel in Japan and China.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman will leave next month for Europe, to remain during the summer.

Miss Margaret Stow has returned to her home in Santa Barbara, after a stay in this vicinity of some weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner (formerly Miss Edith Findley) will arrive shortly

from Cleveland, Ohio, and may decide to remain here permanently.

Miss Helen Woolworth left recently for Europe for an indefinite stay.

Miss Anna Bell, of Savannah, Georgia, is visiting Miss Anita Davis at present.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and Miss Lillias Wheeler will leave shortly for a brief Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., Miss Enid Gregg and Miss Ethel Gregg will leave next week for a trip to Honolulu.

Miss Maud Younger has gone to San Rafael to spend some time.

Mrs. Veronica Baird will leave shortly for a visit to Paris.

Miss Edwina Hammond is in Tucson, Arizona, for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer are returning within a few days to their home in Salinas to spend the summer.

Miss Barbara Small is the guest of friends in Los Angeles.

Miss Mary B. Hill has returned to Vallejo, where she is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. William L. Merry, after a few days' stay here.

Mrs. Fred Pickering and Miss Rhoda Pickering are sojourning in Southern California.

Miss Helen Robson left last week for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding, who has spent the winter in New York, expects to leave shortly for Europe.

Capt. L. E. Lyon has returned from an Eastern trip.

NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

The picture of the week is a charming water-color of a sweep of Monterey Bay, done by Lucia K. Mathews, and framed to perfection. It is being quite unostentatiously shown at one of the shops. Every line of this picture is one of sensitive beauty, but withal convincingly realistic. In color it is a triumph. The bay, set in the middle distance, is like a glowing sapphire, and the sky seems to take its tone from the blue depths. With the greens, which are of the young spring, the blues make a color chord seldom attainable. Mrs. Mathews has in her work every element that goes into the making of a great painter. She sketches and paints away steadily and modestly, exhibiting so seldom that her pictures are always a surprise. No one will dispute her right to great distinction.

The Sequoia Club, which is fast developing into an organization of artist folk, has completed arrangements for an important move that will take it from the rooms now occupied on California Street to the Fairmont Hotel. Two rooms and a corridor on the mezzanine floor have been secured. They will be fitted up in that soft harmonizing brown so becoming to paintings, and will be open day and evening for the convenience of members. Visiting strangers will be welcomed, because some work of the artist members of the club will always be hanging on the walls. At stated times, special collections will be shown. That the exhibitions will be worth while is assured because the club's roster shows the names of a majority of the best artists in the West. Eugen Neuhaus, Maurice Del Mue, and Chris Jorgenson are among the new members.

Allan Dunn, president of the Sequoians, announces that there will be a housewarming and the first exhibition under the reorganization, Thursday evening, May 9.

In the rehabilitation of its valuable library, the Sketch Club is receiving most substantial encouragement. When Mrs. Henry J. Crocker paid her \$3 dues for the year, she sent a check for \$100 with the message: "Take out my dues and put the remainder in the library fund."

When the Sketch Club concluded its splendid exhibition last week, five pencil drawings by Miss Mary Brady were held by the president, Miss Anne Bremer, who wishes to dispose of them as a whole, because of their historic value, as well as their artistic merit. They were done in Chinatown and out-of-the-way places before the fire, and quite naturally have now an added interest. There was a buyer for each picture and these offers will be considered later if the set be not secured for the Park Museum or some other public gallery. Miss Brady is such a superior draughtsman that a drawing by her is a rare possession. She invests her pencil work with strength and sentiment.

At the regular meeting of the Sketch Club, held Thursday of last week, Harry Cowell spoke on the "City Beautiful," adding another lecture to the series being

sponsored by this organization for the purpose of creating some public sense of responsibility for the artistic side of the building of the new city. A reception followed the lecture.

J. L. Gillis, State Librarian, has been sending circulars to all the art and musical clubs in California with a view of gathering valuable and interesting data announced for publication in the next edition of "News Notes of California Libraries."

Something quite new at the exhibition of the Guild of Arts and Crafts, being held at 1825 California Street, is the stencil work shown by Miss Isabel C. Percy, who has returned from the East where she has been studying. She makes her own designs for the stencils which she uses on silk or other material, suitable for table use or for pillows. The value of the stencil, as a factor in art, has not until recently been recognized in this country. Orientals have made most effective use of it. The charm of Miss Percy's work lies in her selection of materials and the subtle handling of harmonious colors in the stencil.

Two lions' heads in a sort of mixture of wash and crayon, done by Theodore T. Keane, attest the master hand. This artist is also represented by some excellent pencil drawings. Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee is among the artist members showing commendable paintings, also Del Mue.

There is no gainsaying that Mrs. E. C. Elliott, of Palo Alto, has a versatile hand. She has conventionalized the butterfly into some good designs, and her needle has wrought some wizard stitches in a collar. Elizabeth Ferrea has contrived some relief panels, the subjects bearing upon the Eastertide. On them she has deftly modeled callas and then daintily colored them. On one panel she has done the head of a dog. Miss Ferrea's handling of her medium of expression has the charm of originality.

After completing the design for the cover of the "Spinners Book of Fiction," which is to be one of the spring publications, Lillie V. O'Ryan left for Portland, Oregon, where she will remain a month or six weeks to paint some portraits and miniatures. The exquisite delicacy and beauty of the head incorporated in this design, and for which Miss Elsie Sperry was the model, will make it a rival of the Janice Meredith miniature done by Miss O'Ryan.

Anna Frances Briggs is still at Monterey, where she has been for the past several months. All her water-colors were burned at the time of the fire, but good fortune has been hers since that loss. She has been as successful in disposing of her pictures as she has been in expressing the paintable things she finds at Monterey.

Judging from the work already accomplished in the making over of the ballroom at Hotel del Monte so that pictures by California artists may always be on exhibition there, it will be April 15 before the first canvas will be hung. While it is likely that the room will be ever ready for the reception of pictures, the necessary changes are being made so that it may be reclaimed at any time. The panels for the windows arranged to exclude daylight are designed so that they may be easily removed, and the greatest attention is being paid to artificial lighting. The work is being done under the direction of Charles S. Aiken.

In a recent letter from Robert I. Aitken, the sculptor, who has been studying in

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Paris for the past two years, he says that he is at work on a piece which will undoubtedly be shown at the next Salon. While appreciating all that Europe has to offer, Aitken is often homesick for San Francisco.

The benefit entertainment arranged for the San Francisco Maternity will be given at the Central Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, April 2. One of the features of the programme will be "The Reformers' League," written by Mrs. I. Lowenberg and dramatized by Mrs. Ella Sexton, in which the cast of characters is as follows: Mrs. Cornelia Tyndall, a rich young widow, Miss Hilda Clough; Mrs. Lucy Morley, Mrs. Tyndall's dearest friend Mme. E. Tojetti; Marie, the French maid, Mrs. John Martinon; Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, Mrs. J. W. Gray; Harold Meredith, the ardent admirer of Mrs. Tyndall, Mr. Allan Dunn; James, the English coachman, Mr. Royden Williamson; participants in the club scene, Mrs. Hamilton, the secretary, Mrs. Philip Bancroft; Mrs. William Sexton, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Ashley Faulk, Mrs. W. D. Keyton, Mrs. Edwin W. Stadtmuller, and members of the directorate.

Society is taking such an interest in the opening dinner at the new Fairmont Hotel that Mr. Reiter, who has charge of that department, reports that every table in the main dining-room has already been reserved and the overflow will be provided for in the Laurel Court and banquet-rooms. As these rooms all open into each other, the scene will be a very gala one indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Healy (formerly Miss Edith Hemming of Colorado Springs), are rejoicing in the advent of a little son in their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter in their home.

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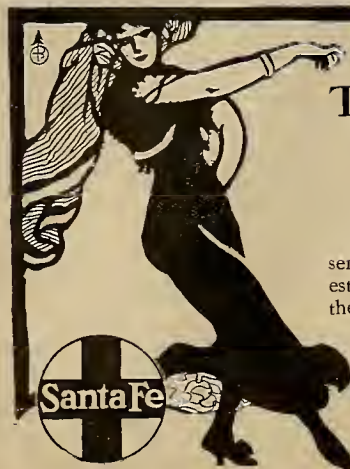
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., military secretary of the Department of California, has had his leave of absence extended two months.

Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A., assistant inspector-general of the Pacific Division, returned on the transport *Sherman* from a tour of inspection at Honolulu.

Colonel Robert H. R. Loughborough, U. S. A., formerly lieutenant-colonel, Sixth Infantry, and recently promoted to his present rank, has been assigned to the Thirteenth Infantry, vice Colonel Alfred C. Markley, U. S. A., promoted brigadier-general and retired.

Major W. W. Harts, U. S. A., chief engineer officer of the Pacific Division, has gone to Fort Wright, Washington, to report upon the right of way recently granted an electric railway through the military reservation there.

Major Aaron H. Appel, surgeon, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him, extended two months and fifteen days.

Major Wendell L. Simpson, U. S. A., promoted from captain on March 7, has been assigned to the Nineteenth Infantry, but will remain on his present duty as assistant to the depot quartermaster here until the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines.

Civil Engineer H. H. Rousseau, U. S. N., is detached from the Bureau of Yards and Docks, and ordered to report to the Secretary of War for duty as a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

Captain Lester W. Cornish, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., senior in his grade of the cavalry arm of the service, is ordered home to await retirement.

Captain William G. Haan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty in Cuba.

Captain John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., retired, is detailed at his own request, professor of military service and tactics at Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael.

Captain Ulysses G. McAlexander, General Staff, U. S. A., is assigned to make the annual inspection of St. Matthew's Military School, San Mateo; University of California; Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael; Nevada State University; Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon; Washington Agricultural College, Pullman, Washington; and the Universities of Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming and others.

Captain Frank C. Jewell, quartermaster, transport service, U. S. A., San Francisco, is relieved from duty here and ordered to Fort Slocum, New York, as quartermaster in charge of construction work.

Captain Henry B. Farrar, quartermaster, U. S. A., is ordered from Fort Dupont, Delaware, to this city, relieving Captain Frank C. Jewell, U. S. A.

Captain Harry J. Hirsch, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the quartermaster's department, vice Major Wendell L. Simpson, U. S. A., who is relieved from detail in that department. Captain Hirsch is ordered to the Presidio of San Francisco to relieve Captain William B. Davis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., temporarily in charge.

Captain G. A. Nugent, U. S. A., quartermaster, Presidio of San Francisco, is relieved from further duty there.

Captain Henry S. Kiersted, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., is granted leave of three months and fifteen days to take effect upon his arrival in the United States from Alaska.

Captain Benjamin J. Edger, Jr., assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., appeared on March 11 before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, as a witness in the investigation of the Brownsville affair.

Captain James Justice, U. S. A., recently promoted from first lieutenant, Twenty-second Infantry, has been assigned to the Nineteenth Infantry, and will remain on duty at his present station until the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines.

Commander J. F. Parker, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Buffalo* and ordered home to wait orders.

Commander F. E. Beatty, U. S. N., is detached from the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and ordered on April 1 to command the *Buffalo*.

Lieutenant Charles J. Ferres, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now at the Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted ten days' leave of absence.

Ensign Martin K. Metcalf, U. S. N., who has been undergoing treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, is ordered to the *Independence*, Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty in connection with the crew of the *California*, and for duty on board that vessel when placed in commission.

Henrietta Crosman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," is announced for an early visit to San Francisco.

The Petschnikoff Concerts.

Alexander Petschnikoff, the great Russian violinist, and his beautiful and talented American wife, were the principal features at the big Mozart festival at Salzburg last year, where their playing of the Mozart double concerto for violin and viola caused a sensation. This is the number that they will play at the Greek Theatre, with the University Orchestra, Thursday, April 11, on which occasion Mr. Petschnikoff will also play the Tchaikowsky concerto.

At the first San Francisco concert, which will be given at Lyric Hall Saturday afternoon next (April 6) they will play the Bach double concerto, a movement from the Spohr double concerto, and Mr. Petschnikoff will play the Mendelssohn concerto, Saint Saens's "Le Cygne" and a "Russian Dance" of his own composition. There will be a Sunday matinee, April 7, and the last concert will be given Tuesday night, April 9. The prices for the concerts will be \$1.50 and \$1.00, and seats will be on sale April 1 at Kohler & Chase's, corner Sutter and Franklin Streets.

Mrs. Younger's Musicales.

At a musicale, given by Dr. Younger and Mrs. Younger, at their apartments in the Avenue Marceau, Paris, a few days ago, Miss Florence Holzman sang the air from "Manon"; Mr. Foester, the popular pianist, gave selections from Schumann, Wagner, and Fauré; Miss Bessie Bowie, of San Francisco, who is a pupil of Monsieur Jean de Reské, contributed several selections, and Miss Sherman, who is also a native of San Francisco, proved herself a talented violinist. Among those present were Mrs. Custer, Mr. and Mrs. van Wart, Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Colonel and Mrs. Dodge, Lady Lang, Miss Lilian Lange, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Behrens, Mrs. Berthelot, Miss Lillie Lawler, Mrs. Blumenberg, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. F. K. Clark, Mrs. E. Gros, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Ada Sullivan, Mme. Beer, Comte Leon de Tinseau, Mr. Holman Black, Mr. Haslam, Monsieur Waldron, Monsieur l'Abbé de la Fresnay, and Monsieur Roussel.

Miss Ella Margaret Bender announces her second reading on Wednesday, April 3, when she will give Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes." The reading will be at the residence of Mrs. Homer S. King, 1898 Broadway.

LIQUEUR PÉREZ CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YS

Known as C



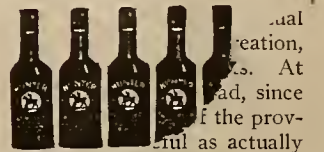
attracts may be individual debts of the those of New Zealand certain American e or less approximate

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CHARLES M. Agents for South Wales, between 912-914 the sum of £7,211,089 high five millions sterling wages, of which it is de per cent, or \$5,000,000, was anagement under a day labor

argued that that part of the debt of Wales (75 per cent of the whole, or "Do you answer to the name of 9,990), which has been spent on the con-gids?" asked the stranger, some-ion of railways, tramways, telegraph systems, idly. "I do," replied the man er supply, and sewerage undertakings, is "repro-ctive"; and the net return on these services for the ear 1904-5 is credited with yielding 3 ³⁴/₁₀₀ per cent on the cost of construction. This would be a fair showing if it were a true one, although the province pays a somewhat higher interest rate, or 3 ⁵⁷/₁₀₀ per cent on the funds borrowed to put into these works. But when the light is turned upon the means by which the figures of earnings are obtained, the statement takes on quite a different color. It is stated upon the authority of the *Sydney Bulletin* that the figures are so manipulated as to be nothing short of fraudulent. A number of the items set out as revenue are nothing less than the liqui-dation of assets, such as the sales of land and tim-ber, which should not enter into revenue at all, but be credited to capital account. The surplus is further swelled by debiting to loans or capital account a considerable amount of expenditure really made on revenue account. The story of land sales misapplied to revenue, according to the same au-thority, is for one year put at \$4,500,000, a sum which, were the bookkeeping straightforward and honest, converts the surplus obtained by its inclu-sion in the revenue account into a big deficit. The *Bulletin*, assailing the Minister for his failure to square his calculations with a proper observance e of accounting principles, makes it plain that ther-ic-is what in this country we should call a "bug" egu-the official statement. We quote with reference, per the Minister, Mr. Carruthers: To the bad tricks he took over from his predecessors, he has added some of his own. He knows the virtues of a surplus for advertising purposes; and there are things easier than to "fake" a surplus. All that hasgarly be done is to convert enough assets into cash and use is the revenue, and on the other side charge enough expend-sure, to capital account. The rottenness business in Sydney produce a good profit and loss balance in that way e com- trouble in a private concern would be that the fraud titled have to end in a few years, when convertible ass-ais out and new capital refused to come in; but with 1906

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—Do you think my voice will ever be suitable for opera? He—Stage or boxes?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Did your cook leave you without any warning, Mrs. Smith?" "Yes, and without any spoons, too."—*Baltimore American*.

Customer—You've given me morphine instead of quinine! Druggist—Is it possible? In that case you owe me twenty-five cents more.—*Petit Parisien*.

Mrs. Money Bags—I hear you have spent a great deal of your time in Italy? Mrs. Parvenue—Oh, yes, my dear; we're quite italicized.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Lady (to dinner partner trying to kiss her in the garden)—Sir, you are wasting your time! I am married! "I don't care. I'm not a bit jealous!"—*Simplicissimus*.

Impecune—Hello, old man; you don't know any one who would lend me a dollar just now, do you? Gotrox—Well, no; all the people I know, know you too.—*Le Figaro*.

"You point with pride to the fact that you were never investigated." "Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum. "It shows that I have not been careless."—*Washington Star*.

Swellup (after the dinner)—Yes, I told that pretty girl next to me everything I knew. Rival—I noticed you were pretty quiet over at that end of the table.—*Detroit Free Press*.

week ago, evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, Mrs. Thon, Miss u threw a stone at Policeman and Mrs. Bow. "It shows more than that, yer a tea recently shows that Oi hit him."—*Minneapolis, in honor of*.
San Mateo.

— was it supported the shoulders? Tommy— who supported Atlas? Annexed will be foun't say, but I 'spect movements to and from this city — and of the whereabouts of absent m)—Ah, face! He fornians:

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale have, every- rived from their Bakersfield ranch, Tejon, and are in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood will leave to for Europe in May and will spend they summer motoring on the Continent.

Mrs. Ernest Hartmann has arrived from her Eastern home and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy left on Sunday last for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon left this week for Paris where they will spend the summer.

Miss Flood and her guest, Miss Crosby of New York, have recently gone to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Miss Ethel Dean arrived last week from Santa Barbara and is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Eastland.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman have been spending some days recently at Del Monte.

Mr. Edgar Carolan has arrived from his home in England and will spend several months visiting his family here.

Mr. William Clark, who has been the guest of his brother Mr. Charles Clark at San Mateo, has returned to his home in Butte, Montana.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned to her home in Fruitvale after a brief stay at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Abbot Kinney, of Santa Monica, left recently for a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan left on Wednesday for Seattle, and will sail thence on April 1st for several months' travel in Japan and China.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman will leave next month for Europe, to remain during the summer.

Miss Margaret Stow has returned to her home in Santa Barbara, after a stay in this vicinity of some weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner (formerly Miss Edith Findley) will arrive shortly

leave for Bimmelhausen? — *Fliegende Blätter*.

Il'ggles—Did you have any difficulty in speaking French while you were in Paris? Il'ggles—Oh, no; I didn't have any difficulty at all in speaking it. The difficulty was in getting people to understand it.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Willie and the Auto.

Willie struck a match and dropped it
Right inside an auto car;
Up it went and nothing stopped it—
No one thought 'twould go so far.
Willie now will have to cease his
Tricks, a fact that's sad, but true;
In the morning they found pieces
Of the car and Willie too.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

On the Unknown Rich.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
A hundred millions came to him at birth,
Yet on the chorus he spent nary bone.
—*Kansas City Times*.

Song of the Buttonless Shirt.

With fingers rigid and numb,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The fellow stands by his bureau drawer,
Scratching his swollen head,
Bing! Bang! Biff!
He goes at the drawer with a spurt,
And sings with a voice which is far from sweet,
The song of the Buttonless Shirt.

"One, two, three!"
Out of the drawer they fly;
"Four, five, six!"
Not a button on one!" his cry;
He puts one over his head
And clutches it under his chin,
And tries—with some words—to fasten it on
With a measly safety pin.

Oh, mothers and sisters dear!
Oh! mothers-in-law and wives!
It is not the linen you are wearing out,
But patience and human lives!
Please try and get busy, do;
Quit building that hat or skirt
Just long enough to let us forget
The song of the Buttonless Shirt.
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Plea.

Verses didactic and serious
Weary us,
I love delirious poems of joy.
Down with the false Egotistic—
Linguistic—
School-of-the-mystic some care to employ.

Rather the voice of some mocker
Like Locker—
ing (Tho' it may shock her, the Muse likes such
has cor styles;)

portant l. More lightsome
rooms now or a right sum: Men's laughter and
to the Fairn-

corridor on th-lords one can sing to
secured. They d bring to
soft harmonizing something to make trouble look
paintings, and wi-say—like this one

ing strangers wil kiss won—come, clip it, then,
some work of the
club will always be

At stated times, sp
be shown. That tudent undertook, one
worth while is assur sell fire extinguishers,
roster shows the nar s and affability enabled
the best artists in tlfy sales. However, he

haus, Maurice Del al rebuffs which are the
genson are among t agents. He had gained

Allan Dunn, pres-e of a surly broker, and
and announces that there patiating on the deluging
ing' and the first ex-incomparable fire ex-

organization, Thursday— with it!" roared the
"Oh, my dear man,"

In the rehabilitation nt. "this extinguisher
library, the Sketch Club extreme virtue with
substantial encouragement.

Henry J. Crocker paid her
year, she sent a check for 4 Syrup for chil-
message: "Take out my du 1098.

When the Sketch Club
splendid exhibition last ved in passionate
drawings by Miss Mary am across the table;
by the president, Miss Aie so?" A shadow

wishes to dispose of them he said, frankly:
cause of their historic watch today." Her
their artistic merit. T-imples. "Let's have
Chinatown and out-of-t-he said.—*Cleveland*

fore the fire, and quite
an added interest. The—

each picture and these ORYON HOT SPRINGS.
sidered later if the set be sternoon or Satur-
the Park Museum or someidday afternoon
gallery. Miss Brady is such days at the
draughtsman that a drawing by of the trip
rare possession. She invests hel way fare,
work with strength and sentiment. to hotel

At the regular meeting of the Ske tiful
Club, held Thursday of last week, Har-
the Cowell spoke on the "City Beautiful," add-
ing another lecture to the series being

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Saturday	
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Celtic, 20,904 tons.....Apr. 6, noon, May 3
New York.....Apr. 13, May 11, June 8
St. Louis.....Apr. 20, May 18, June 15
Philadelphia.....Apr. 27, May 25, June 22

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Westernland.....Apr. 3 Noorland.....Apr. 20
Haverford.....Apr. 13 Friesland.....Apr. 27

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minnetonka.....Apr. 6, May 4, June 1
Minneapolis.....Apr. 13, May 11, June 8
Minchaha.....Apr. 20, May 18, June 15
Mesaba.....Apr. 27, May 25, June 22

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Noorland, Apr. 3, 9 a m N. Am'd'm Apr. 24, 2 p m
Ryndam, Apr. 10, 3 a m Statendam, May 1, 10 a m
Potsdam, Apr. 17, 8 a m Noordam, May 8, 2 p m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER ANTWERP

Kroonland.....Apr. 6, May 4, June 1
Vaderland.....Apr. 13, May 11, June 8
Finland.....Apr. 20, May 18, June 15
Zeeland.....Apr. 27, May 25, June 22

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Teutonic.....Apr. 3, May 1
Baltic.....Apr. 10, May 8, June 14
Maestic.....Apr. 17, May 15
Cedric.....Apr. 19, May 17, June 20
Oceanic.....Apr. 24

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

Celtic.....Apr. 6, noon; May 4
*Adriatic.....May 22, June 19, July 17
Teutonic.....May 29, June 26, July 24
Oceanic.....June 5, July 3, July 31
Majestic.....June 12, July 10, Aug. 7
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Arabia.....May 9, June 6
Republic.....May 30, July 3

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FROM NEW YORK

Republic.....Apr. 20, 10 a m

Cretic.....May 9, noon, June 20, Aug. 1

FROM BOSTON

Romanic.....Apr. 27, 9:30 a m, June 8

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Vol. LX. No. 1569.

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State Socialism in Practice.

It is now something more than sixteen years since there was instituted in Australia and New Zealand that series of governmental experiments which, according to socialistic theories, is calculated to revolutionize human society—to economize and moralize government, to increase and distribute equitably the common wealth, to raise the standards of individual welfare and character, and so promote material and moral advancement with the dignities of human life. There has been time enough to afford what the schoolmen style "data," and what the politicians, with a keener comprehension of definite meanings, call a "record." This series of experiments has lacked neither advocates, critics, nor historians. Its facts as they have been developed and as they stand in perspective, are plainly in sight; and they are worth careful study, espe-

cially at a time when the deficiencies and failures of the older system are turning the minds of men to consideration of measures of remedy and correction. Here in San Francisco, where abuses in the administration of public affairs have disgusted and discouraged many of us with the old order, we hear constant references to the Australian theories, with the implied hope and even faith that they may afford society a way out of its troubles. There is indeed already developing here the germ of a movement to engraft upon San Francisco and California some adaptation of the municipal system which is having its run in the South Seas. In the State election of last November there was in the field of candidates one who, perhaps without knowing what he really stood for, assumed to represent the "municipal" idea; and it is a further significant circumstance that this candidate, as the outcome of a wild-eyed and spectacular campaign, got a very considerable popular vote.

Since we are in the way of having "municipalism" as a factor in our local politics, the *Argonaut* has thought it well to look a little into the experience of Australia and New Zealand and to take note of what has been done and is doing there—of how closely, after sixteen years of practical effort, the performance has matched the brag. Fortunately the study is easy, for the literature of the subject is already a large one. The most recent addition to it is a book in which Mr. Robert P. Porter, director of the eleventh United States census, and therefore a man expert in the work of marshaling and comparing facts and figures, discusses municipalism in its workings in Australia and elsewhere. We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Porter through studies whose record makes a considerable book, and shall for the moment glance only briefly at a few leading facts as they have been developed in the experience of Australia.

We have noted that it is among the proposals of state socialism to economize and moralize government. Let us see how it has worked in Australasia. Previous to the socialistic régime the public debt of the several countries collectively styled Australasia was comparatively small. In 1870 it was \$150,000,000; by 1902 it has jumped to \$1,345,000,000; and in 1905 it had grown to \$1,450,732,385. The true magnitude of this sum is illustrated by comparison with the figures of population. Australasia contains, all told, 4,846,202 people, and if its debt be apportioned among this population, it stands at the extraordinary figure of \$309.66 per capita. The significance of these figures is again illustrated by comparison with the debt of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, which stands at \$91.68 per capita; and by the debt of the United States, which stands at \$11.91 per capita. It will be seen that Australasia, with one-eleventh of the population of Great Britain, has a debt per head more than three-fold that of the latter country. With a population nearly a twentieth that of the United States, its debt per head exceeds the American debt twenty-four times over. In New Zealand, a single province of what is loosely called Australasia, with a population of 857,539, the debt is \$299,560,000, or \$348.10 per capita. New Zealand, therefore, with a population one-fiftieth that of Great Britain and nearly a ninetieth that of the United States, has a debt per head which almost quadruples the British debt per head, and is twenty-nine times more than the net American debt per head.

Another interesting series of contrasts may be found by comparison of the individual debts of the six Australian states and also those of New Zealand with the indebtedness of certain American States whose populations more or less approximate

to theirs. The following table exhibits these contrasts:

State.	Population.	Debt.	Per Capita.
New South Wales.....	1,461,533	\$411,609,990	\$281.62
Kansas	1,470,495	632,000	.43
Victoria	1,210,304	257,599,810	210.27
Maryland	1,217,174	4,942,394	4.06
Queensland	521,655	206,322,335	395.60
Washington	550,277	573,140	2.31
South Australia.....	372,682	143,802,725	385.79
Vermont	345,885	362,946	1.05
Western Australia....	242,889	82,213,865	342.60
Utah	289,943	450,000	3.36
Tasmania	180,200	48,623,660	268.81
Delaware	187,983	762,092	4.05
New Zealand.....	857,539	299,732,000	348.10
Connecticut	940,852	1,677,964	1.78

It is to be said that the larger part of these Australasian debts rests theoretically upon actual property, either through purchase or direct creation, in possession of the provincial governments. At this point, however, the showing is very bad, since the trading and administrative dealings of the provinces have been so shamefully wasteful as actually to have dissipated a large proportion of the funds represented by the debt. For example, the Public Works Department of New South Wales, between 1899 and 1902, spent the sum of £7,211,089 (\$36,055,445), of which five millions sterling (\$25,000,000) went in wages, of which it is declared a full twenty per cent, or \$5,000,000, was wasted by bad management under a day labor system.

It is further argued that that part of the debt of New South Wales (75 per cent of the whole, or \$411,609,990), which has been spent on the construction of railways, tramways, telegraph systems, water supply, and sewerage undertakings, is "reproductive"; and the net return on these services for the year 1904-5 is credited with yielding $3\frac{34}{100}$ per cent on the cost of construction. This would be a fair showing if it were a true one, although the province pays a somewhat higher interest rate, or $3\frac{57}{100}$ per cent on the funds borrowed to put into these works. But when the light is turned upon the means by which the figures of earnings are obtained, the statement takes on quite a different color. It is stated upon the authority of the *Sydney Bulletin* that the figures are so manipulated as to be nothing short of fraudulent. A number of the items set out as revenue are nothing less than the liquidation of assets, such as the sales of land and timber, which should not enter into revenue at all, but be credited to capital account. The surplus is further swelled by debiting to loans or capital account a considerable amount of expenditure really made on revenue account. The story of land sales misapplied to revenue, according to the same authority, is for one year put at \$4,500,000, a sum which, were the bookkeeping straightforward and honest, converts the surplus obtained by its inclusion in the revenue account into a big deficit. The *Bulletin*, assailing the Minister for his failure to square his calculations with a proper observance of accounting principles, makes it plain that there is what in this country we should call a "bug" in the official statement. We quote with reference to the Minister, Mr. Carruthers:

To the bad tricks he took over from his predecessors he has added some of his own. He knows the virtues of a surplus for advertising purposes; and there are Mr. things easier than to "fake" a surplus. All that has rarely been done is to convert enough assets into cash and use it to the revenue, and on the other side charge enough expenditure to capital account. The rottenest business in Sydney is to produce a good profit and loss balance in that way. The trouble in a private concern would be that the fraud would have to end in a few years, when convertible assets would run out and new capital refused to come in; but with the

country to play with, the fraud may last a century. Yet there is an end to even the biggest estate, and there is a limit to tax-bearing capacity of even the richest people.

Even in the face of this plain lesson in the precepts of common honesty, the *Bulletin* is not hopeful of a better future result, since it concludes with a declaration that the next report, like those which have gone before, will exhibit—

a purely comic-opera surplus; but, unfortunately, it will have this effect—it will make borrowing easier; for the vast crowd, both at home and in Europe, who won't take the trouble to understand the fake, will stare open-mouthed at an annual surplus. And those at home will be more willing to go in for another loan—drunk on the strength of their "prosperity," and those abroad will be more ready to accommodate them.

Referring broadly to the financial history of Western Australia, the *Bulletin* thus sums up:

The state has had a royal time for about sixteen years, and that time shows signs of not lasting forever. In 1891 Westralia owed only £30 per head of a very small population; now it owes £67 per head of a much larger one. There have been some years when the amount borrowed equaled the amount raised by all forms of taxation. There were one or two gorgeous years when the amount borrowed, if it had been equally divided among the population, would have enabled everybody to live in a humble but honest fashion without doing any work at all. In a handful of years Westralia exhausted most of its borrowing powers, and it has now to go very slow in the matter of loans. The railways in 1896, at the summit of the boom, were alleged to yield 11½ per cent profit—largely through charging repairs to loans; this was down to 4½ per cent by 1899, and is now only about 3½ per cent. Westralia learned so thoroughly how to have a good time that in 1898 it had a revenue of nearly £17 per inhabitant, and spent nearly £20. Other states could live on a revenue of £6 or £8 per head, and even scratch out a surplus; Westralia had got into such an imperial frame of mind that it spent a revenue of £17 and had over £500,000 deficit on top thereof. Of course, this incredible revenue couldn't last; the gold is fading, the loans are fading, the days of riotous eating and hilarious drinking, and the times when nobody's accounts were audited and nearly everybody helped himself, are passing away.

These general statements make it very plain that state socialism or municipalization in Australasia, after sixteen years practical trial, has tended neither to economize nor to moralize government. Australasia has indeed been prosperous to all outward observation, but it is the kind of prosperity sometimes exhibited by spendthrifts whose diamonds, equipage, and showy hospitality are maintained upon the basis of borrowed or stolen money. Australasia will continue to be prosperous in appearance just so long as her credit is good in the British money market. It has been sustained through recent years, not by fair showings of solvency and stability, but by that intangible but nevertheless practically powerful sentiment which looks upon the colonies as children of the mother country.

Hardly more effective has been the system of Australasian state socialism in "equitably distributing" the common wealth of the country. A system can hardly be called equitable which puts the whole burden of state support upon property which previously represented only 74 per cent of the total wealth of the country, the other 26 per cent being withdrawals of taxable wealth represented in these properties which, since they belonged directly to the state, no longer bear any direct share in the general burden of taxation. Nor can much be thought of a system of distribution which in New Zealand has made one-third of the population over 66 years of age dependent upon the bounty of government for support. Fred Somers, whom older readers of the *Argonaut* will well remember, once argued that if all the wealth of England were in the hands of a thousand men, and if all the other people were paupers, the country must still, if the average figures were all right, be called prosperous. We suspect that most people will hardly hold this view—that they will not regard a country as prosperous where the most thrifty and industrious are oppressed by assumption of the whole burden of governmental support, and where a considerable portion of the people live directly upon the public bounty.

The official and semi-official literature of Australasia affords many side-lights as to the effect of the socialistic system upon the individual character and life of the people. Already, we are told the servants constitute almost a clear majority of the electors' rolls; the state is on the way to becoming the sole employer of labor. And the busi-

ness of the state, thus swollen by the taking on of responsibilities and duties elsewhere entrusted to private hands is, we are told, "not seldom operated by men who in private life would hardly be trusted to run an apple stall." Under these influences, political morality is steadily degenerating, and the average member of the Australian parliament "is only concerned about engineering the appropriation of public money for railways, waterworks, and other undertakings to furnish his own constituency with profitable employment."

On the surface of things socialism makes happy promises for the working man, since to him is given a large part of that which comes from borrowing, while, having little or no property, he has small part, or none at all, in that burden of taxation which more and more narrows to the few, as area after area of property passes under the control of the state and is no longer subject to taxation. But what of the classes from whom taxation is coming, in order that public works on a large scale should be carried on mainly for the purpose of affording employment for a privileged class? Mr. Porter asks this question, and he follows it with another equally pertinent. What of the working man with a mind of his own, who scorns to affiliate and merge his career in an order of things which acts as a blight on individuality and character, and may ultimately breed a community of sybarites, idlers, and sycophants, who will cluster like barnacles round the ship of state? Even when past his climacteric, the self-respecting man would surely prefer to live on his own means honorably economized than to submit to the ignominy through the old-age pension of having to come on the state as a pauper.

Another interesting side-light as to the effect of the socialistic system upon individual character is unconsciously given by Mr. W. Pember Reeves, a leader and promoter of the system, and long Minister of Works for New South Wales. Mr. Reeves speaks of undertakings gone into designedly for relief of the unemployed, and, though an advocate of the system, he puts his finger on a fatal defect in it when he refers to "the disheartening side of the business of aiding the unemployed," and to the method of "making the work go round. * * * Some of the men can not work, and others will not; * * * others again go to work late, work easily, and knock off early." Summarizing the problem involved in this wail of despair, Mr. Reeves says: "If the wages are very low, the result is cruelty; if they are normal, the money is wasted."

Mr. Porter concludes his study of conditions in Australia by putting upon the labor party responsibility for the stopping of the clock of progress in Australia. Socialism, he says, has created a national selfishness and exclusiveness which may be likened to the obstinate insularity of China. An experience so long sustained and on so large a scale deserves to be closely studied, for there are in it, and plainly enough for universal comprehension, lessons of tremendous practical value, especially to States like our own, where the fever of social unrest and the nightmares of political distrust are making the minds of men hospitable to suggestions of new things.

Taft, Foraker, and Hughes.

Presidential politics is about to make an early start in the State of Ohio, where arrangements are under way for a grand vaudeville campaign in the form of a "primary" fight between Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker. Foraker's senatorial term is nearing its close, while his hopes for the Presidency are just now fairly in the bud. He controls the Ohio Republican machine, but as the events of last fall bear testimony, he is not so sure at the point of popular strength. While Ohio maintained her general Republican status in last November's election, she did not elect Mr. Foraker's nominee (Herlick) for the Governorship. Nor did she send Mr. Grosvenor, another friend of Senator Foraker, to his familiar place in the House of Representatives. Things are decidedly in a bad way for Mr. Foraker, but, being a man of courage, he doesn't propose to fall out of the game unless there be good reason for it.

Last week Mr. Arthur I. Voris, a man well known in Ohio politics as a friend of the President and Secretary Taft, who is a citizen of Ohio, found oc-

casional to declare himself as favorable to Mr. Taft's presidential candidacy, this declaration being universally accepted in Ohio as a call to arms of Mr. Taft's friends. Upon Mr. Foraker, as the political rival and enemy of Taft, it came as a reminder that he must either step aside or fight. He chose the latter course. A statement which he promptly issued is a trifle vague, but nevertheless it is easy enough to get at his meaning. Practically he challenges Mr. Taft to a primary contest "to determine the preference of the Republicans of Ohio as to candidates for United States Senator and President." He wishes, he says, to "bring the selection as nearly to a direct popular vote as is possible under the laws now in force."

The immediate effect of this challenge has been to smoke out Mr. Taft from the attitude of reserve in which he has so long stood toward the presidential nomination. He has himself made no announcements, but his brother, Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, has answered for him. "Senator Foraker's statement," says Mr. Charles P. Taft, "indicates that he is running for the Presidency and for the Senatorship. The friends of Secretary Taft are urging him for the Presidency. As the Senator has included the two offices in his primary contest, Secretary Taft's friends accept the proposition and will make it a distinct contest—Taft for the Presidency or Senatorship, or Foraker for the Presidency or Senatorship." He adds that if the Republicans of Ohio prefer Foraker, Taft is eliminated from the situation; likewise, if they prefer Taft, Foraker is eliminated. "This," adds Mr. Charles P. Taft, "is a direct contest between the friends of President Roosevelt and his opponents. We are willing to submit it to the Republican voters of Ohio and the sooner the better."

Thus the matter stands. Both factions of Ohio politics are girding themselves for a fight, and it will be such a fight as the country has not seen since Hanna and Roosevelt had it out four years ago. Of all the American States, Ohio is the one in which political factionalism has run highest. There is rarely a time when a mortal political combat of some sort is not on the carpet there. Politics under the embitterments of factionalism has become the paramount diversion of the Ohioans. They are fixed in the habit of political warfare, and are perhaps never so content as when actively engaged in a hand-to-hand combat. What this means in the way of general political degeneracy hardly needs to be pointed out. In the immediate instance it means a hot campaign, in which both sides will no doubt employ that whole round of partisan methods calculated, in the benignant phrase of Washington, to make the judicious grieve.

It was perhaps necessary, under the standards of Ohio politics, for Mr. Taft to meet Foraker's challenge. It is to be feared that a course more directly conformatory with the dignities of his position and especially with the dignities of the great office to which he aspires, would not have been to his credit with his fellow citizens of Ohio, accustomed as they are to guerrilla political warfare, and incapable as they appear to be of distinguishing at the points of propriety between national politics and ward politics. Probably Mr. Taft would have lost caste in Ohio by treating with dignified silence a challenge which is bound to draw him into the bitterest and nastiest sort of a local fight.

While the people of the United States may be more or less amused by the incidents of the coming contest, it is hardly likely to commend either Mr. Taft or Mr. Foraker to their favor. The Presidency of the United States is a thing too large in its importance, a thing of too much dignity, to be made the subject of a knock-down and drag-out fight between candidates in their own State. Mr. Foraker has little to lose, since in any event he has no real chance for the presidential nomination. But Mr. Taft has much to lose, for his is one of the few names of presidential probability. The people are accustomed to regard him as a figure of high dignity and respect. The spectacle of a man so highly placed, descending to the vulgarities and trivialities of primary politics is certain to displease if not to disgust the more thoughtful men of the country. The assumption, too, that it is for Ohio to decide by a local campaign who is or is not to be "eliminated" from the presidential race, is, to say the least, a trifle bald.

In the judgment of the *Argonaut*, the most im-

important effect of the forthcoming fight in Ohio will be to turn public attention to Governor Hughes, of New York, who as the months go by is more and more demonstrating, not merely the efficiency, but the dignity of his character. Mr. Hughes, let it be noted, is not doing any political fighting; he is simply attending with diligence and devotion to his work in the Governorship of New York. There has been no suggestion of "politics" in any act of his administration. In his attitude there is no suggestion of the factionist. He is neither a Roosevelt man nor an anti-Roosevelt man. He stands upon a platform of personal and political character as broad or even broader than the President's own. He is an interesting and a truly edifying example of a man in political life who stoops to no tricks, to whom politics in the sense that politics is now presented to us in Ohio, is a thing beneath his serious notice. It may be said of Mr. Hughes that every month of his Governorship exhibits to the country new motives of respect for the man and new reasons for regarding him seriously in connection with our highest public office.

The Psychology of Wife-Beating.

Judge McKenzie Clelland, of Chicago, is one of those really great and good men whose enlightened philanthropy causes us to thank God that we were born in a progressive age—at a time when human problems surrender at discretion before intelligent research. Judge McKenzie sits in the Maxwell Street district, and in the discharge of his functions he is often called upon to adjudicate in cases where irate wives complain of intemperance, desertion, or chastisement on the part of their husbands. These things do happen, even in Chicago, and it is fortunate that there is upon the bench of that city a man wise enough to thrust away the cobwebs of routine and tradition, not to speak of domestic pressure, and to look facts straight in the face like a man and a brother.

Judge Clelland has discovered that in these cases the woman almost invariably is to blame, and he says so with an outspoken frankness that compels our admiration and will elicit the outspoken adhesion of every man who dares to say what he thinks upon such a subject—and their number is not an impressive one. Until the appearance of Judge Clelland, the unfortunate husband who had incurred the displeasure of his wife has found no apologist. He has remained in abject silence while his spouse has enumerated her grievances to a judge prejudiced by an unreflecting sympathy, and she has even displayed her bruises and other physical injuries without the slightest reference to the causes that absolutely compelled their infliction. There are two sides to every story, but it has been left to this upright jurist to discover the true psychology of the much misunderstood wife-beater, and thus to render a tardy act of justice to an abused and misjudged citizen. Nor has he been content to act upon an unerring intuition without allowing us to share in the mental processes that have evolved it. A more impetuous man would simply have dismissed every wifely complaint with a terse "serves you right." But Judge Clelland is not of that kind. He describes the process as well as the result.

Judge Clelland, in brief, has discovered that what is ordinarily called cruelty on the part of the husband is actually due to insufficient food, or to viands so ill-cooked as to be distasteful to the lordly palate. If it is actually the fact—and for this we have only the judge's word—that there is an indifference, an apathy, a carelessness, or a lack of skill, in preparing the food of the husbands and the fathers of this great and free people, we can hardly wonder that the said husbands and fathers have signified their discomposure by prolonged visits to the saloon or even by those methods of marital correction that have fallen into momentary and unreflecting disfavor. We have, of course, no absolute evidence that such is the case, and we should hesitate to believe that the many complaining wives in the Chicago and other courts have so entirely forgotten their true and only place in the general scheme of things and have placed themselves so absolutely beyond the pale of human sympathy as to neglect any possible ministrations to the centre of the male solar system. But if, upon investigation, it should be found that Judge Clelland's theory is correct, if it should transpire that there has been negligence, even for a moment in the culin-

ary departments of the implicated wives, then indeed it is safe to predict a revulsion of feeling in favor of their justly incensed victims. Small wonder that they should resort to violence or desertion, or even if their outraged feelings should ultimately manifest in procrastination or Sabbath breaking.

Judge Clelland is nothing if not logical. With him precept and practice go hand in hand. The wife-beater is no longer vindictively sentenced to illogical pains and penalties, but the far more culpable wife is sternly reminded of her derelictions and exhorted to be more faithful to the purpose of her being and to minister more assiduously to her husband's "innards." In the majority of cases a consistent diet of ham and eggs, well done, has been found sufficient to remove the gentleman's resentment and to induce him to forego further correction. A sentence of three weeks to steak and mashed potatoes has never failed. There seems to be no desire for unworthy revenge on the part of the head of the house. He is willing to bury resentment in a kidney pie, and to accept willingly a regular gustatory evidence of a change of heart on the part of his erring wife and to allow her once more to wash the dishes as of yore, and by silent and incessant devotion to her wifely duties to leave him free to his holy pursuit of the eight-hour day.

And so the good work goes on. Judge Clelland will not get the recognition that he deserves—not upon earth. Such merit rarely does, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has earned the gratitude of hundreds of faithful stomachs who were willing to endure everything and to tolerate everything so long as there was no infringement of the sacred rites of the dinner-table, no unpunctuality at meal times, nor dereliction in the preparation of the food.

The Progress of Events.

The graft prosecution is beginning to yield "results." To be sure, Eugene Schmitz is still Mayor and the legislative powers of San Francisco are still under the authority of our now widely-famous Ticket-of-Leave Club; but even under the hand of these agencies things are happening, to show that if there is not a new spirit in San Francisco there is at least a new deal. First of all in importance, our paroled supervisors have cast off their allegiance to Abraham Ruef, and, as becomes a serious procedure, the thing has been done with due ceremony. An ordinance of renunciation, to which fifteen of our more or less honored city fathers have given their endorsement, has been formulated by that active moralist, Supervisor Gallagher, erstwhile the fiduciary agent of Mr. Ruef in his dealings with individual supervisors, and Acting Mayor during the occasional absence of Mr. Schmitz. The Board, declares the newly moralized Gallagher, "has for one year and three months acted politically and officially in accord with Mr. Ruef, but it has decided by a large majority to do so no more." Therefore, Mr. Gallagher proceeds, the Board has "determined to cut loose," and, in cutting loose, to dismiss from its secretaryship that "estimable and capable gentleman," Mr. Keane, who only two weeks ago—indeed since Mr. Ruef's arrest—was placed in the secretaryship by Mr. Ruef's orders and for his purposes, albeit he was paid by the city. It has been thought best, according to Mr. Gallagher, to have some one in Mr. Keane's place "not so closely in political accord with Mr. Ruef." And thus, with the amenities duly observed, our Ticket-of-Leave Club has let go of Secretary Keane.

But this is not all. One O'Grady, who under some pretense of official employment at \$250 per month, paid by the municipality, has been doing "outside work" for Ruef, has been dismissed. One Myrtle Cerf, half secretary, half valet, in immediate personal attendance upon Mr. Ruef, at a salary of \$250 per, paid by the city, has been relieved of his purely nominal official responsibilities and of his very actual salary. These dismissals are described as mere evidence of good faith, of the new moral light which is now guiding the footsteps of the worthies of our Ticket-of-Leave Club. There is to be close scrutiny all down the line, with the promise of eliminations calculated not only to relieve the city treasury in a considerable sum, but appreciably to advance the moral average of the municipal service. These few first fruits of reform involve a cash salvage of \$18,000 per year. When the work

of elimination shall have been thoroughly done, when all the scoundrels and loafers shall have been cast forth, the saving will be something truly handsome. Possibly we won't have to pay any taxes at all. Whatever else the Ruef-Schmitz system may have achieved, it has shown us that a decently thrifty municipal government ought to be able to pick up its living by outside operations.

Nor is this all. There is, through some unexplained impulse, a new energy in street cleaning work. Even the police are under the influence of the new moral wave, for we are told that the Chinatown graft has for the moment relaxed its energies, and that even where graft money is "past due" from gambling houses and brothels, nobody appears to collect it. There is even reason to believe that Mr. Ruef is not collecting his customary rake-down from public service corporations, including the \$1200 per month which has been paid to him by the Pacific States Telephone Company. It is an interesting speculation if these several agencies will exhibit that high standard of integrity which will induce them to keep faith with Mr. Ruef, either by passing the money to him in a quiet way, or by holding it subject to his order as soon as he shall be ready again to do business. It should be remembered by his clients that even in his present retirement Mr. Ruef has facilities in the Mayor's now-famous violin receptacle for storing away any sums which they may feel bound in honor—as between gentlemen, you know—to hand him on account.

The legal procedure of the week in the graft business has not on the whole been striking. The original extortion case against Ruef, trial of which had only technically begun before the wholesale confession of supervisors gave a new face to the whole matter, was held in abeyance. The energies of the prosecution were centred upon the development of testimony in the telephone and other cases. It was common gossip that the extortion case against Ruef would be pushed to one side; and that the first serious court procedure would be upon some other of the more serious indictments which have been returned against him. However, the case has been formally opened, and may proceed with such delays as the skillful use of retarding technicalities will furnish. The prosecution did not take the public into its confidence in this matter or in any other, discreetly reserving to itself the privilege of arranging and rearranging its plans at its own pleasure.

In the meantime the Grand Jury mill is kept steadily grinding. Many persons are being summoned to Native Sons' Hall and put through courses of questionings designed to bring out the whole story of the graft system as it has been pursued here through many months. The proceedings of the Grand Jury are nominally secret, and largely so in fact. Only the more important testimony brought out by inquisition is made public, but even so, the record is sufficient to inform the public that the prosecution is loading up with a prodigious volume of information. Among other things, it has been developed that there existed between Ruef and Schmitz an agreement to divide their "earnings" equally; and it has further been developed that not even that traditional honor binding upon thieves was sufficient to hold either of them to a strict accounting. It falls out that the many disagreements and coolnesses of the past year between these master scoundrels were based upon the failure of each to play "fair" with the other.

Perhaps no development of the week in the graft prosecution has excited greater interest than the statement attributed to Mr. Pillsbury, of the Pacific States Telephone Company, that for something more than two years his company has regularly paid to Abraham Ruef a fee of \$1200 per month. The daily newspaper wits have professed to see in Mr. Pillsbury's resentment in connection with this fact a manifestation of wounded vanity, since while Ruef received \$14,400 a year, Mr. Pillsbury's own official salary was only a beggarly \$12,000. We pass by this irrelevant point to the more serious aspects of the matter. Let us assume, for the sake of discussion, that the telephone company did not want anything that it was not entitled to under its charter and in equity, this being the plea of those who speak in its name. Let us assume

that the \$1200 a month paid to Abraham Ruef was a mere blackmailer's fee—a payment made to prevent a political highwayman from using his illegitimate powers to make mischief. Even in this kindly view the act must be regarded as one of weakness and criminality. Why did the authorities of the Pacific States Telephone Company consent to be bled? Why did they not meet the demands of the blackmailer with resentment and defiance? Why did they not put the case directly before the public, with a full statement of the facts, and rely upon the public conscience with the powers of public opinion to protect them? It is difficult to answer these questions, because they are so essentially simple. Corporation managers seem wholly unable to realize how effective a thing publicity may be if they are only able to go before the public with a full and plain statement of grievances and with clean hands. Things have been bad in San Francisco this five years and more, but does anybody question the efficiency of public sentiment at any moment, even within that period, to have put Abraham Ruef to rout by clear exposure at the hands of a clean-handed man or a clean-handed corporation of a bald attempt at blackmail? Does anybody doubt that the Pacific States Telephone Company, assuming its own skirts to be clean, could have protected itself against the rapacity of Abraham Ruef by a plain and straightforward appeal to the public, with full presentation of all the facts?

To pursue the point further: Suppose, after the fire the United Railroads Company had declined to deal with Ruef and his rotten organization and had made direct appeal to the people with a statement of all the considerations and with full exposure of Ruef's demands! Does anybody imagine that such a statement and such an appeal would not have won the day—that it would not have gained for the United Railroads every privilege upon which they had a right to insist, including the identical privileges for which Ruef is presumed to have been paid half a million dollars? In this day of easy publicity, no citizen, no corporation, with clean hands and decent purposes, has any need to answer the exactions of a political blackmailer. The public virtue may not be all that it ought to be, but it is always potent enough, if right appeal is made to it, to overcome the schemes of political freebooters. The real trouble is that in matters of this kind there is commonly serious fault on the part of the corporations, and this fact being within the knowledge of the freebooters is the lever of their demands. Again, in too many instances, what is wanted is not within the limits of legitimacy, not what is merely right and fair, but something beyond the limits of what is right and fair. Public service corporations have acquired the scheming habit, the habit of grasping for too much and of working through dishonest agents. Nine times out of ten it is because they can not come before the public with clean hands that they must submit to be blackmailed.

Public service corporations in San Francisco and elsewhere need to learn how great is the power which rests in straightforward courses, in simple honesty. In dealing with the public, it is the highest and the surest of all forces, for it wins where all else fails. We have in the present position and in the recent history of the United Railroads a case precisely in point. There is not a decent man in San Francisco who will attempt to justify this company in its connection with Abraham Ruef and with the city government as exposed by the confessions of the supervisors. And yet citizens stand almost aghast when it is proposed to annul franchises acquired through bribery and fraud. In spite of universal resentment against the railroad company for its dealing in connection with the franchises, there are few who seriously wish the privileges to be withdrawn. The implication is plain enough. Nothing has been accorded to the United Railroads Company which the public would not cheerfully have granted. What the railroad company presumably paid to Ruef et al. a half million dollars for, they could plainly have had for the asking if they had known how to ask. What was lacking was the moral power of straightforward appeal. Either the United Railroads Company lacked faith in its own character, faith in its own purposes, or faith in the public. The position in which it finds itself today is the penalty it pays for proceeding through corrupt

courses to get what it ought to have sought by simple and honest methods.

There is but one jarring note in the general situation as it stands. It is in connection with the arrangement under which a quasi immunity has been granted to the boodling supervisors. No possible explanation can make the position in the city government of these confessed criminals acceptable. The public mind is more impressed with the enormity of the spectacle of fifteen boodlers immune from prosecution and still in office, in spite of their crimes, than by any explanation which has yet been made. The *Chronicle* has taken the ground that the graft prosecution has exceeded its authority in its immunity grant, sustaining its position by citing a decision by ex-Chief Justice Wm. T. Wallace to the effect that the Prosecuting Attorney is without authority in such matters. By the opinion of Judge Wallace, the authority to nullify or mitigate punishments provided by the Criminal Code rests with, and only with, judges of criminal courts. Be this as it may, there are those who insist that it is the moral duty of the graft prosecution to proceed impartially against all those who have either given or taken bribes. Even though it be held inexpedient to proceed against the boodling supervisors upon the basis of their confessions, there are presumably other causes of action against them—causes in respect to which the prosecution is under no restraint through the immunity arrangement made with the criminals. To this, as to other suggestions, the prosecution makes no answer, excepting to proceed upon its own plan with the work it has undertaken. It is very wisely taking nobody into its counsels, though no doubt it takes due note of all aspects of public opinion.

Homer Davenport's Arab.

It is reported in a dispatch from Walla Walla, State of Washington, that Mr. Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, is arranging for an unique trial of equine endurance. In the interesting exhibit made by Mr. Davenport at the Portland Exposition two years ago, there was as a centre of attraction a beautiful Arabian stallion, bought from an English officer who half begged and half stole the animal from a sheik of the desert. Since the Fair this fine beast has been kept at the home of his owner's father, near Salem, Oregon. Now it is proposed to send him to Mr. Davenport's Plainfield Farm in New Jersey, not by train, but over the roads and under saddle. Harry Davenport, a student of Whitman College, Walla Walla, and a cousin of the cartoonist, has been commissioned to ride the horse across the continent, and he is preparing early in April to tighten his girths and start eastward.

Mr. Davenport's idea is to make an exhibition of endurance that will prove the mettle of the Arab breed, in which he has a passionate sentimental interest, as well as a business interest, since he has imported a dozen or more Arabs of his own selection and bought at first hand in the desert. His theory is that the Arab is the most enduring of all races of the horse, and he proposes to put this theory to an unprecedented test. Horse lovers will naturally watch the experiment with extraordinary interest.

In the middle years of last century—between the early forties and the late sixties—horses in great numbers were ridden or driven across the plains from the Missouri River and beyond to Oregon and California. The editor of the *Argonaut* took his early lessons in the saddle on the back of a light-footed pony which his father had previously ridden from Liberty, Missouri, to Yamhill County, in Western Oregon. The journey was a slow one—from early April to late September—for the pace was restricted to the slow movement of ox teams, while food, both for man and beast, had mostly to be gathered by the way. The little horse, like many another of his day, made the journey in good shape, living to a gray old age, in useful service to the last. Mr. Davenport's Arab will of course make the journey under very different circumstances. He will find food and shelter by the way, and with the lithe and light young collegian on his back he is expected to cover from thirty to forty miles a day.

It would be interesting to put alongside of Mr. Davenport's Arab, on the transcontinental journey, a typical horse of the native California breed,

if indeed there be left in the country a true representative of the old breed. If such a comparative test of powers were possible, the *Argonaut* would be willing to wager something handsome that the native horse would at least share honors with the Arab. No horse, we believe, ever lived in any country that could go further on shorter commons or carry a heavier burden in ratio to his own weight than the native horse. And there was reason for it inside of Mr. Davenport's own theory, since the native horse was by heredity himself an Arab. His genesis, like that of Mr. Davenport's splendid sorrel, is the desert. The Mohammedan Arab rode his remote ancestors into Asia Minor; his descendants carried new generations of Mohammedans into the land of the Moor; the Moors rode still later descendants of the same breed into Spain; Cortez and his associates in conquest carried the Spanish descendants of the Moorish horses into horseless America. From these so-called Spanish horses came that so-called native breed which spread throughout North America, and which in different districts is called by different names. The line of descent is long but it is straight.

The native horse of California, after three and a half centuries of in-breeding and ill-usage at the hands of Spanish and Indian masters, retained qualities clearly marking him as an Arab. Reduced in size by harsh conditions, he nevertheless retained the form and the colors common to his ancestry, with the same extraordinary capability for endurance at speed. If his temper had been spoiled by hard treatment and scanty living, the fact that he had any temper left was a mark of his descent. He had, too, the paces typically Arabian, the delightful canter, the alert and springy walk, with a truly aristocratic indisposition to the work-a-day trot. His feats of endurance, as pioneer records bear witness, were marvellous. That we should practically have lost a breed of horses so splendidly capable and so honorably associated with our pioneer life, is truly a pity.

It is much to be wished that some horse enthusiast with money to spend, would undertake, by selection, careful breeding, and the infusion of new Arab blood, to restore a race of horses of which at many points we have not seen the equal. Under careful and systematic breeding of the native horse with the imported Arab, we should unfaillingly get a beast which, for the uses of the saddle at least, could not possibly be surpassed.

Booker Washington's declaration—it can not be regarded as a boast—that there is not one graduate of his famous Tuskegee school now "serving time" in any prison, has been widely commented on, and by most commentators is spoken of as very striking in its meaning. It is certainly that in almost any view for black or white, even if it is little more than the circumstance or condition of a day, remarks the *Chicago Chronicle*. Without having seen the full declaration it is impossible to say whether he meant that there did not happen to be any graduate in prison at that time, or that none had ever served in prison. If this last was his meaning, it is a most striking statement indeed, one that probably could not truthfully be made of any other school of like age and magnitude. The clearest meaning that may be drawn from it—and this is aside from any question of race—is that these graduates have been trained to the practical end of earning a living. What any youth, white or black, may learn from books, while it may improve his equipment for earning after he has been taught how to apply it, does not fully arm him for the task of life.

In a letter written by the late Lafcadio Hearn to his friend, the musical critic, H. E. Krehbiel, the author says: "Let me dwell upon an art principle. Both you and I have a *trade*: journalism. We have also an *art*: authorship. The same system of labor can not be applied to the one as to the other without unfortunate results. Let the trade be performed as mechanically as is consistent with preservation of one's reputation as a good *workman*. . . . But when it comes to writing a durable thing—a book or a *brochure*—every line ought to be written at least twice, if possible *three* times. . . . In the very act of copying, new ideas of grace, force, and harmony will make themselves manifest. Without this, I will venture to say, fine literary execution is *impossible*."

All the mechanical work of the Baedeker handbooks, including the printing, map-making, and binding, is done in Germany, most of it in Leipzig, where the firm has been established since 1872. Before that its seat was at Coblenz. The connection of the Baedeker family with the book trade goes back to Diederich Baedeker, who died at Bielefeld in 1716 as königlichpreussischer privilegierter Buchdrucker. Since this day there has been an unbroken line of printing or publishing Baedekers, forming a good example of that honorable commercial heredity so difficult to parallel out of Germany.

LONG-SUFFERING LONDON.

How the Rate-Payer Is Plundered in Support of Great Ducal Houses.

The London County Council election has been fought around the body of the prostrate rate-payer who tearfully complained that he was crushed to death by those very measures of municipal ownership that were ostensibly designed for his relief. Flushed with his victory and hopeful of being allowed to work for himself, as well as for the rate-collector, he might now turn his attention to other ways in which he is mercilessly fleeced, not for wild-cat schemes of collectivism, but for the support of the bluest of blue English blood. The unblushing manner in which this is done is one of the fiscal curiosities of civilization. To find its like we must go back to pre-revolution days in France, when the exemption of the "classes" was a fundamental principle of the kingdom.

There is nothing unlawful about the flagrant robbery of the English rate-payer, who is no doubt comforted by the fact that his spoliation is carried out decently according to ancient and therefore sacred tradition, and by the immemorial sanction of King, Lords, and Commons. But the rate-collector has at least this in common with the highwayman: he usually takes whatever there is, and his tribute is upon the principle of "all that the trade will bear."

In five hundred years' time the present system, by which the barons of England levy tribute upon the people, will occupy the same shelf in the museum of history as the depredations of their mediaeval brothers who simply buckled on their armor and took from the peasantry, and at the point of the sword, whatever they stood in need of. Let me make this plain by citing the case of the Duke of Norfolk, whose voice has been raised loudly in defense of the rate-payer, but who is apparently actuated by the conviction that there is no room for municipal ownership bandits and for aristocratic ones as well.

The Duke of Norfolk owns an enormous amount of property in the heart of London. Nearly the whole of the metropolis is thus owned by a few families, and the incomes that they draw are colossal. The revenue of the Duke of Norfolk is probably somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 a year, which is equal to twice that amount, or more, in America. Now let us see how the English rate system is carefully devised for the exemption of the aristocrat at the direct expense of the commoner—and there is nothing like a concrete example such as that of the Duke of Norfolk for making the position clear.

After the fire of London, in 1666, the site of the great Norfolk mansion was leased to builders for a period of eighty years. At the expiration of the eighty years the land reverted to the duke, with the buildings that had been erected upon it. The land was then re-leased at higher rates for further terms of years, and at the expiration of these further terms it again reverted to the duke, plus the original buildings and all new structures or improvements upon the old ones. With the continuance of the process the ducal income steadily augments without effort upon his part, and in exact proportion to the increased valuation derived from the general growth of the city. Now observe the admirable cooperation of the rate system with the leasehold laws for the plunder of the citizen:

Municipal rates in London are levied upon the rent-payer and upon the basis of the rent paid. The true owner, the lessor, pays nothing; the lessee pays everything. The man who pays the Duke of Norfolk \$5000 a year rent must also pay to the rate collector an annually fixed percentage on that rent for the purposes of the city government. The higher his rent, the higher his rates. But the property is increasing in value all the time. It may be that some adjacent street is widened, or a park is opened, or transportation facilities improved. The Duke of Norfolk has nothing to do with any of these things. They do not cost him a penny, but on the contrary the value of his own property is enhanced thereby; he raises his tenants' rents in accordance, and the rate-collector instantly follows suit in his assessment. The few families who own the whole of London contribute not a cent to its improvement or beautification. They simply "sit around" and collect their constantly increasing tribute from their tenants—that is to say, the people of London—who are assessed by the rate-collector in proportion to that tribute. The citizen is taxed pro rata upon the amount of plunder secured by the highwayman. The land-owner leases his filthy slum property for a term of years, and gets it back covered with fine buildings. He renews the lease at a very much higher rent because of the improvements made by the tenant, who must henceforth pay to the rate-collector a still higher percentage of the blood sucked from him by the landlord. During the last thirty years the London rates have increased from \$20,000,000 a year to \$50,000,000. The owners of the land and the buildings pay none of this. The tenant pays it all. The sole function of his grace the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey and Norfolk, Baron Fitzalan, Clun, Oswaldestre and Maltravers, earl marshal, hereditary grand marshal, and hereditary chief butler of England, Knight of the Garter, etc., is to watch his property increase in value through the efforts of his tenants, to raise his rents accordingly with the regularity of a chronometer, and to see to it, through his private legislative preserve, the House of Lords, that the municipal rates continue to come from the man who pays the rent and never from the man who receives it. London is, therefore, still governed upon a strictly scriptural foundation, because to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath.

It is certain that around this question of aristocratic privilege many a hard political fight will presently be

fought. Every country has its share of those who toil not, neither do they spin, and whether they are at the tramp or at the aristocratic pole of human society, they are likely to consume a good deal of legislative time. But the spectacle of the English lord battenning upon a community wherein destitution and starvation are rampant, coining his caste into money that he has not earned, is not one that can be endured by modern thought.

LONDON, March 23, 1907.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was as white as snow.
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little one up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he.
And the wants of the little child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said;
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school,—
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
"Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said;
"We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasant times that he had of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and friendly glass;
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chucked and sipped and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered a long while here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the halmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
"Twas a glorious world down here below,
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of the golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorless night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he hewed his head,—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,—
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

—George Arnold.

The Bay of Dublin.

O Bay of Dublin! my heart you're troublin',
Your heauty haunts me like a fevered dream;
Like frozen mountains that the sun sets buhlin',
My heart's blood warms when I hnt hear your name.
And never till this life-pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be.
O there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green hanks is a picture rare;
You crowd around me like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As though you'd see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
O my hessing on those lovely places,
Though no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katey knitting,
And the children playing round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbors' faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see.
Oh, though no one knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

—Lady Dufferin.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson takes a roseate view of the future financial situation. Only bad crops can have an adverse effect, and Mr. Wilson says that there can be nothing like a general crop failure. "The flurries that are occurring in Wall Street are not affecting the farm population at all," he remarks. "Many of the farmers do not know anything about them, and, if they do, think there is simply a machination of stocks, with which they are not concerned. You can not get the farmer to touch anything of the kind now because he does not know what the consequences may be."

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Governor Carter of Hawaii has intimated to an interviewer that in his opinion President Roosevelt has abandoned his former policy of Americanizing Hawaii.

Secretary Taft has reached Panama on his tour of inspection after a slow trip across the isthmus. He was received at the railway station by Secretary Arias and subsequently he called upon President Amador.

Senator Foraker went to a great deal of trouble and at his own expense in gathering evidence in connection with the Brownsville raid. It transpired during the debate that he had sent a detective to the scene to make inquiries, and that for this purpose he had selected a colored man named Ferguson.

The Portland *Oregonian* expresses itself frankly on the subject of Mr. Hughes's nomination for the Presidency. The *Oregonian* says: "Mr. Hughes may not be nominated for President, but if he were, the contingency would afford unmingled satisfaction to decent people, and would be utterly devoid of consolation for rascals."

Former Congressman Galusha A. Grow, who has lately died at his home in Glenwood, Pennsylvania, had a public service in the House, although not a continuous one, longer than that of any man who ever sat in that body. In 1864 he came within one vote of the nomination for the vice-presidency in place of Andrew Johnson.

Myron T. Herrick, former Governor of Ohio, says: "I do not believe the people of Ohio take Senator Foraker's presidential aspirations seriously. Nor do I think the Republican party does." Mr. Herrick went on to say that the present situation rendered it absolutely impossible to risk a guess as to where the choice would fall.

President Roosevelt has appointed William R. Wheeler as a member of the special commission on immigration. This is a recognition of the claim of the Pacific Coast to be represented on that inquiry, and no better appointment could be made, as Mr. Wheeler is a student of social and political conditions as well as a successful man of business.

It is announced from Cleveland that William J. Bryan will make his running for the presidency under the personal direction of Mayor Tom L. Johnson of that city, who is said to embody those qualities that made the late Senator Hanna such a power in the world of politics, namely, financial finesse, executive ability, power of organization, and a winning personality.

President Roosevelt was asked if he would grant a pardon to ex-Senator Burton at the expiration of the six months' term to which he was sentenced, so as to release him from the fine that was a part of his punishment for accepting fees from a "get-rich-quick" concern. The President replied that, so far from granting a pardon, he regretted that he had no power to lengthen the term of imprisonment.

Numerous distinguished speakers will be present in New York, April 17, at the public dinner which will close the National Peace Congress. Among them are President Roosevelt, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada; Baron d'Estournelles de Constant of France, William T. Stead of London and Sir Robert Cranston, Lord Provost of Glasgow. President Diaz of Mexico sent a letter regretting his inability to be present.

The Emperor William has decided to send his fifth son, Prince Oscar, to Harvard University. Oscar is 19 years of age, and the emperor's preference for Harvard is said to be due to the fact that it the *alma mater* of President Roosevelt and also of Ambassador Tower, who is extremely popular at the German court. Moreover, Harvard is the American university which makes a specialty of German subjects and the seat of the small cult which opposes the Monroe doctrine.

The story that President Roosevelt is failing health has been denied at the White House. Because the appetite of the President fell off for several days during the recent hot spell and he did not seem to be so active as usual, a rumor has been set afloat that he is actually ill. The fact of the matter is that the President has been suffering from a decayed tooth which gave him some discomfort and this, joined with the special nervous strain of the last two months, has tended to lower his general health.

Scarcely a day passes in the Rhode Island Senatorial deadlock when the Providence *Journal* does not utter its contempt of Samuel P. Colt, one of the candidates. The people of Rhode Island, says that newspaper, "are too proud of their State to look with indifference upon the personnel of their delegation in Congress. For months he (Colt) has been as determined as Addicks or Dryden, and with as little claim upon the Senatorship. Delaware fought long and won. New Jersey fought hard and won sooner. Rhode Island is fighting now, and the country is looking on."

The boom for Judge Gray as the choice of the Democratic party for President has brought out many comments from Democratic papers, but they are not enthusiastic, though complimentary to Judge Gray. The Philadelphia *Record*, which started the boom, returns to the attack with this: "We believe that the dominating thought of the rank and file of the Democracy, North and South, is every day turning more in the direction of old-time conservatism, a falling back on the rudimentary and fundamental principles of the party. It is for the South to lead. Let it put away its false teaching and false gods and call on the North and West to follow."

THE OTHER ONE.

By J. N. Greely.

I sat half-way into the Boulevard de Capuchines, at one of the little tables that garnish the Café de la Paix, engrossed in the doings of Princess Maria Louisa Augusta, of the Grand Duchy of something like Hohenswellsig—*Le Matin* had patriotically misspelled the name. The chattering, laughing Parisian crowd swept by and about me. A man dropped out of the rush and into the other chair by my table. I heard him rapping for the garçon, but I heard him vaguely; I was deep in sympathy for the impish Augusta, who didn't want to be politically married. Said *Le Matin*:

"It is understood unofficially that the Crown Prince of Selgravia will look elsewhere for a bride, and there is mourning in the ducal family. But the princess laughs, and the Kaiser twirls his moustache. Whether it is the Kaiser's express command, or some new indiscretion of the princess that is responsible—"

"A little of both," said the man beside me. He was bent half over the table, peering into the fastnesses of my private paper, and into the affairs of the Princess Augusta.

I turned resentfully, only to catch the lean, humorous profile of Jenkins Blatt. I was not surprised to meet him there, this freak of nature, a shiftless Yankee. For Blatt is Blatt, as independent of conditions, as absolute as Milton's Satan.

"How?" I said, and I sipped my absinthe expectantly.

"This is how," said Jenkins Blatt, and he drank Blatt-esquely deep.

"Listen!

"Three months I teamed acrobatically with Annie O'Brien, infamous in vaudeville as Signora Rosalita, and she gained a pound a day. I lost one, working. But she celebrated the birthday of her first three hundred pounds by eating a scandalous big dinner. And that night she skipped lightly onto my shoulder from some stupendous height. She drove me completely through the stage, and I never came up. Above the joyous yowls of the audience I heard the dulcet Italian tones of Annie O'Brien in anger. That's why I edged lightning-like toward the stage door and the city suburbs.

"Phil Fingelheimer's Grand One-Ring Circus sailed for France the next day, and so did I. Equestrian Artist, I was billed, but I was everything but that; the horse died on the way over. So I started in as acrobat and clown, and I was lion-tamer, too, when the show broke up. I was glad it broke up; I could see by the state of our stomachs that the next day I was going to eat that mangy old lion or he was going to eat me.

"The French-for-Sheriff gathered in everything that day but the Bearded Lady, the Fat Lady, the Baby Elephant, and me. The Fat Lady hitched up to the four-in-hand harem of a stray Turk, and the Bearded Lady worked her way back to York on a cattle steamer. I gave the Baby Elephant to the Municipality as a sort of sombre revenge, and left hurriedly before they discovered his appetite.

"The sun was the only bit of scenery that looked familiar to me, so I hurried toward it. Three weeks I headed for the rising sun, the noon sun, the setting sun. Strikes me I might have circled considerable if I hadn't generally got tired by noon. Two weeks I passed through towns and near-towns, with names that sounded like the naughty-naughty song the soubrette sings to the bald-head row, then they shifted sudden to German jokes. And I lived on the fat of the land. Whenever I wanted bed, board, beer, or brandy, I made a horrible face—in France they said I imitated a Prussian, exact; in the Fatherland they told me in their dulcet sign-talk that I took off a Frenchman to the life. I couldn't spend my money, that was my sorrow. I had six dollars and fifty-five cents in American gold changed into coppers, and it was sure the burden of my life. In my clothes and coppers I could match Annie O'Brien—almost.

"I didn't go down into the Grand Duchy of Ho-Ho—Oh, the dashed Dutch duchy; I fell down. I just pecked over the edge of a hill to see what the funny little valley was like, I lost my balance, and I landed at the bottom.

"It's a nice little valley; architecture—turally, it's built on the plan of a megaphone, with no little end. I stayed there three days, because I hated to climb out with my treasury at full weight; I stayed there the rest of the time, because I owed the inn-keeper money. It was too small a place to be charitable. When I made my star face they didn't say it looked either German or French; they said it looked distinctive, and asked me not to do it again. I don't believe they'd ever heard of Prussia or sunny France; they heard only of the Princess Maria Louisa Augusta and the Crown Prince of Selgravia, and that's all I heard of for a bit.

"I used to see the ducal family out driving on the one road that led around the valley, three laps to a mile. The duke looked serene, and the duchess serene; but her serenity, the princess, was wearing a regular Chicago scowl. I sought elucidation from Mine Host, and in dignified sign language and large-sized guttural he put me wise.

"Why?" said I. "Why the smiles, two? Why the scowl, one?"

"The marriage quick very too soon coming is," he elucidated. He leaned forward and whispered, "The garters today have come."

"His?" said I, interested. And he elucidated some more. It seems that Princess M. L. Gussie was the very swiftest he set. She smoked, drank, played bridge and pedro too high, and was the good-fellow all 'round. The little princelings liked Gussie. It was the proper

thing for them to cry, 'I want Gussie,' before they were dragged away and married to their maiden aunts. The crown prince was on; so what does the perfect devil send her for an engagement present but a pair of er—hum—upper-anklets, blue silk, and the buckles were gold seals of Selgravia, with the boy's signature engraved across. Seemed to me a bit like putting his brand on Gussie early, and she sure shared the thought. But the old folks passed over the impudence in their great joy at landing the C. P. They hoped to have their name in the very Bridgeport papers the next time a war-cloud hovered over the Balkans.

"The next day Baron Karl dropped into the duchy and the conversation. I liked Karl; he was a fine, upstanding boy, good looking except his face, which had evident been interested in some razor-play. Duelling? Maybe so. Gussie liked him, too. She was waiting most improper at the door, and she got off an informal welcome before the old folks dragged her back. She said, 'Karl,' not over-loud, just hearty and pleased. But it echoed around that megaphone valley like thunder; you couldn't miss what it meant. I found myself saying, 'Hush,' to me, fearing that the C. P. down in Selgravia might have gotten a dim echo himself.

"Gossip was busy that night, with the C. P. of Selgravia a poor third in the conversation. The Kaiser had his sterling stamp on Karl, they told me, and the Kaiser had Gussie picked for Karl since last year. So did Karl, so did Gussie, but that didn't seem to matter to these simple-minded heathen. But Karl was only the ten of Germans, while that very dirty Knave of Selgravians would still be told for a court card. 'Take the Knave,' said the ducal bunch; and Gussie had to. But would she?

"I was short on etiquette, and long on men. That's why I picked the Knave to lose, betting a little matter of a beer with Mine Host. And we had it right then, being impatient of delays and such forms.

"Mine Host was a game old sport. He set up another, the minute the news was out next evening. Baron Karl sauntered out of the back gate at seven twenty-one, while Princess Gussie was being dressed for dinner. At seven thirty the edict went forth from the palace, on the Q. T. to all loyal inhabitants and anybody else: Anybody who could persuade Baron Karl to saunter back, alive, or preferably, dead, would be entitled to five thousand marks reward, no questions asked. I suppose for nearly six minutes the village didn't know what was up, which was highly unusual, and ruined the reputation of several scandal-mongers. Then the rumor crawled through some crack in the palace wall that it wasn't the silver spoons Karl had gotten away with. Gossips began to insinuate that Karl had just added the gold-engraved signature of the Crown Prince of Selgravia to his collection of autographs; that he had it wrapped up in a bit of blue elastic ribbon and was treasuring the whole in his left breast pocket. I could see right there that there would be no marriage if Karl got out of the valley and began showing his autograph collection to a few official friends. Crown princes' papas and mamas pick 'em wives who don't distribute such-like souvenirs—until after marriage. Karl looked the whole of the three best bets to win.

"But the old folks did their best. They ran a guard about the megaphone ring that our prize living skeleton couldn't have missed. And that five thousand reward would have uncovered Karl if he hadn't gotten out, sure. But he did; pulled the plug out of the little end of the horn and dropped out, I guess. Anyhow, there goes Karl; he'll have Gussie this time next year.

"That night I strolled around behind the palace garden. I sympathized with Karl; but if he had tapped me on the shoulder and asked for a light, I should have gotten a strangle hold on five thousand somethings.

"There was a little iron gate at the back of the gardens; it was an informal, go-as-you-please, little palace. I stopped at the gate, and I stopped right there. A girl sat crying not ten feet away; I could hear her dry sobs. Bye and bye they got dryer, and dryer, and bubbled into laughter, like dry champagne.

"I said, 'Hello. Have you see Karl?'

"She swirled up and came at me. A pretty girl, with thick black hair that looked as though it grew on her—none of this frizzy wiggy kind most women wear. But all I saw then were her eyes, which looked disagreeable, like Annie O'Brien's; she was mad.

"She said, in English, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself?'

"I said, 'Sure! But I need the—why, you—you're Gussie.'

"She laughed. 'I like that. They will call me Augusta, and I'm not!'

"Who?" said I. 'Mama? Papa? And where are they?'

"Up at the palace, hiring the whole duchy to hunt. He's gone!'

"I said, 'I'm glad of that, though he's taken my five thousand marks with—' Then I stopped and laughed, hanging on to the bars of the gate I laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

"What is it?" snapped Gussie. And I pulled myself up to tell her. 'You duck,' she cried, and she kissed me through the bars. Me! Hear? Me!

"Lucky Karl,' I said, and I say it now. 'But quick—there's some one.'

"She whirled about, and I distracted the moon's attention most proper and polite. Then her hand met mine between the bars, and I thrust something light and frilly into a highly honored hip pocket.

"You will?" she said.

"On a rogue's honor," I said.

"She said, 'I like that. You mean it. Good-bye.'

"Five minutes later we were a happy little family. The duchess was weeping tears of pure joy over a little blue-and-gold returned certificate of character, and the duke was pouring me out five fingers of an even purer joy that

made the valley famous. And I was hugging five thousand marks in the purest kind of joy; but turning mental somersaults trying to think of the German for 'Good-bye.'

"That's all—except some flying landscape. I beat Karl's time six minutes in getting out of that valley, and I caught the eleven twenty-three to Paris. It doesn't even notice way-stations."

I said, "But what—what do you mean? How—"

"Good Lord," snorted Jenkins Blatt. "It was the other garter."

I said, "Garçon!"

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1907.

The authorities of the city libraries in Berlin have been making some interesting experiments with the purpose of determining the hygienic conditions of books that have been used a great deal by the people. With the dirt gathered from such books, some of which was known to include tuberculosis bacilli, experiments were made on guinea pigs. In the case of books used but two years, no result could be noticed, but the refuse collected from particularly soiled books, that had been in circulation from three to six years, did produce an effect. Attempts to destroy the bacilli by sterilization through formalin vapors failed; but the books themselves suffered to such an extent that many were practically spoiled. In view of this fact, the city authorities have decided to abstain from further disinfecting experiments. In conjunction with the city medical society and the police department, it has now been decided periodically to examine the public libraries and to destroy those books which have been used so much as to make them a danger to public health. Such books must be destroyed, not sold for old paper.

Two new railroad lines have been opened into the Congo Free State in Africa. One runs from Stanley Falls, where the River Congo ceases to be navigable, in an easterly direction to Mahagi, on the Albert Sea, a distance of 1120 kilometers (kilometer, 0.62 mile), and the other route starts from Stanleyville, the city by the falls, and running from north to south, partly by boats on the navigable portions of the upper Congo and partly by a railway for such portions of the stream as are not navigable, ultimately is bound for the district of Katanga, in the extreme southern portion of the Free State, where there are great copper and gold fields. Of this latter line the road was opened last autumn from Stanleyville to Ponthierville and is now in operation for a distance of 127 kilometers.

Many secrets are hidden away in the vaults of the Bank of England. In the annual account of the receipts and expenditures of the Paymaster-General on behalf of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which deals with securities worth millions, is a curious list of remanets of bygone legal contests. In all, the list comprises 186 items, boxes, bags, sealed packets, etc., which are still in safekeeping at the bank. There are heirlooms, articles of jewelry, some presentation plate, and "a bag of clipped money," the sealed parcels having various endorsements. The Chancery Division is well represented here, but although a search has not revealed any remains of the famous cause, *Jarmyce v. Jarmyce*, at least two of the relics date back to the eighteenth century.

"Helpmeet" has had a curious history, which began with the biblical account of the creation, when "the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." That is to say, a fit assistant. But the two words have become curiously combined into a "helpmeet," and they are constantly used as one. Moreover, the confusion is increased by the corruption of the words into "helpmate," and Macaulay writes of the waiting woman who was "generally considered as the most suitable help mate for a parson."

Fraunce's Tavern in New York is to be made over into a headquarters for the Sons of the Revolution. The two upper stories are to be replaced by a mansard and the façades rebuilt in Colonial style, with a porch on Pearl Street and an ornamental balcony in bronze. The long room, in which Washington made his farewell to his officers, will be restored, and on the third floor will be a museum of Washington relics and other memorabilia of the Revolution.

The so-called sacred cattle of India, which have recently been imported into Texas by Mr. Borden of that State, were shipped from Karachi with the sanction and under the careful watch of the United States Department of Agriculture. Most of the animals were bulls. Should the expectation of the imperviousness of their hides to ticks and also their breeding qualities be demonstrated, it is likely that other shipments of India livestock will follow.

At Penon, Mexico, a suburb of Mexico City, may be seen what is perhaps the smallest church in the world. It nestles under the shadow of a small volcano. The church is about ten feet high and twelve feet wide. *Modern Mexico* says: "Whenever a couple is married at the little altar of the church there is barely room for the groom and bride to turn around at the same time."

Between St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo there is a special line, with a private station at each end, for the exclusive use of the imperial family. Every yard of it is constantly guarded, and the Czar himself often drives the locomotive—of course, under the superintendence of the driver proper.

THE PASSING OF THE "EPIGRAM."

By Jerome A. Hart.

In the final number of *Ridgway's Weekly*—which perished after a short life of nineteen numbers—its editor, in his swan-song, said: "Our men gave up splendid positions to join with us in this work." Only one other instance have I known of a like character, where the confidence of newspaper writers in the success of a new venture led them to leave assured positions on old publications to accept precarious positions on a new one. This was when Fred Somers founded the *Epigram*.

It was on December 4, 1880, that the first number of the *Epigram* was published. It was issued from the office of the *Argonaut*, which at that time had been running something over three years. Although issued from the *Argonaut* office, the *Epigram* was not published by the *Argonaut*, but was the individual venture of Somers. Frank Pixley promised to write for it, but did not, although he would have done so had it lived longer. A. G. Bierce, who had been with the *Argonaut* at its foundation, had left his desk there about the end of '79 or the beginning of '80, although he continued to contribute irregularly for several months. He went to the Black Hills, where he had some mining interests. Thus neither Bierce nor Pixley wrote for the *Epigram*, nor did Bierce again write for the *Argonaut* after the early part of 1880.

The *Epigram* then was in every line Fred Somers's child. True, I did some work on it, but I was merely a volunteer. When it began I was an associate editor on the *Argonaut*. For some time I had been a contributor: my first appearance in its columns was in 1877, in the shape of an article on the death of Thiers, the French statesman. Thereafter I contributed freely—mainly translations and articles on foreign topics—until the end of 1879, when I ceased to be an occasional contributor, became a regular member of the staff, and in 1880 became one of the owners.

Like the founder of *Ridgway's*, when Somers conceived the idea of his new journal he had no difficulty in securing loyal adherents among the better known writers on the dailies. His plan was to establish a publication something like the Boulevard journals of Paris; one which should contain short, snappy, epigrammatic writings on the drama, art, letters, and politics, but on politics least of all. He was so thoroughly imbued with the possibilities of his plan that he entertained absolutely no doubt of its success. He had confidently anticipated the association of Pixley and myself in the ownership, but we were neither of us favorably impressed with the business possibilities of the project. This conclusion we came to independently, for we had no pre-arranged plans in the matter. We neither of us wished to influence the other unfavorably against Somers's scheme, and yet we neither of us desired to venture money in a publication which we both believed doomed to fail. As associate editor, I was then doing most of the editorial work on the *Argonaut*, outside of Pixley's department, as Somers's time had been completely taken up with his *Californian* magazine, his *Epigram*, and other publishing schemes. For he was a restless genius, and was never satisfied unless he was devising some new plan or some new periodical.

Somers consulted me so frequently concerning the "dress," "make-up," and other details of the contemplated paper that it was evident he assumed that I would take stock in the new publication on the basis of my holding in *Argonaut* stock. I presume he entertained the same hopes about Pixley. But when his plans were about to take tangible form, when the type was about to be ordered and the staff engaged, I considered it no more than fair to tell Somers that I did not care to be financially interested in his scheme. He was somewhat disconcerted, and asked me what Pixley thought of the plan. I told him I had had no conversation with Pixley about the matter. He at once hastened into Pixley's office and interviewed him, thence returning with a long face and the information that Pixley also declined to interest himself financially.

For several days Somers seemed about to dismiss the project from his mind. But it was difficult for him to lay aside a cherished idea, and at last he determined to go on with it alone. Pixley and I both promised that we would do everything we could to help it along, outside of joint ownership.

At that time the *Argonaut* offices were on California Street, near Kearny. The vacant top floor of the building was secured and fitted up for the offices of the *Epigram*, the name that Somers chose. The type and all the other paraphernalia necessary for a modest evening newspaper were purchased, with the exception of a press; the press work was to be done by contract.

Then began the organization of the staff. It is remarkable how readily the various men approached at once responded to Somers's overtures. Among the men he engaged I can recall the names of the following: E. W. Townsend was a special writer on one of the dailies, a recent arrival from Virginia City, whence he had brought a reputation for very brilliant work. Harry Dam was then one of the brightest of the reporters on the *Chronicle*; he was a handsome fellow, a great favorite socially, and one of the stars of the Bohemian jinks. Peter Robertson, who was occupying a salaried position, also resigned to become the dramatic critic of the *Epigram*. Oscar Weil had not a little local fame then as a musical critic; he also gave up a position to fill the same post on the new daily. Tom Flynn was looked upon as one of the cleverest writers on the daily press. His range was wide, in sporting matters and political matters he was particularly notable, and his work was infused with a Celtic wit which made it most agreeable. Dan O'Connell was another all-round writer who was then engaged regularly on one of the weeklies; he also gave up his position to accept a new one. Of the

other men I can recall only Jack Lathrop, who was then a timid young cub reporter. He was subsequently city editor of the *Examiner*, and a correspondent of some note during the Spanish War.

All of these men did Siren Somers charm from their jobs much as did the recent charmer of *Ridgway's*. Even in the mechanical department Somers succeeded in winning a veteran away from his steady position. He got John Hancock, then foreman of the *Bulletin* composing-room, to organize a force of printers for him and to put his composing-room in commission.

Somers was to be editor-in-chief and managing editor. But he had such an infinitude of outside detail to attend to that he almost collapsed under his burden, and he asked me to occupy his chair at least part of the day. I had my own *Argonaut* work to attend to, but I did double shifts and sat at Somers's desk during most of the time the paper existed. My duties were to pass upon the "copy," head it up, cut it, put it into shape, and turn it over to the composing-room. This was to have been Dan O'Connell's task, but Dan had no time; he was obliged to write incessantly. In fact, the staff was so small that everybody had to write all the time. In the first number I wrote two columns, and had about a column a day thereafter. There were no advertisements in the paper, and those twenty-four gaping columns had to be filled every day. Somers had insisted on setting the paper in small type, and in all my experience with newspapers I never saw such a big hole to be filled by such a small number of men.

During those busy days I acquired a most profound respect for Dan O'Connell. There was a legend in the town that he was "lazy," but I have seen him write three columns of small type every day for a week, and any man who can do that is not lazy.

The first day the *Epigram* came out the newsdealers did not know it was out. They did not know it existed. They did not know there was any *Epigram*. They did not know what the *Epigram* was, nor why. Even the newsboys did not know anything about it, and could not pronounce its name. Instead of the new journal making "large returns," they were all returns—that is, all the copies printed came back. To be more exact, however, they did not come back, for they never went out. It was very mournful. It proved the old newspaper maxim, that it shall profit a man more to have a poor paper well circulated than a good paper badly circulated. As for the *Epigram*, it was not circulated at all.

About the third day it became evident that something had to be done. Even a small daily eats up an awful lot of money. I remember that Arthur McEwen had dropped in—from Virginia City, I believe—and was visiting the *Epigram* shop. He looked over the paper, damp from the press, and cried: "My God! Somers, you must put some news in your paper, or it will die."

The members of the staff mournfully nodded their heads. Somers had insisted that news was a purely subsidiary matter, but at last he yielded. About the fourth day the *Epigram* began printing the news, just like the plain, common, ordinary, unepigrammatic dailies. But the news was bedizened and bedecked, so to speak, by putting it in the form of telephones. For, at that time, the telephone was so new that it was a toy, and everybody liked to talk through the telephone, to get telephone messages, and to talk about telephones. The paper went to press at half past two. About one o'clock the order would resound: "Everybody write telephones." And everybody did, and the sort of stuff that a lot of weary men could grind out then, after writing steadily since eight o'clock in the morning, may easily be imagined. But it was not so bad, when one considers the conditions.

But telephones did not save the *Epigram*. Saltpetre would not have saved it. I am afraid nothing could have saved it. The very name itself suggested obviously the grim jest, *Epitaph*. Personally, also, I thought the name a little too pretentious—it is for the reader to discover that he is reading an epigram, without need for a label.

All through the week poor Somers had been struggling on the outside with newsdealers, news companies, news agents, and reluctant advertisers. At the end of the week he collapsed. He took to his bed, or, rather, he was sent there. Mrs. Pixley, who was one of the kindest and best-hearted women I ever knew, made him go to bed out at her house, and sent for a doctor. The doctor sent for me, and wanted to know what was the matter with Somers. I told him the condition of affairs as nearly as I could define them.

The doctor shook his head. He said: "The man seems to me to be on the verge of brain fever. Can't you wind up his paper and take it off his mind?"

"I have no authority to wind up his paper," I replied. "I am not an employee of the *Epigram*. I am merely acting as a volunteer, at his request. But if he desires the paper to stop, and if you think he is able to express a wish to that effect, I shall certainly convey his message to the staff."

"He is a pretty sick man," said the doctor, "but he seems so anxious about this business that I think he won't get well unless the paper is stopped."

Thereupon he took me into Somers's sick room. The invalid was clear-headed, so far as I could see, although evidently weak. When I told him of the doctor's request, and my scruples, he remarked briskly that there was no question about stopping the paper, because it would have to stop with the end of the week, as there was no more money to pay bills.

So authorized, I went to the *Epigram* office the following morning with my tale of woe. Work began early at the *Epigram* office—I think the hour was half-past seven. When I arrived the printers were at work and the members of the staff were just entering the editorial room. I called the foreman, Hancock, and took his breath away with the

news. "Suspend!" he cried. "Why, I never heard of a paper running only a week!" And leaving him staring in amazement, I returned to the editorial room. As I did so I heard the printers dropping their composing sticks as they gathered round the foreman to hear his announcement. Correspondingly, I gathered the editorial staff around me, and informed them that the *Epigram* belonged to history.

There was equal surprise on the part of the writers, but more cheerfulness. They had the optimism of their craft, and after the first shock they began to speculate on the continuance of the paper "on their own hook." They were quite convinced that it was so good a paper that it would be a success; furthermore, that when Somers recovered his health he would find it solidly established. None the less it evidently needed a responsible head, and the staff, after a brief whispered conference, informed me that they had unanimously elected me editor-in-chief. It may be that my popularity was due to my sparing use of the blue pencil as copy-cutter. I could not have cut their copy much, because I had not the time. But I was forced to refuse their offer of support. The paper was not mine—it belonged to Somers. I told them that I did not know what his plans were; that the doctor said his patient was threatened with brain fever; that I knew how I would run a daily paper, but that I did not know how Somers would; that I did not at all agree with his plan; that I believed it meant inevitable failure; that, therefore, I could not conscientiously run the paper in his absence according to my ideas, because I lacked the authority; that I could not conscientiously run it according to his ideas, because I was convinced they would fail; furthermore, that I did not know what his ideas really were, because he was changing them from day to day just prior to his illness. Therefore, it was impossible for me to entertain their proposition.

On general principles, however, I was wise in declining it. Run thus "in cahoots," the writers offered to work for nothing. Foreman Hancock said warily that he thought the compositors might "take their chances" on getting their money. But I knew better—I never saw any printers willing to "take chances" on getting their money; they want their money at the end of the week, and they ought to have it. Furthermore, under this coöperative plan the *Epigram* staff would have been a pure democracy. All questions would have to be settled by a majority vote. Although an American and a Republican, and therefore willing to entrust the ship of state to the majority, I would never sail on an actual ship that was navigated by ballot. And I have about the same idea concerning the direction of a newspaper.

There were but two touches of brightness in the thick cloud of gloom which permeated the *Epigram* office that morning. One was Harry Dam. Harry appeared a little late, with a rumpled shirt-front and a swallow-tail coat, concealed from the public gaze by an ulster. Evidently, Harry had not been to bed. After he heard the astounding news he remarked philosophically that he was sorry he had not gone to bed instead of coming to the office.

The other was the appearance of the musical critic, Oscar Weil. He appeared, went to his desk, seated himself, and with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, began writing something musical and presumably entralling. For he recked not of what was going on about him. He heard nothing of the many conferences among the members of the editorial staff. He did not notice the "cop walk" of the printers, as they strolled around the bare floor, instead of the quick and rhythmical footbeat that one hears when men are going about their work in a hurry (men who work "by the piece" always work in a hurry). He did not even hear the rapping of a mallet on the imposing stone, as the Father of the Chapel gathered the printers around him for an executive session while the foreman discreetly retired. Oscar Weil continued writing his critical gem. What did we do? How did the rest of the staff receive this naive yet sublime ignorance in the face of a great catastrophe? Well, we let him go on and write it.

On December 4, 1880, the *Epigram* was born. On December 11, 1880, it died. And it was the shortest-lived newspaper infant of which I ever heard.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2, 1907.

Columbia University, New York, is to have a mathematical museum, the nucleus of which will be the collection of mathematical models purchased for the university by ex-President Seth Low at the world's Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893 and presented by him to the department of mathematics. Among other things will be a collection of models constructed by Dr. Martin Schilling of Halle, Germany, and also one belonging to Professor Wiener of Darmstadt and a set of mathematical instruments from the institute of Dr. G. Coradi of Zurich.

The new postoffice building in the City of Mexico is the first government building in Mexico of any architectural design worthy of the name. It is of fireproof construction, its frame being the first steel frame to go up in the city. Architecturally the new postoffice is unexcelled by any building in the country, and as a thing of real beauty surpasses, in the opinion of many, even the Congressional Library at Washington. It is far superior to any office building owned by the United States government.

A German sanitary expert points out that the reason why beer is sold at a temperature so low as to be injurious to the stomach is that at that temperature it is difficult to tell stale beer from good beer.

One of Oscar Wilde's bright sayings was this, which he transixed a literary contemporary: "He has enemies, but he is intensely disliked by his friends."

A FRENCH-AMERICAN MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Wharton's Latest Novel, Reviewed by Sidney G. P. Coryn.

"Madame de Treymes," by Edith Wharton, is not only a very timely book, but it is written with a condensed accuracy that owes much of its force to its artistic discrimination. It is a story of an American girl who marries an aristocratic Parisian and who has the usual cause to repent a bad bargain. Of course, the idea is not a new one, and material from actual life is unfortunately abundant enough. We have had lately a surfeit of unpleasant disclosures, and the divorce court has done its best to make us familiar with the grosser causes that underlie the domestic infelicity of American wives and French husbands. But how many suspect that the radical incompatibilities of such ill-assorted matches lie far deeper than the definite offenses that are legally urged as the culmination of a misery inevitable from differences in national conception of the home and the family? It is into these fundamental causes that the author has given us an insight.

The heroine of the book is Madame Fanny de Malrive, who before her marriage was Miss Fanny Frisbee. It is not clear why she married Monsieur de Malrive, the son of one of the great aristocratic families of France. Presumably she thought that she loved him. It is easy for girls to make that mistake under the glamour of wealth and social position, and there is no need to assume a sordid motive that may at least be mitigated by sincere self-deception. But Madame de Malrive has discovered her mistake, and the opening chapter finds her in conversation with John Durham, whom she ought to have married long ago, and who has followed her to Paris in the hope that by a dissolution of her marriage there may yet be happiness for him and for her. She has visited his mother and sisters, and contact with the old American life has made her pliant to his persuasions and pleadings:

"You say that so easily. But you don't know; none of you know."

"Know what?"

"The difficulties—"

"I told you I was ready to take my share of the difficulties—and my share naturally includes yours. You know Americans are great hands at getting over difficulties." He drew himself up confidently. "Just leave that to me—only tell me exactly what you're afraid of."

She paused again, and then said: "The divorce, to begin with—they will never consent to it."

He noticed that she spoke as though the interests of the whole clan, rather than her husband's individual claim, were to be considered; and the use of the plural pronoun shocked his free individualism like a glimpse of some dark feudal survival. "But you are absolutely certain of your divorce. I've consulted—of course without mentioning names—"

She interrupted him, with a melancholy smile. "Ah, so have I. The divorce would be easy enough to get, if they ever let it come into the courts."

"How on earth can they prevent it?"

"I don't know; my never knowing how they will do things is one of the secrets of their power."

"Their power? What power?" he broke in, with irrepressible contempt. "Who are these bogeys whose machinations are going to arrest the course of justice in a comparatively-civilized country? You've told me yourself that Monsieur de Malrive is the least likely to give you trouble; and the others are his uncle the abbé, his mother, and sister. That kind of a syndicate doesn't scare me much. A priest and two women *contra mundum*."

She shook her head. "Not *contra mundum*, but with it; their whole world is behind them. It's that mysterious solidarity that you can't understand. One doesn't know how far they may reach, or in how many directions. I have never known. They have always cropped up where I least expected them."

Durham can not break through this intangible wall of terror that surrounds the woman whom he wants to free. And she herself can not define, can not even realize, the vague, impalpable, and baffling substance of the French family, to which there is no parallel in America, and which seems to have a sort of sacred individuality of its own, apart from that of its members. Madame de Malrive must continue to live in France because of her boy, eight years of age. She has given her word to her husband's family that he shall not be taken away. That was part of the separation agreement. Dare she go further and ask for the divorce so repugnant to religion and to family pride:

"How can I make you understand?" she went on, urgently. "It is not only because of my love for him—not only, I mean, because of my own happiness in being with him; that I can't, in imagination, surrender even the remotest hour of his future; it is because, the moment he passes out of my influence, he passes under that other—the influence I have been fighting against every hour since he was born. I don't mean, you know," she added, as Durham, with bent head, continued to offer her the silent fixity of his attention, "I don't mean the special personal influence—except inasmuch as it represents something wider, more general, something that encloses and circulates through the whole world in which he belongs. That is what I meant when I said you could never understand. There is nothing in your experience—in my American experience—to correspond with that far-reaching family organization, which is itself a part of the larger system, and which encloses a young man of my son's position in a network of accepted prejudices and opinions. Everything is prepared in advance—his political and religious convictions, his judgments of people, his sense of honor, his ideas of women, his whole view of life. He is taught to see villainy and corruption in every one not of his own way of thinking, and in every idea that does not directly serve the religious and political purposes of his class."

"And this forming of the mind begins with the child's first consciousness; it's in his nursery stories, his prayers, his very games with his playmates. Already

he is only half mine, because the church has the other half and will be reaching out for my share as soon as his education begins. But that other half is still mine, and I mean to make it the strongest and most living half of the two, so that, when the inevitable conflict begins, the energy and the truth and the endurance shall be on my side and not on theirs."

But to a certain extent Durham has his way. It is agreed, almost to the dismay of Madame de Malrive, that Durham shall make some tentative appeal to Madame de Treymes, sister to Monsieur de Malrive, a lady somewhat above the cruder bias of his class and influential in the family conclave. Madame de Treymes can at least forecast the attitude of the clan toward a divorce.

A meeting between Durham and Madame de Treymes is arranged with difficulty and through the medium of an American family resident in Paris. The interview has astonishing results. There is nothing Madame de Treymes will not do—for a consideration. Instead of Durham being the suppliant, it is Madame de Treymes herself:

She sat before him with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on his in a terrible intensity of appeal. "If you would—if you would! Oh, there is nothing I would not do for you. I have still a great deal of influence with my mother, and what my mother commands we all do. I could help you—I am sure I could help you; but not if my own situation were known. And if nothing can be done it must be known in a few days."

Durham had resealed himself at her side. "Tell me what I can do," he said, in a low tone, forgetting his own preoccupations in his genuine concern for her distress.

She looked up at him through tears. "How dare I? Your race is so cautious, so self-controlled—you have so little indulgence for the extravagances of the heart. And my folly has been incredible—and unrewarded." She paused, and as Durham waited in a silence which she guessed to be compassionate, she brought out, below her breath: "I have lent money—my husband's, my brother's—money that was not mine, and now I have nothing to repay it with. Alas, what must you think of me? How can I explain my humiliating myself before a stranger? Only by telling you the whole truth—the fact that I am not alone in this disaster, that I could not confess my situation to my family without ruining myself, and involving in my ruin some one who, however undeservedly, has been as dear to me as—as you are to—"

Durham pushed back his chair with a sharp exclamation. "Ah, even that does not move you!" she said.

The cry restored him to his senses by the long shaft of light it sent down the dark windings of the situation. He seemed suddenly to know Madame de Treymes as if he had been brought up with her in the inscrutable shades of the Hôtel de Malrive.

Needless to say, Durham refuses. He can not descend to bribery or to make of his hoped-for wife a subject of barter. His honor is touched to the quick. He knows what this woman's intercession might do for him. Better still, he knows what to expect from her enmity. But—*noblesse oblige*, and he refuses.

But a surprise awaits him. Madame de Malrive sends for him and announces that all difficulties have been removed—presumably through the unpurchased influence of Madame de Treymes. Monsieur de Malrive "has consulted his lawyers and they have advised him to free me." All clouds seem swept away and Durham has nothing to do but decently to absent him while the divorce proceedings are in progress and to return after a due interval for his reward.

At first he was suspicious of Madame de Treymes's unexpected magnanimity, and he would have done well to remain so. It cost much to the lady to appeal to a stranger and to a foreigner for money, and its haughty refusal must leave a smarting scar upon any one less exalted than an angel. And Madame de Treymes was not an angel, as is sufficiently shown by a concluding interview, in which she throws some further light upon the French family with its persuasive individuality, that operates as a unit in defense of its dignity and interests:

"Have you never asked yourself," she inquired, "why our family consented so readily to a divorce?"

"Yes, often," he replied, all his unformed fears gathering in a dark throng about him. "But Fanny was so reassured, so convinced that we owed it to your good offices—"

She broke into a laugh. "My good offices! Will you never, you Americans, learn that we do not act individually in such cases? That we are all obedient to a common principle of authority?"

"Then it was not you—"

She made an impatient shrugging motion. "Oh, you are too confiding—it is the other side of your beautiful good faith!"

"The side you have taken advantage of, it appears?"

"I—we—all of us. I especially!" she confessed.

"Why, then, did you consent to the divorce?"

"To get the boy back," she answered, instantly; and while he sat stunned by the unexpectedness of the retort, she went on: "Is it possible you never suspected? It has been our whole thought from the first. Everything was planned with that object."

He drew a sharp breath of alarm. "But the divorce—how could that give him back to you?"

"It was the only thing that could. We trembled lest the idea should occur to you. But we were reasonably safe, for there has been only one other case of the same kind before the courts." She leaned back, the sight of his perplexity checking her quick rush of words. "You didn't know," she began again, "that in that case, on the remarriage of the mother, the courts instantly restored the child to the father, though he had—well, given as much cause for divorce as my unfortunate brother?"

Durham gave an ironic laugh. "Your French justice takes a grammar and dictionary to understand."

She smiled. "We understand it—and it isn't necessary that you should."

"So it would appear!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"Don't judge us too harshly—or not, at least, till you have taken the trouble to learn our point of view. You consider the individual, we think only of the family."

"Why don't you take care to preserve it, then?"

"Ah, that's what we do; in spite of every aberration of the individual. And so, when we saw it was impossible that my brother and his wife should live together, we simply transferred our allegiance to the child—we constituted *him* the family."

"A precious kindness you did him! If the result is to give him back to his father."

"That, I admit, is to be deplored; but his father is only a fraction of the whole. What we really do is to give him back to his race, his religion, his true place in the order of things."

For the solution of this extraordinary imbroglio we must refer to the book itself. There are three distinct characters in this little volume that are drawn with artistic skill—Madame de Malrive, Madame de Treymes, and Durham. They are consummately well done, but the chief value of the story is in the light that it throws upon the psychology of international marriage and the disintegratory forces that only pure motives can resist.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

The Irish Pipes.

I heard the piper playing,
The piper old and blind.
And knew its secret saying—
The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling,
Lapping from stone to stone;
The wood dove crying and calling,
Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather
Ring in the summer breeze,
Soft stir of fur and feather
And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning
Into the dim gray lands
Where there is no returning,
Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning
I saw my dead again,
All in a happy nooning
Of golden sun and rain.

You piper kind and hoary,
Your pipes upon your knee,
If I should tell my story
The things you piped for me.

The folk would leave their selling,
And hid their buying go,
If I could but be telling
The things you let me know.

—Katharine Tynan.

The gavel used by the presiding officer of the United States Senate has no handle like that used by the Speaker of the House. It is an ivory contrivance, modestly ornamented, of cylindrical shape and about four inches long. In wielding it the Vice-President has to hold the gavel in his hand as if it were a small hammer without a handle. How the custom originated of providing the Vice-President with a handleless gavel is not known, though the oldest Senate attaché can not remember when it was otherwise, just as the oldest Senate attaché can not remember when the gold snuff box that occupies its ancient niche at the right of the Vice-President's desk was not dutifully filled every morning, although no statesman now patronizes that once-popular box for a gentle sneeze.

Through the agency of the New York *Evening Journal* correspondent in Rome, the Pope has sent an autograph photograph and benediction to the Irish Catholics of the United States. The blessing is as follows: "To my beloved children of Ireland who live in America: With prayer that through the intercession of St. Patrick they may prove ever faithful to the religious traditions of their mother country, I send blessings from my heart. Pius X, Pope, March 4, 1907." In translating this message the New York *Evening Journal* corrupts the original text and distorts the meaning of the Pope by omitting the word "religious," thus giving to the pontifical message a political meaning that it was not intended to bear.

According to Sidney Lee, editor of the "National Dictionary of Biography," the American people are becoming more accurate readers and writers of English than the English themselves. In an address in London recently he said it was a significant fact that at Harvard University there were twenty professors of English, while at Oxford there was only one, and that America, Germany, and France were all outdoing England in English scholarship.

Clergymen in Scotland have been disconcerted recently on discovering imitation money, made of silvered pasteboard and looking like shillings, in the offertory on Sundays. One minister says that no one "can quarrel with the ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of these 'coins.' They are absolutely perfect—to look at."

A French barrister, whose client had the misfortune to be found guilty, appealed on the ground that during the trial a jurymen was asleep. The Court of Cassation has held that the jurymen, being asleep, was technically not present during the hearing, and has quashed the verdict and ordered a new trial.

Of the income tax collected from securities in Great Britain, \$18,000,000 was from American securities. Scotland during the last ten years has grown wealthy in business more rapidly than England; the rates of increase being 50 per cent in Scotland and 41 per cent in England.

In 1796 William Tuke, a Quaker, opened the first national asylum for the insane in York, England.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Kaiser has two secretaries employed in little else than supplying the royal table with magazines, newspapers, and books. Those passages to which his special attention is to be called are marked.

Delphin M. Delmas has accepted the invitation of the Kent Club of the Yale Law School to address it as soon as the Thaw trial ends. He said in his letter of acceptance that he expected to give the address about April 15. He has chosen as his subject "Criminal Jurisprudence."

In Alabama, Miss Latona Burns has been appointed by the Board of Education to organize a concerted movement for the improvement of the public schools of the State. She will be sent into every city and town in Alabama to form school improvement associations and to try to awaken an active interest in public education in the public officials and in mothers and fathers as well.

Princess Marie of Roumania, wife of the crown prince of Roumania, has a most delightful retreat. It is a nesthouse, built high up among the branches of tall fir trees, and in it the princess spent the greater part of last summer. The nest is a miniature cottage built for her by the king of Roumania at Sinaia. A small staircase gives access to it. Two rooms and a kitchen comprise the nest, and they are furnished in a simple and elegant way.

Oddly enough, despite the affection with which she is regarded by the people, Queen Alexandra has no circle of friends. Miss Knollys, who never leaves her, day or night, has been described as "the queen's only friend in England." Her majesty has many acquaintances, but no friends. Most queen consorts have a little coterie of their own, and usually have a direct influence upon a certain section of society. But Queen Alexandra exerts no influence whatever.

Though political cynics say life in Washington will bring the gray to a man's hair and the yellow to his heart quicker than existence in any other place, it seems the capital is a remarkable place for spry old persons. Two women far in the nineties are still active in their homes.

They are Miss Mary McDaniels, 97 years old, an old aristocrat, who holds the land given to her family in the first division under Cecil Calvert, and Miss Emily Mason, 93, a graceful hostess. Both women keep up the state of ante-bellum days, and their servants are all descendants of slaves. Miss Mason's father was Minister to France in the days of Van Buren.

Alain Le Roy Locke, colored, of Philadelphia, a senior at Harvard, has been awarded the Rhodes scholarship for Pennsylvania. Locke is the first negro student to win this coveted prize. The scholarship of \$1500 a year provides for a three years' course at Oxford. Locke, who is 21 years old, aspires to become an educational leader for the betterment of his race. He is a son of the late Phiny Locke, a noted lawyer of Philadelphia. He entered Harvard in 1904 and will graduate in June.

Sir John Tenniel, the famous *Punch* cartoonist, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday the other day, is still a fine, military looking man, with all his faculties intact and as keen a mind as when he drew his first cartoon. At a very early age he displayed a marked talent for drawing, although his great ambition as a small boy was to be a circus clown. That interesting period passed, however, he made up his mind to become an artist, and he was only 16 when his first picture was exhibited. In 1851 he began his half century of connection with *Punch*.

Prince Von Bulow, chancellor of the German empire, has begun a period of well-earned rest and will spend his vacation at the Villa Malta, one of the most delectable residences in Rome. Margharita, the queen dowager of Italy, wanted to buy the place, but the price staggered even her royal purse. Herr Von Bulow, however, is a very rich man, besides which his Italian wife has a large fortune, and the German statesman did not hesitate when possession of such a lovely spot was within his reach. The Villa Malta commands a wonderfully beautiful view of the Mediterranean, has a rose garden which is the wonder of Europe, and altogether is one of the dream places of Italy.

RECENT VERSE.

Lethe.

Fair bloomed the happy world, fair bloomed the May,
But over Lethe came no bloom nor change,
Only the ancient languor; soft and smooth,
Save where a slumbrous poppy, nodding low,
Trilled into ripples, Lethe slipped away;
And there the dead, fresh from the bright world,
Came,
And drank forgetfulness—one cup for all,
Whether their crown of life were flower or thorn,
Their draught of life proved sweet or bitter wine.
There statesmen, soldiers, leaders of their times,
Heart-worn with blazing out new paths for truth,
Drank with their meanest followers, side by side;
Two lovers there, one with the passionate kiss
Of sweet lips clinging, one in patient love
Of those same lips, which never might be his,
Together drank and 'equally forgot;
Thither came joy and sorrow ceaselessly.
And straight passed over, levelled unto peace.
—From John Erskine's "Actaeon and Other Poems."

Of Havilah and Araby.

Who brings from Havilah the precious gold?
Who brings with him the spice of Araby?
You that have seen the desert's floor outrolled,
You that have beaten over many seas—
For you the surf has sung of ancient Greece,
For you forgotten pagans reared each dome,
And you have stood amid the deathlike peace
Where ruins tell of Caesar's wondrous Rome.

But you—you come with curious gems and wares,
With idols taken from the heathen's shrine,
With searabs, each of which deep graven bears
The hidden mystery they called the sign.
And these, and more, you tumble in a heap,
Nor do you now recall one magic while
When you caught out of some forgotten sleep
The dream of time that drifts along the Nile.

Nor have you wrought in memory's firm clutch
The moonlight that was dripping through the palms
And seemed to leave wherever it might touch
A silver glow wrought of all soothing balms.
Nor have you brought an echo of the song
You heard come pealing from the hills at dawn
All crystal-clear and full of joy, and strong,
So that it chorused ever on and on.

One brings back nothing—nothing in his hands;
You bring the wares that heap the heavy chest,
And yet of all you found in alien lands
I wonder which of you has kept the best.
I wonder which brought best of all you saw,
Of all you heard—in truth, 'twere good to see
Who has the precious gold of Havilah,
Who has the pungent spices of Araby!
—Chicago Post.

Every judge in Baden, before he takes his seat on the bench, is required by law to pass two weeks, like a common prisoner, in jail.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Woven of Dreams, by Blanche Shoemaker. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.25.

These verses deserve a place in modern American literature and justify a hope that we shall continue to hear from their author. They have no very marked originality, and in parts they suggest the over-strong influence of Heine, but they are musical and they show the possession of genuine poetic insight. As a specimen, the following stanza on "Dawn" will bear quotation:

The brooding dawn came creeping o'er the land,
And stood upon the water's edge and scanned
The desolate, darkness sea wrapt in night's arms.
And then with pauseless pace its wondrous
charms

Spread soft effulgence o'er the mist-veiled wave,
And lit the sky with torches of the brave,
Until the tremulous stars went in to weep,
And this was dawn! I shuddered in my sleep
Waking to find the night-time growing wan,
With all my fairy dreams dissolved and gone!

Many of these verses show an unfortunate tendency to weaken in the last line, as though the author were in a hurry and accepted whatever came first. As an example the following stanza will serve. It is taken from "On Guido Reni's 'St. Sebastian' in the Louvre":

Beyond the piteous form a pale sky lies
Shot thro' with amber clouds and violet hues;
The shadowy foliage clustering round the bruise
The poor heart holds,—the wound that never dies,
But stains his side with scarlet. Can one's eyes
A memory of this canvas ever lose!

The Works of Henrik Ibsen, edited with Introductions by William Archer, in eleven volumes. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00 per volume.

So long as the Ibsen dramas continue to be acceptable to the popular intellectual palate, such editions as this will be welcome. Mr. Archer's translation is all that it should be, and no one is better qualified to write an introduction that is partly biographical and partly critical. We know more about Ibsen than we did a year ago, and it is now possible to give more fully than ever before the circumstances connected with the creation and production of his dramas. Mr. Archer is the man to do this, and in the present edition he has done it well. The edition is printed on good paper and well bound, in every way worthy of a good place in the library.

The White Cat, by Gelett Burgess. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

Mr. Burgess can always be relied upon for a good story, and he has maintained his reputation in "The White Cat." The idea of the story is not a new one. It is based upon the old problem of the Jekyll and Hyde dual personality, but in this instance the victim is a young and beautiful woman whose strangely opposed characters are well and perplexingly contrasted. The mystery is cleverly intensified and sustained, and while the remedy that is eventually applied by her lover is a little crude and might have been thought out more accurately, the conclusion is all that it should be.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator, by Arthur Morrison. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

The popular welcome usually accorded to detective stories is not a gratifying indication of the public taste, although very few modern productions have reached so high a level as "Martin Hewitt, Investigator." The detective story becomes tolerable only when it includes the creation of a new character, and Mr. Morrison has succeeded here very well indeed. Martin Hewitt is by no means the mere conventional human ferret. His success depends upon reasoning powers of a high order and upon an unflinching knowledge of human nature and an enviable power to forecast the actions that will result from given circumstances.

Fingerposts to Children's Reading, by Walter Taylor Field. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

It is certainly time that literature for children should receive some thoughtful attention as is given to it in this book. Unfortunately it will hardly reach the great mass of parents who have not even recognized the abominable moral poison of the

comic supplement, and who are content to leave in the hands of their children the criminal primers which, for some inscrutable reason, are called "funny." Mr. Field's advice is sane and practical all the way through. It is based upon a sympathetic knowledge of child nature, and it is therefore free from mawkish piety as well as from its hardly more mischievous opposites. Intelligent parents who wish well to their children will find this book helpful.

Gaskell's Cranford, edited by Charles Elbert Rhodes, A. M. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; 40 cents.

This is the latest volume of the Gateway Series of English texts, intended to make them clear, interesting, and helpful to those beginning the study of literature.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the author, was asked recently by an American friend for some information about herself. Mrs. Steel replied: "I have been married, I have borne children, and I have two grandsons. I have, therefore, lived through the life allotted to woman and the only novelty before me is death."

Reports are contradictory as to the exact character of the literary work Henry Waterson is engaged on in Europe. While it is known that he went to the Old World this year avowedly for the purpose of devoting himself to the completion of an important piece of work to be published in book form, it is not known whether it is something new or the life of Abraham Lincoln he began several years ago. It is understood to be the Kentuckian's wish to make his life of Lincoln the most thorough, appreciative, and authentic that has ever been written.

Of the distinguished contributors whom the late Wendell Phillip Garrison gathered to the service of the New York *Nation* over forty years ago, including Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Bayard Taylor, these three—Goldwin Smith, Charles Elliot Norton, and ex-President Gilman—still survive and are constant contributors.

Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Manager Will Greenbaum will give another musical treat as his closing offering of a most remarkable season. This is the Chicago Symphony Orchestra of fifty artists, under the direction of Alexander von Fieltz, the famous composer. Four vocal soloists accompany the organization on the tour and two instrumental soloists. This organization has been playing together for over ten years, and is one of the finest orchestras in this country.

The first concert will be given next Friday evening, April 12, at Christian Science Hall. The programme will include the "New World Symphony" by Dvorak, composed after his visit to this country, where he was greatly impressed with the old negro plantation hymns which form the motifs of this beautiful work.

Saturday evening for the first time will be given a work by Hamish MacCunn, a Scotch composer, whose compositions are creating a furor all over Europe. The number will be his concert overture, "The Land of Mountain and Flood."

The Sunday afternoon concert will be a "novelty" concert. Works that many have never had the opportunity of hearing will be played. Of some of them this orchestra owns the only scores in America.

The seats will be on sale on and after Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Van Ness Avenue, just above California Street. Prices will be \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents, which are moderate for this great attraction, being no higher than have been asked for local orchestral concerts.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

The New Alcazar stock company will present next week "The Pit," a play that has achieved universal success throughout the country. It will be the first stock performance and should prove to be of great interest to local play-goers, inasmuch as the author, Frank Norris, was a San Franciscan, and his literary efforts have received wide success. His story of "The Pit," like the dramatization made by Channing Pollock and produced by Wilton Lackaye, met with great success. The entire action of "The Pit" takes place in Chicago and graphically illustrates the operations

during the cornering of the wheat market. The play is intensely interesting and carries with it a love interest that is both powerful and human.

To follow, on April 15, Leo Deitrichstein's funny farce, "All on Account of Eliza," will be seen for the first time in San Francisco.

The Novelty Theatre.

Florence Roberts is playing a very successful engagement at the Novelty Theatre, where her production of "The Strength of the Weak" is playing to crowded houses. This piece will be seen for the last time on Sunday night, as Miss Roberts has decided to stage her new Spanish play, "Maria Rosa," beginning with Monday night. This is the piece lately brought out by the talented star in the East, and its success was immediate. It is a powerful drama, from the pen of the same brilliant author who gave to the stage that intensely interesting story, "Marta of the Lowlands." The play gives Miss Roberts unlimited opportunity for brilliantly effective stage work. The play is sumptuously staged, and Miss Roberts's excellent company has been cast to advantage in the new drama.

The Van Ness Theatre.

At the Van Ness Theatre, beginning next Monday night, the Augustin Daly Musical Company will play an engagement of two weeks, the first of which will be devoted to "A Country Girl," and the second to another successful musical comedy, "The Cingalee." The fame of the Augustin Daly Musical Company is world-wide and the organization comes here with two of the most brilliant hits of Daly's Theatre, London and New York. Among the principals of the organization are Melville Stewart, Sam Collins, Hallen Mostyn, Harold Vizard, Adam Dockray, Edward Earle, Misses Elgie Bowen, Genevieve Finlay, Viola Kellogg, Laura Butler, Grace Graham, and others.

N. C. Goodwin will probably give a few performances of "When We Were Twenty-One" during his coming engagement at the Novelty Theatre.

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FAVORED PLAYERS AND PLAYS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Izetta Jewell, of the Colonial Theatre, is on the way to developing into an actress of unusual emotional power. She is young, talented, adaptable, and is having that best of practical preparation which results from a continual round of changes in stock work. Only a few years ago, comparatively, Florence Roberts, with a similar histrionic bent, was doing precisely what Miss Jewell is doing today. At present Miss Roberts, with a New York success to her credit, is heading her own company and attracting much favorable attention on her circuit. She has come to San Francisco with flying colors, and during her present season at the Novelty Theatre will enjoy that best of success to the Thespian, the return with a conqueror's triumph to her home city.

Miss Jewell finds many valuable opportunities in the class of plays produced by the Colonial management. I saw her the other night in "Sapho," and was struck by the abandon and intensity with which she expressed the sufferings of Fanny Le Grand when Jean deserts her. The young actress has, of course, her faults and crudities. One of them was the manner of tragedy—a heritage, perhaps, of Salomé—with which Sapho conducted herself at Dechelette's ball. It was quite overpowering, and altogether out of place, in a scene of careless gaiety.

The play of "Sapho" impressed me as a poor, tawdry thing. This opinion was the result of first impressions, as I had never seen the play before, and, I may add, even if it were played with greater subtlety, and with an effect of Parisian sophistication in the vices of the polite world, which the Colonial company is unable to give, I never want to see it again. As with "Zaza," its vitality is born of the dramatic values inherent in the spectacle of the intense sufferings of a deserted woman. This motive pushes aside to obscurity—or so it was, at least, in the version I saw—the purpose Daudet had in view when he wrote the book as a warning to reckless young manhood against the snares besetting its feet amid the pleasant vices of a great city.

There happened to be a particularly youthful audience at the theatre the night I witnessed the play, and observing their cheerful American frivolity, I amused myself by imagining the surprise and mystification of a Parisian boulevardier who might be looking on. The noxiousness of the play seemed to pass completely by them, and they took everything as a rich and harmless joke, except for a passing soberness when Sapho writhes and grovels on the floor in supplication to her deserting lover.

Wilfrid Roger was absent from the cast, and Norval MacGregor, so excellent as John the Baptist, seemed restrained and slightly foolish as Jean Gaussin. This opinion, I should imagine, was shared by others present, one of whom I overheard voice his criticism in the vernacular: "Mac Gregor was fine as Jokanaan, but he is certainly bum in this." And he certainly was.

After its bright and brave beginning, the New Alcazar—for so it must be called—passed into a sudden shadow of sorrow and tragedy. But, like a staunch ship, righting itself in a gale, the newly launched playhouse quickly swung into line and the present week's bill, a play by Edward Peple, called "The Love Route," offers—the Florence Roberts attraction excepted—the best theatrical entertainment of the week.

Edward Peple is the author of "The Prince Chap," which, it will be remembered, contains the elements of great popularity. The same expertness of construction, adroitness of execution, engagingness of motive, and intuitive understanding of what appeals to the general public, that mark the other works of this author are evident in "The Love Route," which is a romantic comedy, founded on a war between a rich railroad corporation and a pretty and plucky young woman. The story is located in Texas, which is a favorite field of Mr. Peple's. It can not be said in spite of the beautiful realism of the setting to Allene Houston's prairie home, that the Texan atmosphere is particularly truthful. The cowboys and their implicit fealty to their dauntless young mistress are of the theatre, but Mr. Peple's improbabilities are so highly entertaining, and so effectively blended with a mingling of realism, that they almost convince. Especially does this author shine in dialogue, which is natural

bright, and witty, and thoroughly modern in its abjuration of bookishness and heroics.

The cast of the play is lengthy, and gives many opportunities to the general company. Each one availed himself of his opportunity, and the play goes on to an accompaniment of laughter and the sympathetic delight of witnessing a particularly piquant courtship, until we are led to the really exciting moment when the doughtily contested railroad track is being built under our very eyes. Workmen bring muscle and hustle to the task. Steel rings on steel, hoarse commands are shouted, the rails and ties are being put in place. The thrill of combat, of victory, is in the air, when suddenly the bad blood engendered in the conflict has its natural outcome. There is a shot, and some one falls. No matter who. Go and find out for yourself, if you want to be entertained by a clever play, bright and spirited players, and a stage setting that lends color and creditability to scenes which, even without such accompaniments, are intrinsically interesting and dramatically telling.

Alice Nielsen's "Norina" is like Saturday's performance of "Don Pasquale," to which something was lacking—a whole act, in fact. Miss Nielsen has a rôle particularly suited to her qualifications in this opera. She looked really delicious as the bewitching young conspirator; one minute like a mischievous kitten, the next like a frolicsome schoolgirl. But there is no abandon to her Norina's merriment. It is all in looks. Sunday's cast included Miss Nielsen in a totally different line of character—that of the queen in "The Huguenots." The little songstress tried to look a tall and stately Marguerite de Valois, but queens are not in her line. Although Nielsen's voice has its limitations, she holds her own surprisingly well in the scenes with the great artists, when comparisons are inevitable.

In the matter of notable singers out here in California we have become rather spoiled and pampered. Impresarios do not dare to bring opera companies this far without great names to attract the celebrity-loving multitude. The result is that we are so accustomed to the mighty voices of the more renowned artists that we are in danger of failing to do justice to those of secondary quality, such as Alice Nielsen's. And, oddly enough, the young American's girlish face and build redound against her to some extent. The generality of noted operatic sopranos are women of large build, with mighty shoulders, mountainous busts, and arms like piano-legs. In the fancy of some, perhaps many, the small, youthful face and slender build of Nielsen do not accord with their conception of what should accompany renown in the operatic world. Yet what a pleasure it was to see, in Tarquini's Santuzza, the young, handsome, large-eyed, ebony-haired, slender girl that imagination pictures as the heroine of Mascagni's fiery Italian opera. This singer's voice has the dramatic quality and the fervid strain that fit her for the rôle, although her voice lacked the volume necessary in the more taxing scenes of the opera.

Saturday's audience was light in number. So was the merit of the performance, and, as a consequence, the applause. But on Sunday the multitude poured into the Chutes Theatre like a never-ending tide. "The Huguenots" is a very useful opera for an all-star cast, otherwise it would be billed much seldom. It is a "heavy" opera, which is another way of saying a dull one. Vast as was Sunday's audience, they did not really fire up until the last act. Up to that time Nordica and Constantino were kept apart by the exigencies of the story, which, to a libretto-less looker-on is baffling and bewildering. I never stopped before to realize how little hold the music of this opera has on the affections of operagoers. "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," the now familiar later ones, "Aida," "L'Espresso," and "Il Pagliaccio" are their well-known and well-loved pieces in the score, which send a ripple of delighted response through audiences and are popular in piano and orchestral arrangements. But in spite of its imposing arias, and swelling choruses, and its all-star cast, Sunday's performance of "The Huguenots" was, until the last act, splendidly, impressively, resoundingly dull.

Norica was in beautiful voice, but until the closing act we seemed to have only glimpses of her. Constantino looked the handsome courtier to perfection, and sang delightfully, but it was only when the almost perfect voices of these two singers were heard in the impassioned love music

of the final scene that the vast audience was stirred out of its lethargy. Constantino's singing is never a disappointment. The Spanish tenor is a great artist, but histrionically he is a man of moods, and, in spite of the newness to us of this rising star, it was Nordica who made the most memorable performance of the season, for to those who witnessed it, the "Faust" performance at the first matinee seemed well nigh perfect.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Orpheum.

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee, is rich in novel and clever acts. The Bellong Bros., sensational acrobats and cyclists, will make their first appearance. Dorothy Drew, unrivalled as a singing comedienne; Ferguson and Mack, two knock-about comedians, and A. Brockman and the Phillip Sisters, fresh from European triumphs, will submit themselves and offer what are said to be remarkably clever and diverting performances. Charley Case, Kelly and Rose, and the La Maze Brothers will also be contributors. It will be the last week of Edwin Stevens, who has achieved one of the most brilliant successes of his exceptionally brilliant career. For the coming week he promises as his offering "A Night with Dickens," in which he will impersonate Micawber, Uriah Heep, Dick Swiveller, Grandfather Smallweed, and other creations of the great author. All his changes will be made in sight of the audience and he will have the assistance of Tina Marshall, who will impersonate Agnes Wickfield and "The Marchioness."

The American Theatre.

"Fantana," which had its initial production at the American Theatre last Sunday, seems destined to take first rank as the comic-opera hit of the season. It is filled with good comedy situations, while the song hits are profuse. Miss Florence Sinnott, who made her first local appearance in this production, is a finished character actress, and her portrayal of the maid Jessie is notable. Joe Miller, who also made his first appearance here in this production, has the rôle of Henri Pasdoit, a bogus French count, and acquits himself with ease, while his singing and dancing are excellent. The other principals in the cast comprise Maud Beatty, Aimee Leicester, Gladys Graham, and Ruby Norton, and J. Albert Wallerstedt, Teddy Webb, Carl Haydn, Melvin Stokes, Joseph Mills, and George Kunkel. An augmented chorus assists in the effective presentation.

"The Tenderfoot" is announced to follow "Fantana."

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

School teachers, pupils, music students, and others who find it impossible to attend the concerts given at the Greek Theatre at the University on Thursday afternoons, will welcome the news that the university authorities have arranged with Manager Greenbaum for a Saturday afternoon concert by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. This is a day on which the journey can be made by many business men as well. By taking the 1:20 boat, either Key Route or broad gauge, one can reach the great auditorium in plenty of time.

The seats will be 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50, and will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's in this city, and at the usual places in Berkeley and Oakland.

The Colonial Theatre.

The management of the Colonial Theatre has prevailed upon the veteran comedian, L. R. Stockwell, to return to the stage for a limited period. He will open his engagement at the Colonial next Monday night, supported by the stock organization, in his great success, "The Cricket on the Hearth." Mr. Stockwell is admirably suited to the part in which Joe Jefferson and John E. Owens made such a hit, and his friends will tender him a glad reception when he again appears in his favorite rôle of Caleb Plummer.

"The Kreutzer Sonata," a dramatization of Count Tolstoi's great story, is crowding the Colonial this week.

Lillian Russell will follow the Augustin Daly Musical Company at the Van Ness Theatre, and will be ably supported by a strong company in her new comedy called "The Butterfly."

AMUSEMENTS.

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The Cricket on the Hearth

Joe Jefferson's Great Success.

Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. Bargain Matinee Wednesday, all seats reserved, 25c. Branch ticket office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Sts.

Monday, April 15—LOVE'S TOURNAMENT.

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after "Fantana" an elaborate production of "The Tenderfoot"

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VANITY FAIR.

The real enfranchisement of women has been proved more conclusively by the society women of New York in the opening of their Madison Avenue New Colony Club than by their militant sisters in England who tried to storm their way into the House of Commons and found themselves instead in durance vile. The Colony Club has opened its doors, and its unofficial motto is to be Liberty without License. But only the ultra-fashionable feminine world will be allowed to set foot within these exclusive portals. President Mrs. J. Borden Harriman will see to that, and so will vice-president Mrs. J. J. Astor, and secretary Mrs. Walter Damrosch, and treasurer Miss Annie Morgan. The lines will be tightly drawn, and membership of the Colony Club will be a certificate of social eligibility that none will dare to dispute.

It is evident that Mrs. Grundy will not belong to the hallowed circle. That lady must, and no doubt will, do her talking from the outside, and she will have the wherewithal, if one may judge from the fact that wine, card-playing, and smoking are all provided for elaborately in the Colony Club. But wine will be served only at luncheon and dinner, and for this sacrifice upon the altar of *les convenances* let us be duly grateful. All kinds of card games are to be allowed, but there must be no playing for money, although how this is to be prevented there is no indication, nor indeed how it could be prevented, even with the best of good will on the part of the management. Smoking, on the other hand, is permitted at all times and everywhere, except in a few rooms where it might be unpleasant.

The bathing facilities are especially admirable. The ladies can bathe in any language they like. There is the Turkish bath and the Russian. The Nauheim has also been installed, with its concluding rites of luxurious hot blankets. French and electric baths are also somewhat novel features, and are said to be unsurpassed for "nerves," which covers so many of the penalties exacted by nature from the fair slaves of fashion. There are writing-rooms and libraries, assembly and ball-rooms, in fact, everything that can make life worth living—except men.

The Dressmakers' Protective Association, in its stately convention at New York, says that American women will never renounce their allegiance to the fashion-makers at Paris. There is, of course, no need to ask for the reasons for this, or any other, decision at which it may please the fair sex to arrive. Paris fashions hold the field, they are correct, they are sanctified by their place of birth, and there is no more to be said.

Maurice Aron, secretary of the association, explains that Louis XIV, of magnificent memory, established the reign of elegance in Paris, and it has been there ever since. New York is a good second, but it can never take front rank in woman's fashions so long as Paris holds the glamor of tradition. The American woman much prefers to pay an additional \$200 for a French garment, rather than attire herself in an American dress that is equally as good, but that does not bear the subtle aroma of its French origin. Mr. Aron does not trouble himself to resist the irresistible or to attempt to conquer the unconquerable. Much contact with his *clientele* has made him philosophic, and he is content to take things as he finds them and to swim downstream. But he adds—doubtless impelled by a loyalty to his patrons—that there is a delicacy of touch about the French garment which can not be imitated, while there is a substantiality about American dresses which women do not take a fancy to, and so "we simply accept the French as leaders in the work and humbly follow in their paths."

By the way, is it a further tribute to the strenuousness of the President that everything this year is to be Japanese? Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, the president of the association, says that such is the decree of fashion.

King Edward is said to be aging fast and to be occasioning considerable anxiety to his physicians. This, of course, may be true enough, but the evidence thereof that is quoted in society newspapers is certainly the most extraordinary that was ever offered for the edification of the public. We are told that the most serious ailment is his majesty's renewed affec-

tion for the queen, who was once one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and who perhaps is still worthy of such a designation. Very recently the king visited a country residence whose mistress is the queen's most intimate friend and who has autographed photographs of Alexandra taken each year and extending over a long period. The king is said to have lingered fondly over this collection, murmuring: "How little she has changed! How gently time has dealt with her!" and recalling happy incidents connected with the dates on the pictures.

Of course, the story is the purest balderdash, and even if it were true it is incomprehensible why it should be cited as a sign of failing health. Domestic life will take on a new terror if every little display of conjugal tenderness is to be accepted as evidence of disease. The king is now well advanced in years. His habit of life has not been such as to conduce to longevity, but if his physicians can find nothing worse the matter with him than an affectionate sentiment for his wife, we need not give ourselves immediate concern. Such a complaint may have some of the terror of novelty, but it ought not to be fatal.

Divorce in France is a costly business, if we may take Mme. Anna Gould's experience as a criterion. The lady has received a bill for \$175,000 as the price that she must pay for the legal process of cutting her connection with the Count de Castellane. And let it be said that this bill comes from an American lawyer and is not to be laid at the doors of the French profession. The countess intrusted her affairs to Edmond Kelly, formerly of New York and now a Parisian advocate, who ought soon to be in a position to retire if heaven should send him many more such wealthy clients who have made the *faux pas* of marrying a count. Mme. Gould has handed the bill to her brothers, doubtless feeling that the feminine vocabulary is inadequate to such an occasion. George Gould in turn has sent it to the firm of Coudert Brothers, who look after the Gould interests in France, and Lorenzo Semple, a member of the firm, will see what he can do in the way of a reduction. Mr. Kelly was formerly connected with the firm of Coudert Brothers, and lived in New York for many years. He was a prominent member of the Reform Club while a resident there. He went to Paris as the representative of the Coudert Brothers, and, after three years' stay in the French capital, returned to Manhattan. He was there a few years, practicing law on his own account, and then returned to Paris, where he has been very successful in his work before the French tribunals of justice.

Fashionable London is writhing under the scorn of Father Vaughan, the popular Jesuit preacher, whose Lenten sermons in Farm Street, Mayfair, have attracted almost universal attention. Father Vaughan seems to think that London society is going down hill at a pace that could hardly be accelerated, and certainly he has the courage of his convictions and the ability to make them felt. He says:

"Many of the women in Mayfair worship their pet dogs more than they do Almighty God. What a disgrace!

"To judge from the scandalous novels that are read, the loose plays that are played, the gross superstition that is practiced, the visits to palmists and quacks, and the charms bought in Bond Street and worn, I should say society was on the down grade.

"Go to your leading medical man, make inquiries in the clubs and hotels and restaurants, go to the secretaries of the very fast clubs; go where you may, read the story of Life as you see it in the highways, in the parks and squares, and you will say, 'Christ might as well have stopped in Heaven.'"

Lord Rosebery, once Prime Minister of England, is greatly annoyed because his son, Lord Dalmeny, has become engaged to Phyllis Dare, the popular and beautiful actress. His lordship has expressed his displeasure by ordering the young hopeful to the ancestral estates in Scotland, which may be a very severe punishment, although it does not seem so to the mere outsider. The discipline will be entirely futile, if we may judge from experience and also from the fact that Lord Dalmeny will inherit \$15,000,000, which is quite enough for the simple life, even in company with so very

charming a lady as Miss Phyllis Dare. Lord Rosebery may as well recognize the inevitable and make the best of it. As a matter of strict history, most of these marriages between aristocrats and actresses have turned out very well in spite of a few glaring exceptions. The weight of intelligence is usually with the lady, and it goes where it is likely to do the most good. Miss Dare is not likely to be frightened by the exile of her lover, who, by the way, is known to have a marked preference for actresses. She has withdrawn her name from all theatrical bills in preparation for her entrance into the charmed circle of

the peerage, and it will not be her fault if she does not get there. Lord Dalmeny is something of a sporting character and is the captain of the All-England Cricket Club.

Regis Henri Post, of Bayport, L. I., who is to be Governor of Porto Rico, has been secretary of the insular government since 1904. He is a Harvard graduate, as well as a graduate of the law department of the University of New York. He belongs to an old Long Island family, being descended from the Posts, who settled in Southampton in 1640.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A son of the Emerald Isle, on landing at a wharf in New York, saw lying there a huge anchor. For the next three days he stood by watching the anchor. "What are you doing here?" asked a workman one day. "Sure, sor," was the reply, "I want to see the man who can handle that pick."

Mark Twain recently told this story as an illustration of his reason for not talking when he dined with the Kaiser: A man was reproached by a friend, who said: "I think it a shame that you have not spoken to your wife for fifteen years. How do you explain it? How do you justify it?" The poor man said: "I didn't want to interrupt her."

A certain bishop who likes a good cigar was traveling to Albany once in the smoking-car. A laboring man took the seat beside him, eyed his clerical garb, got a light from him, and said, as he settled back for a comfortable smoke: "Parson, sir?" The bishop hesitated. Then he answered, blandly: "I was once." "Ah," said the laboring man, "drink, I suppose."

A certain Western Congressman has had disastrous experience in gold-mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to the Western member: "Tom, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'" "A 'bonanza,'" replied the Western man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar!"

When Richard Mansfield was going to the theatre one night a small bull terrier ran in front of his automobile and was thrown to one side of the street. The chauffeur stopped instantly, and an irate old gentleman appeared, to whom Mr. Mansfield made his apologies. "Your dog ran in front of the car so suddenly that it was impossible to avoid the accident," he said. "That dog," said the old gentleman, "was worth \$500." "Well," replied the tragedian, "the dog evidently didn't know it."

A number of military men in a Washington hotel were giving an account of an incident in the Civil War. A quiet man who stood by at last said: "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and might be able to refresh your memory as to what took place in reference to the event just narrated." The hotel keeper said to him: "Sir, what might have been your rank?" "I was a private." Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill. "Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."

A certain muezzin in the mosque had so harsh a voice that his call to prayer only kept the worshippers away from service. The prince, who was the patron of the mosque, being tender-hearted and not wishing to offend the man, gave him 10 dinars to go somewhere else, and the gift was gladly accepted. Some time after the fellow returned to the prince and complained that an injustice had been done him by the smallness of the donation, "for," said he, "at the place where I now am they offered me 20 dinars to go somewhere else, and I'll not accept it." "Oh," laughed the prince, "don't accept it, for if you stay long they will be glad to offer you 30."

Shortly before Congress adjourned a United States Senator asked Secretary Taft for some papers on a question which was about to come up. Mr. Taft made a note of the request, but the papers were not forthcoming. The Senator called upon the Secretary, who expressed surprise. He pushed a button and a messenger appeared. "You remember I told you to send certain papers to Senator Blank. Did you send them?" This with a touch of sternness. "Yes, sir; I remember distinctly sending them," was the reply. The messenger was dismissed, whereupon the Secretary said with a laugh: "To be perfectly frank, Senator, I forgot all about your request for those documents and they were never sent. I only called the messenger in to show you what a perfect system we have up here. Now," the Secretary continued,

with a chuckle, pressing another button, "I am going to see that you get the documents."

There was once a sporting parson at Eastington, a place on the English coast which was a favorite landing place for woodcocks at the time of their immigration to England. When the birds arrived, exhausted by their long flight, everybody in the parish, including the parson, at once turned out to join in the sport of knocking them down with sticks. One Sunday the people were in church and the parson in the pulpit, when the church door was cautiously opened and a head appeared with a beckoning finger. "Well, what is it?" asked the parson. "Cocks is coom!" The parson hurriedly shut up his sermon case. "Shut the door and lock it," he cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in church till I've got my surplice off. Let's all have a fair chance."

There is a story about a company promoter who advertised for an office boy. He received 100 replies. Out of 100 he selected ten, and with the writers of these ten replies he had a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright youth, to whom he said: "My boy, I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?" "No, sir," said the boy, "I can go home and get it." "Very well; come back tomorrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I dare say I shall engage you." Late that same afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said, cheerily, "have you got your character?" "No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours—an I ain't coming!"

"Somewhere Else."

Of all the places on this earth
There's none like "Somewhere Else."
I love the city of my birth,
But not like "Somewhere Else."
I understand what "home" is worth,
Its palling peace and weary mirth.
Of local bliss when there's a dearth,
Oh, take me "Somewhere Else!"

For what do we so often sigh?
Alluring "Somewhere Else."
I've been to Paris and Shanghai,
But give me "Somewhere Else."
From Everywhere we seek to fly,
A better atmosphere to try,
And when we're all gone up on high,
We'll long for "Somewhere Else!"

—Chubb.

San Francisco, March, 1907.

The fantasy of an ice mine is come true. When there is a famine of the normal crop of pond and river and lake, it has been more pleasant than profitable to speculate on the circumstance that there is an unlimited supply of ice available, even in the torrid zone, and that, with the resources of modern engineering and facilities for transportation, some means might be devised for breaking it out and distributing it to the needs of civilized man. That is precisely what is being done in Switzerland, where the communes have discovered that they possess a source of handsome revenues from their handy glaciers, now that enterprise and ingenuity have found a way to cut ice from the exhaustless store of nature. The introduction of electric railways into the Alpine districts is to be credited with the development of what the London Times properly calls "this new and strange industry." The ice glaciers are blasted and the blocks of ice are conducted in troughs to the electric railway stations and thence transported to large centres of population, hundreds of miles distant from the "mines." Glacier ice commands a high price for its purity, and, perhaps at no distant day, it will be brought over the water and sold in New York.

Signor Biancheri, the venerable president of the Italian chamber, finds a hobby in horticulture. He is devoted to his garden at Ventimiglia, on the Riviera, where he grows magnificent roses and carnations.

ASTHMA relieved and cured by Brooks' Homeopathic Cough and Croup Syrup; 25c at druggists.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 1179 Ellis Street, between Gough and Octavia.

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Wm. Carbin, Sec'y, and Gen'l. Mgr.
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Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
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No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning, trains leave the track after the fifth and last races.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Mae Sadler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sadler, of Alameda, to Mr. Lewis Risdon Mead, of this city.

Invitations have been received to the marriage of Miss Anita Helena Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Downey Harvey, to Mr. Oscar Cooper, on Wednesday, April 17, at high noon, at the Harvey home, 2555 Webster Street.

Invitations have been received for the marriage of Miss Isabel Harrison Glennon, daughter of Commander James H. Glennon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Glennon, to Lieutenant Matthew Arthur Cross, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., on Wednesday, April 17, at high noon, at St. Thomas's Church, Washington, D. C.

Invitations have been issued to the marriage of Miss Hazel Cynthia Marston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen Marston, to Mr. Frederick Winslow Read, of Stockton, on Thursday evening, April 11, at Christ Church, Alameda. A reception will follow at the home of the bride.

The marriage of Miss Lydia Burneston Owens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Burneston Owens, to Mr. George Anson Herrick, took place on Tuesday evening at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past 8 o'clock by the Rev. Edward Morgan. The maid of honor was Miss Edith Curry, and the bridesmaids Miss Jeannette Wright, Miss Marion Wright, Miss Anita Davis, and Miss Ruth Morton. Mr. Hugh Owens, the bride's brother, was the best man, and Mr. Allan Dimond, Mr. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mr. Willard Barton, and Dr. Herbert Moore acted as ushers. About four hundred guests were invited to the ceremony, but only the most intimate friends were present at the reception which followed at the bride's home on Presidio Avenue and Jackson Street. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick left on a wedding journey, and on their return will live in this city.

Mrs. R. Langley Porter and Mrs. James Watkins will entertain at a tea at the Porter home, on Pacific Avenue, on Tuesday next.

Mrs. N. A. McEnery and Miss McEnery will entertain at a large bridge party on Tuesday next at their home, on Broadway.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Pensacola* entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening last on the ship at Yerba Buena Island. The hosts of the occasion were: Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. N.; Dr. Biddle, U. S. N.; Dr. Abekan, U. S. N.; Dr. Stibbins, U. S. N.; Paymaster Beecher, U. S. N., and Paymaster Helmicks, U. S. N. Among their guests were Pay Inspector and Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Ethel Shorb, and Miss Edith Metcalfe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained recently at a theatre party and supper, their guests being Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Mr. Thornwall Mullally, and Mr. Harry Stetson.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Clark, at Burlingame for the past month, has gone to New York and will sail shortly for Paris.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Anita Harvey left New York on Thursday for this city.

Mrs. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who are now in Europe, will pass the summer at Newport, where they have taken a villa for five years.

Miss Sallie Maynard will spend much of the summer in Mill Valley as the guest of friends.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow are at present in Washington, D. C., visiting their daughters, Mrs. Fechteler and Mrs. Rose-

velt, but will sail shortly for Europe, going first to Germany, as Judge Morrow will take the cure at Bad Nauheim.

Mrs. Mary Redding and Miss Josephine Redding have left Carlsbad, where they spent several weeks, and are in Paris.

Miss Azalea Keyes expects to return some time this month to Paris.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg will leave within a fortnight for an Eastern trip of about two months' duration.

Miss Ethel Beaver, who has been East during the winter, and who is at present in Boston, is contemplating going abroad to spend the summer.

Mr. Edgar Carolan is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at The Crossways, Burlingame.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is contemplating a brief visit to Los Angeles in the near future.

Miss Rodgers left last week for Fort Monroe, Virginia, to visit her niece, Mrs. John Burke Murphy.

Mrs. Harry George, formerly Miss Eugenia Chapin, of this city, has gone to New York after a visit to Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr., at Annapolis.

Mrs. Prentiss Selby, who has been traveling in Europe for some months, was recently in Palermo.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan sailed on Monday last from Seattle on the *Minnesota*, for a stay of several months in Japan and China.

Mr. William Mayo Newhall returned last week from Paris, where Mrs. Newhall and the Misses Newhall are spending a year.

Edward Montgomery has returned from Paris and is at present the guest of Sherril Sebel, in New York City.

Miss Kate Stone, who has been in Europe and the East for over a year past, has arrived here and is with her sister, Mrs. L. L. Baker, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Harry Benson has recently been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, at Del Monte.

Miss Tyler of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting Mrs. Clarence A. Carr, of Mare Island, has returned to her Eastern home.

Miss Helen V. Wheeler, who is spending some months in Europe, has recently been in Florence.

Miss Gwinette Henley sailed last week on the *Doric* for Hongkong and Manila for a lengthy visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee are spending some time in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. R. Jaffray Dustan is now en route to her home in this city, from Manila, where she has been the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Willis Peace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Peace.

Miss Olga Atherton will leave about April 15 for a visit to Los Angeles.

Miss Edith Bull, who went East several weeks ago, is at present the guest of friends in Norfolk, Virginia.

Mrs. Herbert Gee is spending some time as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Charles H. McKinstry has gone to New York to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman, who are traveling in Europe, are spending some time in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Robbins, who have been in the East and abroad since last summer, have arrived here for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney in this city, have returned to their ranch at Rocklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse have returned to their home in Chicago, after a stay here of two months.

Mrs. Philip Bancroft has returned from a visit of several weeks' duration in Colorado.

Miss Marguerite Gros left last week for the East and will sail shortly for her home in Paris.

Miss Jennie Flood and her friend, Miss M. R. Crosby, of New York, were in Del Monte this week to meet Mr. and Mrs. William Doughty and family of Williamstown, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah L. Rorer, of New York, the well-known writer, and her son, James Birch Rorer, of Washington, are at Del Monte.

A new improvement at Del Monte is the wide plank walk from the bath-house to the Monterey station, and it is to continue on to the picturesque old custom-house. The view along the stretch of beach is a pleasing one—on both sides a sweeping curve of white sand; at the right, Pico Blanco, standing out above the blue Gabilan range and the dunes. In the other direction you see the fishermen's boats and wharves below the town, which rises up like a fortification, and as you look closely you see that there is one, with mounted cannon and soldiers guarding the gates of the Presidio. All this can now be enjoyed without plowing through thick sand, without dampened boots or salt-sprayed garments.

NOTES OF THE STUDIOS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

An exhibition of importance this week will be held at the Vickery-Atkins-Torrey Gallery. Two paintings by Childe Hassam, the first ever shown in this city, will be fittingly hung. One is a most interesting handling of pines on the Oregon coast, and the other "Sunset on Puget Sound." In the latter, the smoke of a forest fire is shown in the distance.

Miss Anne Bremer, who stands among the first women artists of the West, has gone to Monterey for a week's sketching. She has long been drawing and painting one particular tree in that artist's paradise, and this trip is to make its further acquaintance. First among her "tree friends" Miss Bremer places this one, and so has selected it for an important picture she expects to paint next fall. It has great dignity and beauty of outline, and this talented artist will study its every mood before she will give it permanent expression on canvas. Trained under Arthur F. Mathews, and possessing the intelligence to understand his mission and methods, Miss Bremer, like her master, is ever working on elemental drawing. Painting is easy when drawing is so well worked out that it gives an absolute sense of form and perspective. Miss Bremer has done some of the best still life paintings ever shown in this city. One conspicuously fine piece was hung in the recent Sketch Club exhibition. The subject, simple in the extreme, was a piece of blue Canton ware, done with harmonizing drapery. The atmosphere was subtle and the textures were managed with rare skill.

Miss Bremer has been abroad for travel, but all her study has been done here. As president of the Sketch Club, she has brought that interesting organization successfully through the time of stress so that it gave the first general exhibition after the fire.

Sketch Club luncheons in past years have been pretty affairs as well as jolly annual reunions, but the fire claimed so many of the costumes and gauds and draperies with which the artist women used to make pictures of their gatherings that the one of this April will be very simple. It will be given April 12 in the clubrooms on California Street, and will in very truth be a reunion.

Sidney Joseph, long recognized as a dilettante of unusual merit, has gone abroad to study in real earnest. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Emily Rosenstirn.

Will Sparks, whose pictures always attract attention, but who is not a great producer, returned last week from an Eastern trip. He is said to have gone there in the interest of a coming publication for which he will do some illustrating and assume some editorial responsibilities.

Miss Ethel Martin, daughter of John R. Martin, for so many years secretary of the Art Association, has gone to Dow's School, which flourishes under the shadow of Columbia University, New York. Miss Martin is giving almost exclusive attention to illustrating. Before she left San Francisco she had made interesting progress as a miniaturist under the direction of Lillie V. O'Ryan. Several former students of the San Francisco School of Design are at Dow's. San Francisco's calamity sent a large number of promising students to different parts of the United States, be-

cause the local school was not in condition to resume.

Troubles for the San Francisco School of Design are not yet over. When plans for reopening were finally made and building on the old site was begun, rain stopped work for a month. The structure was not far enough advanced to admit of any inside work. It was thought that the school would reopen May 1 for a short term before the summer vacation, but the most sanguine among the directors are relinquishing that hope. So it is altogether likely that students waiting to begin work will have to possess their souls in patience until August, the regular time for beginning the fall term. Nothing has been done yet toward assembling teachers.

As the new school is being erected upon the old foundation, some idea may be had of its arrangement. The students in sculpture will be down stairs, in the former lecture room; the north rooms on the main floor will be given to offices, and the life classes and other phases of the school work. The exhibition-room, forty by forty feet, will occupy the space of the drawing-room, and a smaller gallery will be built over the music-room, thereby preserving some of the magnificent view to the south. The gallery proper will have only top lights.

Miss Alice Chittenden, who went East after the calamity, returned to this city last week. She was formerly a member of the faculty of the San Francisco School of Design, and will, no doubt, occupy the same position when the school reopens.



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American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argoey and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlanta Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Coenopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democrat) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur Mac Arthur, U. S. A., is relieved from the command of the Pacific Division and the Department of California, the order to take effect April 13, and will then proceed to and take station at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to perform such duties as may hereafter be assigned him by the War Department.

Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A., Assistant Inspector-General of the Pacific Division, left during the week for Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, to make the annual inspection.

Major Kenneth Morton, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Benicia Arsenal and ordered to proceed to Bridgeport, Connecticut, for duty.

Major William B. Rochester, Jr., Paymaster, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect upon being relieved from duty in the Philippines Division, and he is authorized to return to the United States, via Asia and Europe.

Major John R. Lynch, Paymaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in this city, to take effect at such time as will enable him to proceed on the transport to sail about May 5 to the Philippines, and upon his arrival at Manila will report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment to duty.

Major Zerah W. Torrey, Assistant Inspector-General, U. S. A., has returned from a two months' tour of inspection of the Department of Columbia.

Major William B. Banister, Surgeon, U. S. A., was ordered relieved from duty at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and sailed on the transport *Sherman* yesterday (Friday) for the Philippine Islands. On arrival there he will report in person to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment.

Major William Stephenson, Surgeon, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Post Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for several years, sailed yesterday (Friday) for Manila, where he will be assigned to duty.

Captain V. L. Cottman, U. S. N., was commissioned Captain from February 8, 1907.

Captain J. B. Milton, U. S. N., is ordered to command the *West Virginia*.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty at the headquarters of the Department of California. He will await the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines early next year.

Captain Edward F. McGlachlin, Jr., Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Harry J. Hirsch, Quartermaster, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month.

Captain Christopher C. Collins, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted leave for two months and twenty days, dating from April 1.

Lieutenant Pressley K. Brice, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Major Charles A. Bennett, U. S. A., president of the examining board at the General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Walter C. Short, Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., now in San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed without delay to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Reginald H. Kelley, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is granted two months' leave of absence, dating from April 15.

Lieutenant Francis H. Burr, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is granted four months' leave of absence, to take effect after the completion of the target practice course.

Lieutenant Edwin H. De Armond, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the Tenth Company, Coast Artillery, Presidio of San Francisco, to the Twenty-fifth Battery, Field Artillery, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the Seventeenth Battery, Field Artillery, to the unassigned list.

Lieutenant Paul W. Beck, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in Cuba and ordered to Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant James E. Abbott, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Benicia Arsenal.

Lieutenant Alvin Barber, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to an examining board for examination for promotion. The detail of the board is as follows: Major Charles H. McKinstry, U. S. A.; Major W. W. Harts, U. S. A.; Major James M. Kennedy, U. S. A.; Captain Amos Fries, U. S. A.; and Captain Henry H. Rutherford, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Franklin Bache Harwood, U. S. R. C. S., has tendered his resignation from the service, which took effect on

March 19, and he has entered into business in this city.

First Assistant Engineer B. A. Minor, U. S. R. C. S., reported on Tuesday last to Captain H. B. Rogers, U. S. R. C. S., president of the Revenue Cutter Service Retiring Board, for physical examination. The detail of the board is as follows: Captain H. B. Rogers, U. S. R. C. S.; Chief Engineer J. E. Dorry, U. S. R. C. S.; Chief Engineer H. N. Wood, U. S. R. C. S.; Passed Assistant Surgeon C. H. Gardner, U. S. P. H. and M. H. S.; Passed Assistant Surgeon W. C. Hobdy, U. S. P. H. and M. H. S.; Second Lieutenant M. S. Hay, U. S. R. C. S., recorder.

Assistant Paymaster B. D. Rogers, U. S. N., is detached from the navy yard, Mare Island, and ordered to the *Annapolis* for temporary duty, and thence to duty as pay officer of the *Adams*.

Assistant Surgeon F. H. Brooks, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, and ordered to the *Annapolis*.

The following named Assistant Surgeons, U. S. A., will report on the dates specified to Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A., president of the examining board, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for examination to determine their fitness for advancement, on April 23: First Lieutenant Louis C. Duncan, U. S. A.; First Lieutenant William L. Keller, U. S. A.; First Lieutenant Harold W. Cowper, U. S. A.; on May 14, First Lieutenant Samuel E. Lambert, U. S. A.; First Lieutenant Clarence H. Connor, U. S. A.; on May 21, First Lieutenant Junius C. Gregory, U. S. A.; First Lieutenant Harry S. Purnell, U. S. A.; on June 18, First Lieutenant Robert M. Blanchard, U. S. A.

President Thomas H. Williams of the New California Jockey Club gave local turfmen an agreeable surprise this week when he officially announced that the racing season at the Emeryville track would be extended six weeks beyond the time for which it was originally scheduled. The meeting will be brought to a close on Saturday, June 22, instead of Saturday, May 11, the date on which the 150 days that the meeting ordinarily runs would expire. This will make a local season of 187 days of racing, 37 more than has been the rule in recent years. The extension of the Emeryville meeting will result in the elimination of the proposed three weeks' meeting at Petaluma, which was to have followed the closing of the local season and preceded the opening of the Seattle meeting. Racing was to have been begun at Seattle on June 15, but the rearrangement of the Emeryville schedule will result in the postponement of the Seattle opening until June 29.

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Blankets	Towels		

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*She (to fellow-listener at musicale)—*What do you think of his execution? *He—*I'm in favor of it.—*Punch.*

*Lily—*Marriage may be a failure, but I am going to make some man prove it to me.—*The New York Idea.*

"Miss Smith has written a problem novel, hasn't she?" "Yes." "What is the problem?" "How to make it sell."—Life.

*Dramatic Critic (during the second act)—*Some persons are born lucky. The author of this play died before it was produced.—*Puck.*

"I notice your daughter dances with such graceful, free movements." "They ain't free; she takes reg'lar paid lessons."—Baltimore American.

"Willie Green," said the teacher, "you may define the word memory." "Memory," said Willie, "is what we forget with."—Philadelphia Record.

*Rector (showing a stronger the church monuments)—*My grandfather has slept in this church for eighty years. *Stranger—*Is he living?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

*Bobbie—*Mother, is this the bottle of eau de Cologne? *Mother—*No, Bobbie. That's the cement. *Bobbie—*Oh, then, that's why I can't get my hat off.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

"Aren't you ashamed to stand there listening to that child's horrible oaths?" "Shamed nuffin! Dat kid's er natural-born swearer wot anybody might learn of."—Life.

*Mrs. Neighbors—*Are you aware that your new hired girl is a somnambulist? *Mrs. Meadowgrass—*My goodness, no! She told me she was a Baptist.—*Chicago Daily News.*

*Mistress—*Why don't you boil the eggs? *Cook—*Sure, I've no clock in the kitchen to go by. *Mistress—*Oh, yes, you have. *Cook—*What good is it? It's ten minutes fast.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"May I ask your father for your hand tonight, Miss Ketchum?" "Can't you wait until tomorrow night, George? I think Charlie Chumpley is going to ask him tonight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

*Anxious Housewife (startled by a crash in the room below)—*There! Another of my best porcelain turkeys gone. *Husband—*Never mind, dear; it has stopped the cook's singing.—*Portland Oregonian.*

*Voice from the parlor—*Mary Ann, did you get the milk for the children and Fido in separate bottles? *Mary Ann—*Yes, ma'am. *The voice—*Have Fido's milk sterilized. *Mary Ann—*Yes, ma'am.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

*Mrs. Scraggington (in the midst of her reading)—*Here is an item which says that full-grown rhinoceroses cost \$12,000 apiece. *Mr. Scraggington (meanly)—*Uh-yah! And isn't it a pity that women can't wear them on their hats?—*Smart Set.*

"Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I can't quite tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment."—Washington Star.

*Geck (who has already wearied the guests with many songs)—*Now I will sing you one more song and then go home. *Lady—*Pardon me, but do you attach much importance to the order of your programme?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

*Superintendent (to head of firm)—*A former hotel-keeper has applied to us for a position as traveling salesman for our wines. He says that he has bought wine of us for years. *Head—*I should prefer a clever man.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

*Baroness—*Marquis, is it possible to confide a secret to you? *Marquis—*Certainly! I will be silent as the grave. "Well, then, I have absolute need of two thousand francs." "Do not fear, it is as if I had heard nothing."—*Il Matto per Ridere.*

"I notice, major," said the inquisitive man, "that you always take your whisky straight. Don't you Kentuckians ever put water in your liquor?" "Some Kentuckians do, suh," replied Major Bluegrass. "Indeed?" "Yes, suh; but they sell it."—Philadelphia Press.

What are your opinions on that question?" "My dear sir," answered Senator Whum, "this is no time to ask a man opinions; the chief use in adjourning

Congress is to give great men a chance to get out among their constituents and stock up with opinions."—Washington Star.

"I've a good notion," said Plodding Pete, "to join dis forestry association." "What fur?" "I want de trees preserved in all der venerable beauty. I want to see de monarchs of de wilderness left undisturbed in der peaceful majesty. It's time dis practice of handin' a man an ax an' tellin' him to chop wood was stopped."—Washington Star.

THE MERRY MUZE.

A New Spring Epitaph.

"Rest at the close of life's brief day!
Hic jacet Ephraim Daniels."
Too early in the month of May
He doffed his winter flannels!
—*Warwick James Price.*

On a Tear.

Miss Anelia May Hortense
Tried to scale a barbed wire fence,
When she'd finished with the climb,
She had had a ripping time.
—*Margaret Rohe.*

The Ads.

I used to buy a magazine
And quickly strip the cover off,
With all the ads of soap and starch,
And mixtures sure to cure a cough.
Above the printed pages left,
Entranced, for hours I used to pore,
The stories, essays, ancient jokes,
And poems perusing o'er and o'er.

But when I buy a magazine
Today, at once I throw away
The poetry and fiction, too,
And cover in its colors gay,
But keep the leaves that tell us where
To buy the things we may be needing,
For advertisements furnish now
The very best and brightest reading.
—*Minna Irving in Good Housekeeping.*

The Love of a Botanist.

I long for the land of the pinus palustris
Where the lirodidendron is bursting to bloom,
Where taxodium distichum faithful, industrious,
Is waving in sadness o'er Clementine's tomb.

'Twas under the spreading hickoria pecan
We pledged our fond love by the light of the stars;
"If any be faithful," we whispered, "then we can,"
While leaning at eve o'er the fraxinus bars.

A flower from the sweet asimina triloba
She pinned on my coat as I bade her farewell;
But her love grew as cold as the far Manitoaba
And my hopes like the frost-bitten autumn leaves fell.

They planted catalpa, the fair speciosa,
They planted the bush and the tree and the vine,
They planted a sprig of robinia viscosa,
And, underneath these, planted poor Clementine.
—*Douglas Malloch.*

A whole-souled resident of Harlem the other evening received the jolt of his career as a parent. While reading his evening paper the door bell rang, and a parcel from a big department store was announced. The cost was 30 cents, and he gave his little bright-eyes, a girl of six, a \$2 bill with which to pay the boy. Half an hour later the subject recurred to him. "Here, Mabel," he said, "where's that money I gave you for the boy?" "Why, papa," was little bright-eyes' reply, "I did the same as you did yesterday with the newsboy. I told him to keep the change."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

I was waiting for an elevated train the other day when two young women came on the platform, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. One of them was a beauty, with coal-black hair and eyes. When the girl saw what a stir she was creating, she told her friend that she must have something to read on her way down town. She bought a current number of a periodical that had a bright red cover. I thought nothing of it till she sat down in the car. Her first act was to look in the glass beside her seat and see how her face looked framed in the magazine. The effect was stunning, and she knew it. Do you think she read? Not a line.

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New YorkApr. 13, May 11, June 8
St. LouisApr. 20, May 18, June 15
PhiladelphiaApr. 27, May 25, June 22
Celtic, 20,904 tons.....May 4, 11 a m

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
HaverfordApr. 13 FrieslandApr. 27
NoordlandApr. 20 MerionMay 4

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
MinneapolisApr. 13, May 11, June 8
MinnehahaApr. 20, May 18, June 15
MesabaApr. 27, May 25, June 22
MinnetonkaMay 4, June 1, June 29

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
RyndamApr. 10, May 15, June 19
PotsdamApr. 17, May 22, June 26
New Amsterdam (new)Apr. 24, May 29, July 3
StatendamMay 1, June 5, July 10
NoordamMay 8, June 12, July 17

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER ANTWERP
VaderlandApr. 13, May 11, June 8
FinlandApr. 20, May 18, June 15
ZeelandApr. 27, May 25, June 22
KroonlandMay 4, June 1, July 13

WHITE STAR LINE

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BalticApr. 10, May 8, June 14
MajesticApr. 17, May 15, June 15
CedricApr. 19, May 17, June 20
OceanicApr. 24, May 22, June 24
TeutonicMay 1, June 1, July 1

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

CelticMay 4, 11 a m
AdriaticMay 22, June 19, July 17
TeutonicMay 29, June 26, July 24
OceanicJune 5, July 3, July 31
MajesticJune 12, July 10, Aug. 7
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ArabicApr. 26, May 24, June 6
RepublicMay 30, July 3
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RepublicApr. 20, 10 a m
CreticMay 9, noon, June 20, Aug. 1
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The Argonaut.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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Roosevelt, Harriman, and the "Moral Wave."

We do not recall in the recent political history of the country an incident so distinctly unpleasant all round as the controversy between President Roosevelt and Mr. E. H. Harriman. Commonly when men differ so widely and so passionately, there is to be found by one who seeks for it a more or less clear line of moral cleavage, or at least some aspect upon which judgment or sentiment may rest approvingly. We have in this case a situation in which both parties appear so at odds with the prevailing moral mood as to afford no ground for sympathy. Out of the much too much erimination and reerimination of the Roosevelt-Harriman correspondence we have one essential fact, namely, that in the campaign of 1904 the President called upon Mr. Harriman for "help," and that in response to this call Mr. Harriman raised a campaign fund of \$200,000 among his associates in New York, himself contributing \$50,000. The money was

paid to Bliss and by Bliss given to Cortelyou, and by Cortelyou it was used in promoting the success of the party ticket in New York. In the face of this fact, the President's declaration that he did not ask Mr. Harriman to contribute or to raise a dollar has much the same ring as Mr. Calhoun's statement that, in the matter of street railway franchises in San Francisco, his company never paid any money "to any official." Mr. Roosevelt, we can easily believe, did not ask Mr. Harriman for money in so many words, but he did ask him for help, which meant and could mean nothing but money, the response being a large cash contribution, which was accepted by Mr. Cortelyou and used by him to further ends in which the President was directly and earnestly interested. The logic of this transaction is irresistible. It represents the President as asking a favor at the hands of the most conspicuous corporation magnate of the country in a manner suggestive of personal friendship, of mutual interest, and of political coöperation, and it represents Mr. Harriman by his response as putting up money in the promotion of political purposes, for what ends the public may draw its own inferences.

The controversy centers around one most significant fact. There are many side interests, to be sure, as for example the allegation that Mr. Harriman, in his talk with Mr. Webster of New York, had declared Hearst and his associates to be men whose success need not be feared, since, "being crooks," he "could buy them"; furthermore, that he could buy the legislature, the judiciary, and even Congress itself. This ugly statement is in evidence only in the form of an individual assertion, which has been emphatically denied. It is, therefore, no part of the record upon which judgment must be rendered.

Taking the matter as it stands, and even with all the allegations as they affect Mr. Harriman, there is nothing in it which need greatly surprise anybody. Mr. Harriman has made no pretensions to either political or moral idealism. He has not posed as one, either in business or in politics, better than other men of his rank and his day. His position is indeed that of a "practical man"—of a man who plays the game of business and politics as he finds it. The public will not be surprised, and it has no need to be shocked to learn, by the testimony of Mr. Harriman's own letter, that he contributed money and a good deal of it to the bringing about of a political result which he deemed advantageous from his own standpoint. Few men busy themselves to raise money in large sums for causes in which they have no immediate interest; still fewer go down into their own pockets for trifles of \$50,000, yielding them to ends in which they have merely a sentimental interest. Mr. Roosevelt appealed to Mr. Harriman as to a "practical man"; Mr. Harriman responded to this appeal after the manner and in the spirit of a practical man. The public will easily come at its own moral estimate of this transaction, and, whatever this estimate may be, no special censure can attach to it because of special moral professions on the part of the man who gave the money. The country will not give its sympathies to Mr. Harriman in this transaction, because it is not in the mood to approve this sort of thing, but to its condemnation of his course it will not add a special weight of censure based upon contempt for professions betrayed or for moral double-dealing.

The case is different with Mr. Roosevelt. He, above all others, has assumed the character of a political purist. He has stood before the country by his own profession as a man commissioned to regenerate and moralize our politics. His call to

Mr. Harriman for help, his acceptance of help in the form of a large supply of political money, his subsequent cordial treatment of Mr. Harriman as one whom it has been a "real pleasure to see this year"—these things do not accord with his pose as supreme leader in the work of political moralization. Neither does his angry though evasive repudiation of the whole transaction measure with those standards of candor and courage which are so vitally related to his pretensions before the country. Intrinsically the President shares with Mr. Harriman in whatever moral discredit may attach to this whole business, since, in a sense, they were equal partners in it, the one asking, the other giving. But the President has in it a special responsibility due to high pretensions—to pretensions which Mr. Harriman has never made.

Over and beyond his evasive and trivial denial Mr. Roosevelt has given to the country an example of presidential manners which, to say the least, is far from edifying. A man of small importance and of shallow character may, without any very serious shock to the proprieties, permit his humiliations and resentments to explode in exhibitions of anger. He may even, without harming anybody but himself, conjure up phantasms, call spirits from the vasty deep of his wounded vanity, and otherwise give evidence of perturbed mentality. But the President of the United States owes it to his high office, if not to individual self-respect, to carry himself, even in his resentments, with a certain elevation of manner. Speaking for itself, the Argonaut grows weary of seeing the White House, renowned for more than a century as the abode of historic men, distinguished, too, as a seat of high personal and official dignities, made the scene of outbursts of boyish bad temper. We grow weary of hearing every man whose ideas or whose memory does not accord with that of the President loudly denounced as a double-barrelled liar.

The President of the United States, least of all a President who has singularly commanded the moral approval of the country, has no need to deal in the euphemisms of denunciation. He would far better sustain his cause, far more highly credit himself with the country by a demeanor more in accord with the traditions of his office and less suggestive of the heat and the delusions of overmastering rage. In the immediate instance the President's manner is as much at fault as his evasive phrases. His anger has been infinitely less impressive in support of his side of this controversy than would have been a calm attitude uncolored by any mark of a mind disturbed.

President Roosevelt's discovery that there is a "conspiracy" against him and his policies is hardly new. It has not required special powers of discernment this many months past to see that the great corporate interests of the country have not been pleased with his course. Long before Mr. Roosevelt was born it was observed that no man likes that species of innovation which disturbs his schemes of profit and stigmatizes his character. The great trust magnates, of course, have not liked the attitude of the government towards themselves and their interests, and have not been pleased with a President by whom this policy has been urged. We can well believe, under the disclosures of the present controversy, that there has been a special bitterness of resentment towards one who, under the standards of the political game, as men of the Harriman type understand it, has not played fair. It is altogether possible that those who, at Mr. Roosevelt's call, "helped" by contributing large sums of political money to the campaign of 1904, felt that they had acquired certain "rights" which the Roosevelt administration has not fully

respected. Probably to just this extent there is dissatisfaction and ill-will against the President. It is a feeling—a movement, if it may be so styled—well provided at the point of financial resource, because it represents the resentment of a lot of very rich men. But the notion that there is a definite and organized "conspiracy," backed by a specific fund of five or any other number of millions, is in the very nature of things whimsical and ridiculous. The great interests are far more adroit in their methods. They are as little given to putting up fixed purses in support of their resentments as of trusting their secrets to drunken men and to the confidential agents of those against whom their aims are addressed.

There is no need, either on the part of Mr. Roosevelt or of anybody else, to take this fantastic "conspiracy" seriously. Even though it were in fact all that the President's overheated imagination sees it, still it could not serve to stay the progress of the advancing moral standards of politics and administration. We have within the past two years, by the course of events in which the President has had a large share, risen to a higher plane of political morals. Today we all unite in protest against what a few years ago we looked upon with complacency. Fortunately the President is not alone in his higher moral outlook. Today, no doubt, he could hardly bring himself to write to a great financial and corporate magnate that it had been a "real pleasure to see him this year," to recall to him that both were "practical men," and to ask him to "help" in the matter of campaign funds. The difference between the President's attitude in 1907 and in 1904 is the measure of his distinct moral advancement. Possibly the President regards himself as the one man in the country in whom this commendable moral development has been attained. But, in truth, Mr. Roosevelt has no monopoly in the results of moral evolution. To borrow a phrase from the street, "there are others." Indeed, there are so many others that there is small danger of anything like an immediate back-swing of the pendulum. Anything like a return to the politics typified by the late Mr. Hanna—a system, by the way, shared in by Mr. Roosevelt along with the rest of us—would in the present mood of the country be impossible. There is no need to take arms against an imaginary reaction, for there will be no reaction—at least not for a while. The wave is still rising and its course is forward. Mr. Roosevelt has had his share—a great and honorable share—in promoting it, but at the same time he would do well to remember that his work has been done in harmony with times and events—that while he has stood at the helm of the politics of the country, the ship has moved with the tide. Strong and worthy man as Mr. Roosevelt is, he is by no means the only moral force in the politics of the country. His place is quite large enough without frantic attempts to magnify it, and he will serve his own dignities and his own fame by seasoning his ardor with some cool drops of modesty.

In every phase of this unpleasant controversy there is manifest the great and essential evil of money contributions for political purposes. The political donation is, indeed, twice cursed, since it corrupts him who gives and the cause to which he gives. There is only one sound rule and that is the rule of prohibition. The whole business is rank with dishonesty. Nor is it sufficient that prohibition of political donations shall be limited to corporations. Individual contributions to political purposes are subject to the same abuse and the same reproach as corporate donations. The evil is in the thing itself rather than in the agency which provides it. If it is wrong for a corporation or the agent of a corporation to put money into politics, so it is wrong for anybody to do it. Neither corporations nor individuals yield their money for nothing; whoever gives a thousand dollars or fifty thousand to bring about the election of a president or a governor or a mayor, does it with the expectation of getting back his money or its equivalent with interest. Whoever casts his bread upon these waters does so in the hope that it may return well buttered.

We have already said that within the past two years the country has risen by the course of events

to a higher plane of political morals, and we have cited Mr. Roosevelt's attitude as exhibited in his relations to Mr. Harriman in proof of this statement. We have in the current graft procedure still another interesting confirmation. Mr. Fairfax Wheelan is a man who stands among us as a special champion of decency and virtue in politics. He was a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard. He continues to be the warm personal friend of the President and to share in the Rooseveltian notion of things. If now and again Mr. Wheelan is a trifle slow in getting himself re-adjusted to the President's newer lines of action, something must be allowed to the embarrassments of geography. It is not always possible to follow Mr. Roosevelt's lightning changes and to match his variations of mood, even with the aid of the telegraph. Two years ago Mr. Wheelan took an active hand in an attempt to rid San Francisco of gross civic abominations which had become oppressive to every decent citizen. He went at the work with intelligence and energy, succeeding in bringing the established political parties into a coöperative municipal movement. By his efforts, even though they failed in the final event, he won the commendation of the better elements of the community. It was truly a gallant though a losing fight for civic honesty and decency.

At that time the "moral wave" had not reached San Francisco. Here, as at Washington and New York, older standards and a less scrupulous practice prevailed in the operations of politics. Mr. Wheelan needed money for his good work, and he went up and down the street asking for it in the name of the good cause he was promoting. It never occurred to Mr. Wheelan that in thus asking for, and receiving, campaign contributions he was violating any principle or doing a vicious or questionable thing. It was the rule of politics; to have proceeded at that time by any other method would not only have been futile but childish. Therefore Mr. Wheelan asked with a bold face and received with a clean conscience.

Now comes the graft prosecution and summons Mr. Wheelan, questioning him sharply as to his financial arrangements in the fusion campaign, specifically as related to the Home Telephone Company. Mr. Wheelan might have flown into a rage, quibbled, and confused the whole matter along an adroit line of verbal evasions. He did nothing of the kind. He was man enough to recite to the Grand Jury the precise facts without apology or bad temper. He asked the Home Telephone Company, he said, as he did others, for financial help in the campaign, and the result was a check for \$500, which he used for the purposes of the campaign. That was the whole of the transaction and the Grand Jury was welcome to it.

Now we do not imagine that if Mr. Wheelan were to lead another campaign, say this coming fall, in the cause of civic purity, he would go to the Home Telephone Company for a contribution. The "moral wave" has no doubt caught Mr. Wheelan as it has the rest of us, and carried him to a height whence he can see evil in things once thought innocent enough. Mr. Wheelan, as little as his distinguished exemplar, President Roosevelt, is a man likely to get left when moral waves are swashing over the country. But Mr. Wheelan appears to have a sound memory and a sound conscience. He does not forget nor try to forget the work he once did in good faith, nor does he attempt to evade responsibility. The *Argonaut*, speaking for itself, commends Mr. Wheelan's attitude. It thinks far more highly of him for his straightforward dealing with the Grand Jury than if he had attempted a course of whipping the devil round the stump, of playing at hide-and-seek with his own record and his own conscience. In truth, we like Mr. Wheelan rather better than before, because he has shown that he has the manly self-respect to look an embarrassing situation in the eye and meet it without flinching.

Hearst, a Five-Times Loser.

The result of last week's municipal election in Chicago will go far to sustain a confidence, subjected of late to many serious strains, in the abiding wisdom of the American people upon sober second thought. In the last previous election Chicago voted for a comprehensive municipal ownership under a tentative plan. This year she

reverses the judgment by a substantial plurality of 13,016.

The issue in Chicago came before the people in an indirect, though very plain, form. Mayor Dunne, representing the principle of municipal ownership, had attempted to bring the street car system and other public-service interests under direct municipal ownership and operation. The city council more conservatively proposed a plan by which the general street car franchises in Chicago should be extended for a period of twenty years with payment to the city of 55 per cent of their net income and with a concession to the city of an option to purchase at a fixed price. An ordinance embodying this project, duly adopted by the council, had been vetoed by the Mayor; and it was between Mayor and council that the electors of the city were called upon to give judgment. The result was as above stated—a majority of 13,016 votes in favor of the proposition to extend the franchises under the terms above defined; in other words, to leave the management of the street cars in Chicago in private hands, although subject to a large contribution to the city's finances. The majority, while a substantial one at the point of numbers, is not large when it is considered that the total ballot was approximately 300,000.

The result of this election is scarcely a matter of more interest than the circumstances under which it came about. The public ownership idea was represented by a Democratic candidate, while the principle of private ownership was represented by a Republican, and an office-holder under the general government, none other than Postmaster Busse. Presumably Mr. Busse did not become a candidate for the mayoralty without the consent of the general government. That he had the approval of the administration was further made emphatically manifest by a cordial utterance on the part of President Roosevelt in his behalf, a week before the day of election.

This special friendliness on the part of the President was no doubt a direct result of the intrusion into the campaign of the personality of William R. Hearst. Although a citizen of New York, Mr. Hearst took it upon himself to enter actively into the Chicago campaign. Some two weeks before the election he went out to Chicago accompanied by a group of writers, cartoonists, etc., and, taking personal charge of his paper, the *Chicago American*, entered upon such a campaign as is possible only under the practices of yellow journalism in combination with yellow politics. Not content with a mere noisy promotion of the municipalization idea, Mr. Hearst threw into the campaign his usual tactics of "organization"—in other words he poured money into it with an unstinting hand. The result therefore is interesting not only as a failure in the scheme of municipalization, but as marking another distinct defeat of Mr. Hearst, of his political ideas and of his personal projects in connection with them.

Mr. Hearst in his political career may be likened to a racehorse in whom there is always promise enough to make a stir in the betting pit, and who has always just speed enough to lose every race in which he enters. He has standing to his discredit a national defeat three years ago, a New York City defeat two years ago, a State defeat last year, a concurrent State defeat in California, and now another repulse at Chicago. He has indeed made a sensational figure in the politics of the country during the last four or five years: he has excited the attention and the apprehension of the country as no man ever did before, unless we except Mr. Bryan in his first presidential race. Nevertheless he shows none of the marks of a winner. His name is coming to be associated with the hoodoo of failure. The reason is plain enough. Neither his principles nor his methods can stand the test of publicity and discussion. The American people, subject though they may be to whimsical impulses, come quickly to sober second thought. Again they turn in disgust and resentment from the spectacle of a man of questionable character seeking to ride into authority and power upon a demagogic principle and by the methods of the circus.

In view of his repeated defeats and of the capacity for sober and wiser thought, demonstrated by the result at Chicago, Mr. Hearst may not unreasonably be regarded as a waning force in American politics. And yet judgment would best not

jump too quickly or certainly to this conclusion. If before the present "socialistic wave" recedes there should come throughout the country a sharp snap of bad financial weather, the Hearst political circus might become an imminent and a dangerous factor. The tendency of a people in distress to turn to untried remedies, to give their support to any pretentious quack who offers his services, has often been noted. In this tendency there lies now a certain danger, but it is one which may not be regarded seriously so long as the country is generally prosperous and while the present organization of politics and of government tends toward the elimination of grave abuses.

A Moral Anomaly.

The German branch of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union of San Francisco has resolved that "we do hereby render our most sincere protest against the actions of the self-confessed boodlers, our city officials, and we, as respectable citizens of this community, request the immediate surrender by said city officials of their respective offices," etc. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* these German carpenters are right. It is a wrong too flagrant for endurance that the city of San Francisco should be governed for a year by a group of men meriting by their own confessions to be in San Quentin. Whatever of moral advantage was to be gained by the leniencies of prosecution has already been gained, or may very soon be gained; and to permit these criminals to remain in control of the city government, in places of responsibility and of presumptive honor, can not possibly fail to result in moral confusion under which the community, and especially its youth, must suffer grievously.

It is argued that if these men are discharged from office—thrust out of the place they have dishonored—Eugene Schmitz, who is still the Mayor, will name others equally bad in their stead. This may, indeed, be so, but whoever may be appointed we shall not have a Board of Supervisors morally or potentially worse than the present one, and we shall not lie under the responsibility and reproach of being governed by convicts and by our own consent. Let Mr. Schmitz do his worst and we shall be as well off as we are now, while something will have been gained through having asserted our resentment as a community by thrusting out criminals at the one point where we had the power to do it.

It is argued speciously, and we believe sincerely, that there is an advantage in having a Board of Supervisors, however criminal and unworthy, subject to the authority of the District Attorney's office. The sword which hangs over the heads of these men, it is said, is an instrument that must coerce them into decent courses. From one point of view there is something in this argument, but viewed legally and morally it is not sound. However well meaning the District Attorney may be, he is on dangerous ground when he assumes an authority outside the lines of his direct and legitimate responsibility. Government by the District Attorney through a board of cowering and cringing criminals is in its best interpretation a well-meaning tyranny. Its essential vice—that of indirect and extra legal government—is precisely the same in principle as that practice in government which has just passed through the energies and success of the graft prosecution. Now in getting rid of the Ruef tyranny, San Francisco can not afford to recognize and justify the principle of indirect government which was the mainspring of its authority and power. In thrusting out a vicious and unworthy system, let us not fail to dig up and likewise cast out the tap-root of its life—control of officials by outside and extra legal forces.

It is quite needless for the *Argonaut* to add that, in thus speaking plainly its mind about a much controverted matter, it seeks and takes no part with those who would discredit the purposes and nullify the powers of the graft prosecution. A truly splendid victory has already been achieved, and there is every hope of even greater victories to come. San Francisco is in the way of being thoroughly cleaned up in its civic conditions. But if this work is to be all that it should be, it must proceed not only to right ends but by right means. One of the great and just aims of this whole movement ought to be the discrediting of any authority in government save duly commissioned and respon-

sible authority. Unless this whole graft procedure be a moral triumph, it is no triumph at all. If this prosecution is to be completely and permanently successful, there must be care to shield it from reproach. This can not be done through the long months between now and January, with a municipal political campaign intervening, if the District Attorney's office is to stand in a position of responsibility for the official doings of that group of crooks and boodlers whose presence in our City Hall is a moral anomaly and a community shame.

The Pass and the Mother-in-Law.

We should not have believed it of Mr. Taft. Since the Secretary of War qualified for immortality in every woman's club between here and New York, by surrendering his seat in a crowded street car to three ladies, his name has been reminiscent of all knightly virtues and gallantries. By that act he established a reputation that might have stood him in good stead in the days to come, but now, in one unguarded moment, and yielding to a spirit of dictatorial oppression, he has descended from his proud eminence and forfeited the esteem of the wives and mothers-in-law of the nation.

It happened this way. From time immemorial, ever since the Philippines became the bright and particular star of our Pacific empire, it has been the practice to furnish free transportation to the wives, and also to the mothers-in-law, of young army officers who have been deputed to bear the white man's burden for us in our remote dependencies. And now, with one fell stroke of an inexorable pen, the Secretary of War has decreed, with a frank brutality of which we had believed him to be incapable, that mothers-in-law must henceforth pay their own fares or stay at home. No reason is assigned. There is nothing to mitigate the severity of the order. There is neither apology nor extenuation, and in these days of political intrigue, when nothing is ever exactly what it seems to be, we are forced to suspect that some insidious and malign influence has been at work in the War Office.

It seems that the number of mothers-in-law who wish to go to the Philippines is large, so large, indeed, as to attract the attention of the government. In explanation of this fact it has been pointed out that young army officers who are ordered to those salubrious climes usually marry before they start, perhaps as a safeguard against the wiles of the Mestizo maidens, or else as an act of mere reckless desperation. The mother-in-law follows at a later date, presumably in good time to tender her advice and experience when they are most needed and in connection with those domestic events that will sometimes happen even in the best regulated families. But henceforth that estimable lady, if she go at all, will carry with her a ticket duly bought and paid for—at her own cost. As an alternative to this painful procedure, she will stay at home, which is mostly what will happen.

Upon second thoughts, Secretary Taft must be allowed to devolve upon others some small part of the censure that will be awarded to him by every right-thinking and unmarried man—if such a combination be possible. He could never have thought of this by himself. Unaided he could never have devised this insidious invasion of the immemorial rights of the mother-in-law. He must have been "put wise" by others, who know better than to appear in the matter at all. Can it be that there is concerted action on the part of army officers to accept service in the Philippines only on condition that the broad Pacific waves are made an insuperable barrier to the ladies of mature age to whom they indirectly owe the delights of married life? There is something in the theory that commends itself to our sense of probabilities. With free transportation accorded by the War Office, it becomes evident that the army officer in the Philippines is in a peculiarly vulnerable situation and one that has no strategic benefits. In spite of geographical differences, his mother-in-law is always next door to him, without even the barrier of a car-fare. He is far worse off than if he were merely stationed in some other part of the United States, for, imagine the moral indignation of a railroad company if asked to furnish a free ticket to an elderly lady with a parrot-cage merely because her daughter had become the wife of an army officer and was in need of her matured experience. Such a proposal would

bring the flush of protest to the cheeks of a railroad director, while the Interstate Commerce Commission, a tribunal notoriously without sentiment or imagination, would arise in its wrath and forever efface the audacious applicant. The prospect of military service in the Philippines can have gained nothing at the point of attractiveness by assurances on the part of the War Office that the mother-in-law would be promptly forwarded on a one-way ticket, free of all expense, on receipt of an application from her to that effect. The young army officer may well have asked what he had done that such a gratuitous fate should be reserved for him, and why the War Office should feel called upon to "butt in" where its officious aid was so peculiarly uncalled for.

The more the question is considered the more probable does it appear that Secretary Taft has succumbed to insidious pressure on the part of army officers whose names were not for publication. He has, therefore, made of the Philippines a haven of refuge, as it were, the one place where pursuit was almost impossible, and, like the large-hearted man that he is, he has taken the whole blame upon his own substantial shoulders. Of course, there may have been additional military reasons. It may have been necessary to endow the islands with a new and peculiar fascination as a place immune from the domestic sorrows to be found elsewhere. It is customary to counterbalance natural disadvantages with artificial advantages, and to clothe the sharpest hook with a peculiarly tempting bait. We may, therefore, expect that the service order to the Philippines will henceforth be delicately accompanied with the official circular guaranteeing that a wise and paternal War Office will keep the mother-in-law upon the right side of the Pacific, and a form of military duty that has not exactly been sought after will thereby become popular and attractive.

A Significant Omission.

There appears to be something in the atmosphere of the national capital, as in the atmosphere of Wall Street, tending to narrow the vision of whoever breathes it too continuously. Somehow it gets into the minds, not only of those directly connected with the government, but of those who look on, that Washington City is the whole country. A very recent illustration of this spirit is to be found in a review of "Republican Presidential Possibilities," by John C. O'Laughlin, Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, printed in the *Outlook* of March 30. Regarding the situation from the presumed vantage ground of the national capital, and with that inside knowledge presumably available to a man of his profession, Mr. O'Laughlin wanders through eight pages of the *Outlook*, discussing the merits and chances of numerous men within the range of presidential lightning, without seriously naming the name, which, above all others, is in the minds of conservative men throughout the country. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, Mr. Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, and others are reviewed from every possible standpoint, but there is only a chance word to indicate that there is in existence such a man as Governor Hughes of New York. Mr. O'Laughlin has that fault common to Washington correspondents who are much about the White House, and that is a plainly evident bias towards what may be styled the administration interest in the next nomination. In every line that he writes there is unconscious betrayal of partisan sentiment, active on the side of what may be called presidential politics; and it is because of this partiality that Mr. O'Laughlin's failure to estimate Governor Hughes is notable. It leads irresistibly to the suggestion that the administration is quietly unfriendly to Mr. Hughes's candidacy, since, wherever its influences are effective, there is a studied omission of his name in political discussions.

It looks as if the Roosevelt faction were unfriendly to Mr. Hughes, and if this be so, it must be understood that it is due to the same causes which make the active anti-Roosevelt interest unfavorable to him. Governor Hughes's fault, from the political standpoint, seems to be that he is not any man's man. While he has presumably every species of personal merit associated with the name of Roosevelt, he has not become a Roosevelt follower, precisely as he has not become a corporation agent. President Butler of Columbia College,

while in San Francisco recently, remarked that "Hughes counsels with nobody," in the sense of holding special relationships with anybody. His office is open to every visitor, but there is no side door to which anybody holds a special key. His theory of executive duty is strictly to enforce the law, not with reference to any interest or to any scheme of politics. He is in the governorship, not as representing anything or anybody, not because he sought or seeks political distinctions, but because this particular responsibility came to him. It is apparently an attitude which neither the Roosevelt faction nor the anti-Roosevelt faction is able to understand and both, quite naturally, look askance at a man whom they can not classify either as for them or against them. We suspect that the people are keeping an eye on Mr. Hughes and that they are not displeased at the spectacle of a man in high public office wholly unapproachable through the usual avenues of influence. He doesn't want money, nor fashionable rank for his family, nor the kind of "power" which attaches to large representative authority in corporation affairs; therefore he is not to be tempted upon that side. He doesn't want to stand in the limelight; he cares not a fig for personal applause; he would rather the brass band would put up its instruments and go home than play in his front yard. He does not see anything to charm him in joining the Roosevelt Club, since he does not wish for the President's patronage, even though it might lead him into the presidency. There is, therefore, nothing to tempt him on that side.

We suspect that the people are taking note of all these things, and that, when it comes to choosing a President, Mr. Hughes will be found to be pretty nearly the ideal man, the man who would take the presidency if it came his way, but who would not swerve one hair's breadth from the line of personal or political principle to get it. With all due respect to our very excellent but temperamentally imperfect President, the *Argonaut* must say that it would be something of a relief to have in the White House a man dependable at the point of enforcing the laws, of duly holding the great interests in check, without making so much fuss about it. Mr. Hughes appears to be a man capable of doing large and worthy things, and of keeping on doing them, without stirring up a whirlwind every time he moves or opens his mouth. We believe there are many to share in the feeling that this type of man, while standing firmly in every just cause, would hold in the presidency something of that poise, of that high dignity, which sometimes it seems in danger of losing.

One Open Road.

Harry Thaw continues to interest the country, not because Harry Thaw himself is a personality worth attention from any standpoint, but from the extraordinary circumstances in which he is placed. Although his trial is by no means at its end he anticipates release and, so it is said, is planning to take his wife to South Africa and there to begin life over again. We very much fear that neither in South Africa nor in any other of the several ends of the earth will Mr. Thaw find a situation in which he can start in life as upon a fresh page. Whatever in his own character or record or that of his wife would embarrass him where both are best known, will embarrass him in South Africa, or Western Australia, or Patagonia, or Kamchatka, or any other place where he may chance to go.

What Harry Thaw needs, if he wants to begin life anew, is not so much to get away from the world as to get away from himself. Neither the latitude nor the longitude will help him. What he needs is to abandon his vices, acquire habits of industry and self-control, to cleanse his mind with fresh knowledge and pure thoughts, to restore his debauched body by temperance and wholesome labors. It is not geographical change, but moral regeneration that the man needs.

The very best place in the world for Harry Thaw to go, if he really wants to make a better man of himself and to develop a new and clean character, is the godly city of Pittsburg, where every man he meets on the street will know him and where, if he can only find the resolution to carry himself properly, every second man at least will give him a hand. We are forever told that all the world

loves a lover; even so does the world love a man who, with sincerity and resolution, modestly and humbly, willing to suffer, to work and to bide his day, turns away from such a career as that of Harry Thaw. Let this youth and his young wife go home to Pittsburg. Let them live modestly and simply; let them work and wait as becomes those who have grievously erred, and they will find it no very difficult thing to win a decent place in the community. But not in South Africa nor anywhere else will they find respect if they undertake to gain it through deception, through arrogant pretensions, or through purchase. There is one road open to them. It is open to all such, but there are few indeed who have the resolution to follow it.

Judge Van Fleet.

The appointment of Judge William C. Van Fleet to the United States District Judgeship for the northern district of California is in every way admirable and commendable. Judge Van Fleet has all the requisites of this high post, including personal character, professional rank, and judicial experience. While a native of Ohio—he was born at Maumee City, March 24, 1853—he has lived in California all his mature years and has long been prominently and honorably identified with our public life. He was elected a member of the Legislature from Sacra-



JUDGE WILLIAM C. VAN FLEET.

mento County in 1880. Two years later he was appointed a prison director, carrying the responsibilities of that office until 1884, when he was elected Superior Judge of Sacramento County. At the expiration of a term of six years in 1890 he was nominated as his own successor by both political parties and reelected by unanimous vote, there being no candidate against him. Two years later he resigned his judgeship in Sacramento and moved to San Francisco, where he became a member of the well-known law firm of Mastick, Belcher, Van Fleet & Mastick. Two years later in 1894 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, as the successor of Judge Van Patterson. Following his retirement from the Supreme bench he re-entered professional practice in San Francisco, incidentally serving a term of four years as a code commissioner.

Judge Van Fleet comes of what is sometimes termed the old American stock. His forbears, as his name indicates, were of the early Dutch settlement in our eastern Atlantic region, his original American ancestor having been an early settler in New Jersey. He has the American temperament; he had what may be called a typical American bringing up. His professional studies were imposed upon the basis of a sound academic schooling, and, though pursuing an active professional life, he has maintained at all times the habit of a careful and conscientious student.

From the period of her beginnings as a State, California has been fortunate in the men who have served her in the United States courts. The roster of her dignitaries of the Federal, including

as it does the names of Field, Sawyer, Hoffman, Ross, Morrow, and De Haven, will lose nothing in the addition of the name of Van Fleet. The *Argonaut*, commending President Roosevelt's appointment and congratulating California upon it, tenders to the new judge its most cordial felicitations.

Automobile Roads Necessary.

The advantage Europeans have over Americans in the matter of roads may be shown by the statement that from Madrid, in latitude 40 to Norway, in latitude 64, a distance of 2600 miles, there is an unbroken stretch of fine highways, while in our country it would be extremely difficult to find a hundred miles of really first-class road in one continuous stretch. One prominent American who has just returned from an automobile trip abroad was quoted in a newspaper interview as saying: "I traveled 17,000 miles over European roads and brought my car back in perfect order. I did not have a single accident during the entire trip. Our party passed through nearly two thousand towns, cities, and hamlets in seven different countries, and the average cost of operating the car did not exceed two cents per mile per passenger, which was equally as cheap as railroad travel, with the advantage that we were out of doors and saw parts of the country not accessible to those who travel by rail."

Although, since the use of automobiles became widespread in a considerable section of the country a good deal of money has been expended on the improvement of roads, very much more must be devoted to the purpose if long-distance traveling is to be promoted. Under the auspices of the Good Roads League a movement has been started for the construction of a highway suitable for automobiles from the Schuylkill River to a provisional terminus at Pittsburg. The distance is nearly 300 miles, and the computed cost of such a structure would be between three and three and a half million dollars. A more interesting and promising plan was mooted some time ago by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The scheme proposed by that newspaper contemplates the restoration, improvement, and extension of the old "National Road," otherwise known as the "Cumberland Road," which was built by the federal government during the thirty-three years preceding 1839. Made, as it was, under the supervision of engineers of the regular army, this highway has been compared for solidity with the military thoroughfares created by the Romans, the remains of which are still turned to account in many parts of Europe.

The width of this national road was fixed by Congress at four rods, and its greatest grade at five degrees. As originally conceived, it was to start at Cumberland, on the Potomac, pass through the towns of Somersfield and Washington, in Pennsylvania, to Wheeling, in Virginia, and thence in almost a straight line through Zanesville, Columbus, and Springfield, in Ohio, Indianapolis and Terre Haute, in Indiana, and Vandalia, in Illinois, to East St. Louis on the Mississippi. The projected length was 700 miles, and nearly seven million dollars were allotted to it by Congress, the last appropriation having been made in 1838. Then the growing absorption of traffic by railways put an end to the flow from the federal exchequer, and the road was not fully constructed beyond Vandalia, the small section laid out from that point to East St. Louis being left unfinished. The States through which the Cumberland Road ran had the right to establish toll-houses on it, the returns from which were expected to pay for repairs, though, as a matter of fact, they seldom did so. A federal commission, however, saw that the road was kept in good condition. Crack stage-coach lines used to run on it, their average rate of travel being ten miles an hour. Measured by the tolls collected, the traffic on the Cumberland Road reached its greatest value in 1839; fell off signally in the '50's; increased again during the civil war, the railways proving inadequate for the movement of troops and military supplies; and has rapidly dwindled again during the last forty years. Not only could this national highway be put again in admirable condition for an outlay comparatively small, compared with its length and original cost, but it should prove exceedingly attractive to the motorist, because, after leaving the Ohio River, it runs through a fertile prairie country, dotted with many old and interesting settlements.

Most country highways are laid along boundary or section lines or follow the primitive paths, and are laid out with no reference whatever to grade, no thought of conformity to the lay of the land. The result is that in a State like Iowa there is a higher percentage of grade than in the whole republic of Switzerland; up the mountain to the top and down again, is the way the New Englander must go from one town to another; rarely does the road skirt a hill. Far better than to spend a large sum in endeavoring to make such a road of a better grading would be the money spent in changing the road, having it planned by a competent civil engineer more in accordance with the lay of the land, so that in the spring it will not form a brook-bed for mountain torrents. It is well to surmount difficulties, but it is quite as well to go around them when it can be conveniently done. The automobile, fortunately, will force such beneficent improvements.

Whaling is a growing industry in the South Atlantic, centering around the Falkland Islands. In three months 125 Sei whales and also a few sperm whales were captured in the vicinity of the island of South Georgia.

...ine donkey, once the property of James G. Blaine, ...ns around the outskirts of Bar Harbor, Me. He is said to be over forty years old.

THE KOEHLER COURT MARTIAL.

General Wood Once More Escapes by Presidential Grace.

President Roosevelt has offered up Captain Koehler as one more vicarious atonement for the sins of General Wood, and the aforesaid Captain Koehler must have been a singularly gullible individual for an army officer, if he ever supposed that any complaint against General Wood could get approving recognition from the President. General Wood is one of those remarkable men who can do no wrong, a just man made perfect, and the President has therefore affixed to him an adhesive and indelible halo.

The trouble is of long standing and it arose in this way: Captain Koehler has a long record for distinguished service in the Philippines, and his courage at the battle of Mount Dajo was specially noticeable. But he seems to have been something of a martinet and to have behaved in a captious and exacting manner toward Captain Scott, against whom he eventually filed certain charges. A court martial resulted and Captain Scott was acquitted. Captain Scott then retaliated by bringing charges against Captain Koehler, accusing him of making unnecessary complaints against his commanding officer. This charge was confirmed by the court martial and Captain Koehler was sentenced to a reprimand, which was administered by General Wood. The reprimand was vigorous. General Wood said that Captain Koehler's conception of the standards of conduct and uprightness as they exist in the army "were distorted to a degree not found in the just and fair-minded, and that he should cultivate those habits of true soldierly subordination which the evidence in the case showed him to lack." That was severe enough in all conscience, and the irrepressible Koehler at once showed that he did not propose to take it lying down.

His immediate action was to appeal to the Secretary of War. He said that "the severity, even to harshness, of the reprimand administered shows prejudice, bias, unfairness, and a preconceived conviction that I was guilty as originally charged. I was harassed and handicapped by the feeling that I was helpless and at the mercy of a superior, who would make use of every unfair advantage to harm me, and to protect his own personal friend, Major Scott."

The result of this appeal to the Secretary of War, was the appointment of a new court martial to determine whether General Wood had been biased in his reprimand of Captain Koehler. Technically, Captain Koehler was the defendant in these disciplinary proceedings and he was acquitted.

General Wood was thereupon placed in an embarrassing position. Captain Koehler had been court martialed for accusing him of prejudice and he had been acquitted, the inference being that General Wood had been guilty of prejudice, and that his reprimand of Koehler, under the influence of such prejudice had been unduly severe. Obviously the matter could not rest where it was.

The dilemma in which the President found himself can not be better expressed than in the letter written by the Secretary of War, with which he submitted the findings of the final court martial. Writing to the President and enclosing the verdict, the Secretary says: "You, as the reviewing authority, are put in this position—that if you approve the finding you necessarily affirm or approve the statement derogatory to General Wood contained in the appeal; and if you do so approve these statements, then it would become your duty, as Commander-in-Chief, to order General Wood before a court martial for perverting his power as department commander to accomplish an unjust and unfair purpose against his subordinate officer."

It did not take the President long to make up his mind in the matter. There was no evidence of a lack of *bona fides* upon the part of the final court martial, nor any suspicion that they had reached their verdict by devious courses, but the President promptly expressed his disapproval of the finding and "of the poor showing made by the court which last passed on the case." The effect of this is to quash the whole proceeding and to return the case to the stage that it occupied before the trial. A reviewing authority can mitigate a sentence, but it can not change an acquittal to a conviction. Captain Koehler, therefore, returns to his duty freed from the charge of insubordination toward General Wood, who, in his turn, is freed from the imputation of bias and prejudice. But, inasmuch as Captain Koehler's appeal against the reprimand still stands, it will be seen that the last state of the case is somewhat worse than the first.

The sympathy of the Secretary of War is obviously with General Wood and against Captain Koehler. He practically says as much. He points out that it is in evidence that General Wood had only the slightest acquaintance with Captain Koehler, and had no occasion for personal feeling against him. On the other hand he admits that Major Scott and General Wood had been upon terms of friendly association in that Major Scott had been upon General Wood's staff, and that General Wood had recommended him for the position of brigadier-general. In addition to this we have the fact—and one that has not been explained away—that the court martial justified Captain Koehler in his accusation of bias against General Wood. The simple fact that such a verdict implicates General Wood seems to have been sufficient at the White House, and the finding was "disapproved" with the celerity that might have been anticipated under such circumstances. The incident has produced a sensation at Washington that ought not perhaps to be described as a painful one, but it is taken as an illustration of those personal friendships that sometimes assume so large a dimension in the presidential life.

So far as General Wood is concerned, it is an undeniably and regrettable truth that he is not popular in army

circles, and this in spite of an industry and a capacity that have distinguished him from the start of his military career. There is a tendency on the part of army officers to oppose him, to take the other side, and this may be a factor in Captain Koehler's success at his last court martial. But the fact that General Wood is unpopular, and that this disfavor follows him wherever he goes, is to be remembered when incidents of this nature occur in the future, as they are well nigh certain to do.

ROSBROGH.

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

In the Children's Hospital.

EMMIE.

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,

Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead.

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish ointment—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I'm sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every home seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case;
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind.

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own";
But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All is very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said "Ye do it to Me, when ye do it to these"?

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:

Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—

Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—

Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!

They that can wander 'at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring.

They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's wing;

And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands cross on her breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest.

Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it tomorrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

I walked with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vex'd!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?"

Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,

It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to Me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it, always can please)

Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about His knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—"

The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain.

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at this hour, and we went to see the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

—Alfred Tennyson.

The king of England is a publisher. He has the exclusive right to issue mariners' charts and English mariners are forbidden by law to use any charts but his. The copyright on these royal charts, furthermore, never runs out.

The Japanese Consul Uyeno, of San Francisco, has been called to Tokyo to consult with his government as to future trade relations with the United States.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary Taft has returned to Havana and is stopping at the palace as the guest of Governor Magoon. He refuses to discuss politics or his plans in Cuba.

A rumor has been current in Washington that Elihu Root is about to leave the cabinet. It is said that he is out of harmony with the administration, and that he would be in a better position for the presidential running outside than inside the cabinet.

Speaker Cannon, on returning to New York from Panama, was asked to make the usual customs declaration. He said: "Yes, I have a few articles to declare. Here is a necklace rare, very rare. It's for my granddaughter, and it cost 25 cents. Here is a collection of beads, also rare; cost 50 cents. I guess that lets me out."

A resolution submitted to the New York legislature tendering the congratulations of the assembly to Grover Cleveland on the occasion of his seventieth birthday was held up by both Republican and Democratic leaders. The resolution referred to the ex-President as a sagacious statesman, and spoke of his public achievements.

After reading Grover Cleveland's recent interview deprecating the "attack" on the railroads and calling for a campaign on the tariff issue, Morgan J. O'Brien said: "What the country needs is a second Cleveland." This is the Mr. O'Brien who was appointed one of the commission to pass upon the sanity of Harry Thaw, and subsequently resigned.

Andrew Carnegie entirely endorses the attitude of the President on the transportation question. "The *Western* had better stand with him," Mr. Carnegie says. "If they do not accept his moderate measures, they may be confronted by a man in the White House who will approach the question of the railroads from an entirely different standpoint."

The Pope, referring to his forthcoming audience with Mrs. Douglas Robinson, President Roosevelt's sister, said to a member of his household that he fully expected that she would make the usual request for the appointment of Archbishop Ireland to the cardinalate. His Holiness smilingly added: "No prominent American has yet been given an audience who did not repeat the same request."

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, has received a letter from the President in reply to the Governor's proposal for a conference of governors and State railroad commissioners to consider railroad questions in general. The letter has not been made public, but the Governor said: "I have nothing to say except that President Roosevelt says there will be no conference of the governors of the States."

President Roosevelt was recently invited by Dr. Sol. C. Dickey, president of the Washington Technical Institute, to make a speech before the trade convention, to be held at the Institute during May. The President was told that the Technical Institute is "where they turn swords into plowshares." "Yes," replied the President, "but if the time ever comes, they want to know how to turn the plowshares into swords."

No Democratic member of Congress has traveled around the country and visited the government's distant possessions with members of the administration as much as Congressman David A. De Armond, of Missouri, the sole Democrat with Secretary Taft's party, now on its way to inspect the Panama canal, Cuba, and Porto Rico. Nor is any Democrat more in condemnation of Republicans generally than Judge De Armond. He and Secretary Taft are good friends, though the Missourian at times has severely criticized the Secretary's administration of insular affairs.

Mr. Spooner recently remarked to another Senator that during his 16 years of service in the Senate he had made only about \$5700 from his law practice. "I have been retained in cases," he said, "but I could not cope with the delay of the courts. A case would be set during vacation, but invariably a lawyer on the other side would manage to have it continued to December, or thereabouts. By that time I would be busy in the Senate, and would be unable to appear in court. This process has been worked so that I have been forced practically to give up the practice of my profession."

William T. Tyndall, who represented the fourteenth Missouri district in the last Congress, is said to have saved nearly \$10,000 during his term, thereby establishing a record far ahead of anything previously known. He saw no sense in spending money foolishly while in Washington. One day a fellow-member suggested that Mr. Tyndall should buy a silk hat. "What?" exclaimed the man from Missouri, "buy a plug hat and my wife most likely making soap at home? Not much." He lived in a modest boarding-house, leaving his family at home. It is said he intends to start a bank.

Despatches from Ohio that tell of Taft enthusiasm and declare that the Secretary of War is sure to be officially indorsed for President by the Republican party of his State, are received with a large grain of allowance, for the East has knowledge of the fighting quality of Senator Foraker and the deep-sea diplomacy of Senator Dick. It is generally agreed, however, that if things can be so arranged at home that Taft can go into the National Republican Convention of 1908 with a solid Ohio delegation behind him, he will stand a good show for the nomination. The reason why the Taft boom has been regarded with so little favor in the East may be found in the assumption that he could not count on the Republican delegates from that State.

A MIRAGE OF MURDER.

The Strange Happenings in No. 4313 Pacific Street.

Pacific Street started in the slums, and ran across the city. The highest number upon it was 8626, and the house with which this narrative deals is No. 4313. It stood, therefore, exactly half-way between the abodes of poverty and wealth. At the time of the occurrence herein to be related, it was kept as a lodging and boarding-place for men by Mrs. James Prowitt, whose long experience had made her keen and wary. Her guests were of all classes and descriptions, men rising from the lower street frequently meeting at her table those who were descending from the gentility of the avenue.

One October morning a young man applied to her for a room. She set her little gray eyes sharply upon him, as was her habit, but saw nothing out of the commonplace. She always divided her patrons into three classes—those coming up from near the bay, those sinking from the avenue, and the stationary middle class. She shrewdly placed this one among the second class, but that made little difference to her. He was medium in size, with a frank face and a manner which gave her the impression that he knew what he was about, and was exceedingly wide-awake in doing it. He said he was a traveling man, could furnish good references, and gave his name as Henry Mulford.

"My third-floor front is vacant," Mrs. Prowitt said, "but I usually get fifteen dollars a month for it."

"That is entirely satisfactory," Mulford replied. "The price is nothing to me, although I shall not occupy the room more than one night a month. But I shall want it kept ready for me, though you are at liberty to use it any night, provided you do not receive word of my coming before six o'clock. I shall pay you in advance, sending you your money by mail on the last of each month." He drew out his purse, counted fifteen dollars upon his knee, and added, "Here is the first month's rent, provided you will let me have the room."

Mrs. Prowitt was too keen to let such a chance slip, and she quickly closed the transaction. Her requirement of references had always been a mere form—often a ruse to get rid of an unpromising applicant. She did not, therefore, ask Mulford for his, considering his money sufficient indorsement.

"It is probable," said Mulford, as he delivered the money and rose to leave, "that I shall not reappear for several months, and if you do not receive fifteen dollars from me near the first of any month, you will be at liberty to rent the room. It is likely that I may send some one occasionally to occupy the room, but he will always bring a note from me."

This piece of luck was too good for Mrs. Prowitt to keep to herself, and it was soon a matter for general discussion around her tables. A man who could afford to pay for a room without occupying it was a rarity at No. 4313, and Mulford became a mystery. The first month passed, and the third-floor front was unoccupied, except when Mrs. Prowitt quartered a transient. On the last day of this month, a registered letter was delivered to her, from which she drew three crisp five-dollar bills and a note from Mulford, stating that he would soon send a friend to take possession of the room. But when this and several more months passed without other sign or representative of Mulford than the regular letters inclosing the bills, the rental of the upper chamber became a sensation.

At last, however, one early December afternoon a little old man appeared, bringing from Mulford a note which stated his wish that Mrs. Prowitt would place in his room the article that the bearer would deliver, and to have the apartment kept ready for occupancy. The little old man was quite odd. He was much bent and very gray. His left eye was blind; but the right, restless and twinkling, together with his whole countenance, made Mrs. Prowitt think he could tell a great deal, if so minded. He was not so minded, however, and her questions elicited only amusement, to which his blindness lent the appearance of continual winking.

The article he brought was a large, three-fold, Japanese screen, highly decorated with gilt birds, reptiles, and animals disporting themselves on a sable ground. After the little old man had gone, and Mrs. Prowitt had set the screen in Mulford's room, she went down to the tables to express her opinion that a Japanese screen was a queer article for a young man to send, and the boarders agreed with her so strongly as to repair to the apartment to inspect it. The screen was ordinary, yet extraordinary, and curiosity played about the bamboo frame as whimsically as the golden decorations within it. A satchel, or a trunk, or even a chair would have aroused simple expectation; but a Japanese screen, though not uncommon in a bedroom, suggested something so decidedly out of the commonplace that Mulford's advent was awaited with lively interest. A week passed, however; and, though Mrs. Prowitt kept gas burning in the evenings, had fresh water put daily into the pitcher, and hung clean towels upon the rack, neither Mulford nor his friend appeared.

For twelve days she had these preparations made; but upon the thirteenth Mulford's friend came. It was half-past eight when the maid admitted him to the parlor. At this hour all the lodgers were out pursuing their various evening pastimes, except John Baylor, who was practicing upon his clarinet in his second-floor room. Mrs. Prowitt went to the parlor, expecting to find a young man of about Mulford's age, but she was surprised to see a gentleman of probably sixty. He was, however, well preserved and active, and was dressed very much better than any one she had ever lodged. There was an unmistakable air of the gentleman about him that set Mrs. Prowitt to thinking she

had seen him before, and to wondering where it had been. He carried a bulging blue bag of heavy material, and his whole bearing and appearance were those of a busy lawyer. Mrs. Prowitt made these observations distinctly, as was her habit; but later occurrences indented them in her mind. In relating exactly how the old lawyer entered the parlor, how he talked, and in describing him, she always had difficulty putting one fact into words.

"Somehow," she always said, "he made me creep. He sat right in front of me and he seemed to be there like any other man, but there was something or other about him that made him seem unreal, a kind of a strange shadow of a rich old man I had seen upon the avenue. His voice, too, sounded kind of unnatural; something like an echo of a real voice speaking away off somewhere. I thought at first that he was only absent-minded, but the more I looked at him, the more plainly I saw that there was something about him I could not explain, and can't now."

He gave her a note in Mulford's hand, merely introducing him as the friend who desired to occupy his room for the night, and he would consider it a favor if Mrs. Prowitt would make him comfortable and let him have all he might wish.

"Is there anything you want me particularly to do?" Mrs. Prowitt asked him. She has always laid great stress upon the fact that she observed everything that occurred that night accurately and has been unvarying in her narrative.

"Is there a table in the room?" the lawyer asked, absently.

"Yes; Mr. Mulford requested me to put one in for him."

"That is well. Then all I wish is to be entirely undisturbed. I have many papers to examine tonight," he said, tapping the blue bag. "I am engaged on a matter of vast importance to a wealthy estate, and I shall ask you to see that no one is admitted to the room. I am ready to go to work now, if you please."

Mrs. Prowitt showed him to the third-floor front, turned up the light, and before leaving, saw him take from the bag a large bundle of papers, tied with pink tape, and lay them busily upon the table. He then pulled up a chair and sat down. She noticed particularly that the Japanese screen stood about three feet from the back of his chair and about two feet from the windows. The weather being cold, the sashes were down and locked, and the lower inside shutters drawn and latched. There was a sheer descent from the windows to the pavement, with no outside ledge below them, so that it was impossible for any one to have entered the room through them. Mrs. Prowitt has been unwavering in this statement, as well as in declaring that no one was hidden behind the screen or elsewhere in the room when she admitted the lawyer.

It was only a few minutes after nine when she left the old man intently engaged over his papers. On her way downstairs, she stopped in Mr. Baylor's room to tell him that Mulford's friend had come. She did so, she has said, not because they had all looked for him so long, but because the man had given her a queer feeling of dread that she could not throw off. She naturally wondered what could have brought so rich a lawyer to her house; but it was not this query that made her uneasy. She told Baylor of this strange impression, and of the fact that, while with the old lawyer in the room, she had had a creepy notion that she was entirely alone, although he had been plain to her eyes. She had noticed that he had walked vigorously, but his steps had been surprisingly faint, and the papers had not rattled when he took them from the bag. She was very nervous. She did not believe in ghosts, she declared, but certainly this was the strangest lodger she had ever had in her house. She was afraid something dreadful might happen, and she asked Baylor to keep his door open and walk up the stairway occasionally and listen. He promised to do so, and she left him.

At eleven o'clock she hurried back and said:

"Would you mind going with me to Mr. Mulford's room and looking outside the door? I want to know whether that old man is sleeping. I see from the pavement outside that he has turned the gas out."

"That can not be," Baylor answered, excitedly. "I walked up the stairs not more than five minutes ago and saw his light shining through the transom."

"Saw his light?" echoed Mrs. Prowitt, in an awed whisper. "It was just about five minutes ago that I looked from the pavement outside and his windows were dark. Are you sure you saw the light?"

"Yes; but I could not hear a sound inside the room."

"Mr. Baylor, there is something terrible in the air to-night, and I can't tell what it is. Let us go up there and listen."

They ascended to Mulford's room. Bright light was shining through the transom. Mrs. Prowitt knocked three times, but received no answer. Then she called, but the room remained perfectly silent.

"I would like you to look over the transom, Mr. Baylor," she said. "There is something mysterious here."

Baylor brought to the door two chairs that were standing in the hall, and, stepping upon one, looked through the transom. He started, and asked Mrs. Prowitt to get upon the other and look. They saw the old lawyer still sitting at the table with bundles of legal papers before him. He was too deeply engaged to notice that his long gray hair had slipped down over his forehead and almost overhung his eyes. As they looked from his peaceful face to the documents before him, Mrs. Prowitt started violently, caught Baylor's arm, and said:

"Look at his hands. He is making the motions of writing, but there is no pen in his hand. He is—"

She faltered from fright, and Baylor said:

"He is a madman, Mrs. Prowitt."

"No, he is worse than that. He is not a real man. Something awful is going to happen tonight. I did not

quite trust that man Mulford from the start. Why should he have rented this room and not occupied it, if everything had been right? This is terrible. Look there. Did you see the screen move?"

"No, I did not, but—"

He stopped abruptly, for two hands rose from behind the screen, and, catching its extreme ends, lifted it from the floor and carried it stealthily toward the old man. They were large and muscular, ugly and grimy—such hands as would delve in the slime and vice of the lower street. With the exception of his hands, the person behind the screen was hidden until he had carried it, noiselessly and stealthily, until it almost touched the old man's chair. There the hands stopped it and stood it securely, and instantly a head rose from behind it. The terrible face held the two outside watchers motionless. The villainous and wickedness of the slums were ground into each blotched and bloated feature. The terrible creature looked for some minutes upon the old lawyer with a leer of murderous triumph. Then, with a horrible smile of satisfaction, the man raised his right arm high over the screen, his dirty, talon-like hand clutching a dagger.

Mrs. Prowitt shrank with a scream from the sight, and fell to a sitting posture upon her chair; while Baylor, aroused to action, pounded upon the glass of the transom and kicked upon the door, but the old lawyer continued peacefully writing at the table, and the assassin was not stayed in his purpose. With a swift, skillful stroke, the knife fell, and Baylor saw it sink into the lawyer's breast, saw him writhe upon the chair and fall to the floor. He leaped from the chair and threw himself against the door, but it withstood his force.

"Help me here, Mrs. Prowitt," he cried. "The lawyer has been murdered. The door is locked upon the inside. Help me break it in."

Their united strength at last broke the lock, and the door swung in. Baylor took one rapid step forward, but stopped upon the sill with a startled cry. The room was dark and silent. No moan or sound of death-struggling came from the murdered man under the table.

"A match, Mrs. Prowitt," he said; "for the love of heaven, let us have a light here!"

"There is a match-safe over the wash-stand in the corner," gasped the landlady.

For a few moments Baylor groped in the blackness for a match. At last he struck one, and the gas puffed up. He shrank back against the wall by the door. The room was entirely deserted; the table was bare of legal papers; the screen stood in its place near the window; and there was no body of a murdered man upon the floor, nor any blood or other trace of him. The room was precisely as it had been before the lawyer came.

In the midst of an animated discussion, at Mrs. Prowitt's table next morning, of the strange crime, one of the boarders, who had already breakfasted and gone out, rushed back with a paper, which, under display head-lines, told of the brutal murder of Abel Christiansea, one of the city's noted lawyers. It detailed how he had been sitting in the study at his home on the avenue, going over some valuable papers in the matter of a vast estate in litigation. The murderer had entered through a window, had crept upon Mr. Christiansea under cover of a Japanese screen that stood behind his chair, and had struck him to the heart with a dagger. The assassin, who had escaped with all the papers, was supposed to be one of the heirs to the property and one of the most dangerous criminals of the slums.

About ten o'clock on this same morning, the little old man who had brought the Japanese screen appeared at No. 4313, saying that Mr. Mulford had sent him for it.

"I don't know that I ought to let you have it," said Mrs. Prowitt.

"Why not?" asked the little old man, with a queer twinkle of his unblinded eye.

"There was a terrible murder on the avenue last night by a man who stabbed a lawyer from behind a Japanese screen, and I and one of my lodgers saw the vision of a man come from behind Mr. Mulford's screen and kill a strange old man who had come as Mr. Mulford's friend."

"It is certainly remarkable," said the little old man, winking his blind eye; "but you certainly won't keep Mr. Mulford's screen just because you saw a vision?"

"Go up for it, then, for I won't touch it," said Mrs. Prowitt. "I will be glad to have the terrible thing out of my house. If I wasn't afraid of it, I would not let you have it."

When the little old man reappeared, carrying the screen, she said:

"If I could see how there could be any connection between this screen and the one on the avenue, I would keep you here and send for the police."

"I don't see what possible connection there could be," said the little old man, ducking his head sideways, and squinting at her quizzically. "If I could, I wouldn't ask you for the screen. But I will ask Mr. Mulford, and if there is, of course I'll come around and tell you. By the way, he says you need not keep the room for him any longer."

And picking up the screen, he briskly walked away.

HOWARD MARKLE HOKE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1895.

Immigration statistics just made public in Honolulu confirm the influx of Japanese into this country by way of Hawaii. During the year 1906, 18,187 Japanese arrived in Honolulu from Japan, which exceeded the immigration of the previous year by more than threefold. The number of Japanese leaving Hawaii for the Pacific Coast during 1906 was 12,187.

A sea anemone has been known to live for fifty years.

SOME GREAT FRENCHWOMEN.

A New Book by Mrs. Bearne, Reviewed by Sidney G. P. Coryn.

History repeats itself, if not in events at least in popular imagination. The last few years have witnessed an extraordinary revival of interest in the Napoleonic era and in the stirring revolutionary days that preceded it. Never before has that great historic stage been set with such wealth of detail nor have the actors upon it been so realistic. It was an age of Titan figures, and the greatest of them all were women.

This has never been made more apparent than by Mrs. Bearne's new book, "Heroines of French Society, in the Court, the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration." The volume might have been much larger than it is. It might have included many other names of the women who were resplendent in the story of France, and who enriched the traditions of the world with their heroism, their fortitude, their virtue, and their intellect. But Mrs. Bearne has selected four only, and she has been well advised to confine herself to Madame Le Brun, the Marquise de Montague, Madame Tallien, and Madame de Genlis. These women were typical of a true feminist movement which obeyed inexorable laws, which had nothing of the artificial about it, and which displayed the possibilities of great women who recognized their mission of suffering and redemption.

The sketch of Madame Tallien is especially well done, as its importance deserves. It was Madame Tallien who was called upon to endure almost to the limits of human power, and hers were the magnificent qualities of heart and head against which the waves of terrorism beat in vain. The overthrow of Robespierre must be largely attributed to this one woman through the devotion that she was able to inspire in her husband.

Madame Terezia de Tallien first appears as the wife of Monsieur de Fontenay, the elderly nobleman who coquetted with philosophy and with revolution and believed in neither.

It was the days when the queen was giving fêtes at Trianon, when the court quarreled about the music of Glück and Piccini, and listened to the marvels related by the Comte de Saint Germain, when every one talked about nature, and philosophy, and virtue, and the rights of man, while swiftly and surely the revolution was drawing near.

The state of society is well typified by an anecdote of the Comte d'Artois, just before the death of Louis XV. The count had become enamored of the sister of one of his valets, and in those days aristocratic love was a law and a license to itself:

D'Artois accordingly told M. de Montbel that he wished to make an excursion into the forest, but when the carriage came round which had been ordered for him, he said he would rather walk, and took care to go so far out of the way that his tutor was very tired.

The prince, who was not tired at all, and who had arrived in sight of the cottage, said he would like some milk and would go and see the cows milked.

"You stay here and rest, Montbel," he continued. "I will come back in a few minutes."

M. de Montbel had waited for nearly an hour, when suddenly a suspicion seized him. Springing up suddenly he ran to the cottage, opened the door of one room, then another, then a third, and stood still with a cry of consternation.

"Monsieur," said the prince, coolly, "was there no one to announce you?"

When the king heard of the *contretemps* he "could not restrain his laughter, ordered fifty louis to be given to the young girl and dismissed the affair." Fifty louis was a high price in the days when *les droits du Seigneur* were also the unchallenged laws of the land.

Every one was in love with Madame de Fontenay, and among them the men at whom the world now looks as through a blur of blood:

The hôtel de Fontenay and the château of the same name in the country were the scene of ceaseless gaiety and amusement. La Rochefoucauld, Rivarol, Chamfort, Lafayette, the three brothers de Lameth, all of whom were in love with their fascinating hostess; Mirabeau, Barnave, Vergniaud, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins—all the leaders of the radical party were to be met at her parties, and most of them were present at a splendid entertainment given by the Marquis de Fontenay to the Constituents at their château, and called after the fashion of Rousseau, a fête à la Nature. . . . the only *contretemps* being a sudden gust of wind which took off the wigs of some of the guests, Robespierre amongst the number. Many beautiful women were present, but none could rival their lovely hostess. Toasts were drunk to her beauty, verses improvised to her Spanish eyes, her French esprit; she was declared the goddess of the fête, queen being no longer a popular word.

The unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette deserved a fuller measure of popularity than she has ever had. Hers was the only ruling force that existed in the royal pair, although with it went no measure of prudence or statecraft:

At one of the terrible crises in 1792 the queen went into the king's room and found him mending a lock and key. "Since you are so well used to handling steel," she exclaimed, "why do you not take a sword?" "A sword," he said, mechanically. "You have played Titus,"—she went on—"now show yourself the descendant of Henry IV; the time has come, if you love your life you must, as chief of your race, try to conquer your kingdom." "You look on the dark side of things,"—said he,—"things are going badly, but with time passions will calm down and then—" "Another family will be on your throne, sire," said she, throwing herself on her knees.

Madame de Fontenay first showed the heroic stuff of

which she was made in her encounter with the revolutionary mob of Bordeaux. Three hundred royalists had planned to escape on an English ship, but at the last moment the captain refused to sail until he had been paid in advance the passage money agreed upon, which was not forthcoming. Everything would have been lost but for Madame de Fontenay:

Indignant at the avarice which risked the lives of the unfortunate passengers, Terezia, disregarding the remonstrances and warnings of her husband and uncle, ordered a carriage, drove to find the captain, paid him the three thousand francs, and returned in triumph with a list of the passengers which she had made the captain give her instead of the receipt he wished to write.

But while Terezia congratulated herself that she had happened to be at Bordeaux, the story got about, and the fierce populace were infuriated at the escape of their intended prey. Their first revenge was directed toward the captain, through whose unguarded talk about "a beautiful woman who looked like a grande dame, and had suddenly appeared and paid him the money," was the cause of the mischief. They made a furious attack upon him, several of them rushing at him to drag him to the guillotine. But if he was avaricious, the English captain was brave and strong, so, drawing his sword with shouts and threats he wounded three or four, drove back the rest, regained his ship, and set sail for England.

As Terezia was walking in the town with her two uncles, they were suddenly surrounded with a furious crowd, who, with shouts of "*Là voilà! Là voilà, celle qui a sauvé les aristocrates*," surrounded her, and in a moment she was separated from her uncles, her mantilla torn off, while angry voices, with fierce threats, demanded the list of the fugitives.

"What do you want with me?" she asked coolly. "I am not an enemy of the people; you can see by my cockade that I am a patriot."

"Let her give us the list," was the cry.

Seeing at once what was the question, she answered, "You are mistaken, *citoyens*, those who embarked were not *contre-révolutionnaires*."

"Well, then, give us the list, for you have it in your bosom." And one brutal fellow tried to tear her corsage to get it. Thrusting him away, she pulled out the list, held it up to the sans-culottes, and exclaimed, with defiance: "I will never give it to you. If you want it, kill me." And she swallowed it.

Madame de Fontenay secured a divorce from her husband and associated herself with Tallien. Tallien himself was powerful in the revolutionary circles, but he was not able to save Terezia from Robespierre, whose unrelenting hatred she had incurred. She was arrested at the conclusion of a fête attended by Robespierre himself, and immediately after he had left with warm professions of friendship:

In the horrible dungeon in which Terezia was shut up, she could receive no communications from without; but after a day or two she was told by the gaoler that she had leave to go down to the courtyard in the evening, after the lights were out. To whom she owed this consolation she was not told, but the first evening, as she stood enjoying the fresh air, a stone fell at her feet, and on picking it up she found a paper with writing fastened to it. As she could not see to read it by the light of the moon, she had to wait till after sunrise next morning, and then, although the writing was disguised, she recognized the hand of Tallien as she read these words:

"I am watching over you; every evening at nine you will go down to the courtyard. I shall be near you."

She tried to question the gaoler when he brought her breakfast of black bread and boiled beans, but he only put his finger to his lips. Every evening she went down to the courtyard and a stone with a note from Tallien was thrown to her. He had hired an attic close by, and his mother had, under another name, gained the gaoler and his wife. But at the end of a week the gaoler was denounced by the spies of Robespierre, and Terezia transferred to the Carmes.

Here is a scene from the prison, especially valuable as affording a glimpse at the famous Cazotte, whose marvelous predictions have neither been denied or explained:

But she was so ill that she could not stand, and as she lay delirious upon her pallet in a high fever, one of her fellow prisoners called to M. Cazotte, who was also imprisoned there, and was famous for having predicted many things which had always come true, especially for his prophecy at the notorious supper of the Prince de Beauvan, at which he had foretold the horrors of the revolution and the fate of the different guests, now being, or having been terribly fulfilled. "Well, Cazotte," said the other, "here, if ever, is a case for you to call your spirit up and ask him if that poor creature will have strength to mount the horrible machine tomorrow." He spoke half jokingly, but Cazotte saw no joke at all, but went into a corner without speaking, turned his face to the wall, and remained there in silence for a quarter of an hour, after which he came back with a joyful look. "*La brave fille* will not be guillotined at all," he said, "for I have just seen her die in her bed at an advanced age." All laughed at the vision, but the next day she was so ill that her execution was put off, she continued to be so ill that she could not be moved and was forgotten till the 9th. Thermidor came and she was saved. She died, as Cazotte had predicted, in her own bed at a great age.

Tallien himself had done for her all that it lay within the power of a man to do. His repeated appeals to Robespierre had been fruitless, and there seemed to be no hope left. Terezia had again been removed to La Force. She had been warned by the *administrateur de police* that she must prepare for the scaffold, and she mournfully discredited her own dramatic dream that Robespierre was dead and that the prisons were opened:

But Terezia had nearly lost all hope. She had waited and waited, always expecting help—for Tallien was powerful among the leaders of the government. But when she was taken from the Carmes back to La Force, she knew that her time had come, and now the gaoler had told her that it was not worth her while to make her bed, as it

was to be given to another. With anguish she saw one cartload of prisoners leave, and she trembled every moment lest she should hear the sound of the wheels of a second in the courtyard of the prison.

It was a time of terrible suspense, with the guillotine upon one side and salvation upon the other. A feverish and a terrible anguish continued throughout the day and the miserable prisoners alternated between the extremes of hope and of despair:

The weather was frightfully oppressive, and in all the prisons of Paris they were stifling from the heat, for the late cruel restrictions had put an end, even in the more indulgent prisons, to the possibility of walks in garden or cloister, and the chance of fresh air. But as the long weary day wore on, there seemed to be some change approaching; there was an uneasy feeling about, for there had lately been rumors of another massacre in the prisons, and the prisoners, this time resolving to sell their lives dearly, had been agreeing upon and arranging what little defence they could make. Some planned a barricade made of their beds, others examined the furniture with a view to breaking it up into clubs, a few brought carefully out knives they had managed to conceal in holes and corners from the prison officials, some filled their pockets with cinders and ashes to fling in the faces of their assailants, and so escape in the confusion, while others, republicans and atheists, felt for the *cabanis*, a poison they carried about them, and assured themselves that it was all safe and ready for use.

But the end of the Terror was nearer than was suspected by the poor prisoners within the blood-smeared walls of the grim prison. Already the end was within sight, and the Mountain was crumbling beneath the weight of its own iniquities:

In the Luxembourg, between six and seven in the evening, a prisoner whose room was in the top of the palace, came down and said that he heard the tocsin. In breathless silence all listened, and recognized that fearful sound. Drums were beating, the noise and tumult grew louder and nearer, but whether it meant life or death to them they could not tell; only the discouraged and anxious demeanor of the officials gave them hope. In spite of the opposition of the gaolers, several of them rushed up the stairs and got out on the roof to see what was going on. In the rue Tournon they saw an immense crowd, with a carriage in the midst, which by the clamor around it they knew must contain some important person. It stopped before the Luxembourg, the name of Robespierre was spoken; it was sent on with him to the Maison Commune. The clamor died away; all night reassuring proclamations were heard about the streets. The next morning all was changed. The cringing, officious, timid civility of their tyrants left but little doubt in their minds. They clasped each other's hands, even then not daring to speak openly or show their joy until the news, first a whisper, then a certainty, assured them that Robespierre was dead. Then Terezia knew that she was safe, and that Tallien, for her sake, had overthrown the monster and broken the neck of the Terror. Soon he appeared in triumph to throw open the gates of La Force, and the following day Terezia, accompanied by Freron and Melun de Thionville, went herself to the club of the Jacobins and closed it without any one venturing to take the keys from her. When Pitt heard of it he remarked: "That woman is capable of closing the gates of hell."

Tallien at best was but a poor creature, wholly unworthy of the woman whom he served. Such an alliance under the stress of the Terror was certain of dissolution, and a formal divorce severed a bond which had played its part in the world of men but which was not of the sort to be eternal. In 1805 Terezia married again, and this time she cast in her lot with a royalist, an *émigré*, and a prince, Joseph Comte de Caraman, with whom she lived until her death in 1835.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$3.

Mrs. D'Oyley Carte has abandoned the proposed London revival of "The Mikado," presumably out of regard for the feelings of the Japanese, says an editorial writer in the New York *World*. "The Mikado" was produced in 1885, only twenty-two years ago. It was a satire upon the influence which Japanese art was beginning to exercise in France and England. It represented the Mikado as a savage tyrant, but nobody then cared and few knew the difference. Since 1885 Japan has beaten China and fought Russia to a standstill in two great wars. She has a navy second only in the Pacific to Great Britain's. She has a great merchant marine, many railroads, important manufactures, modern schools and hospitals. She has forced her recognition by the other nations, and is the first power in modern times to form a war alliance with the British Empire that so lately boasted its "splendid isolation." And the Mikado, whom Gilbert and Sullivan caricatured, not yet an old man, already stands with Charlemagne and Elizabeth and the first German William and Victor Emmanuel as the never-to-be-forgotten royal hero of a reign that has made history. Such an opera as "The Mikado" could no more be written today than could one portraying the German Emperor or King Edward of England in the fantastic manner of a "Sultan of Sulu" be put upon the stage.

The village inn at Addington, England, has been tenanted by the members of one family since the reign of Henry VII. On the death of the mother of the present hostess she left no son, but only three daughters survived her. The three sisters in turn took possession, and the present hostess is the last of them. The Jolly Millers' inn at Newnham, Cambridgeshire, has been kept by a family named Musk for the last 400 years. It is recorded in Cambridge annals that Queen Elizabeth once stopped here and drank a quart of "ye olde English ayle" without getting down from her horse.

Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful. Next to those are gray.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George W. Woodruff, who has been appointed assistant attorney-general of the United States, was a distinguished athlete at Yale and was captain of the crew in his senior year. Before entering the forest service, several years ago, he was a distinguished lawyer.

Dr. Alfred C. Haddon, the English ethnologist, who has traversed the wilds of Africa, New Guinea, and Melanesia, is in this country to make an inspection of the American museums. He has been here before and has a high opinion of American interest in scientific investigations.

Eben Appleton of New York City has in possession the "star-spangled banner" which flew over Fort McHenry and which inspired Francis Scott Key to the composition of his national ode. It is his intention at his death to leave the flag to either one of the national museums at Washington or the Massachusetts Historical museum at Boston.

Mrs. Roosevelt will, with her own hands, fashion a silk American flag, to be presented to the naval academy at Annapolis for the draping of a small bronze bust of Admiral Lord Nelson, the gift of King Edward to that institution. Queen Alexandra of Great Britain will provide British colors for the same purpose, the presentation of which will be made by Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the British ambassador.

The richest subject of the Austrian Emperor is the Archduke Frederick Marie Albert William Charles of Teschen. He inherited his vast possessions, and enjoys them to the full. Most imposing of his numerous homes is the Albracht palace in Vienna, which is a veritable treasure of art, having one of the most valuable collections of pictures in Europe. The engravings alone number 20,000, and there are 50,000 books, many of them rare, besides a collection of 24,000 maps and plans.

Charles Santley, the celebrated English baritone, will soon celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance as a public singer. He was born in 1834. Mr. Santley never muffled up his throat in the manner almost universal among professional vocalists, contending that such a course simply would make him all the more susceptible to cold. His theory was vindicated by a career of half a century on the concert and operatic stage, during which long period he never disappointed an audience.

Miss Marguerite R. Fink has been appointed to fill a professorship in the Colorado State Agricultural College while the regular incumbent, Professor Howlett, is in New York taking courses in Columbia University. Miss Fink has studied the details of dairying and is an expert on cheese making. The young members of society hold her in great demand. She is fond of sports and she can ride a horse like a cowboy. In Denver University she was the business and social leader of her class and managed successful amateur theatricals.

The French government has just selected for a signal mark of honor one of the men who has done most to transform the submarine from a costly toy to the potent war vessel that it is today. This great change is, of course, mainly due to the periscope, which, though invented by others, owes most of its practical qualities, so far as the type used in France is concerned, to M. Carpentier, a member of the bureau on longitude, whose inventions enable the periscope to be used night or day with all the accuracy of a binocular. M. Carpentier has just received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Lionel Walter Rothschild has been for a long time devoting part of his share of the Rothschild family's wealth to the production of one of the costliest books on record. The work will shortly be issued by the Hutchinsons of London. Its subject is extinct birds. It aims to give accounts of all birds that have become extinct in historical times. The author, whose private natural history museum at Tring Park, Hertfordshire, is world famed, has spent about \$100,000 on the book, while the Hutchinsons have expended more than \$5000 for engraving blocks alone. Only 300 copies of the English edition of the work will be printed. It will be sold for \$125 a copy. Foreign editions will follow.

Ida Lewis recently celebrated her fiftieth birthday. As keeper of the Lime Island lighthouse in the harbor of Newport, R. I. As girl and woman Ida Lewis has lived a re-

markable life. Her bravery and skill in handling a boat are well known and her fame is secure as the great woman life saver in the world, for she has the credit of having saved no less than eighteen lives, most of her rescues having been effected in the face of extreme danger and in winter. As keeper of the Lime Island lighthouse, to which post she was appointed in recognition of her bravery and record as a life saver on the death of her father, Miss Lewis has shown herself as careful and efficient as a man could be. She is one of the few women in such a position.

RECENT VERSE.

Poet and King.

Out of a desolate night,
Into the pride of the court
Flooded with color and light,
A wandering singer was brought.

And there, at the foot of the throne—
A weary and pitiful thing
That begged for a crust or a bone—
He sang at the nod of the king.

The king and his courtiers are gone:
Clean gone out of mind is their fame;
The fields where their glory was won
Are only a date and a name.

The singer, alone of the throng,
Lives on through the death of the years—
For men still remember his song
And sing it, with love and with tears.
—Charles Buxton Going, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Heart of a Woman.

Oh! I am happy when I hear your name
Spoken with praise or reverence, or I see
The man I love stand in serenity
In the world's sunshine, and the glow of fame.

I am so greedy for the glad acclaim,
So proud that all the world's wild eulogy
Falls short of what I know that you can be;
To know you victor in life's desperate game.

Some day may envy or misfortune heap
Storm-clouds about you, or the phantom lure
Of dreams confuse you, or fame's bauble toy
Lie shattered; then to have you turn and creep
Into my arms, as one forever sure.
This were indeed life's triumph and love's
joy. —Almon Hensley.

The City Builders.

No more we build as they who built of old:
Stone upon stone, in solemn order set,
Prayer upon prayer; the gilded minaret,
The sculptured spire, the stern defiant hold.
Each slowly reared, to stand while years unfold.
Then builders knew not haste, nor the keen fret
That spurs our toil, but all in patience met.
They gave long lives to beauty long foretold.

We fling across the clouds a fabric sheer,
Deep in the earth our hidden pillars drive;
Lo, an adventure; towers to greet the night!
The forces of the lightning and the mere
Are slaves we conquer that our dreams may
thrive.

We rest—in wonder—but without delight.
—Thomas Wood Stevens in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Wanderlust.

The highways and the byways, the kind sky
folding all,
And never a care to drag me back and never a
voice to call;
Only the call of the long white road to the far
horizon's wall.

The glad seas and the mad seas, the seas on
a night of June,
And never a hand to beckon back from the path
of the new-lit moon;
Never a night that lasts too long or a dawn that
breaks too soon!

The shrill breeze and the hill breeze, the sea
breeze fierce and bold,
And never a breeze that gives the lie to a tale
that a breeze has told:
Always the tale of the strange and new in the
countries strange and old.

The lone trail and the known trail, the trail you
must take on trust,
And never a trail without a grave where a
wanderer's bones are thrust—
Never a look or a turning back till the dust shall
claim the dust!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in *American Magazine*.

Dr. J. H. White, the United States Marine Hospital officer who directed the campaign which stamped out yellow fever at New Orleans in 1905, has received his appointment as supervising inspector of maritime quarantine in Louisiana, Mississippi and the Central American fruit ports from Surgeon-General Wyman of the marine hospital service. His appointment inaugurates the national quarantine in Louisiana, supplanting the State system, which has been in vogue for many years.

Two celebrities, Mrs. Potter Palmer and King Edward, are at Biarritz. Mrs. Palmer is credited with a great coup in having secured the only other suite on the same floor as the king's at the Biarritz hotel. Fancy that. Mrs. Palmer thinks that life is worth living after all, and it is to be hoped that King Edward is similarly elated.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The Giant's Strength, by Basil King. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

As a modern love story this is distinctly above the average. Paul Trafford, the "giant," is at the head of a great coal monopoly, and he reached that position by commercially stamping upon every foot within reach. One of his victims is a mine owner named Winship, who dies leaving a son to struggle through life as a poor portrait painter. Young Winship meets Paula Trafford at Monte Carlo, accepts a commission to paint her portrait, and a mutual falling in love is the result. The disclosure of this interesting fact to the elder Trafford is one of the many dramatic situations in which the book abounds:

All eyes were bent on the portrait. To Winship, standing remote and in the background, no one gave a glance. Paula kept herself rigid and erect, waiting for her moment. It was not until her father turned again towards her, after a few more comments from the family, all in the same strain, that she knew the hour had come.

"Papa," she said, huskily, "this is Mr. Roger Winship, who painted my portrait. I've promised to marry him."

Trafford stood still as if turned to stone.

Mrs. Trafford glanced backward from her seat on the divan. George and Laura wheeled round from their contemplation of the portrait. It was the sort of shock that translates itself slowly to the thought, more slowly still into action.

Winship remained motionless. His trained observation watched while dull, ashen hues stole into Paul Trafford's face, and the determined lips settled themselves, shade by shade, into the lines of pain. The silence was long. It was only by degrees that the full meaning of the situation made itself clear. The eyes of the family that had been fixed in amazed contemplation on Winship, now turned towards Trafford, waiting for a sign.

"Paula, go home," he commanded at last. "Take her," he added to his wife. There was a quiver in his voice as though he could say no more.

Of course there is parental penitence, in more ways than one, and the wedding bells ring in the right place. It is a good story, topical, and full of human interest.

Studies in Pictures, by John C. Van Dyke. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York; \$1.25.

This book will be particularly valuable to those who wish to look at pictures intelligently, without undertaking an art education for which they may have neither inclination nor leisure. It contains chapters on the old masters, and the purposes for which they painted their pictures, on the ruin, the restoration, and the repainting of pictures, copies and forgeries, figure and portrait painting, the animal in art, and landscape and marine painting. The author knows his subject from the ground upward, and, while there is no attempt to "write down" to less favored mortals, he has produced a book that can be read with enjoyment by the tyro and that will give him a new delight in the picture galleries of the world.

Orthodox Socialism, by James Edward Le Rossignol. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.

Any dispassionate treatment of socialism is opportune at the present time when economic fallacies are bent upon securing by the back door an admission denied to them by the front door. While it is true that the incoherent mass of ill-defined theory that now calls itself socialism is more actually a protest against economic injustice than an expression of sober conviction, the fact remains that any movement that has attracted 6,000,000 voters throughout the world is entitled to, and can demand, a very sincere attention.

The author hardly professes to cover the whole ground of socialistic speculations. He deals more especially with the Marxian aspects and with the fallacies that have been gradually disclosed by analysis and criticism. He is especially convincing in his dissection of the Marxian theory of values, a theory that confines all value to the socially necessary labor involved. He is no less bappy in his treatment of the iron law of wages and of the Social Revolution that was once assumed to be necessarily catastrophic, but that is now evidently on the march by better lubricated routes. Under "effete" systems it is evident that the distribution of wealth is be-

coming more equitable, that the ownership of property is becoming more general, that the corners are being gradually knocked off our economic asperities, and that the concentration of wealth has reached its high water mark. We are not yet between the devil of unchecked financial tyranny and the deep sea of social revolution.

If there is a flaw in this book it is to be found in a certain lack of patience with the ethical ideals of human brotherhood which assisted at the birth of socialism. Socialists themselves are to blame for allowing those same ideals to be pushed from their supremacy and to become subsidiary to misconceptions of economic law. The author tells us that man is hopelessly optimistic, and that what he wants he thinks he can get. It is not a reproach, and it is well that it should be so. We can forgive and correct the misdirection, but the vitality of human hope is the greatest of all economic laws.

The True View of the Present Persecution in France, by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J., for free distribution.

By thus reprinting the lecture delivered by him, on January 13, in St. Ignatius Church, the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia has furnished us with an authoritative presentation of the facts in the French church dispute, as viewed from the ecclesiastical standpoint. No movement of its kind in recent years has attracted a larger measure of public attention, nor has been so obscured by religious and anti-religious bias. National boundaries are necessarily effaced by religious questions that are world-wide in the sympathies and antagonisms that they provoke, and the whole of Christendom, as such, is therefore involved in whatever concerns immediately any part thereof.

This lecture is, of course, a partisan plea, but this does not impugn the justice of its intention nor the accuracy of its facts. The lecture itself occupies but fifteen pages out of a total of fifty-two, and it is supplemented by copious extracts from the French Separation Law, the Encyclical Letters of Pius X, the Letter of the French Bishops, and appendices of miscellaneous facts and opinions including an historical statement by the Rev. William Poland, S. J., of St. Louis, Mo. There is, therefore, abundance of material from which we may form our own opinions as to whether the French government is actuated by a desire to preserve itself from foreign ecclesiastical encroachment and from usurpation of its own executive rights, or whether it is indeed engaged upon a work of persecution, animated by a spirit of hostility toward religion and its organized observances. The author is at least to be congratulated upon an admirably prepared statement of his case and upon the lucidity of the arguments with which he presents it.

The New Theology, by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M. A. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author of this book occupies the pulpit of the City Temple in London, and the storm that has been aroused in England by the breadth of his theology has awakened an echo in American religious thought. If "The New Theology" is a full expression of Mr. Campbell's convictions it is hard to understand the indignation aroused by his preaching. There is nothing here more startling than the thoughts that have been entertained by large numbers of intelligent Christians for the past twenty years and more. The new theology may be new in the pulpit, but it is certainly not new in the pew or in the study, and the author is to be heartily congratulated on a lucid expression of a broad and tolerable creed. This book ought to be read by every one who wants to know what many of the best men are thinking and what they are beginning to preach—fortunately so, for their congregations.

Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, edited by William Augustus Merrill. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; \$2.25.

The world of scholarship will welcome this, the only complete American edition of the greatest of Roman poems. We have here, not only the text which has been prepared with elaborate and critical care, but an introduction giving a sketch of the life and character of the author and an elaborate commentary, with criticisms of proposed emendations and parallel passages from Lucretius and other authors. The whole volume is a notable addition to the classical shelf.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Pocahontas Memorial Association, of Washington, D. C., has issued a little brochure describing the constitution and the objects of the Association, together with a historical sketch and an ode to Jamestown by James K. Paulding.

Little, Brown & Co. are publishing a new popular price edition of Francis Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," called the St. Lawrence Edition, containing all the author's new matter and corrections that are to be found in the library edition.

It is reported that H. G. Wells really believes that Mars is inhabited, basing his belief on the variations on the moon's surface shown in photographs. He thinks these "do really indicate canals, or something else, not the chance result of nature."

The John Lane Company has secured new and more commodious quarters at 110-114 West Thirty-second Street, New York, and moved to the new location April 1. At the old place, 67 Fifth Avenue, the business had outgrown the space available and the change will be an advantage in every way.

Justus Miles Forman, author of "Buchanan's Wife," will sail within a week or so for Europe. He will go through much of Spain, and then will spend several months in cruising leisurely along the southern coast of the Black Sea, making excursions into the interior as often as fancy calls.

The new volume of Carlyle letters which is on the point of publication has been edited by Frederic Harrison. These epistles are chiefly concerned with the founding of that excellent lending library in London which owes its existence to Carlyle's need for books when his "Oliver Cromwell" was in progress.

M. Maeterlinck, says the *Athenæum*, will publish in March "L'Intelligence des Betes, et autres Essais." He has written a fairy play in five acts, "L'Oiseau Bleu," which will be performed in September at New York and Moscow, and will be published at the same time in English and

Russian. He is now working at a play in four acts, founded on an episode of the French Revolution.

An edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which is soon to appear in London, is to be copiously and handsomely illustrated. Besides twelve photogravures representing the most famous personages of the Johnsonian period in England, it will have four hundred less elaborate illustrations. These will include not only portraits, but views of places, title pages of books and fac-similes of autographs.

Brander Matthews sometimes treats his Columbian pupils to a somewhat bewildering exhibition of word-juggling. He was giving his English literature class a brief dissertation on a certain living author whose works he does not greatly admire. "He may have taken a four-year course in ignorance," said Professor Matthews, "but he must have been born very ignorant, too. For at his early age he could not possibly have acquired all the ignorance he possesses."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, author of "Rulers of Kings," "The Travelling Thirds," and other well-known books, has been living for some time past in Munich, where, it is understood, she has been hard at work on a new novel. She expects shortly to go to England, and to make her home there for a while, but halts in her desire between an apartment in London and a house in some charming village like St. Albans. American though she is, and much though she loves her own country, she finds the atmosphere of Europe congenial for her work.

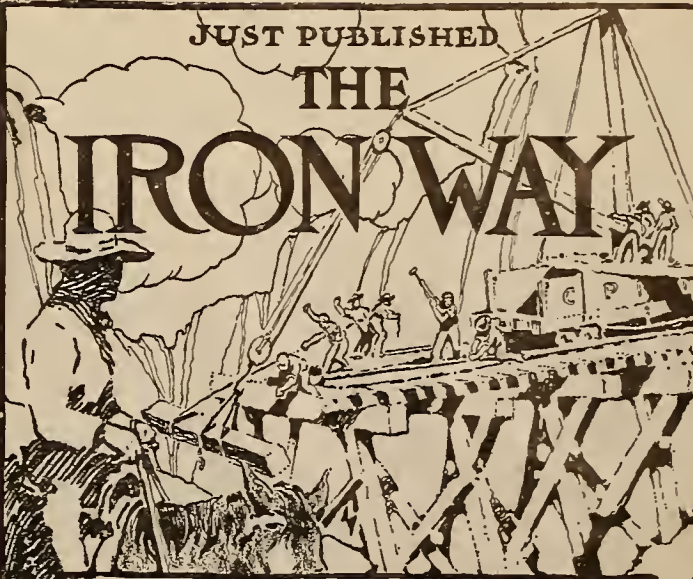
Literary London is all astir because of a speech made by the Bishop of Norwich. English readers are now after the sensational and immoral style of novels, according to this prelate, and this fact alone eloquently describes the condition of modern English society. There are books now read in the best English families which it would not have been possible to have printed a few years ago. Out of an examination made of eighty novels lately published, it was found that seventeen show that marriage is an antiquated institution; eleven make infidelity the ideal and most desirable

happening; twenty-two hold that married men ought to live a double life in order to be happy; seven scoff at wifely faithfulness in marriage, and twenty-three are so vulgar in their wording as to cause surprise that

they should be placed on sale on public stands at all. The prelate also stated that the most remarkable feature of the whole thing lay in the fact that most of these novels were the work of women.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The American Theatre.

Commencing with Saturday's matinee, and continuing for the ensuing two weeks only, at the American Theatre, Manager Healy's San Francisco Opera Company will present Richard Carle's famous comic opera, "The Tenderfoot." This American production, with its brilliant costuming and stage setting, and its hearty frontier atmosphere, is a universal favorite.

The company is very pleasantly cast in "The Tenderfoot." Miss Hemmi has recovered from her recent illness and will return to the cast in the rôle of Marian, the part in which she scored so heavily at the old Tivoli Opera House. George Kunkel will be the lovable old professor, and Teddy Webb the boisterous Sergeant Barker; Mr. Haydn will be the captain of the Texas Rangers; Mr. Wallerstedt, Honest John, the gambler; Miss Leicester, Flora Jane Fibbey, the authoress; Mr. Rogers, Hop Lee; Ruby Norton, Patsy, the waif; and Messrs. Stokes, Farrell, and Mills, the officers of the rangers. The chorus will be seen as cowboys, cowgirls, Mexicans, rangers, bridesmaids, soldiers, and Indians. "Rupert," the famous burro, will also be seen in his accustomed rôle. George Lask and Joe Miller will stage "The Tenderfoot."

The Novelty Theatre.

Florence Roberts is to offer for the approval of San Francisco theatre-goers, at the Novelty Theatre, commencing with next Monday night, a play entirely new to this city and one which has but lately received its première. The actress has, it is said, in this play, "Maria Rosa," as strong and virile a work as has been seen on the American stage in years. "Maria Rosa" is in three acts, and its author, Angel Guimera, well known by his other work, "Marta of the Lowlands," has furnished a plot at once interesting, well conceived, and carried out by a number of cleverly drawn characters. The title rôle, as played by Miss Roberts, does not fail to hold the interest of the audience at all times, and her story of love and revenge is surrounded by a picturesque stage setting. The leading male rôle, that of the treacherous Ramona, will be played by Thurlow Bergen, while Charles Kent will prove an immediate success in the part of Hunch. Others in the cast are Florence Robinson, C. Jay Williams, Lucius Henderson, Frederic Hand, and Clinton Maynard.

"Maria Rosa" will be followed by an elaborate revival of Florence Roberts's comedy-drama success, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

The Colonial Theatre.

For the week beginning Monday night, April 15, the Colonial Stock Company will be seen in Milton Royle's successful four-act comedy-drama, "Friends," the play in which the author himself scored such a big hit when it was first produced. "Friends" is an interesting play of American life in New York, and every character admirably portrays life as it is lived. The piece will be mounted in most elaborate fashion. Monday night will also mark the local debut of Morgan Wallace, the new leading man engaged by Manager Kurtzig to replace Wilfrid Roger, who is now starring in "Salomé." He should add considerable strength to the already strong stock company now playing at the Colonial. He has played with E. H. Sothorn, Julia Marlowe, Josephine Cohan, Madame Kalich, Wilton Lackaye, and Max Figman, and he has also taken important parts in such high-class stock companies as Belasco's and Keith's. Izzetta Jewell, the talented leading woman, will also be in the cast, as well as Frank Bacon, A. Burt Wesner, Norval McGregor, Walker Graves, Jr., R. Peralta-Galindo, Bessie Bacon, and Jane Jeffery.

The Orpheum.

The programme for the week beginning his Sunday matinee, needs no eulogy. The chief feature will be the Fadettes Woman's Orchestra of Boston, twenty-two in number, whose conductor is the famous musician, Caroline B. Nichols. The musical ability of this splendid organization has apparently no limit. Its members are equally at home in Sousa's rattling "Semper Fidelis March" and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." Louise Agoust and her company will present a French vaudeville bit called "Le Fédard." Mlle. Agoust is a very beautiful woman and a most skillful jugg-

ler. Cartmell and Harris will make their San Francisco debut in an artistic singing and dancing specialty. Mr. Cartmell sings and dances well and Miss Harris is described as pretty, petite, graceful, and airy light. William Morrow and Miss Schellberg, a couple of clever singers, mimics, and portrayers of life on the plains, complete the list of new people. The holdovers will be Ferguson and Mack, Dorothy Drew, Brockman and the Phillip Sisters, and the wonderful Bellong Brothers. There will also be new Orpheum motion pictures.

The Van Ness Theatre.

"The Cingalee," produced on a very elaborate scale by the Augustin Daly Musical Company, will be the attraction at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing next Monday night. Tropical isles, gorgeous scenery, rich costumes, complicated plots, involving natives as innocent as children and rolling in wealth, all these features have been used times without number by writers of comic operas, until it seems as if the possibilities along that line had been exhausted. But in "The Cingalee" new and interesting variants on these themes have been found. The piece is in two acts. The first act shows the bungalow on a tea plantation in Ceylon, as bright a stage picture as has been seen in this country for a long time past. The second act represents the palace of Boobhamba, by the Lake of Kandy, at night. The cast includes all the excellent members of the large company. Genevieve Finlay will be heard in the title rôle of the piece, while Sam Collins will appear as E. Z. Breeze, a comedy rôle full of fun-making. Melville Stewart, Hallyn Mostyn, Harold Vizard, Grace Gresham, Viola Kellogg are among those cast to special advantage.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

At the New Alcazar Theatre the coming week "All on Account of Eliza," a farce by Leo Dietrichstein, and the vehicle that carried Louis Mann and Clara Lippman through a full season on Broadway as joint stars, will be presented.

It is the eccentric comedy part that furnishes the real humor of the piece, and it is a rôle for a German comedian. This, in the hands of John D. Maher, will receive the best of treatment. Bertram Lytell, the leading man of the Alcazar Stock Company, has a good rôle, while playing opposite to him is Miss Laura Lang. The other rôles in the comedy are well cast. "All on Account of Eliza" will be presented every evening during the week and at the two regular matinees, Saturday and Sunday. Reservations can be made at the box office.

From the number of smart dinner parties planned for April 19 at the Fairmont Hotel, the occasion will be the gala affair of this "year after" season. Edward M. Greenway, J. Parker Whitney, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, and Miss Jennie Blair are among those who will entertain at large dinner parties.

Lillian Russell will be the stellar attraction to appear at the Van Ness Theatre one week from Monday, April 22.



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EDWIN STEVENS AND COMIC OPERA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It is said about town that Edwin Stevens is receiving two thousand dollars for his two weeks at the Orpheum; a detail which may account for the length and lavishness of his contribution to the programme.

Last Saturday was a field-day at that popular vaudeville house, the boxes were full of Easter bonnets, and the managerial pride and satisfaction waxed strong at the society aspect of things. And Edwin Stevens was the great card. Mr. Stevens began with a monologue in which he exhibited so many of the characteristic tricks of the monologist that I am convinced that he has been extensively copied, since copying others was never in his line. He is a lightning monologist, only pausing occasionally to allow the audience to have its laugh out, the while he regards the house with a polite, puzzled smile, as who should say "It may be funny, since you good people insist on it." Occasionally he gives the ruminative sniff of the loquacious converser, and he has the trick of hurrying on at the point, as if he were trying to run away from the accusation of intending to make people laugh.

As a monologist he is without the usual grotesque make-up, thus scoring a point when he appears in the succeeding original skit, "A Night Out." In this Mr. Stevens is cast as a mature man of the world who returns, slightly hilarious and deeply apprehensive of domestic storms, from a convivial evening at his club. Without wig, or whiskers, the comedian, by a few clever touches, makes himself look about twenty years older. His piece is, as announced upon the bill, just a "skit" by himself, and contains nothing startlingly original, but it displays his characteristic humor, gives a few glimpses of his versatility, and offers a chance to show his ability to sing a good song.

The actor-author has hit upon one innovation. Tina Marshall, who serves as the feminine element almost invariably present in these comedy skits, instead of a buxom being, panoplied with a complete assortment of women's charms, is an innocent-faced youngling, apparently in her early teens. Dressed in childish white, the little actress looks and purrs like a wise kitten, and occasionally administers a playful feline scratch. As Cousin Kittie, come unexpectedly on a visit, she offers a pair of attentive ears, into which the *bon vivant* pours a string of amusing alcoholically effervescent ruminations. Occasionally he deals out a casual kiss—not too often—or toys absently with the tiny hands of his youthful associate, or plays the mandolin upon her morsels of arms, and so great is his magnetism that one is apt at these times to lose sight of the nonsense part of it and speculate as to whether Jack Stanton is not running the risk of prematurely awakening the undeveloped woman's soul in Cousin Kittie's child body.

Edwin Stevens is not the kind of man to stand still in anything, and although he has practically abandoned musical comedy, his voice gives evidence that he continues to cultivate it. He sang "La Petite Bleue," the gay *chanson* so dear to the heart of the Parisian student-roysterers, in good style, giving the refrain in French, with an unexceptionable accent. "A Night Out" was, of the three specialties the most amusing.

The reign of musical comedy is on at the Van Ness, which, in this respect, carries on the policy of the former Columbia Theatre. With Sousa's "Free Lance" last week, "A Country Girl" this, and "The Cingalee" next, the lover of the "shape show," the topical song, and the song and dance act, is likely to be well satisfied.

And, talking of shape, the "Free Lance" chorus are of a shapeliness! Picked material they are, and are told, and when I think of their curvilinear symmetries I can well believe it. When Nella Bergen, tall, and Jeannette Lowrie, short, first appear in tights, the gilded youth in front must be stumped to decide which offers the more delectable sight. I think myself that Nella Bergen would be much pleasanter to look at, and to listen to, if she would not fling herself and her voice around so freely. She much misuses a voice that is naturally pretty, and disturbs, by the restless and meaningless attitudes of a figure that is exceedingly symmetrical. Jeannette Lowrie, pretty and petite, and a curious combination of trigness and chubbiness, is Teddy Webb

in petticoats, and when, as Griselda, the goose girl, she liberally displayed in the dance a pair of expansive pantalettes, it was so reminiscent of Teddy in a female rôle that I almost believed for the moment he had eloped from the American Theatre.

The principals in "The Free Lance" are not very strong in the singing line, but the choruses did excellent vocal work, especially in the pianissimo effects of "The Three Love Stories." Some of the songs, "The Carrier Pigeon," for one, lacked melody, but there was enough tuneful music to carry the piece through to a successful finale. Joseph Cawthorn's specialty is that of dialect comedian. I have known these Dutch and German comedians to give us so much dialect that their humor was a vanishing quantity, but Joseph Cawthorn is of the "born funny" kind. His comic material was spread out pretty thin; but he got funnier as he went on, and, in the absurd business of the singing instructions, he not only laid out the audience with utter completeness, but effectually dislocated the gravity of his associates in the act.

"A Country Girl," which is this week's bill at the Van Ness Theatre, is better and more tuneful material, and, in spite of the care and expense that has been lavished on the Sousa opera, a better all-around show, although the performers of both pieces, in the matter of ability, total up to about an equal quantity. San Francisco is a city that especially favors these merry musical pieces, and habit is so strong that the owners of familiar faces, that one looks for in vain at the other theatres, have now resumed the Columbia Theatre habit, and by their presence at the Van Ness revive to a considerable extent the atmosphere of the extinct Powell Street playhouse.

People amuse themselves according to their temperament. Some there are who are so innately social, or so accustomed to regard the salon as a stage for their own exploiting, that it is a tax on their self-control to sit quiet for a whole evening and yield the floor to others. Then there is another type,—the man or woman who must be content through a lifetime to sit and be a spectator. People of this disposition are generally confirmed novel-readers and steady patrons of the theatre. There are quantities of men and women who are always on the lookout for new songs and funny stories for social use. Their visits to the theatre are therefore invested with a keen personal interest. There are also youths and maidens galore who are slightly stage-struck, and who keenly scrutinize the mummery on the stage, and, as often as not, think to themselves "I could do that—same, and better," as indeed they sometimes can and do, at a later stage of development. The business man comes single-mindedly to be amused. When the amusement fails, he drops comfortably into a temporary nap, sometimes at the point in the play that the majority of the house find most interesting. I saw him—several of him—so engaged during a musical number the other night, while his wife, fresh and alert after a day of leisure, and serene in the conviction that her thirty, forty, or fifty-dollar Easter bonnet was beyond reproach, loomed up imposingly by his side, absorbed in the play, and sweetly unconscious that her partner slumbered by her side.

I may add that nobody slept while Sam Collins was on the stage. This minute comedian is a sort of human frog, with a voice which, under the effects of a cold, became a frog-like croak, and with a pair of legs whose leaping possibilities are almost enough to discountenance a flea, let alone a frog. Such perennially twinkling heels only go, with a naturally exuberant temperament; indeed, so terrifying is the exuberance of Barry, the middy, during his moments of extremest gayety, that I fancy that the ladies in the company find it a little trying. Not so the audience. The comedy in the rôle of Barry is well laid out and the lines extremely amusing. Sam Collins is well up to it, and almost gives his hearers hysteria in the scene at the ball in which he appears in woman's dress, especially during the dynamic dance when he—she—asks his—her—partner, as his short legs describe miraculous tangents all over the stage, "Is this a waltz or a wrestling match?" I saw a sad-eyed critic—I think it must have been a critic—quietly evaporate after the first act, but I think even his professional melancholy would have been dissipated by the coquetties of Barry in his "Edna" costume at the ball.

There was no other comedian worth

mentioning, but none was needed. Barry was quite enough in himself to dominate the comic landscape. The chorus girls are strong in singing, but not particularly so in beauty. The pink-faced, golden-haired brigade in Raymond Hitchcock's "Yankee Tourist" production is the prettiest collection of chorus girls we have seen since the theatrical business began looking up again. The "Free Lance" chorus holds the palm for shapeliness, and "The Country Girl" chorus will just pass in the matter of looks, but is a reliable group of well-trained singers.

There are no good sopranos among the principals. Mary Quive, the Marjorie of the cast, is more liberal with pretty smiles than with notes of quality, for her voice is veiled and hollow. Laura Butler's Nan is a pretty hoiden, but no singer. Genevieve Finlay, in the rôle of a Hindoo princess, did some first-rate singing in a rich contralto voice, and Melville Stewart and Hallen Mostyn are, vocally, the male stars in the cast. The latter, as the imperturbable rajah, was rather reminiscent of Charlie Dungan's Pooh Bah. Indeed, the song, "The Rajah of Bhong," a very good musical number, brought back something of the Gilbert and Sullivan atmosphere, which for so long lent a magic to burlesque opera that not one of the costliest and showiest efforts of the times in that line can revive.

On Thursday, April 25, the University Chorus, with the accompaniment of the University Orchestra, will present Rheinberger's "Christoforus," and the present season of concerts and plays in the Greek Theatre will close with two more symphony concerts—on May 2, a symphony concert, with Hekking, the cellist, as soloist, and on May 9, with a programme wholly from the works of Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss, the two moderns who most have affected recent developments in the art of music.

Henrietta Crosman will have three plays in her repertoire when she appears at the Van Ness Theatre, a few weeks hence.

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VANITY FAIR.

We have been long accustomed to take our orders from Paris as to what we must wear, but it is a little disconcerting to find that the long-arm of French tyranny can reach also to our dinner tables. But the fiat has gone forth that soups must henceforth disappear from our bills of fare; that is to say, if we have a sufficient sense of decency and religion to make us wish to do what is right. Soups must disappear altogether, not only from great dinners, but also from small ones. Degenerate wretches who wish to indulge in soup must henceforth gratify their degraded tastes in seclusion where the stern eye of fashion and "the correct thing" can not overlook them. Oysters must be followed by fish and then by meats. There must be no liquid break in the order of precedence.

After all, the soup custom is not a long established one, and there are no very sacred precedents behind it. Let it go in peace. It is said that soups came in with the bath tub, and we may now hope that the connection is not an inseparable one. That soups have now fallen under the ban is due, so it is said, to the fact that there is nothing "to them." They have no nutritive value to speak of and they are accused of an injurious effect upon the faces and figures of women. If this charge can be sustained, we can let them go without a murmur. In any case, what is the use of kicking against the pricks of resisting the decrees of "good form," that emanate from the great white city on the Seine. Let us make a virtue of our necessities.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars seems to be a very large sum of money to pay for a photographic negative, and especially for one that has been carefully broken in pieces. But Lord Aberdare is said to have disbursed that amount in his efforts to get possession of the original negative that represents his daughter-in-law as a "lady of low degree" and in the garb of domestic service that once rightly belonged to her.

Camille Clifford, when this photograph was taken, was a servant in a fashionable household in Boston, and with no foresight of the brilliant future that awaited her. The picture was taken by an itinerant photographer while she and thirteen of her fellow servants were upon a holiday tour in the Maine woods. They were photographed in a group, and each one paid one dollar for the privilege of possessing a copy, so that the artist did well by the transaction. Later on Camille Clifford became an actress. She was the co-star with Edna May in the London production of "The Belle of Mayfair" and, thus shown to advantage, she captivated the inexperienced affections of Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, only son of Lord Aberdare and married the young man, to the consternation and unconcealed rage of the old aristocrat.

At first Lord Aberdare refused to recognize the match or to receive either his son or his son's wife. But like others in a like predicament, he learned to make the best of what he honestly believed to be a hopelessly bad bargain. He could not disinherit his son, from whom the weight of the paternal wrath slipped as harmlessly as water from the back of the proverbial duck, and as he himself seemed to be the chief sufferer from the estrangement, he once more opened the doors of the ancestral home, re-admitted his son, and promptly fell in love with his beautiful daughter-in-law, although of course strictly in a paternal way.

Having thus re-established the domestic harmonies, Lord Aberdare made it his mission to obliterate the past of the young lady who had become a part of his household. Why he should have thought it a discredit that his daughter-in-law should have once earned her living in an honorable subordinate position, is one of those inscrutable mysteries understood only by the British aristocracy and their Maker, but such was the fact. Camille had shown him her own copy of the compromising group photograph, and had surrendered it to him. But that particular copy was only one of fourteen. Presumably there were thirteen others in existence, each one of them mute testimony of humble origin and honorable fall. These thirteen photographs must be destroyed at all costs, as well as the negative from which they were printed. Who could

do this so well as the ubiquitous Pinkerton, and into the hands of the famous detectives the task was given.

Needless to say the Pinkerton sleuths succeeded. The photograph was years old. The thirteen young women represented therein had presumably separated and who could say how far the wandering photographer had wandered in the interim. But the task was done. The thirteen prints were duly found and purchased. The photographer was duly found and persuaded to surrender the incriminating negative, and a registered package has been forwarded to London containing thirteen photographs of fourteen young women, and a little leather bag with the crushed and broken remains of a negative. And it has cost his lordship nearly \$150,000, while leaving his daughter-in-law exactly where she was before, not a whit better than when she earned her own living, and was photographed in the Maine woods.

Americans will be present in force at the international horse show to be held in London during June. West End hotels are likely to reap a rich harvest, for accommodation is already being booked. Every branch of the Vanderbilts will be represented. The chief members of the family are now here and will remain until after the show. Alfred Vanderbilt, the moving spirit of the undertaking and the largest exhibitor in the American section, is a first cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough. His mother, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., is well known in London, and spent all last season there with her daughter, Gladys, who was presented at Buckingham palace at the same court as Mrs. Longworth. Lady Cheylesmore, who is a sister of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, will entertain several members of the French family at Prince's Gate for the event, and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have recently arrived, but will almost immediately go for a protracted cruise on their yacht, the North Star, which is now fitting out at Greenock. Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, and Mr. and Mrs. Craig Lippincourt are all en voyage for England.

Current rumor persists in representing the Duc de Chaulnes as anxious to marry Miss Theodora Shonts, and public rumor, as usual, is quite indifferent to the disclaimers of the parties chiefly concerned. Mr. Shonts, at least, says that he knows nothing whatever about it, and as Mr. Shonts has been represented in the light of the stern and inexorable parent his denial ought to count for a good deal.

Mr. Shonts has been asked the question with that direct and simple diffidence that is the characteristic feature of the New York reporter when young. He laughed at the story, and especially at the part attributed to himself. Then he said that he deplored such idle talk: "There is nothing in it. If the duke is courting my daughter I know nothing of it. He has said nothing to me about it, nor has my daughter, nor anyone else. If there is an engagement, I am absolutely ignorant of it. The duke is the guest of our family in Washington and I indeed hope he is enjoying himself. All this talk of courtship and marriage has been spun out of thin air." Emboldened by his startling successes, and startled for a moment out of his native bashfulness, the reporter propounded a further question on the principle of making hay while the sun shone. "What do you think," he asked, "of the duke's opinion that French society women are more beautiful than American social leaders; that they show better taste in wearing jewelry?" Then Mr. Shonts showed that fine and subtle diplomacy that enabled him to resign from the Panama Commission without obtrusive evidences of the big stick. He said: "That's too funny to talk about."

New York has discovered that some of its fashionable women are in the habit of gambling. There have been rumors to that effect for some time but the realization of the horrid truth has come slowly. The women of the metropolis addicted to gambling! One would almost as soon suspect the men.

But now the keeper of a fashionable gambling house has been arrested. Her complaining victim has "a frank, unsophisticated manner," as might be expected in this world of sin, where things are so seldom what they seem to be. The said frank and unsophisticated victim relates her experience dramatically. She says:

"I kept on playing, and at 6:00 o'clock in the evening, after I had been there since 2 o'clock, I had lost \$26. I had bought \$15 worth of chips when I began to play and lost them and had gone in debt for \$6 worth more. When it came time to settle I said to Mrs. Wolff, 'I have only \$5; I will bring the other \$1 around to you the next time.'"

"No, you don't," shouted Mrs. Wolff. "You pay up now, Mrs. P., or you don't leave my house."

"Well, I haven't the money," I said.

"Well, take it off some one else," said Mrs. Wolff in anger.

"Of whom shall I take it?" I asked.

"All are losers here, except you?"

"Well, I don't care about that," replied Mrs. Wolff, "you get it somewhere."

"I said I wouldn't and started for the door. Her two sons ran out. One placed himself at the door and the other at a window. I was kept in the hall from 6 until 8 o'clock."

"I shouted and screamed, and Mrs. Wolff attacked me, tearing my waist and grabbing at the diamonds in my ears. She said it was no use of me shouting, because she was protected by the police, and it was no use of me going to court, because she had a high judge her friend."

"At last some one heard me shouting and knocking, and the police came."

It is not only the women of the higher circles who are said to worship at the dice box. The evil has permeated downwards

and we are told that gambling among the ladies of the middle class is especially rife at Easter time when the necessity for new hats is especially pressing without a corresponding supply of the pecuniary wherewithal. It is all very shocking and we must suspend judgment in the absence of confirmatory details.

A popular vote taken by a London newspaper places it upon record that Lady Pole Carew, is the most beautiful woman in England. The five other English women who followed Lady Pole Carew in the order of their popularity are Lady Helen Vincent, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Sutherland, Julia Neilson, and Evelyn Millard. The two last named are actresses.

Without in any way throwing doubt upon the accuracy of the popular choice it seems a little strange that the six most beautiful women in England should all of them be either aristocrats or actresses. Even the latter are given a place at the end of the list only as though the popular taste allowed itself with reluctance to be led from the upper social levels or to admit that beauty was other than an appanage of the select social few. Similar plebiscites in America have taken a more democratic turn, and there has been no disposition to seek for beauty only in specified social areas, or to cavil at a popular judgment which has ignored the irrelevant factors of position or wealth.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Miss Ellen Terry, at a reception in New York, talked about the innumerable women who asked her to help them to get on the stage. "The fact is," she said, "every woman under 30 believes she is an actress. And every actress," she added, "believes she is under 30."

W. Bourke Cockran at a St. Patrick's Day dinner, told a story of an Irishman who was talking about the case of Baring Gould, whose obituary was recently printed by mistake, Mr. Gould still being happily in circulation: "So," said the Irishman, "they've printed the funeral notice av a man that ain't dead yet, hov they? Faith, an' it's a nice fix he'd be in now if he was wan o' thim people that belaves iverything they see in the papers."

A Scotch minister and his friend, coming from a wedding, began to consider the state in which their potatoes at the feast had left them. "Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute till I go ahead. Perhaps I don't walk steady and the guid wife might remark something not right." He walked ahead for a short distance, and then called out: "How is it? Am I walking straight?" "Oh, aye," answered Sandy, thickly, "yere a' recht—but who's that wi' ye?"

President Hadley, of Yale, not long ago entertained at dinner the son of one of his classmates, the youth being a Yale freshman. The conversation turned to football, and what the president had to say on the subject was news to the freshman, who realized the fact with considerable surprise. He listened for some time, and then said to Mrs. Hadley, condescendingly enough: "Do you know, Mrs. Hadley, that only illustrates the old saying that one can learn something of anybody."

Senator Tillman, attacking a certain measure, said: "The penalty this measure imposes is unjust. It makes the offender pay twice. It is like an incident that occurred one night in a Pennsylvania restaurant. A patron, dining in the restaurant with his wife, said to the waiter, when his bill was brought: 'Waiter, one item is wrong here. We didn't have three plates of soup. We only had two.' 'Pardon me, boss,' said the waiter. 'You forgot the plate what I spilled over the lady's dress.'"

Saint-Saens, the French composer, during his visit to Chicago made a brief address on America at a dinner party. "The American business spirit," he said in the course of this address, "is an excellent thing. To it, undoubtedly, America's unexampled prosperity is due. But I think that this spirit is sometimes carried too far. For instance, in a hotel barber shop yesterday I asked the barber if he had ever heard a certain celebrated pianist. 'No sir,' he replied emphatically. 'These pianists never patronize me and so I never patronize them.'"

Chitto Harjo was pleading in Washington for the Indian's rights to roam in nomad fashion, like his fathers. "They tell us to trust to fortune," he said, "and then we'll get our rights. But we are tired of trusting to fortune. Fortune has used us Indians as it used the paleface instructress at the Indian school in '97. The instructress found a horseshoe and to get good fortune put it under her pillow, along with her false teeth. In the morning in the hurry of dressing she substituted the shoe for the teeth and did not discover her mistake till her affianced husband asked her in tones of horror at breakfast what was the matter with her mouth."

President Roosevelt a few days ago gave audience to a prominent Westerner who had come in the interest of a pardon application. This man presented his case eloquently. When he had finished the President presented the other side, and in doing so showed very conclusively that the pardon should not be granted. "Do you not agree with me?" he asked his visitor after he had announced his own conclusion. "Yes, Mr. President, I am bound to say I do, now that you have gone into the case so fully," was the reply. "I'm very glad," said the President. "And I'm very

glad you didn't cry. Women and generals always cry when I turn down their applications for pardons or for promotions!"

A woman died, and at the funeral her husband said to the undertaker: "What carriage shall I ride in to the cemetery?" The undertaker said the husband should ride in the carriage with his late wife's relatives. "But I don't like them; I don't speak to them," the husband said, indignantly. The undertaker said: "You asked me what was the proper thing. I have told you, but you may do as you please." Thereupon the husband said resignedly: "Well, I will do as you say, if you insist upon it, but I give you notice right now that it will spoil my day."

A large motherly looking woman in a Pittsburg department store, said to a shop girl: "I want a pair of gloves for my Jim. He's going to a ball." "Yes, madam," said the girl, producing white kid gloves. "This is the kind, I suppose." "Them!" cried the woman. "Goodness, no! They'd be too good. My Jim's got a hand like a shoulder of mutton. Besides, they're too dear. Haven't you got something like the policemen wear at about 15 cents?" The clerk smilingly regretted that they did not keep that kind. "Oh, very well," said the old lady. "There's no help for it—Jim'll have to wash his hands, after all."

Clyde Fitch in a kindly letter to a young and unknown playwright, said: "I liked your play; I thought it promising, but in the first act you imitated Ibsen, in the second you imitated Pinero, and in the third and fourth you imitated Barrie. This will never do. Imitation in art is always bad. It suggests the shabby man who as he sipped a glass of beer looked in the mirror behind the bar and muttered to himself: 'Here I am wearing a railroad president's shoes, the trousers of a Senator, the hat of a millionaire banker, the vest of a Newport society leader and an ambassador's coat, and yet, in spite of it all, I look like a tramp.'"

Colonel Dan Ransdell, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate and lifelong friend of Benjamin Harrison, says he has known few public men more abstemious than was the hoosier President, but that on one occasion he was required to obtain a drink of whiskey for the chief magistrate under circumstances that were somewhat embarrassing. He had accompanied the President on a trip to Cleveland, which they reached in the midst of a drizzling, cold rain. Mr. Harrison intimated a desire for a glass of something good, and Ransdell consulted the butler. This dignified personage had been instructed not to offer liquor of any kind to the President, whom the host knew to be, like himself, a rigid Presbyterian. But Ransdell was not to be put off, and the whiskey was forthcoming. Smacking his lips appreciatively after the generous drink, President Harrison said: "Dan, I have always noticed that the better Presbyterian a man is, the better is the whiskey he keeps."

The story goes that the present Duke of Atholl devised a most original method of seed-sowing. On one portion of his property are some inaccessible rocks, which have been guileless of a green leaf for centuries. Some ancient cannon happened to lie near at hand, and by the duke's order these were charged with tin canisters filled with seeds of hardy plants and shrubs and fired straight into the cracks in the rocks. A little soil had collected there, and the experiment is said to have been crowned with success.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, of Sausalito, to Captain Orrin Rawson Wolfe, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A. Their wedding will take place in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moylan C. Fox, of Oakland, to Mr. Edson Adams. No date has been announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Jane Wilshire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire, to Mr. John H. Polhemus will take place on Saturday afternoon, April 20, at the home of the bride, on Buchanan Street. The ceremony will be celebrated at 4:00 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Clappett. Miss Doris Wilshire, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor. Only relatives and intimate friends will be present.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Emily Marvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Marvin, to Mr. Roy Somers will take place on Wednesday evening, April 30, at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony will be celebrated at 8:30 o'clock. Miss Marion Marvin, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and Miss Maude Payne, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Ruth Casey, and Miss Marie Brewer, will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Frank Somers, the groom's brother, will be the best man, and Mr. Carleton Curtis, Mr. Harold Plummer, Mr. Charles Norris, and Mr. Edward Robinson, of Los Angeles, will be the ushers. After the ceremony there will be a small reception at the home of the bride.

The marriage of Miss Ruth McNutt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, to Mr. David R. C. Brown, of Denver, Colorado, was celebrated in Paris, France, on Wednesday of last week. They will spend the summer traveling on the Continent.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Anita Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, to Mr. Oscar Cooper, which was to have taken place next Wednesday, has been postponed on account of the serious illness of Miss Harvey.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will entertain at a dinner on Friday, April 19, at the Fairmont Hotel.

The bachelor officers of the Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., will entertain at a dance on Wednesday evening, April 17, at Alcatraz, in honor of the officers of the Fourteenth Cavalry, who have recently arrived from the Presidio of Monterey.

Mrs. A. W. Foster and Mrs. W. A. S. Foster entertained at a tea on Thursday of last week at "Fair Hills," the Foster home in San Rafael. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Ebenezer Scott, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. F. B. Latham, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Ruth Casey, Miss Melanie Lancel, Miss Mae Gibson, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Edith McDonald, Miss Alice Wilkins, and Miss Edna Middleton.

Mrs. Langley Porter and Mrs. James Thomas Watkins entertained at a tea on Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Porter's home, 2517 Pacific Avenue. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. John Windham Carey, Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood, Mrs. Charles Shields, Mrs. William C. Peyton, Mrs. Norman Miller, and Miss Ida Moffatt.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. McEnery entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of the Misses Stephenson and Major William Stephenson, U. S. A. The other guests present were: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Miss Florence Ives, Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Dr. Biddle, U. S. N., and Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at a dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home, on Washington Street. Ten guests were present.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies and Mrs. Malcolm Henry entertained at a bridge party and informal tea on Saturday after-

noon last in honor of Mrs. Stephen P. Jocelyn. Among the guests were: Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. James H. Bull, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. W. M. S. Beede, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Mrs. W. A. McEnery, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. James C. Jordan, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Ernest Johnstone, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Clark, Miss McEnery, Miss Deane, and Miss Louise Jocelyn.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace is entertaining at a series of bridge parties, one of which took place on Monday last.

Mrs. Paul Bancroft entertained at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Claire Sweigert.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker will leave shortly for a brief Eastern trip.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, sailed this week from New York for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker will sail from New York on April 23 for Europe.

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Annie Selby left on Wednesday for an indefinite stay abroad.

Mrs. Thomas Jaggar (formerly Miss Helen Kline), who has lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, since her marriage, will spend most of the summer here as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kline.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Miss Jennie Crocker, who is now in New York as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, will return here, later in the summer.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and her guest, Miss Crosby, of New York, went down recently to Del Monte and are spending some time there with Mrs. William Doughty and the Misses Doughty, of Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Mrs. J. J. Brice and Mrs. George H. Bowman left on Wednesday for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow has been spending ten days at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William B. Collier is in town for a few weeks from her country place, in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain left on Saturday last for a brief stay in Mexico, going thence to New York. They will sail on April 13 for Paris, where they will take a house for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner (formerly Miss Edith Findley) have arrived from Cleveland, Ohio, and will make their home here permanently.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau has returned from a stay of two weeks in Santa Barbara.

Miss Edith Currey and Miss Mina Currey have returned to their home in Dixon, after a visit to Miss Jeannette Wright and Miss Marion Wright here.

Mrs. E. J. de Saba has returned to her home in San Mateo, after a six weeks' stay in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Davis, Miss Anita Davis, and Miss Anna Bell of Savannah, Georgia, visited Del Monte last week.

Miss Ethel Lincoln and Miss Evelyn Norwood have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith will leave shortly for British Columbia, going thence to Europe. They will spend the summer in Norway.

Miss Ruth Brooks and Miss Marion Brooks will arrive shortly from Bremerton Navy Yard to visit friends at Mare Island. Miss Doran of Minneapolis is visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur T. Marx, at Yerba Buena Island.

Mrs. Valentine Hush of Fruitvale left last week for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells, at the latter's home in Vermont.

Miss Louise Redington has returned from a fortnight's stay with Mrs. Frederick Hewlett, in the Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks left on March 31 for Europe, where they will spend the next two years traveling.

Miss Cara Pickens Noble is at present in Rome.

Mrs. John I. Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin, who have been in Cuba with Captain and Mrs. Bjornstad, are now on their way to California.

Mr. Raphael Weill and his nephew, Mr. Michel Weill, will leave on April 18 for Paris, to remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wallace, who left San Francisco in January for Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Holy Land, have recently been spending a week at Shepheard's in Cairo. They went from there to Jerusalem to stay some time, and will not

return to San Francisco for some months.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Dr. L. Bacigalupi, and Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewett, of San Francisco; Captain and Mrs. I. Z. Tbayer, of Oakland; Mr. M. L. Effinger, of Blair, Nev.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barnard, Mr. J. H. G. Wolff, Mrs. Wolff, Miss Louise Wormser, Miss Steyer, Miss Mary O'Dea, Miss Kate O'Dea, Mrs. J. J. Henderson, Mr. C. S. Aiken, Mr. Fred Patterson, Mr. J. A. Hammel, Mr. S. D. Gordon, and Mr. A. P. Fuller, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stern, Mr. William Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Condit, Miss Virginia Deaver, and Miss Agnes Bondegard, of Oakland.

The Third Greek Play in Berkeley.

On the afternoon of Thursday, April 18, the "Eumenides" of Æschylus will be presented in the Greek Theatre of the University of California. Two other Greek plays have been produced in Berkeley, the "Birds" of Aristophanes and the "Ajax" of Sophocles; but it is safe to predict that the "Eumenides" will make a more powerful appeal to the audience than either of the previous plays. In the case of the "Birds," only certain scenes were presented, and there was no attempt at dramatic completeness. The subtle psychology of Sophocles could hardly produce its supreme effect upon an audience to whom the language in which it is expressed was unintelligible. But the "Eumenides" is a perfect specimen of sheer dramatic force, in which Æschylus's ability to tell a story by action and spectacular effects which appeal to the eye is perhaps seen at its best. Even though the grandeur of the poetry is subtracted from the whole organism of Æschylus's dramatic creation, enough vitality remains to make a profound impression upon a modern audience. The force of this impression is augmented by the atmosphere of the superhuman and the marvellous in which Æschylus delighted; not only are important rôles in the play assigned to the Olympian gods, but a chorus of Furies, who are themselves the real protagonists, are presented to the eye as the visible personification of the torments of an accusing conscience, and the ghost of a murdered woman is brought upon the stage to stir these avenging spirits to fiercer pursuit of her murder. And yet the whole play is informed with that convincing humanity which was the greatest triumph of the Greek genius in its artistic creations.

As in the case of all Greek dramas, we know nothing of the music which was composed by Æschylus himself for the choral parts of the "Eumenides," but in the present production that loss is made good by the music which was written by Sir C. Villiers Stanford for the production of the play in Cambridge, England, in 1885, and which is used in the present performance by special arrangement with the composer. The latter has shown remarkable skill in adapting the rhythm of his music to the rhythm of the Greek verse, and, by the use of modern harmonies and orchestration, has produced a composition which will be of great interest to musicians.

The cast is made up of students of the University, with one exception: the part of Orestes is taken by Professor J. T. Allen of the Greek Department. Every attempt has been made to have the production archaeologically correct, so far as is possible under modern conditions. The play is being staged under the direction of Mr. C. D. von Neumayer, of the English Department, who has had considerable experience in the production of Greek plays. The music, which is under the direction of Dr. J. F. Wollé, Professor of Music, will be rendered by the chorus of Furies, assisted by an auxiliary chorus of twelve female voices and an orchestra of forty pieces. The general management of the play is in the hands of a committee of the Greek Department.

IVAN M. LINFORTH.

The Promenade Concert.

The programme for the promenade concert, to be held at the Fairmont Hotel, April 16, is rapidly taking shape under the efforts of the managing board, directed by Mrs. M. H. de Young. Committees have been appointed on music, ball-room, reception, automobile, and refreshments.

Artistic posters have been completed and distributed announcing the date and object of the affair at the Fairmont. Such attention is being given to every detail of the concert that its counterpart for brilliance

Fairmont Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

Dinner de Luxe 6 p. m.

Evening of April 19th

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and beauty will have never been attained in this city.

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The managing board at large is composed of Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Jacob Bertz, Mrs. Guy C. Manning, Mrs. William D. O'Kane, Mrs. Martin Regensburger, Miss Adelaide Pollock, Miss Marie Margo, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. G. D. Cooper, Mrs. James McKenzie, Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley, Mrs. J. R. Clark.

Tickets for the concert may be had at Sherman & Clay's, Kohler & Chase's, and at the homes of the ladies of the three charities, the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, the Doctor's Daughters, the San Francisco Polyclinic.



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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Cyrus S. Roberts, U. S. A. retired, is the guest of his daughter at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Brigadier-General Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A. retired, who until his retirement was in command of the Department of Columbia, left on Wednesday for Southern California, after spending a week here. He was accompanied by Mrs. Jocelyn and Miss Louise Jocelyn.

Colonel R. D. Potts, U. S. A., Chief of Staff, Pacific Division, arrived this week from Washington, D. C. and has assumed his duties.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., formerly Judge Advocate of the Department of California, sailed on the *Coptic* on Tuesday of last week for Japan. He will inspect the military prisons there, before proceeding to his station in the Philippines. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dunn and their family.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Military Secretary to the Lieutenant-General, has returned from the Presidio of Monterey, where he went to carry out the instructions of the division commander relative to the school of musketry at that post.

Major Edwin A. Root, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty as Judge Advocate of the Department of California.

Major Zerah Torrey, U. S. A., Assistant Inspector-General, Pacific Division, has been ordered to the Philippines and will sail in June.

Captain John A. Lockwood, U. S. A., retired, has, at his own request, been assigned to the office of professor of military science and tactics at Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael.

Major John A. Le Jeune, U. S. M. C., who was recently detached from the com-

mand of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty with the First Brigade, U. S. Marines, Manila, P. I., sailed on April 5 on the transport *Sherman*.

Captain Frederick E. Johnston, Paymaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Department of Luzon, P. I., and ordered to Iloilo, Panay, to report to the commanding officer of the Visayas for duty.

Captain F. G. Stritzinger, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved as commissary of that regiment and Captain Orrin R. Wolfe, U. S. A., is appointed in his stead.

Captain Edward M. Shinkle, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Sandy Hook Proving Ground, Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and will proceed to the Benicia arsenal and report in person to the commanding officer of that arsenal for duty.

Captain Campbell E. Babcock, U. S. A., quartermaster of the transport *Sherman*, did not sail on that vessel on Friday of last week on account of illness, but is a patient at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco. Captain E. A. Fry, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed as quartermaster of the *Sherman*.

Captain Cecil Stewart, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as assistant to the purchasing commissary of the Department of California, the order to take effect after April 17.

Captain Edward P. Rockhill, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to the General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, for treatment.

Lieutenant Charles L. Willard, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty at Benicia Barracks, and is ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and to report to the chief signal officer of the army for duty.

Lieutenant Horatio I. Lawrence, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect upon his arrival in the United States.

Ensign D. W. Bagley, U. S. N., is de-

tached from the *West Virginia* and ordered home.

Ensign A. S. Kibbee, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Annapolis*.

Assistant Surgeon F. M. Shook, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, and ordered to duty under the Department of Government and Sanitation, Canal Zone, Isthmus of Panama. Dr. Shook sailed on Sunday last for Panama.

Assistant Surgeon F. M. Munson, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Proving Ground, Indian Head, Maryland, and ordered to attend a course of instruction at the Naval Medical School, Washington, D. C.

The Fifth Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., now en route here from the Philippines, is assigned to station at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Florence Roberts will produce "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" during the fourth and last week of her engagement at the Novelty Theatre. This is probably the actress's greatest comedy hit.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is he out of danger?" "No. The doctor still attends him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Would you get married if you were me?" "I don't believe I could—if I were you."—*Houston Post.*

Wise—Now, he's got what I call "horse sense." Ascun—How, for instance? Wise—He never bets on one.—*Philadelphia Press.*

He—I always have my evening dinners served à la carte. She—From one of those night lunch wagons, I suppose.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Do you see any great future for Panama?" "Certainly. Look at the great excursion resort it has already become."—*Washington Star.*

"Mabel accepts more rings from men than any girl I know." "I don't understand." "She's a telephone operator."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Whyte—So you went to that specialist for your rheumatism. Did he give you relief? Brown—He relieved me of ten dollars.—*Somerville Journal.*

Patience—Don't you admire her hair? Patrice—Indeed, I do! I always admired it. In fact, I came near buying it before she did.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Walton—Are you sure that the Smythes haven't any children? Dalton—Why, of course not. Mr. Smythe is worth more than \$750,000.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"Do you consider a chauffeur worth two hundred dollars a month?" "Well, the last one I had ran away with my wife, and you knew my wife, old man."—*Life.*

"I admires a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat keeps hopin' foh de best. But I doesn't like to see him sit down n' call it a day's work."—*Washington Star.*

A woman in northern Missouri has sued an editor because, in writing the obituary of her husband, he stated "He has gone to a happier home."—*Kansas City Post.*

St. Peter—What makes you so busy? Recording Angel—Taking the names of New Yorkers who are still insisting that they have no taxable property.—*Horper's Bazar.*

Hyker—You don't seem to be worrying any about your failure in business. Pyker—Oh, no; that's one of the things I have turned over to my creditors.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Sir Wilfred (to Mrs. Karslake, an American)—You know, Mrs. Karslake, I like your country. No fear and no respect. No cant and lots of can.—*The New York Idea.*

Myer—There goes the widow Naggs. They say she drove her husband to an untimely grave. Gyer—Well, that isn't so bad. She might have made him walk there.—*Chicago Daily News.*

He—Oh, please, Mlle. Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand. She (coyly)—Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that? "Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont."—*Nos Loisirs.*

Mr. Iggs—Is your programme full up. Miss 'Awkins? Miss 'Awkins (under a slight misapprehension)—Not much it ain't. I've 'ad nothin' to eat since I've been 'ere. What time's supper?—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Benedick—That luminous paint is a splendid invention. Singleton—What do you use it for? Benedick—We paint the baby's face so we can give him a drink in the night without lighting the gas.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

He (after the refusal)—Had I been rich, perhaps your answer would have been quite different. She—Perhaps. He—But poverty is no crime. She—Oh, yes, it is—and the punishment is hard labor.—*Illustrated Bits.*

"My daughter is positively delighted with her new piano," said Mrs. Nexdore; "she's quite familiar, you know, with all the classic composers—" "Familiar?" exclaimed Mrs. Peppery, "why she's positively flippant."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Her Mother—Does your husband take into his confidence regarding his business affairs? Young Wife—Oh, yes; he does only this morning. When I asked him to let me have \$50 for a new gown he

said he was very sorry, but business was so bad just now he couldn't possibly do it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"So, my dear madam, you will not consider for a moment Mr. Poreman's wish to see you to ask your daughter's hand?" "I will not," answered Mrs. Malaprop, firmly. "And you may tell him this is my automaton."—*Baltimore American.*

The Gentleman Farmer (anxiously)—What in the world, Uncle Tottlerdy, do you suppose is the matter with my hens? Why, this morning I found six of them lying on their backs, cold and stiff, with their feet sticking up in the air. The Ancient Man (after a suitable season of cogitation)—Yer hens is dead, Mr. Cittyly.—*Puck.*

"I understand that Crimson Gulch has a newspaper." "Yes," answered Broncho Bob. "But the fellers around here is so sensitive that they dasn't print anything about 'em." "Its editorial staff must have many difficulties." "Mister, that ain't any editorial staff. That's a suicide club."—*Denver News.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Genial Guest.

There was a young fellow named Clyde,
Who was once at a funeral espied;
When asked who was dead,
He smilingly said,
"I don't know; I just came for the ride."
—*The Scrap-Book.*

The Changeable Man.

He said: "I'll go and seek my fate.
I'll pop the question, as to that!"
And thinking that attire had weight
He changed his hat.

Remembering that women seem
To trust completely to the eye
Before they lapse in love's young dream,
He changed his tie.

"And," he observed, "one's footwear must
Be very stylish when he woos,"
The pair he wore was flecked with dust—
He changed his shoes.

"A woman's queer," he murmured then,
"She estimates my hat and boot
And tie"—and so he stopped again
And changed his suit.

He started out and tried to plan
The way to pop the question best;
Came back, and, after thoughtful scan,
He changed his vest.

Alas! the lovelorn maiden waits
And tries to call herself resigned;
The man no longer hesitates—
He changed his mind!
—*Chicago Post.*

Send Back a Souvenir Card.

A loving wife bids a last good-bye
To a husband who is sinking in death;
She bends over him with a tear in her eye,
And whispers a last request:
"Oh, promise me now, while e'er you can,
So this parting won't seem too hard,
That you'll send me back from that unknown land
A souvenir postal card."
—*Home Ballads.*

On the watch tower of the Vela, at the Alhambra, Spain, there is a silver-toned bell which the Moslems rung as a signal to let on the water in the gardens and the fountain in the city below. Its sound can be heard at Liga, thirty miles away. The maiden who strikes it today is sure of a husband before the year is out, and of a good one if she rings loud enough. On certain fête days it is lively for the bell.

When Italian drivers wish to start their horses they ejaculate "Ah!" explosively. When they wish to stop they cry "E-e-e-e!" soothingly.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

"My dear, will it bother you if I ask a question about our club bookkeeping? You know I'm treasurer." "No; delighted I'm sure." "Well, we gave a charity euchre for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home. It cost our club \$300, and we only took in \$250. Now I figure it out that the old ladies owe us \$50. Am I right?"—*Life.*

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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1:45P	1:45P	2:30P	4:30P	
Saturday	4:35P	5:15P	5:45P	9:30P

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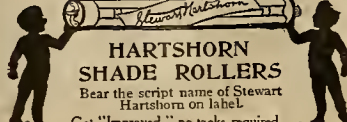
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New YorkMay 11, June 8, July 6

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NoordlandApr. 20 | MerionMay 4
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New Amsterdam (new)Apr. 24, May 29, July 3
StatendamMay 1, June 5, July 10
NoordamMay 8, June 12, July 17
RyndamMay 15, June 19, July 24

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—DOVER ANTWERP
FinlandApr. 20, May 18, June 15
ZeelandApr. 27, May 25, June 22
KroonlandMay 4, June 1, July 13
VaderlandMay 11, June 8, July 6

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MajesticApr. 17, May 15
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OceanicApr. 24, May 1, June 29
TeutonicMay 8, June 14, July 11

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.....Friday, May 31, 1907

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The Argonaut.

Vol. LX. No. 1571.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 20, 1907.

Price Ten Cents

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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One Year After.

At the end of a year we can look back upon the disaster of April 18, 19, and 20, of the year 1906, in something like fair perspective. Not yet, indeed, are we able, nor shall we be for long years, to estimate the catastrophe in its ultimate effects. Time is the only true analyzer of great events, and upon the evolution of time we must wait for such adjustments and developments as will fix the part which the colossal incident of April, 1906, is to hold in the fortunes of California. But, at the end of a year, even while the disaster is still a distinct and intimate memory, and before it has assumed its historical relationships, we may trace conditions and tendencies of immediate and possibly of permanent value.

It sounds trite to say that the disaster marked an epoch in the history of San Francisco; but that is the precise fact, for in the San Francisco of the future all things will date, as from their beginning, from the supreme historic event. The fire which wiped out the achievements of half a century did something even more than this: It obliterated tra-

ditions and habits which had stood as dominating influences of our community life. It gave to a city in the full tide of a great civic and commercial career a new "ground floor," with both the opportunity and the necessity of devising new ideals, new plans, new habits. Not yet, indeed, are we able to look upon it as a fortunate event, but we are beginning to see that the future may so regard it, because through it there came about the birth of conditions to which all the future will stand related as to the parent and the source of its own fortunes.

It may be recalled that in its first utterance following the disaster the *Argonaut* declared that San Francisco as a civic organism would quickly recover itself; that while individuals in great numbers were hard hit, the city itself would suffer nothing more serious than a brief interruption in the course of its prosperous fortunes; that San Francisco, though the immediate field of disaster, would share its losses with the wide world. The truth of these prophecies is already manifest in the working out of events, for while their ultimate conclusions are yet to be attained, the whole course of current activities tends to their full and complete consummation. Today we see San Francisco not less vital than in any previous period of her career. We see the activities of commerce in full operation. We have seen the world, through the insurance channel, repay somewhere between one-third and one-half of our losses. We see confidence universal. The energies of hopeful spirit are at full tide. Even from the area of ashen ruin the atmosphere of desolation has been driven out by the clamors of reconstruction. Today San Francisco excites not the pity of the world for what she was, but its amazement and admiration for what she is.

The losses of the San Francisco disaster fell upon that part of the community best able to sustain them. The loss of life was relatively slight; it was the loss of property that chiefly marked those terrible days of April, 1906. And when property is lost, it is not the poor who are poorer, but the rich. Nobody will ever know in a precise way what the losses were, but in the common estimate their aggregate was somewhere between four hundred and five hundred millions of dollars. Of this vast sum the outside world has returned to us somewhere between one-half to one-third in the form of insurance payments. San Francisco was immensely prosperous at the period of the disaster. The obligations of her property-holders were relatively light; there were few, comparatively speaking, among the losers who did not own, actually as well as nominally, the properties destroyed. When the fire died out and when, after a painful delay, the assurers came to a settlement, most lot holders owned not only their ravaged ground, but had in the form of insurance funds a considerable capital in ready money. Income from rentals had ceased, but the basis of wealth—the land—was still there, and in most instances there was money, or credit, or both for the work immediately to be done. San Francisco had long been prosperous; furthermore not all of her area had been burned over, nor all of her accumulated wealth destroyed. The heaviest losers were persons whose interests reached far beyond San Francisco and who, therefore, were able to draw money from other sources to apply to immediate necessities at home. The great losers, like the Tevis estate, the Crocker estate, the Sharon estate, and a hundred others, were hard hit in the sense that their losses ran into millions; but at the same time no one of these greater losers was resourceless. A man worth ten millions of dollars may suffer grievously in the loss of five, but he is in no danger of going without his dinner. This was the case with the great body of heavy losers

in San Francisco. Hard hit they were beyond a doubt, but there was not one among them who did not know where to turn for the means of putting into productive shape the great properties that had been burned out. Smaller losers there were to be sure in great numbers, but since the land remained few were reduced to poverty and none to hopelessness. As we have already said, it was a property disaster; its losses were upon those who were best able to suffer them and to repair the damage, great as it was.

To the propertyless class the disaster was in an immediate sense a stunning blow. A catastrophe that burns the roof over your head, that stops your employment, and that drives you to the shelter of the parks is no picnic; but even such an event loses most of its terrors when it is universal, when those who suffer its effects have ten thousand companions in distress. But serious as was the stress of the immediate days of disaster and of the few weeks following, it did not last long. Almost immediately there developed an extraordinary demand for labor in every department, and by June 1 there was hardly a man or a woman in the city willing to work for whom there was not work to do, and at wages distinctly higher than the rates ruling before the disaster. The working population did indeed suffer a period of inconvenience, but the season was summer and the time was brief. Never in the history of the city has the working element been better situated at the points of work and wages than since the disaster and up to the present time. Rents, food, fuel, clothing—these things have advanced in price as a consequence of exceptional circumstances and conditions, but the movement has not been faster nor has it gone further than the wage rate. Today San Francisco pays higher prices for labor, skilled and unskilled, than were ever paid before anywhere in a commercial city, and there is work for all. Whatever other element may have suffered through the disaster, the vast working population of the city assuredly has not.

San Francisco, before the disaster, was what she was, not through the operation of inherent forces, but in consequence of forces pressing upon her from without. She was the natural depot for the productions of the highly prosperous country lying to the north, to the south, and to the east. The disaster did not affect in the slightest degree the immediate sources of her business life. It did not destroy the grain fields of California; it did not interrupt the fruitfulness of her abounding orchards; it did not check the outflow of her mines, nor dry up her oil fields, nor limit the motive power of the electric currents which come to her from mountain sources. It did not check the energies of her transportation connections, nor divert for more than a moment those streams of profit which pour into her from the commerce of the seas, from the countries of the Orient, or from the gold fields of Alaska. In the disaster San Francisco lost much of the accumulation of half a century, with her established facilities for doing business. But the disaster left her traditional connections undisturbed and in the full vigor of their wonted prosperity and productivity.

If the losses of the disaster had been complete to the individuals who suffered them, it might indeed have gone hard with San Francisco; but as we have already pointed out, after the disaster had done its worst, there remained the high potential value in the land. And every man who owned a foot of land lay under the immediate necessity of entering upon the work of restoration. To restore the productive value of the burned area became the immediate aim of every lot owner, to which there

stood as a pledge whatever else remained of fortune or credit. Take the case of the Crocker estate, for example: To save what the fire left, to restore the damaged buildings and to renew those completely lost, was an immediate necessity, since a policy of inaction would have involved further and greater losses. Thus before the stones of the great Crocker Building, of the Shreve Building, of the St. Francis Hotel, and of what not else belonging to the Crocker family, were fairly cool, plans of reconstruction were actively under way. It was so all along the line, not only of great properties but of small. What remained was, under the necessity of its salvage, a pledge of immediate enterprise in the form of reconstruction. It was precisely so in the case of the great railways. The Southern Pacific Company, the Santa Fé Company, the Western Pacific Company—these and a multitude of smaller transportation connections by land and sea, had, after the fire as before, many millions of dollars invested in facilities, dependent for their continuing value upon the resuscitation of San Francisco. It followed of course that each transportation company, with its financial connections great or small, stood bound in its own interest to do its part in the reconstruction of the destroyed city. It was a situation in which each interest working for itself was bound to contribute to the common task.

One who undertakes anything like definite exposition of the activities of the year just ended runs everywhere into difficulties and obstructions. No enumeration of the people has been made on either side of the Bay; therefore, nobody can do better than hazard a guess as to where we stand in this respect. Undoubtedly there are fewer people here than there were a year ago, perhaps by 100,000, although we write these figures with hesitation, since they stand for nothing better than a mere guess. On the other hand the population of the cities on the eastern shore of the Bay has been largely augmented, the increase being made up, of course, of those who prefer suburban conditions to ashes and broken walls. Certain large departments of that kind of business which prospers only under normal conditions have been wiped out here, and will not be renewed until the city shall be re-established. Those by whom this business was conducted have gone and they will not return for long to come; and as matters stand in San Francisco, we are better off without them. The class which San Francisco could not afford to lose—that class which does not live upon the community, but which sustains its life, the class which carries forward the essential lines of trade and commerce—these are here as before. There is no diminution in their energy, indeed, there is rather an increase of those energies and activities by which the character and the welfare of cities are created and sustained.

It is a significant fact that in the year following the fire not one bank in the State of California has failed, and not one important mercantile firm has suspended. It would seem that the Bank Commission, which the State maintains at such large cost, ought to be able to give a comprehensive statement of the financial condition of the State. Its reports, however, are so narrowly perfunctory as to be worthless—unless perchance one needs a mental irritant—and we must be content to say broadly that the condition of our financial institutions is ahead of what it was prior to the fire. One class of banks—the only class which our Bank Commission seems ever to have heard of—"exclusive of national banks and private banks"—increased their deposit accounts in the sum of \$61,430,090.59 between April 14, 1906, and December 31, 1906. The assets of these banks within the same period increased \$62,041,410.36. The deposits in the incorporated banks of California—again "not including national and private banks"—amounted to \$434,971,354.79 on April 14, 1906. December 31, a little more than eight months later, the figures stood \$496,401,455.38. The assets of the same banks four days before the great fire were \$562,847,341.69. By December 31, 1906, or a little more than eight months after the fire, the figures had grown to \$621,888,752.05. It could be wished that this statement, which covers only a certain class of banks, could be made comprehensive. But the figures

given are significant, and the rates of increase, both of deposits and assets, will easily carry through the entire banking organization of the city and State.

A more satisfactory statement comes from the San Francisco postoffice, although here the record was broken by an almost complete paralysis of postal activities for a month succeeding the disaster. The total receipts of the San Francisco postoffice for 1904 were \$1,572,976.88; for 1905, \$1,772,867.60; for 1906, \$1,509,571.91. When it is realized that between April 18 and May 1 the receipts of the postoffice were practically nothing; that from May 1 to June 1 they had only begun to restore themselves; that in July they had only reached \$100,000, and that by the end of the year they were upwards of a million and a half, it will be seen that so far as its postoffice is concerned, San Francisco is practically back to where she was before the fire.

We have attempted to compile figures illustrative of building operations in San Francisco during the past eight months, but have found the task beyond both judgment and industry. The thing is impossible. The individual building projects run at the point of number into the many thousands, and they have been and are being carried forward in such irregular lines that it is impossible to get anything in the way of figures. But it is possible to say quite within limits, that building enterprises now under way will involve not less than \$200,000,000, while each day sees the beginnings of fresh projects great and small. San Francisco's burned area of nearly five square miles, including all of what the insurance men call its "high value" district, is a prodigious theatre of constructive industry whose myriad activities bewilder and confuse the mind even while they exhilarate the spirit.

We have in San Francisco an interesting condition resulting from the disaster, not easy to be explained, and yet very manifest to those who look beneath the surface of things. In the early days following the disaster an acute observer pointed out that, in his opinion, San Francisco was likely to be a "tremendous gainer" through the weeding out of "dead wood" in its business and professional life, with the substitution of new men, new vitality, new force. Of what value, asked this observer, is mere wealth without the guidance of personal force, of capacity to comprehend conditions, to grasp and make the most of opportunities? Answering his own question, he declared that without effective personality all else comes to nothing. Now, even at the end of one year, we are able to trace the large significance of these phrases. We find, both in the business and in the professional life of San Francisco, that the incapable, the unthrifty, the laggard, and the moribund, have stepped or been pushed aside by bolder and more eager spirits. We find that certain youths, inheritors of great fortunes, known previous to last year only in connection with the cotillion or the polo field, have grown into capable men of serious affairs. We see a notable influx of new vitality and resolution into the professional and business life of San Francisco from without. Go to the clubs, to the hotels—go wherever men congregate—and you will see new men, attracted to San Francisco by the ground-floor opportunities of the time, men who have brought here a prodigious value, not merely in capital but in vital force, in trained capacity, and in mounting ambition. In years to come a very considerable part of what is to be the strongest and best in San Francisco will date its immediate connection with the city from the months following the disaster. We have already a new element quite appreciable at the point of numbers, attracted here by the unexampled opportunity of getting in on the ground floor in connection with the established activities of a long established community.

In the face of the extraordinary labor conditions, and of the still more extraordinary political conditions, there would seem almost to be a touch of presumption in saying that San Francisco has marked a distinct moral advancement since the disaster, an advancement due possibly to the stimulus of that great event. Of the labor condition, viewing it in its moral aspects, it is only necessary to

say that whatever is most censurable is to be credited rather more to bad leadership than to individual bad tendencies on the part of the working element. It is universal testimony of those who employ labor, that at every point where the relationship between worker and employer comes to the old condition of personal contact, the old spirit of good temper and mutual helpfulness is fully sustained. The labor element of San Francisco has, under the special circumstances of the time and under the leadership of blatant demagogues, been beguiled and misled but it has not been debauched. We have only to wait upon the restoration of normal business conditions for the return of that spirit of common sense and decent co-operation which has marked the industrial history of San Francisco. Again, much of what the world, looking from afar, censures in the labor conditions of San Francisco, is not justly censurable. The workingman is not to be blamed for taking the wage which the times afford; nor is he to be blamed for enforcing even an abnormal wage when every other element of the community, including landlord and merchant, has screwed up its charges to the highest possible point. There are special reasons, too, in our local history, why labor should not be too bitterly arraigned for its political activities. The *Argonaut* is no apologist for the delinquencies of labor in San Francisco, which are many and grievous, but it does nevertheless maintain that there is no widespread individual demoralization here among the labor classes—no condition which the return of normal and wholesome working and domestic conditions will not promptly cure.

As to civic conditions, be it noted that evils which prosperous San Francisco endured without protest for four long years, prostrate San Francisco is struggling to correct. Is it not a reasonable theory that the activities of detection and prosecution, with the popular sympathy which inspires and sustains these activities, are in some sort at least, traceable to that general awakening, mental and moral, which has come to us through disaster? We question if the splendid exhibition of moral purpose manifest in relation to the graft prosecution would have been witnessed here if San Francisco had gone forward undisturbed by the great event of last year.

We trace other evidences of moral uplift in the reorganization of charitable enterprise in San Francisco. The disaster broke up the old routine of beneficence and charity, as of other things. The abounding sympathy of the world supplied the means for carrying forward those works of relief which had previously rested upon sympathetic initiative. But within the past ninety days we see the old spirit of human helpfulness stirring again into life with revival of activities which have so long blessed not merely those who have received but those who have given. The softer side of San Francisco life is coming again into its own; we see as of old the generous man and the kindly woman seeking out opportunities of service and charity.

We have said that the great event of 1906 was a rich man's disaster. This is the simple truth, yet one would hardly think so to go the rounds of those establishments that minister to taste and luxury. The stores of San Francisco were never more brilliantly provided or more generously supported. The theatres, if less formal in style than of old, were never more thronged. Never in the history of our public centres of costly and fashionable entertainment has there been a season marked by more lavish hospitality. Every club of San Francisco maintains its open door, and the gayety of life is as free as ever it was. San Francisco is not yet risen from her ruins, but her spirit is as high as before, and it is the same old spirit of fellowship and good will, of free and open-handed hospitality. Old San Francisco may indeed be gone, but the New is the child of the Old, and the family likeness is strong.

If ever there was a doubt as to the future physical lines of San Francisco, that doubt has vanished. Practically the city is to be along its old lines. There is to be no elaborate widening of streets to please the architect and the artist. We are going to have the new town in the old place—possibly with its retail district jarred back from Kearny Street to Grant Avenue. The great buildings which

were only damaged by the fire were sufficient to hold the centre in its old place. Whatever temporary questionings there may have been there is now one universal purpose, and that is to "get back down town." Not this year nor perhaps next year, will witness a universal return to the old familiar streets, but it will come in time. Perhaps the most permanent effect will be upon Van Ness Avenue, which we think will never again be a residence street. Here we believe is to be the home of the club, the church, the theatre, and above all the high-class apartment house. But the city—that aggregation of all that is most brilliant and charming—will be where it was in the days that are gone.

The Problem of Cuba.

The decision of the United States government to "get out of Cuba" in July, 1908, is not calculated to give assurance, either in Cuba or in this country, of the immediate or ultimate independence of that country. Indeed, the term independence must be interpreted as a mere phrase of courtesy when used in connection with a country which stands toward another country in the relation that Cuba stands towards the United States. Certainly by this time the Cubans themselves, whatever may be their self-delusive pretensions, can have little respect for the theory of Cuban independence. Cuba is precisely what Dr. Andrew D. White declares it to be, "a great negro State incapable of self-government."

Probably Dr. White does not go too far in declaring our Cuban problem to be "more serious than our Philippine problem." It is more serious because in the Philippines we are free to do whatever we like—we may hold the islands indefinitely in a colonial or territorial relation, or we can abandon them. Whatever mistakes we may have made there, we stand under no fool pledge to do an impossible thing.

Cuba, it is quite useless to say for the ten thousandth time, is one of the fairest spots of the earth, that with its climate and soil it is a country of marvellous potentialities. These facts are sufficiently well known, but nobody who has not studied the situation and conditions of the island closely—its history and its people—can possibly comprehend the political difficulties under which it rests. The bulk of its people are a mongrel breed with neither intelligence, thrift, nor capacity for moral development, least of all for the kind of development essential to political capacity. The property class in scarcely better. They have wealth, to be sure, but they have no political instinct, no experience, no moralized capacity of self-control. The Cuban population as a whole is representative, in the state of its civilization, of ages which we are in the habit of considering as long past. The only ideals of the Cuban people are wealth and military force. They know nothing else; they are incapable of learning anything else.

The United States by its own solemn pledge and by the logic of a war which it waged in full view of the world, is committed to the guardianship of Cuba, while at the same time it has guaranteed Cuban independence. Now it faces a situation in which these two things are incompatible. The easy way out of the problem, if it be regarded lightly, is to annex the island as a sovereign State; but in doing this we should only solve one problem by plunging into another. Cuba as an American State is unthinkable. It would be an anomaly, a burden, a crime. It would immeasurably add to our national difficulties and it would do nothing to the profit of the Cubans themselves. We see no way out of the difficulty unless it shall be through some device acceptable to the Cubans under which we may hold the island indefinitely in a status of subordination and tutelage, and even this solution of the problem would not be satisfactory, because it would involve us in various forms of menace, both external and internal. The necessity of policing and defending the island would tend inevitably to expansion of our military and naval establishments, while we should constantly have to protect ourselves against demagogic and sentimental proposals to bring the island into the Union. Our stupidity in admitting Utah and other half-baked western territories is sufficiently suggestive of dangers which wisdom and statecraft will wish to avoid.

Incidentally, the plain and positive dictum of Dr. White, with its solemn warning, comes as a refresh-

ing reminder that the spirit of free-spoken statesmanship is not dead amongst us. Men of this type, men outside and above the sphere of mere politics, men with the wisdom to see and the courage to speak without respect to the whimsicalities of political opinion, are indeed too rare among us. We know of no deficiency in our American life so marked and serious as at the point of plain-spoken and unflinching judgment. Most of the men who by eminence and individual wisdom are competent to give counsel, lie under the restraints of a narrow political prudence. Thank God that now and again we find a man of high moral authority who has the will and the courage through plain and bold speech to give us the counsels that our need requires.

Our Vulgar Foods.

A witness in a New York law court casually refers to a certain restaurant as being a "low-class establishment," and he justifies this reflection on the ground that mutton pies and tripe-and-onions figured on the bill of fare. Of course his explanation passed without challenge because in polite society there could be no defense of a restaurant that thus flauntingly catered to tastes that have been relegated to the hopelessly vulgar.

It is strange that in matters of diet we thus allow ourselves to be dominated by a fashion that sets human tastes at defiance and utterly bans the dishes of which we are most fond. We by no means exhaust the list of forbidden foods, when we say that mutton pies and tripe-and-onions must either be avoided altogether or shamefacedly eaten in furtive secrecy. There are many other dainties upon which fashion has set the seal of an arbitrary disapproval. For instance, what is the matter with succotash that it should be ostracized, and why must we abandon hope that we shall find "sausages and mashed" on the menu card of the society dinner to which—hypothetically—we have been invited? Then, again, why is boiled beef tabooed, with or without carrots, while roast beef is still allowed to hold up its head with the best? Why is boiled mutton in conjunction with the agile caper a mark of gastronomic depravity, while roast mutton is still tolerated, even by men of distinction, men who have more than one suit of clothes and who get their boots blacked every other day?

The more this matter is looked into the more inexplicable does it become. How long shall we be denied the delights of the baked potato, plain baked potato, sanctified by a dash of salt and, for the luxurious, just a suggestion of butter? Here at least fashion has been compelled to compromise. We refuse to be altogether deprived of the baked potato, and so we glorify it with a French name and eat it under the mean disguise of *pomme de terre sautée*. Then, again, there is pork. Every man who has been decently brought up in an atmosphere of family prayers loves pork, and especially roast pork, but upon no account must he eat it. He may have a rasher for breakfast, and there are one or two other parts of the pig that are allowed to masquerade under fancy names, but the degraded appetite that frankly yearns for plain roast pork—of course with apple sauce—must sneak away into some vague locality "south of Market" and gratify itself unobserved. The pig, as such, the plain and unassuming pig, the pig of the simple life and the strenuous death, must not appear upon the dining table of society except under an alias that even a detective can not penetrate.

One day there will come a change. We all of us love these vulgar dishes, and most of us furtively eat them. We do it by stealth and blush to find it known. How willingly we would exchange the flower-bedecked dinner table and the menu printed in a tongue not understood by the common people, for the simple plate of "sausages and mashed," or the succulent boiled mutton, or the entrancing roast pork, or even for the tripe-and-onions, that are so nice and so vulgar. There is many a fashionable hostess who is yearning for a notoriety that mere money can not purchase. Here is her opportunity for a sensation that would raise her in a moment to a pinnacle of popularity and that would make her little dinner invitations sought after by art and literature and wealth. Let her boldly place these prohibited dishes upon her table, calling them by their plain and historic names, without French disguise or foreign trimmings. It

would be a stroke of genius, an utter eclipse to her rivals. It would be the triumph of a season.

The Thaw Case.

It will be recalled that when the Thaw case early in its career took such an extraordinary hold upon the public imagination, District Attorney Jerome characterized it as the "ordinary police court affair." At the end of six months, and after a trial occupying half of that time, it is seen that Mr. Jerome's diagnosis was precisely correct. The case, regarded apart from its *dramatis personæ*, is absolutely without exceptional features. Take out of it the winning beauty of Evelyn Nesbit, the genius and high connections of Stanford White, and the wealth of the Thaw family, and you have nothing more or less than a case in which two *débauchés* quarreled over the possession of an abandoned woman, and in which one of them finally murdered the other. In all the weeks that this case has been before the public, nothing has been developed to raise it above this bald analysis.

The failure of the jury to come to a verdict is simply an illustration of the power which wealth has in this, as in most other countries, to interrupt the processes of justice. Under our system it is permitted that a citizen criminally charged may elaborate defensive proceedings almost indefinitely if he have money to pay the fiddler; and this allowance very naturally puts it in the power of a wealthy criminal to unload upon court procedure such a volume of "evidence," such play of defensive dramatics, as tends to confuse, and, oftentimes, it must be confessed, to confound utterly the simplicity of justice. Lawyers tell us that all this is necessary, and possibly the lawyers believe it to be necessary. Most assuredly they have substantial reasons for so believing. We venture, at this point, to differ radically with the legal profession. There is one law for the rich and for the poor, and there ought to be but one procedure alike for rich and poor. There is no reason in common sense or in morals why a besotted creature like Harry Thaw, simply because his family is vastly rich, should have thrown about his criminal acts a "protection" which the criminal system does not give to any other man of the same presumptive character. The effect of the system, as we have it, tends practically to give us not one law for all, but one law for the rich, another for the poor. Plainly if there is to be equal justice for all, the system should be so reformed as to provide one fixed procedure, in which lavish expenditure can have no part. The system which provides a prosecutor ought as well to prescribe a defender. It should be for the court to determine the number and the cost of witnesses, and the public should pay the bill. In brief, society, which prescribes and pays for the prosecution, should prescribe and pay for the defense. It should not be allowed that lawyers, skilled in the business of evading the law and defeating justice, should be brought into a procedure whose whole aim and purpose is, or ought to be, the promotion of justice.

In the trial which has just come to a futile end, nothing has been shown to mitigate the crime of Harry Thaw. That he shot down his victim, and in malice, was not denied. The effort of the defense aimed on the one hand, by emotional appeal to sentimental sympathies, to mitigate the enormity of this crime and even to laud it as a manly and worthy act of retribution. On the other hand it sought by a skillful shuffle of the cards to gain immunity for Harry Thaw as one mentally, and therefore morally, irresponsible. Both lines of defense broke down completely. It has been easy indeed to despise the character of Stanford White; it has been easy to feel that the shameful death which came to him was within his deserts; it has been easy to grieve for the wrongs of a young girl sold into infamy by a heartless mother, and dragged through the mire by a heartless *débauché*. But these things had nothing to do with the criminal responsibility of Harry Thaw, who, it may be remarked in passing, had his own foul share in the prostitution of this much wronged creature. Society can not give license to men like Thaw and White to kill each other, even though it be admitted that neither be fit to live. Too often, in cases like this, the tremendous appeal which the defense is permitted to make to human sympathies, vitiates the

day and gives acquittal to even such a criminal as Harry Thaw. That it has failed to do so in the present case is a circumstance immensely creditable to the common sense of an American jury and immensely fortunate for that popular respect for the law which is always deeply wounded when a rich criminal is enabled by costly elaboration of defensive procedure to buy immunity.

The attempt made by the defense to justify the murder of Sanford White by Harry Thaw under the "unwritten law" has met the rebuke it deserved. There is indeed an unwritten law, and it is a law as fixed in the respect of men, as well endowed at the point of vital authority, as any written code. It gives to the self-respecting, decent husband or father of a self-respecting and decent woman the right to shoot down the betrayer of his home as he would a wild beast. All men respect the unwritten law; no right thinking man questions its authority. But this law does not relate to a tenderloin rounder like Harry Thaw, or to a young woman who has lived the life that Evelyn Thaw lived—whose favorite haunts are "Rector's" in New York or the "Dead Rat" in Paris. To come within the jurisdiction of the unwritten law there must be character and moral justice on behalf of him who appeals to it; there must be a record of womanly honor back of her in whose vengeance it is invoked. There is indeed an unwritten law for the defense of men of real honor and for the protection of womanly virtue; but there is no unwritten law for the rich *debauché*, or for the woman whose frailties have made her name a by-word in the midnight life of down-town New York.

The Value of "Expert" Testimony.

The medical expert, the insanity specialist, the nervous practitioner, by whatever name he may prefer to be called, has come very much to the front during the futile proceedings in the Thaw trial. He is a part of the recognized machinery for bamboozling a jury. Expert medical testimony can be purchased in any quantity and for any purpose. It seems, in fact, to be a matter of pride with these gentlemen never to agree with one another upon any conceivable point. In this instance, the jury was unusually intelligent, inasmuch as it contemptuously brushed aside all the fine spun theories about brainstorms and the like, at which the whole country has been laughing. The insanity expert has long since been discredited by everybody who knows what his special knowledge really amounts to, which is very little indeed, but no doubt he will be inflicted upon juries in the future as in the past, in the hope of impressing the twelve good men and true with what is nothing more nor less than an illicit form of special pleading.

In this instance the expert evidence was sometimes peculiarly flagrant. What, for instance, are we to think of Dr. Wiley, who is reported as admitting on cross-examination that he did not know the nature of the Romberg test, that he did not know whether the cardiac nerve connects with the cerebellum, nor where the pneumogastric nerve joins the spinal column, nor where the dorsal region is situated, nor whether the pneumogastric and the cardiac nerves are one and the same thing. The only two books that he had ever read on nervous diseases he had perused immediately before the trial, and he could not remember a single thing that either of these authors had written. And this man, who does not seem to have possessed the ordinary medical knowledge of a first-term medical student, is introduced to the jury as an expert in a matter of life and death, and would no doubt have counted as such but for the cross-examination of Mr. Jerome, who apparently had learned overnight more physiology than the expert had ever heard of. The insanity specialist was a farce, as he usually is, but no doubt he will continue yet a while to find a good market for his wares and to be well drilled by learned counsel as to the points that he is expected to prove.

Even where the expert witness is conscientious and has real knowledge, it is easy to give an exaggerated value to his evidence. The man who knows one thing supremely well is apt to have a rather less than average knowledge of everything else, and to allow his specialty to assume a disproportionate proportion out of all relation to the surrounding landscape. The hairdresser who is given *carte*

blanche to work his will is certain to turn out his victim oiled and perfumed and brushed like a bartender on a holiday. The expert assistant in the shoe store is incapable of tying a shoe without inflicting a martyrdom upon the wearer, and no optician ever yet failed to find a visual defect that needed a skilled remedy. So it is all down the line. The zeal of the expert must be discounted and balanced by the sane common sense of the man who is not an expert. The departments of modern life are so interwoven that it is impossible to place any of them in water-tight compartments, but that is precisely what the expert tries to do. As a result, he produces something grotesque, something that is falsified by all those other things of which he has taken no notice because they were outside his sphere. The insanity expert has his uses and will continue to have them if he is not worked too hard and paid too much, but in the present proceedings and in many others he has come perilously near the region of farce.

The Psychology of Slumming.

It is possible that the Rev. W. Howard Mears, of New York, found recently in a den of the lowest type in New York City, was merely "slumming," that in truth he was, as he declared, looking up material for a sermon. There is a type of moral teacher who, possibly in good faith, pursues this method of moral research, but it is a method so questionable at the point of intent, so subject to abuse—so contemptible, to put it plainly—that we think the Bishop of New York has done well to discredit Mr. Mears's pretensions and dismiss him from his clerical functions. Your slumming clergyman is a good deal like your muck-raking moralist: he is more than likely to be a charlatan and a quack at the beginning, and if not a charlatan and a quack at the beginning, he is sure to become one if he plays the game long enough. There is classic counsel against familiarity with things vicious. The steps from toleration to sympathy, and from sympathy to acceptance, are as easy today as they were when Pope wrote:

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The preacher who seeks moral inspiration in dens of vice, the civic purist who chases reform with a muck rake, are alike on the wrong track. Moral inspiration is found, not in bad things, but in good. The preacher who would point to better things and lead the way, needs to cleanse and sweeten his mind and character by wholesome thoughts and refined associations. He will do better to point upward and lead upward, than to carry his hearers through disgusting recitals of things horrible. Likewise the civic reformer will in most cases accomplish more by seeking to make things better, than by expending his energies in showing how bad things are.

The man—or the woman—whose bent of mind leads to personal inspection and close-range dissection of moral abominations, merely for the sake of the mental stimulus involved in it, has commonly in his or her make-up some predisposition of sympathy and affinity with forbidden things. Whole-some minded men and women may indeed visit the slums on errands of charity and mercy, but assuredly they do not go there for moral inspiration.

Statehood Projects.

Los Angeles's scheme to cut off the southern counties of California and make them into a separate State has prompted a movement of the same kind in the northwest. The proposal there is to make a new State out of eastern Washington, northern Idaho, and part of eastern Oregon, this project being supported by an interesting array of arguments based on geography, similarity of country and of interests, etc. The real motive of this proposition, however, like that for a State in Southern California, rests upon the desire of an ambitious city to be the metropolis of a State. As Los Angeles wishes to be a capital, so does Spokane. The chief, if not the whole motive, is one of municipal ambition. The *Argonaut* has already spoken its mind with respect to the Los Angeles project. If the people of the South really prefer to go it alone we would willingly let them do it.

We can see, too, some advantage for the Pacific Coast at the point of representation in the national Senate. But regarding the matter practically, we fail to see how the thing can be done, either in California or in the north, since the legal requirements are practically insurmountable. "New States," says the national constitution, "may be admitted by Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the legislatures of the States concerned as well as of Congress."

This would seem to be prohibitory, especially in view of the fact that "consent" in a legal sense calls for a two-thirds vote, both of Congress and of the Legislature. In view of the practical difficulties of the case, we believe the State separatists, both of California and of the north, would better conserve their energies and try to find ways of living together, rather than finding motives for pulling apart. Only one State (Virginia) has ever been dismembered, and it took a civil war to do that. The price is rather more than the people of California or of the northwest are willing to pay even to promote the ambitions of two goodly and aspiring cities.

SPRING LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tunes of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contain the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy toned paper and will consist of 32 pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.

When the à la carte restaurant, Turkish bath, elevators, and gymnasium were added to steamships as seagoing luxuries, it was thought that the limit had been reached. But the Atlantic Transport line, whose steamers ply between New York and London, has announced the latest new thing for the ocean-going public. It is a sea-going flat. It will differ from the suite in that it will have a private hall, a person who will really be the janitor, and "all the comforts of home." Workmen are constructing the new apartments on the steamer *Minnetonka*. There will be two flats on each liner, one on the port and one on the starboard side. They will be built forward on the upper promenade deck in the space now occupied by the officers' quarters. The plans for the flats show they will be thirty feet long. The parlor will have a width of fifteen feet. The hall will extend from the front door to the parlor entrance, and on one side of the hall, with windows looking out on the deck, will be two bedrooms. On the opposite side will be the bathroom and clothes closet. The temporary tenant's name will be on the front door, and a bell will announce callers. Of course, it is not expected that the tenant will cook in his flat, but even that is not an impossibility, for each apartment will be furnished with an electric heater on which the baby's milk can be heated or toast made.

The most successful book canvasser in the United States is a woman. She is a Russian, and came over here ten years ago, unable to read or write English. Now she is earning \$50,000 a year selling "special limited editions" for a Philadelphia house. This woman thinks it nothing to sell a set of books for \$10,000, of which she receives 40 per cent. The books, of course, are supposed to be bound in covers of special design, the paper, printing, and illustrations are of the finest, and the edition is said to be limited. The woman sells the books mostly to wealthy women. She drives up to their homes in a magnificent carriage, attended by a footman in livery. She never fails to impress the prospective customer with her refinement, and frequently poses as a Russian countess. There is hardly a society woman in the country who has not purchased a set of books from this woman.

The *Wall Street Journal* estimates that there must be fully 10,000,000 persons in the United States, representing a population of 50,000,000, who have property interests that would turn them against Socialism. There are 318,736 stockholders in national banks, about 300,000 in other banks, 327,000 in railroads, about 500,000 in industrial corporations, 5,739,657 owners of farms, 500,000 manufacturers, 42,000 wholesale merchants, 73,000 bankers and brokers and 7,696,229 savings-bank depositors, or a total of 15,496,621. Deducting 5,000,000 for duplications, there remain more than 10,000,000 persons who, in the opinion of the *Wall Street Journal*, would naturally be opposed to interference with the rights of private property. Assuming that each of these represents a family, the *Journal* can count a certain population of 50,000,000 against Socialism.

THE MORAL WAVE IN FRANCE.

Clemenceau Makes Another Move for Public Virtue.

The *boulevardiers* are saying that M. Clemenceau has been born out of date and that the eminent statesman should have flourished two hundred years ago, when the proprieties of life still had some meaning, rather than at a time when naughtiness is the only fashionable pleasure. M. Clemenceau has now decreed that the café concert is to go the way of the casinos and must be forthwith abolished and suppressed, and the wail of indignation from proprietors and lessees is only equalled by the consternation of the patrons. It was a long time before either would believe that the minister was in earnest and that the all-comprehensive circular to the prefects was to be taken at its face value. When at last there was no room for doubt, the storm of protest broke out in every part of the country. The managers of the cafés concerts saw ruin staring them in the face, and they said so. But the prefects placed their own value upon the threatened catastrophe, and even regarded it with equanimity. The order was precise and it would be enforced. There was no possible latitude to a decree that said explicitly that all cafés concerts in France must be at once abolished, and if the ultimatum was accompanied with expressive and deprecatory shrugs, it was none the less conclusive.

The café concert is peculiarly associated with France, although it is, of course, to be found with an even more brazen effrontery in Belgium and in other parts of Europe. In France it was one of the features of the country, something that must be visited at all costs, even by good Americans whose reputations would be irretrievably ruined by much less serious escapades at home. There are, of course, respectable cafés concerts in France, but it must be admitted that these were not so much sought after by the traveling visitor as those that were supposed to be more peculiarly typical of French laxities. France is not, of course, more immoral than other civilized countries, but vice need only be clothed in a slightly unusual garb to be eagerly sought after by those who see in a novel exterior something peculiarly indigenous to a foreign soil. And so the good American is accustomed to have his fling in the French cafés and to persuade himself that, because he carries a voluminous notebook, he is but studying the manners and customs of a foreign people. It is a comfortable delusion and one that is conducive to illicit pleasures.

The auditorium—if one may use a word so dignified—of the ordinary café concert is usually well supplied with small tables at which liquid refreshments are industriously served and extravagantly charged for. There is ordinarily no admission fee, and the proprietor must look for his profits from the sale of liquids and also from the singers, from whom he extracts a proportion of their earnings. A small and gaudy stage occupies one end of the room, and from this stage a succession of performers do their "stunts."

After every turn the performer comes down among the audience and uses her blandishments to extract from them such coins as they may be disposed to give her by way of gratuity. A turn lasts only a few minutes, and the demands upon the patrons are therefore almost continuous. Among the liberally inclined it is the custom to keep for such purposes a handful of the miserable little copper coins, of which a pocketful would hardly buy a decent cigar, and these are doled out, a few at a time, to the often pretty mendicants. It is a miserable trade, and if 20 cents are thus earned in a night time it is "good business." Of course, the girls can not live upon such a pittance, and so board and lodging is usually included in the agreement, living rooms being provided somewhere upstairs. It is a sordid picture, in spite of its tinsel and illumination and painted artificial joyousness. The girl whose performance or whose appearance appeals to the popular taste is, of course, asked to drink, and she is ready enough to do so, as that is all part of the business. The other ways of augmenting a beggarly pay are too pitifully obvious to require indication and will need the tears of many interceding saints before their stain is obliterated. The whole thing would be bad enough in all conscience if it were only a song and a collection, but it actually means so much more that can not be palliated or denied. There are girls of all nationalities upon these café stages. They sing their own songs and are, of course, rewarded by their compatriots among the audience. American and English girls are often to be found there. They remain so long as they are well received, and when their popularity wanes, when the applause, and, consequently, the collections, are on the ebb, they move on to some other city until the inevitable end overwhelms them.

The evil has long been recognized by the best elements in French society. André Ibels, the well-known author, has been agitating the question for these many years, and M. Clemenceau's general attitude toward reform showed him his opportunity. He entered into communication with him, showed him what the cafés were actually doing and the extent to which they were becoming associated with the national name, and the present drastic circular of suppression is the result.

How the order will be received by the people at large remains to be seen. So far they have not shown any vivid desire to champion the cause of the café, although the *boulevardier* has his customary shrug for whatever savors of decency and clean living. No doubt some small hardship will be inflicted upon the so-called artists who will thus be deprived of a very unsavory living. But the sooner this is done the better, even in their own interests, and the effort upon the part of the proprietors to work up a public protest of sympathy for their employees has

been received so far with apathy. The order will also be resented by those few cafés that have been managed in a respectable way, and there are some such, but this is one of the unavoidable concomitants of our modern systems that can not always discriminate between the many who are guilty and the few who are innocent. However that may be, it is well-nigh certain that the café concert will soon be a thing of the past in France, and regrets at its disappearance will not be very deep. The moral wave of which we have been hearing so much is a real thing in France, and M. Clemenceau is well qualified by inclination to give it force and direction. ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, April 5, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and field I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for previous chances passed away.
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind, and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with the dead,
But never blind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aglath?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell.
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell.
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Walter Malone.

Paul Revere's Ride.

Listen, my children, and you shall bear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church Tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflections in the tide.
Dotted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still,
And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington,
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with spectral glare
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town;
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown,
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Britain's moist climate makes British linen the finest of all. Moisture is needed to spin fine thread.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Representative James Hay, of Virginia, speaking of the suggestion of John Temple Graves that the Southern Democrats should nominate President Roosevelt for a third term, said that such a proposal was "ridiculous and absurd."

Secretary Taft, in a statement addressed to Governor Magoon, of Cuba, said that while the United States government adhered to its resolution to confer independence upon Cuba, the time was not yet ripe to announce a definite date. Nor was it possible to make final arrangements for holding an election.

Senator Carmack, who is rather given to telling characterizations of his colleagues, said of Senator Spooner's change of front on the Philippine policy that the Senator from Wisconsin "had endured the annexation of Hawaii, pitied the taking over of the Philippines and embraced the seizure of Panama."

William Jennings Bryan, speaking before the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts, said: "If I may venture a prediction, I would say that in the fight that is coming the Democratic party will be looked upon as the protector of the small investor against the sharks that have obtained power in Wall Street."

Robert Bacon, assistant Secretary of State, is the only assistant secretary who has been called into the White House conferences on the railroad question. Doubtless he owes this distinction to the fact that for a number of years he was a partner of J. Pierpont Morgan and thus became familiar with railroad finance and the principles of railroad management.

Ex-Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin says that he is glad to get out of politics. "It is curious but true," he remarked a few days ago, "that I never really cared for the game—in fact, rather disliked it. Now I am going to practice law because I like it. Without law we would have no society; without society we would have no government. Law is a great science."

The *Wall Street Journal* says: "Too much importance can not be attached to the interview between J. Pierpont Morgan and President Roosevelt. It is, of course, absurd to say that as a result of this interview either Mr. Morgan will surrender his independence or that President Roosevelt will reverse the great policy of government regulation with which his name is identified."

Congressman Nicholas Longworth, speaking at Cincinnati, declared himself in favor of the nomination of Secretary Taft for President, because he believes that "no man so thoroughly typifies in the eyes of the American people the spirit of the Roosevelt administration." Longworth said: "The whole question involved is whether the Republicans of Ohio will indorse him for the Presidency."

Speaking to newspaper men at Washington, the President said that Secretary Taft would go to Ohio and explain the features of his candidacy for Presidency. He said he was not in favor of the Secretary going to Alaska or the Philippines this year, that the Ohio situation was far more important and that from now on Secretary Taft would have to devote himself to gaining the Presidential nomination.

At the Bryan anniversary club dinner, held in Chattanooga (Tenn.), John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, in the course of an address, asked William J. Bryan to present the name of Theodore Roosevelt to the next Democratic national convention as the party's candidate for President. Bryan, in reply, said that according to present conditions he should not present Roosevelt's name to the convention. "Bear in mind," Bryan added, "I say, as at present advised."

Jefferson Davis, the new Senator from Arkansas, Democrat, probably will encroach upon Mr. Tillman's title to being picturesque and a stirrer-up of trouble. He is endeared to all the backwoods dwellers in his State. He is noted for being a platform speaker, who weeps, wails, and gnashes his teeth. He has promised to make things lively in the Senate. He was born in Little River County, Arkansas, June 27, 1862, was graduated from the Law Department of Vanderbilt University in 1884, admitted to the bar in 1884; and Attorney-General of Arkansas, 1898; Governor of Arkansas since 1900.

A dispatch from Jackson, Miss., says: "The negroes of Mississippi and Louisiana are preparing to do something for Senator Foraker, of Ohio, in the way of delegates to the national convention. A number of prominent negro politicians have been talked with in the last few days, and most all of them seem to be for the Ohio Senator for the Presidency. While none of those talked to will acknowledge that there is any concentrated effort among the negroes of the United States to boom Foraker, letters are being sent from the North by well-known negro politicians asking that the negroes of the South support Foraker."

The mock combats between Mr. Tillman and Mr. Spooner for a long time were the set fares of the Senate. The rude South Carolinian has been made to feel the waspish sting of the Wisconsin man's tongue so many times that he has come to have a respect, not unminged with terror, for his opponent. During the Brownsville debate Mr. Spooner and Mr. Tillman exchanged heated personalities. The Senate went into secret session on that occasion to administer a sharp rebuke to Tillman. A day or two later Mr. Spooner and Mr. Tillman were parading around the chamber together arm in arm, laughing and chatting as though nothing unpleasant had ever happened. On one occasion last winter Mr. Tillman peremptorily ordered Mr. Spooner to "sit down." Mr. Spooner refused that Mr. Tillman was a "rude man."

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Being a Tragedy of Errors at a Western Army Post.

The first error was a distinctly human one, feminine, particularly—that of not being satisfied with a good thing and letting well enough alone. "well enough" being in this case a first lieutenant of more than ordinary attractions. There are very few women who are satisfied when only one man is the captive of their charms; they prefer a dozen *soupirants* to one, even if they are themselves enamored of the one. The name of the gallant soldier whose good fortune it was to have obtained for his promised own the winsome daughter of Captain Foster, was Appleton, his fortune was his own good sabre, and his pay, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; his character, the full ideal of an officer and a gentleman; as for his appearance, it was all that even Miss Foster, who might have had the pick of some seven or eight others, could desire. The only excuse to be found for the first error is that Miss Foster was very young, rather spoiled, and not in the habit of being denied anything upon which she set her rather uncertain little heart. Therefore, when a very stubborn second lieutenant by the name of Saxe let her distinctly see that he was not to be captivated by charms that had allured every one else, she determined that his pride should be humbled in the dust, even in the alkali dust of the plains. That was the said first error. What she should have done, as seen in the light of future events, was to have been happy in the complete possession of such a man as Appleton, and have let all others drift with their own particular current of life. But then—she was just eighteen, and the regiment had made much of her.

Now Appleton was not a jealous man; even if he had been, it is doubtful if he would have suspected what was going on in the mind of his pretty sweetheart, for she was something of a flirt and quite able to have two strings to her bow. She certainly gave all the time that he had any right to claim to Appleton, even more, perhaps, and impressed him with the idea that he was the sun of her universe, which, indeed, was the case, only there were also a large number of more or less bright moons and small stars which competed with his glory. For Kitty was not untruthful in the least. She was in love with Appleton, and if she had not been, would never have made him think so; the trouble was that she was just a little in love, as well, with a goodly number of others. And how could she have helped it? They were all so awfully nice to her, and seemed so fond of her. All except Saxe. He did not appear to care in the least, and was devoted to no one and nothing except his commanding officer and his troop. Miss Foster was piqued and meant to "get even." Which was quite right, according to her lights.

The second error was unconscious. The commanding officer committed it when he sent Appleton off on a month's special duty, and thereby left Kitty like a kite without a string, very likely to plunge out of its proper course and land on some unexpected obstruction. Kitty cried a little and was dreadfully sorry when Appleton left; she watched the ambulance with tearful eyes, until it was almost out of sight; but as soon as it began to grow smaller, she turned about, as it would be bad luck to look until the last. Her eyes were very dewy and were exactly the kind that look well in that state. When she wheeled around, she came almost face to face with Saxe, and only raised her lashes long enough to give him a glance of such delightfully bewitching sorrow, that any other man would have tried to console her then and there, and ran as fast as she could into the house. Saxe went on his way with a new admiration for Kitty, whom he had always considered a very heartless child. He was glad to see that she was capable of loving some one to the extent of crying over his departure. He did not wish he were the lucky man, however; that stage was yet to come.

The third error was very serious, and it was the usually unerring Saxe who committed it. He deluded himself with the fallacy that fire will not burn if you put on the asbestos gloves of indifference when you handle it. He felt sorry for poor, bereaved little Kitty and conceived it to be his duty to go over and console her. If it had been a disagreeable duty he would not have shunned it, but it was not a disagreeable duty. In the moonlight before tattoo, he went to sympathize with Miss Foster. That was the error. When he left he was glad that he had listened to the promptings of conscience, it had seemed to do the girl so much good. She was really a far more earnest and womanly little person than he had supposed, not as shallow as one would imagine. She was bearing up against her troubles bravely, and he admired her for it. After he had left, Kitty went up to her room and sat in her window looking out upon the parade-ground, and smiled and counted one point, very much as if she had been playing whist. She did not forget Appleton; she cried again when she went to bed, and took his picture to put under her pillow and lay awake for a half-hour thinking about him, but when she dropped off to sleep, it was with a distinct under-consciousness of triumph instead of loss.

She went at her part in perfect cold blood and played it well. With a weary and listless air, she went out on the porch and sat on the steps, with her chin in her hand and a pensive look that was not unbecoming. The bait caught the fish. Saxe had not come past with the intention of being again a consoler of distressed beauty, but—well, he stopped, just for a moment, and spent the morning with Kitty in sweet and low converse. She grew a little more cheerful at about the third hour, but not to an unseemly degree. Of course she had not the bad taste to mourn the loss of one man to the very face of another; it was only in her manner that her sorrows were observable. She had a book of books, and chapel, and sewing, was very domestic

in a mild way, and never became so interested in her game as to forget her lines. It was a master-stroke for her to decline Saxe's invitation to go to the hop with him that night, and she realized it. At twelve o'clock she excused herself to write a letter to catch the afternoon stage, and the man went away with the firm conviction that here was at least one faithful woman. He thought Appleton a lucky dog, but went no further.

As for Kitty's letter, it was quite a model of frankness, so far as the telling of facts was concerned. A woman can write a letter or tell a story, all the truth, in which no fact or phrase may be omitted, but with the position of a word, or the changing of a punctuation mark, or even with telling the whole thing too openly, she can convey an impression very different from the real matter; nor does she count this as dishonesty, either. Kitty was not given to analyzing her sentiments aloud, she considered it destructive of the feminine charm of inconsequence. Nothing had happened that Appleton was not made acquainted with, and yet he was entirely ignorant of all he should have known. Saxe persisted in his error, making it many-fold, and in time Miss Foster came to the conclusion that the mantle of sorrow was threadbare and would soon become transparent, so she threw it away altogether. Saxe asked her to go to the next fortnightly hop, but she told him, with only a due amount of regret in her tones, that he had been forestalled. It could not possibly have been jealousy which made Saxe gloomy for the rest of the day, but Kitty was pleased to put that construction upon it, and chuckled.

One day she told him that he was very like Appleton in appearance. "Do you know, if it were a dark night, I couldn't tell you apart," she said, and Saxe was undecided whether to be charmed with the comparison or otherwise.

But he seemed to go just so far and no further. Kitty could not understand this, and was restive. She began to fear it was becoming a sort of Platonic friendship, and that was a thing she scorned, being convinced that only strong-minded and unattractive women could indulge in them. As the time of Appleton's return drew near, she strained every nerve—without apparent anxiety, however—to make Saxe commit himself. He would not, and she marveled. It was quite beyond her conception of human motives that one man should be so loyal to another as to hesitate to make love to a friend's promised wife. She feared that she was losing his allegiance, and in her fear took several false steps. In fact, she began making love to Saxe when Saxe would not make love to her. Under ordinary circumstances he would have drawn off at this, but he was past seeing any fault in the girl whom he had censured so severely once. It was quite too soon for Kitty that Appleton came back, but she did not let him guess this from her manner.

Now the fourth error was one which seemed to have no direct connection with the matter. It was the digging of a post-hole in the wrong place. And the fifth error was again Miss Foster's. Of the three dances which she gave to Saxe, she sat out two in a corner, half hidden by a garrison flag. Either a woman thinks a man a very bad dancer or else she has an object in view when she sits out a dance with him. Kitty had an object in view. There were just two chances for her to accomplish that object, and she set herself to the task with a will. Her tactics were admirable. First she leaned back with a dejected and wistful air, answering only in monosyllables. Saxe asked her what her trouble might be, and she shook her head with a sigh; he insisted upon knowing, and at last she threw aside all restraint, and complained that being engaged was not all pleasant, "one can not see enough of the—people—one likes." The hesitation said what her words did not. Saxe suggested that if one were really in love, there should not be any other person worth seeing. Kitty's "Yes" was dubious.

"Aren't you in love, Kitty?" he asked. He had never called her by that name before.

Another uncertain "Yes."

"Besides, I can't see that you are under any restraint."

"You don't know."

"It seems to me that Appleton gives you a great deal of freedom."

"Oh, he tells me I may do as I like; he means to be generous, but—I don't know. Now, for instance, I told him I wanted to walk back from the hop with you. You hadn't asked me, but I meant to ask you. He looked hurt, and said something about his having only just come home. He gave me permission, however, of course."

"Then may I take you back?" Saxe was beside himself.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"I fancy I understand; you don't want to hurt him."

"Yes."

"But if he didn't know?"

"How could it be helped?"

"I'm officer of the day, tonight." Then he stopped himself.

"Well?"

"That's all."

"What had that to do with the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Yes it had," and Kitty raised her dark blue eyes to his with more in their passionate look than a hundred words could have said.

Saxe forgot his determination and plunged on. "May I meet you at one o'clock, then, after I've visited the guard?" Kitty nodded and hung her head. "But this is not fair to Appleton. If we are to do this, you must end everything with him and marry me. Will you?" A long pause; Kitty seemed to be thinking. The waltz was nearly ended; yes, the last notes were wailing now—if she could put off the answer for a moment! "Will you?" insisted

Saxe. Another pause. Appleton was making his way toward them; he did not like the look of things. "Kitty, will you?" repeated Saxe.

"I must think," she answered. "I'll tell you at one o'clock." The smile she gave him as she muttered this below her breath was assurance enough. Both were victoriously happy. Kitty told Appleton that she feared Saxe was badly in love with her, and chatted on so happily that he regained his wavering faith.

Kitty went home and waited until one o'clock. She planned her revenge with delight. Saxe should be thrown over so calmly that his stiff pride would never recover. He could not resent it, it was he who had been treacherous, not she. At one o'clock she threw a shawl over her light gown and crept down-stairs. She was badly frightened, a little inclined to turn back. Things were assuming a serious aspect. If she should be caught, it would be bad. Outside, she waited in the corner of the house and heard approaching footsteps and the clanking of the sabre of the officer of the day. His figure loomed up out of the darkness quite close to her; he hesitated and looked up at her window; then, as his glance fell, he seemed to see the muffled figure in the corner. He strode toward it.

"Harry," she whispered.

A pause. "Yes," was answered, also in a whisper. He came to her, and took her in his arms, without a word. He was too uncertain to speak.

Kitty whispered again. "I thought you mightn't come, after all."

"But I did."

"Yes," Kitty, with her head resting on his shoulder, waited for him to ask for his answer, but he said nothing. This was awkward, she could not begin herself. "You look enough like Fred, in the dark, to be his brother."

"Yes?"

"If your voice were not so unlike his I should say it was he."

"Really?"

"Good gracious! can't you say anything except in monosyllables?"

"What is there to say?"

Kitty was desperate; what could he mean? Again she forgot herself and reversed the order of things.

"You might kiss me, at least, I think."

"Shall I?"

"Shall you? What a question," and she turned up her face to him.

"And now I must go, Kitty, dear. Oh, Kitty, Kitty," he whispered, huskily.

She drew back. "Why, what is the matter?" But he was walking away. "Don't you want your answer?" she ran after him saying.

"Not now; not tonight."

She turned and crept into the house. Then she knew what she had done. Chilled by the night air and trembling with fright, she stood in the middle of the floor and looked straight ahead, seeing all her mistake and the shamefulness of it as she had not before. To accomplish a revenge, she had come to this; she had thrown herself into a man's arms almost unasked. And the man had acted curiously. Small wonder. She sank upon the floor and sat for hours with her head hanging down. Then she undressed and went to bed, but lay awake until morning. She thought of Appleton now, and how she had betrayed him, and she loved him more than ever she had before. It was a hard struggle between shame and inborn frankness; but she determined at last to tell him the truth in the morning and let him do as he liked, throw her over, if he wished; but then he would not, she was sure of that. Only her old rôle of dispenser of favors and privileges would be ended; it would be he who would play the magnanimous henceforth. If only she could have back the crimson rose she had pinned on Saxe's coat. If he were to wear it the next day, Appleton would recognize it as one of the bunch he had given her, and remember that he had told her that red roses meant love. She worried and marveled that she should have rushed headlong into such disgrace. She was one of those women whose tears come easily, but she had been too frightened and ashamed to cry; at last, at reveille, she sobbed away her griefs and slept.

After guard-mounting she went into the garden with a scarlet face. She saw Appleton coming up the walk, and paled with fear of what she had to tell him. She dropped her eyes and fingered a flower nervously until he stood beside her. "Oh, good morning, Fred," she said, cheerily.

"Good morning, Kitty."

A silence; Kitty bit her lip and pulled at the flower. "Well, why don't you say something?" she inquired, petulantly.

"I've nothing much to say."

She glanced up and saw a red rose pinned to his coat—a crushed and wilted red rose. She caught hold of his arm to steady herself. He let her hand lie on his sleeve.

"I only came to ask if you had any message for Saxe. He fell into a post-hole, that was in the wrong place, just as he was starting to visit the guard. The fall broke his leg, and I took his sword to make the rounds for him. He seems to be dreadfully worried about something as I left; but I didn't understand at the time. I do now. So do you, I fancy. Shall I give him the rose that was meant for him, or do you want it back?" He unpinned it and handed it to her.

She took it and crushed the petals until a red stain trickled between her fingers.

Appleton watched her and lingered for a while. "Have you any message? I think he expects one. You have none? No—you must not say you hate him; and you must not try to explain. That is all, Kitty. Pretty, faithless little Kitty. Good-bye, and it is good-bye for always, too."

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

LORD CROMER'S RESIGNATION.

A Glance at Egyptian History Since the British Occupation.

The announcement that Lord Cromer is about to quit his post as Great Britain's plenipotentiary on the Nile has come as a surprise to nobody who knows the arduous and harassing nature of his duties in Egypt during the past few years and the extent to which they have depleted his energies. Lord Cromer himself says that he is thoroughly worn out and unable to support any longer the excessive strain which his work involves. He has been at the head of Egyptian affairs practically ever since the occupation, and he has seen the country evolve from misgovernment and chaos into order and comparative security. He now retires with the consciousness of public appreciation for the work that he has done for the country and for the cause of civilization.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart, writing in the *Argonaut* of May 1, 1905, admirably summarizes England's work in Egypt, and some salient portions of that summary are here reproduced:

On my first visit to this country, I was more interested in its ancient history and ancient ruins than in more modern things. On subsequent visits the life in Cairo, the amusements of foreigners and Egyptians, the voyagers on the Nile, the irrigation systems, ancient and modern, the gigantic dams or "barrages"—these things engrossed my mind.

It is only on this visit, when our stay has been much longer than before, that my attention has turned on the English occupation of Egypt. I have learned what I could by reading, by conversation, and by observation. I have thus been led to conclusions differing from the vague and general impressions I had held before.

These impressions I shared with most Americans and many Englishmen—to wit: that England's occupation of Egypt has been a long-considered and deliberate plan; that from the first England had the settled end of permanently occupying the country and of making it an imperial colony.

I have now come to the conclusion that this belief is an erroneous one, and that it has no foundation in fact. The further conclusion is forced upon me that the British occupation of Egypt has been entirely undesigned; that it has been largely the result of accident; that it has been against the wish of successive British cabinets; that it has not been the desire of the British people, and that the British occupation today is almost entirely the result of chance rather than of design.

Let me summarize briefly the curious chain of circumstances which led the British government unwillingly to follow the path of occupation and conquest. Omitting the long story of the promoting of the Suez Canal; of Khedive Ismail's magnificent and Micawber-like financiering; of the touching confidence with which the usurers of Europe hastened to lend money at high interest on low security; of the floating of loan after loan by the Egyptian government; of the final fears of the European usurers as to the security of their loans; of the tightening of their nets around the Khedive; of his struggle against impending bankruptcy; of the danger of Egypt repudiating her bonds; of his forced loans from bankers and wealthy tradesmen in Egypt; of the desperate straits which forced him to offer his Suez Canal shares to England; of the quick decision of Lord Beaconsfield to borrow £4,000,000 from Rothschild; of the sagacity which led that financier to lend it on an hour's notice to the minister on no security except his word; of this canal purchase, leading the financial world to believe that Great Britain was about to finance Egypt; of the Khedive's request for an English financial adviser; of the sending of Mr. Cave, a member of the ministry, on a mission of financial investigation to Egypt—these were the simple yet fateful circumstances which first led Great Britain into the Egyptian tangle.

Shortly after this time Ismail attempted to consolidate the vast Egyptian debt, bonded and floating, into a single seven per cent loan. English bondholders opposed this scheme; French bondholders were in favor of it. The Khedive requested France, Italy, Austria, and England to nominate commissioners of the public debt. England refused.

I will not go further into this complicated subject, and only mention it to show that this financial arrangement forced Great Britain and France to rule Egypt comprehensively and in detail. How comprehensively, may be understood if we were to imagine some foreign power ruling the United States so absolutely as to take in every dollar paid for taxes, customs dues, railway charges, and telegraph tolls. Here again, as will be seen, this was forced upon Great Britain. Her reluctance to enter on the task was shown by the fact that the two Anglo-French controllers at once appointed a commission of the public debt to share their functions, which commissioners were nominated by England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy.

Following this, various intrigues resulted in the making of Araby assistant secretary of war. He then led a movement called "Egypt for the Egyptians." The end sought was the expulsion of foreigners. He availed himself of his power to have some fifty officers of the Egyptian army arrested on the charge of a conspiracy to assassinate him. He had them all deported.

The rumors as to threatened attacks on Christians, and the open encouragement of these attacks by Araby and his co-conspirators, impelled the English and the French

consuls-general to demand the resignation of the Araby ministerial clique and the withdrawal of Araby himself from Egypt. The Khedive yielded, and dismissed the Araby clique, but, under fear of their threats, reinstated them the same day. This weakness emboldened the Araby conspirators, and there suddenly broke out in Alexandria a riot which resulted in the brutal murder of some scores of Europeans. While Englishmen were being murdered in the streets of Alexandria, the British naval officers in the harbor there were prevented by their orders from landing forces to defend their countrymen. But the fierce outburst of popular indignation in England when the news reached there forced Mr. Gladstone to give way. He was compelled to consent to armed intervention on Egyptian soil.

Again the stars in their courses conspired to force England to occupy Egypt. The French cabinet believed that Araby's National Egyptian party was much stronger than it proved to be; that its suppression would tax the resources of Great Britain's small army; that at the psychological moment France could intervene between England and Egypt with great profit to herself. So believing, the French government ordered its admiral to abstain from any share with Great Britain in armed intervention. Therefore on the morrow of the Alexandria massacres and on the eve of the fateful bombardment of June, 1881, the French fleet hoisted anchor and sailed from Alexandria, leaving the English admiral alone.

Araby immediately began manning the fortresses of Alexandria. Admiral Seymour ordered the forts to be abandoned and their guns dismantled. This was refused. Thereupon the bombardment began. The subsequent attempts of Araby to cut off Alexandria's water supply forced the British government to land an army to protect British subjects. This was preceded by a protocol, in which Great Britain bound herself "not to seek any territorial advantage in Egypt." Here was another attempt on the part of England to prevent occupation developing into annexation.

Araby now threatened the Suez Canal. England, instead of defending it alone, requested a conference of all the powers to determine how it should be defended. On all the powers refusing, Great Britain proposed to France a joint expedition to protect the Suez Canal. France refused to join. Great Britain then was forced to defend the canal herself, being justified in so doing as being the largest stockholder.

The first military use of the canal was made by Great Britain when she landed a British army at Ismailia. From there the troops advanced on Cairo. Araby's forces first made a stand at Tel-el-Kebir, but were routed. Araby next attempted to hold Cairo, but the British took the city without difficulty. With the surrender of Araby, the national Egyptian movement collapsed.

Two days after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Lord Dufferin was ordered by the British government to inform the Sultan that, as the insurrection was now over, the British government intended to bring about an early withdrawal of the British troops. Considering Mr. Gladstone's strong reluctance to military occupation, there can be no doubt of the good faith of this assurance.

About the time of the Araby mutiny the British government urged the Khedive to abolish slavery in Egypt. Most of the slaves in Egypt came from the Soudan. General Gordon had already attempted to abolish slave-trading there before his first incumbency as governor terminated. At once there appeared in the Soudan a "Mahdi"—a holy man who (the Mohammedans believed) would lead them to victory over the infidels. He proclaimed himself the Messiah, and was at once believed. Gordon's successor as governor attempted to suppress him and his followers, but his military expeditions against the Mahdi were all defeated. The governor demanded 15,000 men from Cairo, saying that if they were not sent he would be forced to evacuate the Soudan. The Khedive requested assistance from the British army then in Egypt. The British government peremptorily refused. They feared being further drawn into permanent occupation of Egyptian territory.

The Egyptian government then sent 10,000 men to the Soudan under the command of Hicks Pasha, an English officer, but no longer in the British army. Hicks Pasha set out against the Mahdi. His army was wiped out. His 10,000 men, with their officers, guns, and ammunition, disappeared utterly from the face of the earth. They have never been heard of again.

It might be thought that the disaster to Hicks Pasha's army would fire Great Britain with a desire to revenge him. Not so. On the contrary, Great Britain refused to help Egypt in the Soudan; announced that the British army of occupation would be reduced to 3000, and removed from Cairo to Alexandria. Further, the British government intimated that Egypt must abandon the idea of retaining the Soudan, and must prepare to withdraw her garrisons. This move was evidently inspired by the idea of avoiding the slightest possibility of Great Britain being entangled in these Egyptian-Soudanese complications.

The Egyptian government, panic-stricken by the British action, at once ordered its garrisons to evacuate the Soudan. This emboldened the Mahdi and his lieutenant, Osman Digna, and they invested the Egyptian garrisons so actively that evacuation was impossible. The Egyptian government sent to the Soudan a military force under another English officer, Valentine Baker, formerly of the British army. Like the army of Hicks Pasha, the army of Baker Pasha was destroyed at the battle of El-Teb.

About this time the British government decided to send General Gordon as envoy to the Soudan, to bring about the evacuation of the Egyptian garrisons. This move was heartily approved by the Egyptian government,

as they hoped that Gordon's mission would ultimately bring about armed intervention by the British government. In this they were right. On the way to Egypt, Gordon changed his mind about acting as the envoy of Great Britain, and telegraphed ahead, suggesting that he should be nominated by the Khedive as governor-general of the Soudan. This was done. Note the result: By this appointment, Gordon ceased to be under the orders of the British government; it gave him a free hand; it resulted in forcing the British government to send a relief force to Khartoum.

It is needless to relate here the various expeditions against the dervishes and the gradual investment by them of Khartoum. The position of Gordon in the beleaguered city excited the sympathies of the British public to such an extent that the Gladstone government was most reluctantly forced to send a British army to rescue him. The attempted relief by this expedition under Lord Wolseley, and the arrival at Khartoum only a few hours after Gordon had been brutally murdered—these facts are fresh in the memory of most men. Gordon's long defense and gallant death made a profound impression in England. The government was forced by public opinion to prepare to send armies both up the Nile and by the Suakin-Berber route to destroy the powers of the Mahdi. The trouble on the Indian frontier with Russia temporarily diverted the public mind, and Mr. Gladstone made haste to take advantage of this to withdraw all British troops from the Soudan.

With the advent of a conservative ministry under Lord Salisbury, a further attempt was made to withdraw the British army from Egypt. A convention was begun with Turkey to replace the British army with a large force of Turkish troops in Egypt. Before these negotiations were finished, there was a change of ministry in Great Britain, but even under the new ministry this convention was concluded, and by its terms England bound herself to withdraw her army of occupation within three years. But the French bondholders became alarmed, and pressure was brought to bear in influencing the Sultan to quash the Anglo-Turkish convention. Again was England baffled in her attempt to withdraw from Egypt.

An insurrection led by the Khalifa, after the death of the Mahdi, again forced the British troops to go south into the Soudan. Today there are forts standing around Assouan which were then erected by the English and Egyptian army. Starting from Wady-Halfa, they made raids which crushed the dervishes under the Khalifa.

That by this time Great Britain considered herself more than an adviser to the Egyptian government was shown when Nubar Pasha, the premier, attempted to transfer the police from British to Egyptian officials. This Lord Salisbury vetoed. The Khedive felt mortified by this rebuff, and Nubar Pasha was forced to resign. With the close of his administration the attempt to govern Egypt by native officials was practically abandoned by Great Britain. This was in 1888.

The last attempt of the Egyptian government to assert its freedom of action was under the present Khedive, Abbas the Second, about ten years ago. A review of troops was held by the Khedive at Wady-Halfa. The troops were commanded by the Sirdar (the title of the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army), who was then Sir Herbert Kitchener. After the review the Khedive expressed his dissatisfaction with the maneuvering. The Sirdar immediately sent in his resignation. Thereupon Lord Cromer, British plenipotentiary, at once informed the Khedive that the censure upon the Sirdar and the British officers under him must be retracted, and the Sirdar induced to withdraw his resignation. This was done. Since that time it may be considered that the Khedive and the Egyptian government are not free agents.

In 1896, General Kitchener headed a British-Egyptian army against the Mahdists, who had again become active after having been unmolested since the defeat of Baker Pasha. In two years' time the dervish armies were driven out of Khartoum, and their capital, Omdurmann, was taken. It was during this campaign that the dreadful slaughter of the dervishes took place, when they were mowed down by the British army's machine-guns. Nearly 11,000 dead dervishes were counted on the field of battle, and 28,000 were found wounded. The casualties of the English and Egyptian troops were 48 killed and 382 wounded. It was after this campaign that Sir Herbert Kitchener was made Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

It was only three days after the capture of Khartoum that General Kitchener learned that Major Marchand had hoisted the French flag at Fashoda, a town on the White Nile, three hundred miles to the south. He at once hastened there and hauled down the French flag, hoisting the Egyptian. This caused great ill-feeling in France, and for a time the friendly relations of England and France were endangered. But the incident served to prove plainly the fact that Great Britain was now in the Soudan to stay.

Since then the Soudan has been ruled jointly under the convention of 1899 by the British and the Egyptian governments. Its governor-general by this convention must be Sirdar of the Egyptian army and a British officer. The Soudan is under military law, and there are no civil tribunals there. This condition of things will endure until the various European powers who have large colonies of their subjects in Soudanese towns demand the erection of international courts and the reception of consular officers.

The Ingersoll Monument Association, of Peoria, Ill., has let the contract for a statue of the great agnostic to Frederick E. Triebel, the sculptor, of New York. The statue will cost \$10,000 and will be of heroic size and represent Ingersoll in a characteristic pose addressing an audience.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Premier Campbell-Bannerman of England is quite the opposite from his predecessor, Balfour, in one thing. The latter said that while he was in office he never read the newspapers. The present prime minister not only reads them but writes for them.

Adlai E. Stevenson, one of the two living Vice-Presidents, puts in most of his time traveling about the country visiting relatives, whose name is legion, particularly in the South. He stays but little at his comfortable but unpretentious home in Bloomington, Ill.

Herbert B. Walker, who began as a messenger boy in the employ of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, has been elected its president. He is only 38 years old, but has been twenty-four years in the company's service, rising steadily through merit to the top.

Mrs. Clara Gottschalk Peterson, of Asbury Park, New Jersey, a sister of the noted pianist and composer, Louis Gottschalk, has presented to New Orleans a splendid marble bust of the great composer as well as one of his most valuable decorations and other priceless mementoes.

Rainsford D. Buckman, of Worcester, Mass., recently appointed a naval adviser to the Sultan of Turkey, is now in command of the fleet which guards the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. His first experience as a sailor was gained on the Great Lakes as a cabin boy. Now, at forty, he is an admiral.

Miss Umi Tsuda, principal of a training school for girls in Tokyo, Japan, is on a visit to this country. Miss Tsuda was educated in America and after graduation returned to her native land, where she became a teacher. Later she established the school of which she is now the head. The institution is modeled on American lines, English being taught in every class.

Princess Clementine of Belgium, King Leopold's youngest and only maiden daughter, owns a remarkable collection of dolls, which was lately put on exhibition at Brussels for the benefit of the Calvary Guild for Poor Tuberculous Patients. It is said to be the most extensive collection of this kind in the world, containing every imaginable kind of doll, ancient and modern.

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman celebrated her one hundred and thirteenth birthday at her home in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, having lived in the administration of every one of the Presidents of the United States. "Aunt Betty," as she is called by her seven children, fifty-five grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren, has been addicted to the tobacco smoking habit for the last ninety years.

The new president of the German Reichstag, Count Udo Von Stolberg-Wernigerode, who is nearly 67 years of age, is a landed proprietor in Silesia and in East Prussia. He has sat in the Reichstag, with two short interruptions, since 1877 as the conservative representative of different rural constituencies in East Prussia. He was severely wounded at the battle of Koniggratz in 1866, and also served in the campaign of 1870, and now holds the rank of major-general. In politics he is a conservative of the straightest sect.

Looking as young as when in the Senate just ten years ago, David Bennett Hill of New York appeared before the United States Supreme Court a few days ago to argue a case. He is as much interested in public affairs as ever, but says he is out of politics for good and declines to be interviewed on the subject. He thinks that the hardest fight he ever went through was to do away with hanging as capital punishment. The struggle lasted six years, but he finally won. Mr. Hill thinks it is a moot question whether capital punishment should be abolished altogether.

Justice John Marshall Harlan, dean of the Supreme Court of the United States, lives on Mount Pleasant, a suburb of Washington. When the weather permits he walks from his residence to the Capitol every morning, a distance of fully four miles. He swings along with a stride denoting excellent health, and strength, and should encounter the two most illustrious pedestrians in Washington—the president and the new British ambassador

—and either should attempt to set the pace, the veteran juriconsult would show them a thing or two about walking.

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, who is soon to be relieved of the command of the Division of the Pacific and at his own request take station at Milwaukee, is one of the very few survivors of the Civil War now holding commissions in the army. General MacArthur fought his way up from the ranks in a Wisconsin regiment, and has seen as much hard fighting and other actual service of the soldier as perhaps any other living American. By the army he is generally regarded as one of the most accomplished and scholarly soldiers in the world. He will not retire under the age limit until 1909. It is recalled that when "Tecumseh" Sherman held the highest rank in the army, as is now the case with General MacArthur, he refused to live in Washington because he did not like the system of the War Department and made his residence in St. Louis.

RECENT VERSE.

A Chant of the Road.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your face will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!
—Hamlin Garland.

My Garden.

An old iron gate of quaint entwined work
Admits to this, my garden, or denies.
Beside it, cedar shadows 'thwart the grass
Lengthen and deepen as the daylight pales,
And watchful over all above the gate
A sundial tells how time flits so fast.
"Deeds are the fruit of life," its motto says.
Pregnant with thought and miserly of word.
Life in this garden runs so pleasantly
We might forget that there be worlds beyond,
Flowerless, yet fruitful, too, with evil deeds,
Gardens of death.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Great Hearts.

Hearts that are great beat never loud,
They muffle their music, when they come;
They hurry away from the thronging crowd,
With bended brows and lips half dumb.
And the world looks on and mutters—"Proud."
But when great hearts have passed away
Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,
And in love they kneel around their clay.
Hearts that are great are always lone,
They never will manifest their best;
Their greatest greatness is unknown—
Earth knows little—God, the rest.
—Marie Le Roy Leahy.

The Call of Spring.

I harkened at dawn to the call of the Spring,
The voice of a spirit;
And my soul leapt up like a wildwood thing,
Like a hawk from its turret.
She is calling me out to the open world,
To the scurrying hollow,
To the violets dim in the dead leaf gold
Where the white wings follow.

All the blue April pools are a-dance and alive
With thrills and with midges,
Dumb shimmering mites that equally thrive
As the merle on the ridges.

The merle sits a-tilt on the rotten-wood rail,
Blithe heart for his booting,
Tolling me out to the gipsy trail
With his moccado fluting.

The merryman Wind I will have for my mate,
On the moorland reeling,
And a journeying shadow when day is late,
With a cloud for my shieling.

The stars overhead will lamp me to bed,
A pilgrim unladen;
The wayfaring Tree my guild brother will be
And the Lark my glee maiden.
—Florence Wilkinson.

Life and Death.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?
In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?
It is easy to die! Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?
But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.
Never mind how he died.
—Ernest Crosby.

The steamboats on the Grand Canal at Venice have not exterminated the gondolas. They are mighty convenient and very swift.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Sampson Rock of Wall Street, by Edwin Lefevre. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Even the most undeniably well-written story of Wall Street can hardly be said to fill a public want. Just now so many facts about Wall Street are staring us unpleasantly in the face that a far less strange fiction is certain to lack something of attractiveness. *Sampson Rock of Wall Street* is a type of which the daily press is full—hard, calculating, conscienceless, cruel, one of the most unhuman products of civilization. His son, whose gradual financial debauchment we are asked to witness, supplies a touch of what we may call human nature, for want of a better word, by falling in love with a young lady who has a combination of cleverness and beauty that is almost uncanny.

Sampson Rock, Jr., when he is first introduced to us, has the glimmering of a conscience, which does not say much for heredity, as his father has none. He is unwillingly persuaded to enter his father's business, and he does so in the belief that it can be followed honorably. He finds out his mistake, and his gradual jugglery with right and wrong is well described.

The life of Wall Street is admirably painted. We can almost hear the telephone bells, and the tape becomes a living thing. But the author does at least deserve our thanks for stripping some of the halo of a sordid romance from the heads of the great financial magnates. *Sampson Rock, Jr.* expected great things from them. He supposed that some real importance would be reflected in their manners, conversation, and appearance. On the contrary, he found that they were "very uninteresting," as indeed his common sense should have told him that they would be. He expected to find unusual types among them, but he found to his surprise that they were quite commonplace. "Their stories were not amusing, their observations on men and manners were not particularly profound, and very decidedly not original."

The glamor came from the amount of cash involved; and if they thought nothing of risking a million, it was because they had many of them.

The author shows all the way through that he has a real knowledge of his subject. His descriptions are vivid and terse, and he has probably produced as good a book as his topic will permit. But it is a sinister and forbidding topic.

Baccalaureate Addresses, by President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale University. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

Modern systems of education are very much in the crucible just now, and the testing fires are likely to become hotter before there can be any final agreement as to the mission of education and the best way to fulfill it. It is always good to read anything from the pen of President Hadley, because he is so clearly beyond the reach of faddism and so entirely unwedded to educational dogmas. These baccalaureate addresses are not, of course, a treatise upon education, but they contain the wide-ranged advice of a great educator who wishes well, morally, intellectually, and materially, to the students under his care.

In the matter of religious education, President Hadley holds the balance evenly. He seems to think that the best of all religious teaching comes from the character of the teacher and must be imparted by personal example and contact. Mental education has not banished crime and it never will. There is an improvement, "but it does not amount to so much as we should like to see." Intellectual capacity governs the direction of vicious instincts, but it does not eradicate them. "When you teach a man to write you make him less likely to commit larceny, but you make him much more liable to commit forgery." The great teachers who have made the most profound impression upon English-speaking youth, owed their power not so much to what they directly taught as to what they themselves were.

President Hadley believes that the formation of habits of accuracy and the development of ideals are themselves the very essence of character building. He has known a great many socialists, but not one of them was really careful in his arithmetic. After all, religion is the same as character building or it has no real meaning, and it

must therefore be imparted, not at set times and places, but continuously and under as many forms as education itself.

The Ferry of Fate, by Samuel Cordon. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50 postpaid.

The tragedy of Russian life, the life of the Jew and of the Moujik, has been well told in this book. It is the story of two Jewish students, who are sentenced with many others to expulsion from the university where they are getting their education upon which their whole future depends. The prefect's wife becomes enamored of one of them, and he is allowed to remain and is raised to some official dignity as the reward of apostasy. The other returns to his native village and to the menial and abject life from which he had tried to escape. The fortunes of these two young men are admirably sketched, as well as the social system of which they form a part. The author has resisted the temptation to overload his story with massacres and horrors for which it would have been easy to find abundant historical material. He has given us instead a restrained account of Russian daily life as it exists in countless towns and villages today, and, because the picture is so obviously a true one in every sordid and miserable detail, it can not fail to have an educational value at a time when the real situation in Russia is obscured by a mere succession of lurid events.

The Story of Bawn, by Katherine Tynan. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The author will add to her already firm reputation by this charming story of Irish life. It is a good deal more than a romance, charming as it is from that aspect. It helps us to understand the social problem of old Ireland, the gradual decay of the fine old gentry under the pressure of mortgages, the poverty of the tenantry, and the gradual draining away to America of the best blood of the country. Bawn is a genuine Irish maiden, who is almost forced into a mercenary marriage, but who is saved in the nick of time by the man of her heart.

The Ministry of David Baldwin, by Henry Thomas Colestock. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The only fault to be found with this book is that it is a little out of date. It tells the story of a young clergyman who has imbibed enough of the Higher Criticism to call down upon his head the condemnation of his church. He preaches according to his conscience, and in the end he is triumphant. The story is faithfully told and gives an admirable idea of a minister's life and his surroundings, but it may be questioned if the conflict between the old and the new theologies is now acute, at least in the larger cities of Christendom. A few noisy heresy-hunters are, of course, hot upon the trail, but the rank and file of intelligent pew-holders have made up their minds and have cast their weight solidly against whatever is savage and vindictive in the faiths of the last half century. Such men as David Baldwin are now swimming with the tide and not against it.

Felicity, the Making of a Comedienne, by Clara E. Laughlin. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This is the life story of an actress, and it is remarkable in more ways than one. First of all, it is the story of a good woman, and those who write fiction about the stage are over-prone to paint the seamy and unlovely side. Secondly, it is not a mere record of events framed in a love story. The psychological skill with which Felicity's character is sketched is very marked. As a child, when the old comedian recognizes her possibilities and gives her a chance to say that she "doesn't want to be an actress without Aunt Elie." As a woman she says to her lover: "And yet there'll be so many heart-hungry nights, when my work is done and I want you and your work is done and you want me. I suppose if it were not so we shouldn't have been given this—this wonderful thing that's happened to us. It wouldn't do for us to have so much happiness, such perfect companionship, and mock the lonely world." If Felicity has a fault it is that she is a little over-sentimental, but perhaps that is a way with actresses, if we were only

allowed to know it and willing to believe it. Lillian Russell said the other day that the ideal life for a woman was to have a home and twelve children, and Felicity is as charming as she is because she seems to have somewhat the same notions.

Discrimination Against Japanese in California, by Herbert B. Johnson, D.D. Published by the Courier Publishing Company, Berkeley.

This pamphlet, presumably intended for free distribution, professes to "give the gist of the question in all its bearings." It does nothing of the kind. It is made up almost entirely of press extracts, nearly all of them pointing in one direction, with editorial comments of the most partisan kind and with ecclesiastical interests running riot all the way through. It is simply a piece of badly presented special pleading. That missionary organizations and the like should be anxious to maintain the supply of "heathen" raw material delivered at their doors, and with all the plasticity of self-interest is natural enough, and there is no fault to be found with it. If openly avowed it would receive no small amount of respect, but to put forward a plea of this kind under the guise of an impartial presentation of the question will not commend itself to the people of California.

From King to King, by G. Lowes Dickinson. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.

The dramatic form lends itself very readily to the work that the author had in mind. His object is to show the conflict between reforming energy and the inertia of men and institutions, and to delineate the characters of some of the leading actors in the struggle between the forces of progression and the conservatism that opposes them. These little dramas are all selected from English historical sources, but their characters are prominent enough to be as well known in America as elsewhere. There are thirteen of these dramatic sketches, all of them of the Cromwellian period, and all of them admirably written and from a wealth of scholarly knowledge.

Motor Car Principles, by Roger B. Whitman. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

This is a timely book for those who wish to acquire an intelligent and technical knowledge of the automobile, and every one nowadays ought at least to know as much about the automobile as about the steam engine. The object of the book is "to explain the principles that underlie automobile construction and operation, and to illustrate the movements and mechanical combinations adopted in present-day practice." The explanations are very clear, and their value is enhanced by carefully drawn illustrations.

The Hypocrite, a poem, by Bingham Thoburn Wilson. Published by The Lyceum Publishing Company, Brooklyn.

This little effusion would be received with a greater measure of patience but for the claim made on its behalf that it is the "output of genius," and the further assertion that "it is doubtful if any more beautiful poetic descriptions or comparisons can be found in the entire wealth of our language than in this remarkable poem."

"The Hypocrite" is not a work of genius in any shape or form. It is simply a very commonplace story of the kind that nourishes the divorce court, and it is told in very respectable verse.

Christ's Secret of Happiness, by Lyman Abbott. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

Dr. Abbott never writes anything that is not worth reading by saint and sinner alike, and even those who ordinarily shy at the distinctly religious work will find nothing that is not humanly practical in this little book. The binding, typography, and red-letter marginal headings are peculiarly good.

Farm Management, by Professor F. W. Card. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$2.

This is the fourth volume of The Farm Library, the preceding issues being "Soils," "Farm Animals," and "Cotton." Eight other volumes are in preparation, the whole series promising to be a notable addition to the literature of agriculture.

"Farm Management" is a comprehensive effort to show how farms can become solid business propositions. Such matters as the

purchase of property, the comparative values of crops and stock, marketing, business forms and accounts are treated very clearly and in such a form as to be easily turned to practical account. The management of the farm rather than its productiveness is likely to receive in the future a much greater emphasis than in the past, and this treatise covers a ground that has been injuriously neglected. One of its most pleasing features is the sixty-three pages of illustrations, artistically printed and forming a helpful adjunct to the text.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Ellis Meredith, the author of "Under the Harrow," and one of the best-known women in Colorado, has been honored by being asked for her portrait to place in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. A section of the library is to be devoted to the work of women, and in it will be put the manuscripts, books, and other literary productions of women. Among the American writers, Miss Meredith has been selected as the representative of Western writers. Miss Meredith's literary den is unique, inasmuch as it is located in a business block in Denver, and is said to be always in perfect order.

H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, has autograph copies of everything Mark Twain has ever written.

Hubert B. Fuller, the Cleveland attorney, who has gained an enviable reputation by his historical books, is preparing a treatise on the Speaker of the national House of Representatives. The work will be historical and will contain many incidents and anecdotes of famous men who have occupied this high office.

Michael Davitt, having lost his right arm in his youth, had all his children brought up to write with both hands.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is descended from that Hardy to whom the dying Nelson said, "Kiss me, Hardy."

It is generally supposed that the given name of the author of "Ann Boyd" and other novels of the South is really Will, and not William. But in spite of the fact that the title page always shows Will N. Harben, his name is William. Mr. Harben frankly says that he does not quite know how he ever began to write as "Will"; he sometimes wishes he had never done so, but he will not change now, because he fears that should a book by "William Harben" appear, the public would think it to be by some new author.

Marie Corelli despises acting, which she deems unworthy to be called an art.

Henry James considers Mary E. Wilkins Freeman the greatest American woman novelist.

Mrs. Deland, author of "The Awakening of Helena Richie," and the Old Chester stories, not only loves to describe old-fashioned gardens in her fiction, but loves them in fact as well. At her summer home, in Maine, she has a remarkably beautiful garden, and cultivates rare and beautiful jonquils as her special joy, and in her Boston house she is careful to keep flowers blooming throughout the winter.

A Sportsman's Criticism.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson recently received the following letter from an unknown admirer in Virginia:

"MY DEAR MR. NICHOLSON: I have just finished reading your book, 'The Port of Missing Men,' and liked it very much better than 'The House of a Thousand Candles.' However, I would suggest that you get a standard American revolver target and take your characters out for occasional pistol practice. I was not surprised that the young man in 'The House of a Thousand Candles' should prove such a poor shot, but I hardly think it fair that you should have a Montana ranchman and a captain in the United States Army expending as much ammunition as was used at San Juan Hill with so few casualties.

"I noted with much pleasure that Mr. Armitage was an excellent marksman with copper boilers and flower pots, and if you use him in another book tell him to hide his gun and lay in a supply of crockery.

"The title of the book is fine; the poetry, judiciously scattered, is well chosen; the characters ride beautifully. Now in the next book, if you will only improve their marksmanship or find them more congenial weapons, I will be proud to count as one of your most sincere admirers."



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AT ALL
BOOKSTORES



OF THE THREE BARS



THREE STAGE HEROINES.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Darned fool!" was the sole comment made when a girl in the Novelty audience the other night, at the end of the first act, favored her young man with a recital of the method by which the heroine of "The Strength of the Weak" solved her problem. I thought his exclamation amounted to a just criticism of the ending of the play.

Pauline Davey is not pictured as a weakling, but a woman who was able to rise above her dead self to higher things. She had life worth living in her grasp—youth, beauty, literary success, friendship, love. Do we not feel a passing disdain when we read in the papers of the fibreless young men and women who commit suicide because of a disappointment in love? And in what way is Pauline superior to them? The deepest horror of her sad experience was not known to her friends. Since she could not face the shame of a future beside the man who proposed to honor her, stained with the memory of undesired dishonor at his father's hands, why could she not live it without him? For to the generality of men and women renunciation comes to be the commonest experience of life. But, no; the author felt the need of a violent solution, and our instinctive recoil and healthy impatience is trustworthy evidence that it is inartistic.

In a way, too, that same impatience is a tribute to the play. Faulty as it still is, and disfigured by occasional crudities and over-elaborations, Pauline is a sufficiently vital figure to catch and hold our regard and sympathy. She is a plucky fighter against the dark will of the fates, and when, at the end, she weakly throws up the sponge, she disappoints us. We had thought better things of her, for, in spite of fate's most staggering blows, life is ever sweet and worth living when we are either positively or comparatively young and rejoice in the possession of credit, good digestion, and a head of hair.

Now, the heroine of "The Pit" is different. Laura Dearborn does not bear transplanting to the stage well at all. She is an out-and-out whiner, and her crude infidelities of thought toward the husband she really loves stamp her as one of those most despicable of incense-loving butterflies, born of modern conditions, who justify themselves for deviations from the path of rectitude because things do not exactly come their way. At least so she strikes me, although I do not believe that either Frank Norris or Channing Pollock and William A. Brady, the adapters of the play, intended that she should be taken that way. Laura is really meant to be depicted as the victim of her husband's devotion to wheat. But he is so much more a manly man than she is a womanly woman that she suffers badly by comparison.

They put the piece on at the Alcazar in excellent shape, and Bertram Lytell was first-rate as the wheat king. For the first time the new leading man was able to shake himself free from that over-nicety of enunciation that is a marked characteristic and that has a tendency to rob him of naturalness. As Curtis Jadwin he was a thorough American, quick in wit and speech, and a carelessly colloquial in style as men get to be in the great arena of trade, where the commercial magnates become human wolves, fighting for the millions that are to them the breath of life and the food of the gods they wish to be.

The scene in "the pit" was an excellent piece of stage-craft, surprising in its thoroughness, considering that the run of the play was not extended beyond the week. But there is much enterprise shown in the theatrical situation in San Francisco today, and considerable competition.

With "The Tenderfoot" at the American Theatre and "The Cingalee" at the Van Ness, there are two bright productions of musical comedy to cut into each other, and the Novelty, the New Alcazar, and the Colonial all are running stock companies, and giving performances that appeal to the same class of theatre-goers.

He who is dainty or finical in his dramatic preferences will not take kindly to the new play by Guimera, author of "Marta of the Lowlands," in which Florence Roberts is appearing this week. "Maria Rosa" is a play representing an ugly tragedy of the kind that is native to the quick-blooded of low degree. It is a story of humble Galonians, peasants as lowly as the which they delve and, like Millet's

"Man with the Hoe," almost odoriferously suggestive of the sweat and grime of their toilsome lives. They are ragged, unbeautiful, realistic. As with Millet's pathetically brutalized subject, the representation of them belongs to the domain of art. These earth-stained peasants, animated with the primal passions of toiling humanity, and oblivious of all but the immediate needs of the body, seem to spring like herbage from the soil to which they are so close. The man who seeks frivolous entertainment will take them frivolously, but they are studied from life, and, to the more thoughtful, are sombre reminders of that life lived by the other half of the world to which ordinarily we are so comfortably oblivious.

The play belongs to that school of pessimistic literature of which, within the last ten years, there is such an increased output among Continental authors. It is, perhaps, not wholly from a taste for realism that the authors of this class of fiction choose their subjects. But, in a recoil from the psychological subtleties and tenuous metaphysics of the modern intellectual life, they have turned for subjects to the life of the field-peasants of Southern Europe. Its frank brutality, its unbridled violence of passion, and its pathetic ignorance of the best that life holds, seem to recommend it for fictional and dramatic treatment, and Angel Guimera, following up the vein struck in "Marta of the Lowlands," has worked out another striking drama of torrid love and violent revenge, although this second play is inferior in plot, construction, and general treatment to the earlier one.

For a play of such sombre motive, it is not sufficiently powerful and thrilling. Of the three acts, the first two drag a little. Particularly in the first act is there an insufficiency of action and an over-supply of talk. The auditor is not held in an absorbing grip of interest, and, therefore, has the mental leisure to criticize a little.

Florence Roberts acts the rôle of Maria Rosa, the widow and avenger of Andreas, who never appears, having been betrayed to unjust suspicion, imprisonment, and final death by Ramon, his successor in her affections. Miss Roberts's acting is a very fine piece of work, although, until the last act, the character of Ramon is more to the fore than that of the heroine. In the first act her only real opportunity is in the closing scene, in which she represents with great fidelity to nature the violent, noisy, yet pathetic outburst of grief of a peasant woman of primitive nature and deep affections who receives news of the death of her mate.

In the last act is her opportunity. In this occurs Maria Rosa's marriage to Ramon, the wedding supper, the intoxication of the groom, and his self-betrays, which arouse the suspicion of the woman, whose constancy to her first love has been almost proof against separation by death. The bride acts the part of complaisance toward the crime, of which the wretched braggart vaguely vaunts, until at the moment of confession, wrought to a sudden frenzy of vengeance, she plunges the knife in his heart. Unlike the murder in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," it takes place in sight of the audience, and, following a long scene of artful allurements on the woman's part, of amorous yielding on the man's, amounts to a powerful climax.

Although Thurlow Bergen's revelation of Ramon's secret blood-guiltiness is rather too obvious in the first scene, he plays the rôle in a style to match Miss Roberts's acting. Miss Roberts has the very excellent good sense to recognize the importance of having a good actor for a leading man, and the two carried their long and taxing scenes powerfully and realistically. Mr. Bergen's delineation of the absorption of passion native to one who never denies himself the gratification of his instincts, is quite remarkable.

I once saw the younger Salvini in a translated version of the story of "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Mr. Bergen's impersonation of Ramon is akin to Salvini's representation of Turiddu. The two characters are of similar types, quick and hot in passion, but cold at heart, even malicious, and it is no little to the credit of Mr. Bergen that he has given a sort of quick-glancing, white-teethed, Latin vividness to his picture of Ramon.

The play is put on with a painstaking adherence to realism. The characters wear the soiled and ragged habiliments of the wretchedly poor.

Miss Roberts forswears all theatrical costume effects, and even at the wedding fes-

tivities wears finery that is humbly in keeping with Maria Rosa's poverty. It looked foreign and Latin, too, as did the appalling collection of duds that constituted the bride's baggage. At the wedding banquet the tablecloth looked as if it were suffering from the laundry strike, and I am not sure but that there was a smell of garlic mingled with the odors of the wedding feast that permeated the air.

A Lyric.

Oh, once I could not understand
The sob within the throat of spring—
The shrilling of the frogs, nor why
The birds so passionately sing.

That was before your beauty came
And stooped to teach my soul desire.
And on these mortal lips you laid
The magic and immortal fire.

I wondered why the sea should seem
So gray, so lonely, and so old;
The sigh of level-driving snows
In winter so forlornly cold.

I wondered what it was could give
The scarlet autumn pomps their pride
And paint with colors not of earth
The glory of the mountainside.

I could not tell why youth should dream
And worship at the evening star,
And yet must go with eager feet
Where danger and where splendor are.

I could not guess why men at times,
Beholding beauty, should go mad
With joy or sorrow or despair
Or some unknown delight they had.

I wondered what they could receive
From Time's inexorable hand
So full of loveliness and doom,
But now, ah, now I understand!
—Atlantic Monthly.

Raymond Hitchcock to Return.

Raymond Hitchcock is to play a special return engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night with his merry musical comedy, "A Yankee Tourist," which proved a big hit at the Novelty Theatre a few weeks since. He comes back to this city for the one performance only, the date being secured through the closing of the engagement of "The Cingalee" on Saturday night, as Lillian Russell does not commence her engagement until Monday. "A Yankee Tourist" played to enormous business at the Novelty Theatre, and the special Sunday night performance at the Van Ness will give many an opportunity to secure seats who were unable to make reservations during the run of the piece at the Novelty Theatre.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Orpheum.

The programme to be presented next Sunday matinée and all next week at the Orpheum offers a number of artists eminent here and in Europe. The Four Harveys appear more at home on a tight wire than many persons do on *terra firma*. They do the cake-walk, turn hand-springs, and do various acrobatic acts, and one of them jumps a rope while it is being turned "pepper and salt" fashion, all four at once on the wire. Their act is a marvelous one, and they perform it with the utmost ease. Bessie Wynn is said to be the most beautiful girl on the American stage, and twinkled brightly as the star of the original production of the "Babes in Toyland" company. Her songs are all new, and she sings them fascinatingly. Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence, who will make their debut in a racy and humorous little sketch entitled "An Auto Elopement," have temporarily abandoned the dramatic stage. The Rialto Comedy Four are sure to please. Their entertainment of song, comedy, and fun has proved one of the great hits of the present season. Some of the best acts have been retained from this week, notably, Louise Agoust and her company in her charming bit of French vaudeville; Cartmell and Harris, who are responsible for one of the best singing and dancing specialties the vaudeville stage has witnessed; Morrow and Schellberg, who excel in mimicry and song, and the famous Fadettes Woman's Orchestra of Boston, which, under the baton of Caroline B. Nichols, has created a furor. There will of course, be novel motion pictures, without which no Orpheum programme is adequate.

The Colonial Theatre.

"Moths," a dramatization of Ouida's famous novel, one of the most successful as well as powerful of dramas, will be the offering at the Colonial Theatre for the week commencing Monday evening, April 22. The Wallack Theatre (New York) version of this delightful play will be used, with an exceptionally strong and well-balanced cast, including Frank Bacon, the comedian, Morgan Wallace, the new leading man, who already has sprung into popular favor, Izetta Jewell, A Burt Wesner, Maud Odelle, Jane Jeffrey, Bessie Bacon, and Lonna Nelson. One of the features in connection with the presentation of this drama will be the staging, George Lask, acknowledged to be one of the best directors in the profession, having been specially engaged to look after that end of the production. "Moths" is highly dramatic, but replete with bright comedy scenes, being equal in merit and interest to "The Charity Ball" and "The Wife." It was first played here by the original New York Company, and later by the Frawley Company at the Columbia Theatre.

The excellent performance of "Friends" at this theatre is serving to attract big crowds this week. Sunday night will be the last opportunity afforded local theatre-goers to witness "Friends," with Saturday and Sunday matinées.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

George Arliss's funny comedy, "There and Back," will be the attraction this coming week at the New Alcazar Theatre. The farce is a roaring affair from start to finish, and will give the New Alcazar players an ample opportunity to keep up their reputation as fun-makers. Bertram Lytell and John B. Maher have acceptable parts as the runaway husbands, while Laura Lang and Adele Belgarde, as the solicitous wives, should appear to advantage. Daisy Lovering is cast as a young lady with a past, and she makes life somewhat miserable for the pair of puritanical husbands who endeavor to appear very virtuous. The other parts are well allotted, and the performances will be well balanced. Stage Manager Butler has attended to the scenic accessories in elaborate style. "There and Back" will be followed by J. M. Barrie's fantasy, "The Admirable Crichton."

The Van Ness Theatre.

Lillian Russell, in her new play, which is to be produced at the Van Ness Theatre all next week, has one of the comedy hits of the year. Kellett Chambers, the young playwright, has utilized a subject in which the public is deeply interested, that is, international marriages and divorce laws.

In a clever satirical vein, he has told a laughable and interesting story in "The Butterfly." The action of the play treats of a young widow of a millionaire who made his money in railroads and soothes his conscience by giving it to the church. Mr. Joseph Brooks has surrounded Lillian Russell with one of the best companies of comedians that has ever been assembled. In the cast are Eugene Ormonde, John Flood, Fred L. Tiden, Fred Tyler, Roland H. Hill, Grant Mitchell, Isabel Richards, Rosalie De Vaux, and Kate Griffith.

The American Theatre.

Commencing with next Sunday's matinée, the San Francisco Opera Company enters upon its second and final week of "The Tenderfoot" at the American Theatre, and also its final week at the popular Market Street playhouse. "The Tenderfoot" has had a most successful week, and it behooves those who wish to enjoy Mr. Carle's tuneful musical comedy of the Texan frontier to bestir themselves and take the remaining opportunity afforded during the coming week to witness the performance. The company is ideally cast in "The Tenderfoot." Mr. Webb makes a distinct hit as the boisterous Sergeant Barker, and Miss Sinnott is as clever and bewitching as ever in the character of Sally. George Kunkel as Professor Pettibone, and Fred Rogers as Hop Lee are also excellently cast, while the remaining principals, including Carl Haydn, Aida Hemmi, Aimee Leicester, and Ruby Norton, all appear to the utmost advantage.

The song hits of "The Tenderfoot" are numerous, and the large audiences seem to appreciate them to the utmost extent. Among the lyric gems are "My Alamo Love," "I'm a Peaceable Party," "Adios," "Marriage is a Lottery," and "The Tortured Thomas Cat."

This will positively be the last week of the San Francisco Opera Company at the American Theatre, and those who enjoy musical attractions of high class should take advantage of the few days yet remaining and see "The Tenderfoot."

The Novelty Theatre.

The fourth and final week of Florence Roberts's engagement at the Novelty Theatre will commence on Monday night, and a crowded house will be on hand to greet the actress when she steps upon the stage in the rôle of Sappho in the play of that name. Miss Roberts's performance in this piece is well known here, and theatre-goers will certainly turn out in force to see the revival of the piece, which will be given the finest production it has ever received at the hands of Miss Roberts. Thurlow Bergen will appear in the rôle of Jean. All the members of the company will appear in the production. There will be a matinée on Saturday only. It is announced that the management of the Novelty Theatre has arranged for a special season of two weeks of the San Francisco Opera Company. The first week, commencing Monday, April 29, will be devoted to a magnificent revival of "Robin Hood," in which will be heard an extremely fine cast. "The Serenade" will be sung during the second week. Special scenery and effects will be utilized in the presentation of these two favorite works.

Benefit Performance.

The Theatrical Mechanics' Association of this city will give a benefit next Thursday afternoon in aid of their charity fund. The affair will take place at the Novelty Theatre, and those in charge hope to offer one of the biggest programmes ever given for a benefit here. Many of the best acts from the various theatres in the city will be presented. Seats are now on sale at the box-office of the theatre.

The London cabbie is pretty severely tested before he gets his license. He has to satisfy the police that he knows how to drive, and what is far harder, how to find his way about London. He must also furnish a full account of his life for the previous six years, a list of all the places at which he has lived, and a testimonial and recommendation from two respectable householders. All his statements are investigated.

Annie Russell will follow Lillian Russell at the Van Ness Theatre, appearing as Puck in an elaborate revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The Ark and the Dove.

"O Captain, my Captain!" the ruddy lookout cried.
"God's glory lies before us who seek the golden tide;
By old Balboa's spirit and by all seamen brave
The rose is in the spring wind and the wind is on the wave;
I know the wildgrape's odor, and yonder, by my doom,
I spy a golden river and a land of golden bloom!"

"O Captain, my Captain!" the weary helmsman cried.
"I mind me of the storm-wind that rode the ocean tide;
The Dove put back to Scilly to patch her shattered beam—
Pray now we near the harbors of the tide of golden dream!
By Cortez and De Leon, 'tis true, praise God, 'tis true,
The shore is off our quarter and the skies of spring are blue!"

Why, then three hundred hearts beat, and then three hundred throats
Rang out the golden chorus with its waveward echoed notes,
And down the bay-tide rolling, and o'er the ripples' crest
The Dove o'erheard the echo and a great hope filled its breast—
Then glory to the pinnacle, and glory to her mate,
Twin Argonauts of Freedom on the golden tide of Fate!

"O Captain, my Captain, strange joy is on the sea,
The spirit of the springtime wanders down the rosy lea;
The wide-mouth river hecks, the wooded reaches call;
Fold sail and drift to harbor while the painted anchors fall!"
The voice was of the shipmates, and the Captain heard and laid
His courses for the islands of the sweet dream God had made.

With bended knee they landed, with cross of rugged girth.
They planted it deep-rooted in the New World's bloom-clad earth;
They met the wild Algonquin and returned his savage grace
With laughter and with loving and with smile upon the face;
"O Captain, my Captain," they cried, "here on this strand
God's glory to our sovereign, and God's grace to Mary's land!"

In springs of softest shadow, in dawns of softest rose,
Through all the tides that wander where the broad Potomac flows,
Two little ships of phantom sail upward unto me
From out the golden mornings of the springtime of the sea;

"O Captain, my Captain!" the phantom lookout cries,
And, "Captain, my Captain," the rose-sweet wind replies.

Two little ships of phantom, long baffled hut up-horne
By voices calling "freedom" from the New World's rosy morn;
Bowed knees beside the crossbeam, and hearts with faith aflame,
As they knelt to dream of glory in the land of Mary's name;
"O Captain, my Captain!" dear Argonauts, ye rest,
But the flame ye lit for freedom burns today in every breast!

"O Captain, my Captain!" the rugged lookout cried,
"God's glory lies before us who seek the golden tide!"
God's glory was before them, and on the sea was love—
Sail on, O daring pinnacle, with your little consort Dove!
The rose is in the spring wind, the wind is on the wave,
And the world still lays its lilies on the white brows of the brave!

—The Benttown Bard.

A very distinct advantage about motor-ing is that it does not give one an appetite, says the *London World*. Most open-air exercise sends one home as hungry as a hunter; and if one eats largely in these days of strict régime and restricted diet, all sorts of terrible things are sure to happen—at least are promised by the doctor. It is pointed out in a daily contemporary that while all the good effects of working up an appetite are produced by a long drive in a motor, yet the amount of food required to satisfy what seems to be one's huge hunger is actually very small. The air itself feeds one, and air neither upsets one's digestive apparatus nor does it supply one with adipose tissue.

Prof. James H. Breasted, the Egyptologist of the University of Chicago, says that the oldest fixed date in history is 4241 B. C. In that year the calendar was established, the year beginning on what would now be July 19. Consequently the calendar now in use is 6147 years old. The professor arrived at these conclusions during his long exploration trip to the Nile Valley, when he compared the astronomical dates in the old and middle kingdoms of Egypt.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time and have their glasses re-adjusted.

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Sixth week New Alcazar Stock Company:

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"The Tenderfoot"

April 28, Sunday matinee and night "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL." Two performances only.

Prices \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c
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Last nights of engagement

Florence Roberts

in an elaborate production of

"Sappho"

April 29—Revival of "Robin Hood"

Van Ness Theatre

Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street
Sunday night—Special return performance Raymond Hitchcock, in "A Yankee Tourist." Beginning Monday night—One week only. Limited engagement

Lillian Russell
in the new comedy "The Butterfly" in the three acts by Kellett Chambers. Matinee Saturday.
April 29—Annie Russell.

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VANITY FAIR.

Fashionable society in England is still laughing at, or with, the Duchess of Manchester, who recently visited the Ameer of Afghanistan and so bewitched her dusky host that he wanted to buy her in accordance with the custom of his enlightened land. Afghanistan is not yet so civilized that wives can be had for the asking, and especially wives with the graces and charms of the Duchess of Manchester. It is said that the British government became alarmed at the ardor of the Ameer and notified the duke that he had better take his wife into safety while there was still time, as the sturdy British taxpayer might object to the cost of another "little war" in order to rescue the lady from her too fervent admirer, where methods of courtship might be too reminiscent of the stone age.

An Eastern perfumer is responsible for the statement that men may now use scents if they wish to, and that the ban upon a habit that was once pronounced effeminate has at length been removed. There was a time when the perfumed man was called a "scented darling," and under the lash of popular ridicule the sterner sex was content to relinquish such questionable aids to attractiveness. But those days have passed, and it seems that the man who wishes to make himself ridiculous may now do so without being ridiculed—which is a pity. Our perfumery friend says:

"As yet the renewed use of scents by men is limited to toilet waters. They may apply it to their faces after shaving and they may rub a bit of it into their hair, at the sides, if they choose. Very lately some men have taken to sprinkling a bit of their favorite toilet water on their handkerchiefs. The use of extracts by men is bound to follow presently.

"So far as history is concerned there are some very respectable precedents for the male use of perfumes, but that brave men used to indulge themselves in this way is no evidence that a similar indulgence today would not be a mark of effeminacy.

"There isn't any reason on earth why women should have a monopoly of the use of perfumes. See the men who have used scents. Julius Caesar was inordinately fond of perfumes. When Richard the Lion Heart returned from the Crusades he had the perfumery habit and had it bad. Peter the Great of Russia was a connoisseur in the perfumes of his day. Henry VIII of England liked Italian and French perfumes almost as much as he enjoyed his flirtations.

"Napoleon had as keen a nostril for a sound perfume as any man of his time. That bright boy Charles James Fox not only used all sorts of perfumes, but knew where and how they were made. Our own John Paul Jones had almost a passion for the extract of lilacs. Decatur picked up about a ton of oriental perfumes during his cruises among the Barbary states, and used them with keen enjoyment to the day of his death.

"Was Charles Dickens ever accused of womanishness? Yet Dickens used to douse himself with all sorts of musky scents. Did you ever hear of Ulysses S. Grant calling for smelling salts, turning pale at the sight of a mouse or anything of that sort? Well, General Grant used to bathe his face and whiskers in a superior German cologne after his bath every day and enjoyed the stuff keenly."

The debts incurred by so-called "smart women" has recently become so much of a scandal that a great effort is being made by the tradesmen of London, and particularly the dressmakers and milliners, to persuade Parliament to come to their relief. They are asking for legislation to make married women responsible for the debts that they now airily refer to their husbands, and for which the husbands, equally airily, deny all responsibility.

An illuminating story of a certain notorious countess is now going the rounds in this connection. Her ladyship refused to pay for some corsets on the ground that they did not fit her, a point that could only be settled by some very delicate investigations. Finally, and in desperation, the tradesman wrote a letter that had the most innocent of intentions, but that was certainly not remarkable for a tactful choice of language. The letter said: "Your ladyship has been seen by your lady and gentleman friends wearing these corsets the last six months." The countess

was quick to perceive the vantage point that had been offered to her. She at once instructed her attorney to write to the indiscreet tradesman, threatening him with a libel action for defamation of character on the ground that "she had never received gentleman friends in her corsets." The threat was enough, and the unfortunate shopkeeper surrendered without further parley. The countess is still wearing the corsets—presumably.

Humanitarians in their plea for the fur animals that are in danger of becoming exterminated, have lost all hope of softening the obdurate heart of the society woman. The following shows the number of animals that must be sacrificed to provide some sections of a fashionable woman's costume:

Moleskin coat: 200 moles.

Moleskin toque, trimmed with bird of paradise plumes: 50 moles and 3 birds of paradise.

Silver fox stole and muff: 10 heads, 16 tails, and 14 whole foxskins.

Evening headdress, two aigrettes and three plumes: 5 birds.

Evening sable coat: 100 sables.

"It seems almost incredible that the tenderest-hearted women, whose eyes fill with tears if they see a dog run over, will countenance the most horrible tortures of birds and beasts," said a well-known physician, who has ranged himself on the side of the humanitarians. "I can attribute it only to the wonderful ease with which the majority of women banish a disturbing thought from their minds."

London society has had its full share of the plain speaking that ought to lead to reformation, but that is hardly likely to do so—at any rate permanently. Father Vaughan, the celebrated Jesuit preacher, has poured out the vials of his indignation upon the heads of his fashionable congregation, who must have been somewhat predisposed to piety or they would hardly have been there. He reproached society for its utter neglect of the serious things of life, for its open paganism in purchasing charms and resorting to fortune-tellers and necromancers, and for its waste of a squalid affection upon dogs and apes. And now comes Father Ignatius, of another and ultra-Protestant theological ilk, but whose scorn for the social portents of the day is no less fervid or ill-expressed. He said that a young society lady recently sent him a book to review which suggested that if one wanted to be good—which one so rarely does, even in Lent—the worship of Jupiter should be substituted for more orthodox though hardly less observed creeds. Another young society lady of his acquaintance had actually written a book advocating—horror of horrors!—that young men should be licensed to go out as temporary husbands. There was no way to account for these precocious young ladies, except on the hypothesis that the devil had sent out his carefully selected angels into modern society and that they were having it all their own way. Father Ignatius was too polite to call his young lady friends by such a name as devil, but that must be what he meant. Far be it from us to be irreverent, but Father Ignatius has a reputation to maintain and he should be more careful in the selection of his acquaintances. After all a man is known by the company he keeps, and young ladies who favor the temporary husband theory are safest when they are farthest off.

But these ghostly admonitions have not been entirely without their result upon society. Fashionable ladies have suddenly shown a disposition to be serious, but how long will it last? The Countess of Dudley was one of the first to lead the way. She issued invitation cards to her beautiful home, not to participate in some new fashionable extravagance, but to hear a lecture upon some recognized subject of the day. Even the society reporter was excluded, which certainly seems to be evidence of a changed heart and a chastened spirit. Lady Trowbridge has followed suit, and other hostesses are hastening along the good road and offering lectures instead of dances and discussions instead of suppers. At Stafford House the Duchess of Sutherland has started a course of lectures by M. C. Bouvier on the French salon, and if things continue along their present course we shall witness a revival of the old literary, political, and social salon of the Regency days.

By the way, Father Vaughan has given his episcopal sanction to the polite men-

dacities of the "not at home," "very well, thank you," "yours sincerely," and the similar departures from strict veracity that have sometimes been known as "white lies." Father Vaughan defended them, and contended that they did not deceive and were not intended to deceive. They were accepted conventions, and he himself had not the leisure to spend half his life in the severely accurate atmosphere of the law courts. If fashionable society did nothing worse than to commit the conventional unverity of a "not at home" to an unwelcome visitor, the straight and narrow

path might not be so difficult to find as it now seems to be.

The sapphire-mine of Montana is in area and sapphire-bearing rock (10,000,000 cubic yards) the greatest mine in the world. It is gradually being developed into a great and permanent mining industry. A mining plant is now being erected which will quadruple the present production, and make the mine (Yogo Gulch) a very important factor in American gem production. The Yogo sapphire crystals are superior in form to East Indian sapphires for mechanical use.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The kindly old lady from the country had purchased a pair of gloves in a department store. "Cash!" shouted the saleslady. "My land," exclaimed the old lady, fumbling in her valise, "I'll give it to you just as soon as I find my pocketbook."

Peter Finley Dunne, the author of "Mr. Dooley," was once staying in the country with a well-known banker, who, being impressed by the beautiful surrounding scenery, suggested that they take a walk the next morning at 6 o'clock. "Thank you," replied Mr. Dunne, "but I never walk in my sleep."

As an example of what men in the railroad business have to endure, a conductor on the Seaboard Air Line relates that, while he was passing through a coach a few days ago, a woman stopped him and asked how far they were from Weldon. He replied that they were about fifty-five miles from Weldon. She then asked, "This side or the other side?"

From a German newspaper a close observer has culled the following advertisement: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized." The response appeared two days later: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

Enrique Creel, the new Mexican Ambassador, said at a dinner in Washington, apropos of unpleasant truths: "Why should we ever tell them? They are always unnecessary, and how they wound! I have heard of an American countess or duchess—I forget which—who said to her noble husband, fondly: 'You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, Percival, were you not?' 'Yes,' the man answered; 'I owed £60,000.'"

Senator Rayner, of Maryland, is in favor of adequate salaries for school teachers, and at a reception he told a story about a teachers' meeting in a district where the salaries were extremely low. "A rich, portly banker opened the meeting with an address," he said. "The banker concluded his remarks with an enthusiastic gesture and the words: 'Long live our school teachers!' 'What on!' shouted a thin, pale, seedy man in a black coat slightly smeared with chalk marks."

After years of waiting, a young lady admirer of Kipling at last met the man of the Plain Tales. "You!" she cried, staring at the author. "You, you are Rudyard Kipling!" Naturally Kipling felt embarrassed. "Yes——" he murmured modestly. The lady continued to marvel. "But I thought," she finally explained, "I thought you were—oh, how shall I say it?—something quite, quite different!" "Oh, I am," Kipling hastened to tell her in a very confidential tone, "I am, madam. Only, you see, this is my day off."

Some young women in England have begun to dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut like a hunting coat, a cap, riding breeches and top boots. It is a handsome costume and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been telling in London lately a story about a girl who adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon she said to an artisan who was passing: "Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?" The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied: "Yes, miss, yes—you seem to 'ave got 'em on all right."

A negro minister from Georgia, visiting some friends in New York City, was very much impressed by the service at the cathedral on Fifth Avenue, especially by the choir boys in the processional and recessional. When he returned to the South he collected fifteen or twenty little darkies and drilled them until he had them well trained. One Sunday the congregation were greatly surprised to see the choir boys marching in, singing the processional. The minister noticed that something was wrong;

the boy in front was not carrying anything. He leaned over the pulpit, and in order to avoid attracting attention, he chanted in tune to the song they were singing. "What—have you done—with the in—cense—pot?" The little darky, with great presence of mind, chanted back, "I—left it in—the aisle—it was too—damn hot."

Mr. Ferguson, two of whose down-town friends had just dined with him, had taken them into the library for a smoke. "I must tell you a good one on my wife," he said. "She's been roasting me because I look at the headlines in the papers once in a while to see if anything important is happening in the Thaw trial. Well, the other afternoon, while the girl was away, she put a pan of biscuits in the oven to bake, and while she was waiting she picked up a paper and began to read the stuff herself. She got so interested in it that she let the biscuits——" At this moment Mrs. Ferguson came into the library for a book. "And the joke of it was," continued Mr. Ferguson, without a moment's pause, "that they found the cow next morning in a forty-acre lot." "Ha! ha! ha!" roared the guests, laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks—but not at the story.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ethel's Waterloo.

Ethel lived in Boston—ever been in Boston? Crooked little city, with a lofty mental air; Classic, intellectual—therefore I expect you all To show a just astonishment at hearing of her there! Ethel captured Willy, got him good and silly, Used a little trick or two (Ethel's eyes were brown). Broke his heart in pieces—here the chapter ceases—Will left town.

Ethel moved to Brooklyn—ever been in Brooklyn? Peaceful little city, you have heard of it before; Flat, and rather pretty; quite a charming city—Half a dozen millionaires, and clever men galore.

Ethel met a man, his name was Bob McCann, She flattered him and worked him, in a stunning Paris gown. Bob McCann proposed. Now the story's closed—Bob left town.

Ethel in Chicago—ever seen Chicago? It's windy as they say it is; bustle, dollars, noise!

Wheat was going higher, Ethel took a flyer, Ethel got to going with a crowd of speedy boys. Jimmy often called on her, but his visits palled on her; He actually raved about her, getting but her frown! When he gave her trouble, Ethel pricked the bubble—Jim left town.

Ethel went to Frisco—ever lived in Frisco? A week of it is equal to a decade in the East! Full of zip and scramble, all the people gamble; Everybody's rather gay, or say they are at least. Ethel met a broker (a Mr. Smith) at poker; He went dotty like the rest, till Ethel turned him down. Heavens! what a scene with him—she was rather mean with him!—Smith left town.

Ethel in New Orleans—sultry place, New Orleans, (Accent on the "Or," you know, the way they say it there). On the creole galleries men with paltry salaries Love and flirt the summer through, and no one seems to care. Ethel met a doctor, but his ardor shocked her, He said he had to have her, or he'd go away and drown; When he got too fervent, Ethel called a servant—"Doc" left town.

Ethel in New York—'course you know New York! Tense, excited atmosphere, elevated trains, Everybody hurried, everybody hurried, Literature and business, pulchritude and brains. Ethel met a poet—how the two did go it! He wrote her vague verses, and he acted like a clown. Then, like all the others of her new-made lovers, Poet left town.

Ethel's back in Boston—dear old quiet Boston! Quieter than ever, now that Ethel's thirty-five! Ethel's life was checkered, but she broke, her record

When, at last, she met "the very dearest man alive." All her arts and graces were put through all their paces; But alas! for Ethel now was queen without a crown! He, alone of all them, simply wouldn't follow them—

Ethel left town!—*R. H. S. Whitney in The Show.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Anita Louise Oliver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lettis Oliver, to Mr. George Jensen, will take place on Saturday evening, April 27, at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, at half-past 8 o'clock. There will be a reception afterwards at the Oliver home on Vernon Heights.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Lida Leib, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Samuel Franklyn Leib, of San José, to Mr. Charles Dorsey Armstrong, will take place on Tuesday evening, April 30, at Leibheim, the home of the bride, at 8 o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Jane Wilshire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Benton Wilshire, to Mr. John Hart Polhemus, will take place today (Saturday) at the home of the bride's parents on Buchanan Street. The ceremony will be celebrated at 4 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Clappett. Miss Doris Wilshire, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Jr., the best man. About one hundred guests will be present. Mr. Polhemus and his bride, after their wedding journey, will spend the summer at San Anselmo, where they have a cottage.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adaline Ricks, daughter of Mr. H. L. Ricks, of Eureka, to Mr. Walter Montgomery Murphy, of Detroit, Michigan. The wedding will take place in June.

The marriage of Miss Wanda Hadenfeldt, the daughter of Mrs. M. Hadenfeldt, to Mr. Henry Clinton Melone, took place on Wednesday of last week at the First Presbyterian Church. The ceremony was celebrated at noon by the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie. Miss Ethel Melone, the groom's sister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Arthur Goodfellow, the best man. The ushers were: Mr. Douglas Dean, Mr. James Dean, Mr. Carl Hadenfeldt, and Mr. Philip Paschel. After the ceremony there was a wedding breakfast at the Palace Hotel, at which only the bridal party and relatives were present. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Melone will go to Oak Knoll, Napa Valley, for the summer.

The marriage of Miss Hazel Marston, daughter of Mr. Charles A. Marston, to Mr. Frederick Winslow Read, of Stockton, took place on Thursday of last week at Christ Church, Alameda. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Guthrie at half-past 8 o'clock. Miss Jean Read, the groom's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Florence Cornell and Miss Belle O'Connor were the bridesmaids. Mr. Bert Young was the best man, and the ushers were: Mr. George McDougall, Mr. Ray Cornell, and Mr. Fred Gilmore. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Read will live in Stockton.

Mrs. James H. Bull will entertain at a bridge breakfast on Tuesday next, at her home at Yerba Buena, in honor of Mrs. James C. Jordan.

The officers and ladies of Fort Mason will entertain at a dance at that post this (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges entertained one evening last week at a bridge party in honor of Mrs. Murray and Miss Doran, who are the guests of Mrs. Arthur T. Marix at Yerba Buena Island. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Captain and Mrs. Marix, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. McEnery, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. F. S. Darragh, Miss McEnery, Miss Fanny Grant, Mr. Robert Henderson, Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N., and Dr. Pressley.

Miss Edith Holt entertained at a luncheon recently at the Palace Hotel, in honor of Miss Ruth Morton. Those present were, besides the guest of honor: Miss Grace Holt, Miss Roberta Deal, Miss Katherine Kutz, Miss Lillian Reed, Miss Ruth Houghton, Miss Anita Thompson, Miss Ruth Kales, and Miss Mabel Fish.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith will leave in about a month to spend the summer in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart and Miss Mary Eyre left on Monday last for Paris. Mr. Hobart will return in a few weeks, but Mrs. Hobart and Miss Eyre will spend the summer traveling on the Continent.

Mrs. John I. Taylor (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness), who has been visiting here since the first of the year, has returned to her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley will go East on June 1 for a stay of a month.

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Annie Selby will sail today (Saturday) from New York for England.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. Henry M. Sherman, and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee have recently been staying at Del Monte.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has been spending a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg left a few days since for an Eastern visit of two months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Underhill (formerly Miss Carmelita Dibblee), who were in Cairo when last heard from, will return in June to their home in Montecito, Santa Barbara, for the summer.

Mr. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown left on Thursday of last week for six months' travel in Europe.

Miss Lily McCalla has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William P. Morgan has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara and is at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have recently been the guests of friends in Ross Valley for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have returned from a brief visit to Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman will leave in a fortnight for San Anselmo, where they will spend the summer months.

Mrs. S. E. Dutton has arrived from New York and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Russell Wilson.

Miss Jessie Wright, who went East last month, is at present visiting in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud will close their home at Monterey and go abroad a little later in the summer.

Mrs. George Moore has returned from the East, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Geissler, in Chicago, and of her sister, Miss Du Val, in Brooklyn.

Miss Ella Morgan has returned from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Miss Mary Carrigan arrived last week from New York, where she has been since early in March, when she arrived from Europe. Miss Carrigan will leave shortly for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will leave a little later for a trip abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger will arrive during the summer from their home in Paris for a visit.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander and Miss Marie Berger, who have been abroad for several months, were when last heard from at Cannes.

Mrs. Benjamin G. Lathrop has arrived from New York and is in Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna will spend the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page and Miss Fanny Grant will leave shortly for a visit to Southern California.

Miss Barbara Small has returned from a visit to Miss Pearl Seeley in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have gone to San Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Oddie (formerly Miss Alice Treanor) are here for a few weeks from their home in Tonopah.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick will go to Berkeley on May 1 to spend the summer.

Mrs. Henry Bradford Montague has returned from a visit of some months' duration to her parents in Boston.

Miss Ruth Adams is again at Burlingame, after a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Douglass McBride returned last week from a stay of several months at Honolulu.

Mr. Everett M. Bee, who has passed the winter in Costa Rica, has returned to the city.

General George E. Pond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pond, are visiting their son, Captain George Pond, at the Presidio of Monterey. General Pond is a brother of Commander Pond at Mare Island. They will remain in Monterey some time before returning to their home in Plattsburg, New York.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Hewitt, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W.

Pike, Dr. L. D. Bacigalupi, Dr. Alex S. Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Boushey, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moroney, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everson, Dr. H. S. Kergan, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus M. Steele, of Oakland; Mr. R. R. Veale, of Martinez; J. E. Stubbs, of Reno, Nevada.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: General Jocelyn, Mrs. Jocelyn, Miss Jocelyn, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. George W. Kingsbury, Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensberger, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Marx (formerly Miss Reine Weill), Mrs. E. V. Holaday, Miss M. C. Holaday, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cox, Mr. J. J. Hoag, Mr. D. Ghirardelli, of San Francisco; Mrs. Charles A. Wayland, Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, Mrs. L. C. Auzerais, Mrs. E. T. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Eustace, of San José; Dr. Frank Adams, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Eliason, of Oakland; Mrs. William H. Devlin, of Sacramento; Mrs. George H. Howard, and George H. Howard, Jr., of San Mateo.

New Merger—Allen, McCann & Co., Famous Decorators, Combine with D. N. & E. Walter & Co.

The combination of McCann, Allen & Co. with D. N. & E. Walter & Co., which has just been effected, means that the latter firm has again widened the sphere of its activities and has now become pre-eminent in high-class interior decorating and house furnishing, a field of artistic endeavor in which McCann, Allen & Co. were formerly the acknowledged leaders.

Mr. McCann, who is a decorator of national reputation, will assume the management of this end of the business in the Walter house, and plans are now afoot to make the new department the most complete of its kind outside of New York City.

The merger has been in contemplation for several months, and its materialization gives Mr. McCann the use of unlimited resources to prosecute his particular work on a scale which heretofore has been unknown on the Coast. The new department will not only execute work of the highest order, but will give particular attention to those wishing artistic interiors at a moderate price.

Chauncey Depew may have been extinguished politically and financially, but it seems that society is ready enough to cover notorious peccadilloes with the cloak of oblivion. Mrs. Van Andre, who is sister of Mrs. Depew, has come to America, and it is said that she is planning a social campaign which will include a rigorous snubbing process for all those who had the temerity to snub Mrs. Depew. Mrs. Van Andre has never had any children of her own, but by adoption she is the mother of a prince, having taken under her maternal care no less a princeling than Francis of Teck, who is brother of the Princess of Wales, and the fortunate young man will be the heir to the Van Andre millions, of which there are many. The Van Andres are said to have earned the eternal gratitude of King Edward by taking the young man off his hands, and with such a backing, joined to the actual possession of a real live prince, there can not be much doubt that the Van Andres' social progress will be a triumphant one.

Fairbanks, of Indiana, and Shaw, of Iowa, were stumping Kentucky. After a successful meeting the Kentucky colonel who had the two Republican statesmen in charge invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshment. "What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks. "A little cold Apollinaris," was the reply. "And you?" said the host to Governor Shaw. "I think I will have a glass of buttermilk." The barkeeper turned to the Kentuckian. "What shall I give you, Colonel?" he asked. The Kentucky gentleman beaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie."

The Arlberg Tunnel, which is six miles and three-eighths long, is guarded with the greatest care. Not only is it patrolled several times a day, but white mice are kept in it so that any bad change of atmosphere may be called attention to by their squeaking. Mice form part of the crew of our submarines, and have similar duties. They notice changes much more quickly than human beings.

Dr. William A. Newbold, of San Francisco, a graduate of the University of California, '04, who has been a surgeon and physician of the Health Department of New York for several months, has recently been appointed surgeon on the Hamburg-America steamer line.

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FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER



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American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoputer and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel R. H. Loughborough, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is here awaiting the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines, has been detailed as acting adjutant-general of the Department of California, vice Colonel Richard Thompson, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the department, who has been acting adjutant-general since the departure early in March of Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., adjutant-general, Department of California.

Colonel William S. Patten, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., who was formerly chief quartermaster of the Department of California, and who is now in this country on leave of absence from his station in the Philippines, has been staying at Poughkeepsie, New York, but went early this month to Washington, D. C., and has been staying at Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Pacific Division, left on Wednesday of last week for Seattle, on a tour of inspection.

Major Charles H. McKinstry, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been in Washington, D. C., recently, from this city, in connection with the work of the lighthouse board.

Major George H. Morgan, adjutant-general, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at headquarters, Northern Division, and will proceed to this city to sail on the transport leaving here May 5 for Manila, and report to the commanding general of the Philippines for duty.

Major William W. Harts, U. S. A., chief engineer officer of the Pacific Division, has returned from a tour of duty at Fort Wright, Washington.

Major Kenneth Morton, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been granted ten days' leave of absence.

Captain William G. Haan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has recently returned from Cuba, is assigned to station in Washington, D. C., and is ordered to report to the chief of artillery in connection with the duty heretofore assigned him as a member of the boards of officers detailed to meet in different artillery districts for the purpose of considering questions pertaining to the protection of sea coast forts from attack by land.

Captain Albert E. Waldron, Corps of Engineers, has reported to the chief of engineers in this city for temporary duty in his office.

Captain Guy T. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the Eighty-fifth Company, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Casey, Washington, to the Fifty-third Company, Coast Artillery, at Fort Wadsworth, New York. Mrs. Scott has arrived here for a brief visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, and will be joined in a few days by Captain Scott.

Captain Henry H. Rutherford, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the examining board at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, vice Major William Stephenson, surgeon, U. S. A., relieved.

Captain John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has recently passed his examination for promotion to his present rank before the examining board at Fort Meyer, Virginia, of which Colonel George S. Grimes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is the president.

Captain Charles L. McKain, U. S. A., recently promoted, is assigned to the Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and will proceed to this city and report to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Commander C. F. Pond, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to the command of the *Buffalo*.

Lieutenant Matthew Thomlinson, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, to take effect about July 15, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to the general superintendent, Army Transport service, in this city, for duty as quartermaster of the transport *Buford*, with station at San Francisco.

Lieutenant Clarence C. Culver, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is ordered to duty in the Philippines.

Lieutenant Edwin D. Kilbourne, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and ordered to Fort Brady, Michigan.

Lieutenant Craig R. Snyder, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty in the Philippines Division in time to enable him to sail from Manila on the first available transport after June 1. On his arrival here he will report by telegraph to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Assistant Surgeon E. L. Jones, U. S. N.,

was detached from the Naval Medical School, Washington, D. C., on April 3, and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, on May 20.

Contract Surgeon Andrew V. Stephenson, U. S. A., is ordered from Crawford, Nebraska, to San Francisco.

The following officers are ordered to proceed to San Francisco for duty with the guard at the military prison, Alcatraz Island: Captain Ross L. Bush, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain James M. Wheeler, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Walter C. Penfield, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant James L. Long, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Archibald G. Hutchinson, Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Max B. Garber, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.

Among the assistant surgeons who will sail from here on June 15 for a tour of duty in the Philippines are: Captain T. L. Rhoades, U. S. A., now at Fort Crook; Captain B. J. Edger, Jr., U. S. A., now at Fort Reno, and Captain William J. Lyster, U. S. A., now at Fort McIntyre.

The battalion of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., now at Honolulu, will leave there in the latter part of June for Alaska, where the companies will be assigned to Fort Liscum, Fort Egbert, Fort St. Michael, and Fort Davis. That battalion will be relieved by a battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., now at the Presidio of Monterey, which will sail for Honolulu on June 15.

NOTES OF THE STUDIOS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

For the first time some work of the much-talked of artist, Childe Hassam, is being shown in San Francisco. Two of his paintings, done during a recent holiday in Oregon, are hanging in the Vickery, Atkins, Torrey gallery. They were secured through the courtesy of C. E. S. Wood, the distinguished attorney of Portland, who is a most liberal patron of arts and who entertained Mr. Hassam while he was in the West.

One of the paintings, "Off the Oregon Coast," is sure of enthusiastic consideration, but the other, portraying a stretch of land and water under the smoky glow of a forest fire, will not be so easily understood; in fact, if it were presented for the consideration of a critical hanging committee, without Childe Hassam's name, it would, in all probability, be cast aside with the rejected pictures and regarded as more than usually freakish. With Hassam's extreme fidelity to his art, no one will gainsay that he did not paint the thing as he saw it, following in the steps of the uncompromising Kipling, but the way by which he attained this expression is so insistently apparent, upon a near view, that the interested observer seems to see "the wheels go around," and, in a sort of an enforced consideration of the mechanism, loses the spirit of the picture. At the length of a gallery, the canvas becomes a picture, but this is true of Mr. Hassam's other paintings. Neither would be acceptable in the average-sized room. They need to be seen in an extended perspective. An intimate examination of these canvases shows so liberal a use of paint that much of it is in relief, and there is a surprising amount of pure color used. Distance does the mixing.

Analyzed in its proper setting, "Off the Oregon Coast" is a strong, convincing piece of work. Unconventional in composition, but little of the ocean is shown, but all its restless blue expanse is felt. The scene is considered from a side-long vista, the rocky bluffs and the weather-beaten tree in the foreground, almost covering the canvas, leaving but little for the strip of sea. Hassam has interpreted the tree to the last branch in the tangle that seems necessary to hold it fast in its perilous position. Every inch of the canvas is thoughtfully painted; there are no bald spots. Pervading the picture is the sunlit atmosphere that so many artists of what seems to be almost an American school love to paint.

The forest fire picture defies all the old tenets of composition. Its lines are all horizontal, and it is so like the time-honored panorama construction that it would seem quite natural to have the picture begin to move, revealing the remainder of the country. In color, it is defiant, the almost black trees in the foreground being silhouetted in disjointed dabs against the fire-lit sky. This picture would require a wall quite to itself.

If all of Hassam's pictures are as unusual in size as the two on exhibition, it would be folly to buy one expecting to use a frame already made. They are as out of the ordinary in dimensions as they are in concep-

tion and development. No one interested in pictures can afford to miss seeing and studying this work of Childe Hassam.

When Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, came to San Francisco, about five years ago, he was so poor that the question of studio rent and materials for modeling was a serious one. He did his own casting, with crude appliances. Now word comes from Paris, where he has been for some time past, that his work is attracting the attention of the big men of that shrine of all the artists. Putnam was not without honor in his adopted State. I remember the quality of the first work he presented for the consideration of the public, in a little exhibition at the Press Club. It was not possible to forget the modeling of the lions he exhibited. Strength and beauty were expressed in their every line. San Francisco gave recognition of his genius. It was not long before his clever work was in demand by first-class architects, as well as by the appreciative public, and soon the make-shift appliances in his bare studio gave way to those of convenience. Having the best concomitant of genius—industry—he was represented in all the local exhibitions. While never neglecting the modeling of animals, he commenced to develop figure compositions. Rodin, Putnam's patron saint, would have been pleased at the daring of genius Putnam displayed in this work. Now, in Paris, Putnam is in touch with this master.

While in San Francisco Putnam's career was steadily onward. Important orders followed each other, and finally the execution of one of them took him to Italy. Despite the charms and opportunities of the old art centres, Putnam writes that he is homesick for California, and, unless his plans fail, will return next fall.

Miss Maren Froelich expects to leave within a week for Europe, where she will enjoy a long period of travel, work, and study. In recent years she has been in charge of the art department of a large local school for girls, but she has always found time for the development of her own talents. Miss Froelich painted chic ballet girls so well that she had a difficult time giving up that phase of her work. Finally, in desperation, she refused orders for them. Some of the smaller canvases of the fascinating dancers were as dainty and as exquisitely painted as miniatures, but all were essentially refined. Monterey's charm claimed her as a devotee, and she has made a conspicuous success of painting the elusive beauty of the sand dunes.

Miss Froelich will be away at least two years.

Bruce Porter is en route to Europe for a six months' vacation. He has had a long season of exacting demands from those who wish to avail themselves of the practical application of his art and originality. His latest picture, now hanging in Vickery's gallery, is a night scene in which he gives subtle expression to moonlight's magic. It is painted in his characteristic style—direct and sincere.

At the Schussler Gallery, 1218 Sutter street, there opened this week an exhibition of Grace Hudson's pictures. There are eighteen canvases, most of them new studies painted by Mrs. Hudson in her Mendocino home, where she has an excellent opportunity to study the aborigines in their native haunts. Most of the paintings are devoted to Indian child life, a field in which Mrs. Hudson stands practically alone. Among the most striking of these studies are "Pa-dah" (The Doll), "Ho-Y" (A Young Thing), "Ka-wilote" (A Basket Baby), "The Orphan," "A Precious Burden," "A Faithful Guardian," "Pride of the Fields," "Among the Poppies," and "The First Love."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Papa—I never told lies when I was a boy, Willie. *Willie*—When did you begin, papa?—*Slovo*.

Cholly (enthusiastically)—She is forever smiling upon me! *She*—Awfully polite girl! Every one else laughs outright.—*Puck*.

Blox—There's great joy in our family. *Friend*—What happened? *Blox*—My wife's pet puppy has cut his two first teeth.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"That horse was capable of winning in a walk." "And did he?" "No. They foolishly entered him in a running race."—*Washington Herald*.

Molly—When you spoke to father did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? *George*—Yes. *Molly*—And what did he say? *George*—He borrowed it.—*Sketchy Bits*.

She—When I accepted Jack, he said he felt as if he was in the seventh heaven! *He*—I can well believe it. He has been engaged six times before.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Cholmondely—You and your sister are twins, are you not? *Marjoribanks*—We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Prospective Pa-in-Law—You understand that you do not get the dowry until the end of the first year? *Suitor*—Oh, all right; I will postpone the wedding until then.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Sometimes I think I have more troubles than any other man on earth." "Nonsense! Look at Thompson. He's got a wife, an automobile and a sure system for beating the races."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Mrs. Lawson—How can Mrs. Wykesleigh afford to keep three servants? *Mrs. Dawson*—Oh, she plays bridge with them every Monday afternoon and wins back all their wages.—*Somerville Journal*.

Tramp—Madam, I am suffering from indigestion. *Lady*—Why, I'm sorry. What can I do to help you? *Tramp*—Madam, you can cure me instantly by giving me something to digest.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Baker—Do you think it is true that two can live as cheaply as one? *Barker*—Not much. Since I've been paying alimony to Mrs. Barker it has cost me double what it did when she was my better half.—*Life*.

Servant Maid—I left my last place because I couldn't get enough to eat. *Master*—You won't find that the case here. My wife does the cooking, and there is always a lot left after every meal.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

Mrs. Handout—You say you used to take baths regular twice a week? *Weary Waggle*—Yes, lady, I used to follow up de Baptist camp-meetings and git converted and baptized regular twice a week fer what dere wuz in it.—*Life*.

"Little boy," said the good woman, "do you always tell the truth?" "No'm." "Don't you know it's very, very naughty to lie?" "Yes'm." "Then why do you it?" "I don't. Sometimes I'm too busy to talk."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Scoundrel!" hissed the head grafter to the pal who had betrayed him. "You didn't stay bought." "Excuse me," responded the other laughingly. "I was not bought. That deal with you was a mere lease. No man could buy me at that figure."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Grandma—Were you surprised to have me come and visit you? *Johnny*—Not so surprised as mamma was. *Grandma*—Why, she knew I was coming. *Johnny*—Yes; what she was surprised at was papa's language when she told him about it.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Visitor (to the country theatrical manager)—But why have you so small a stage and so deep an orchestra? *Stage Manager*—That is a brilliant idea of mine. When the audience throw things at the actors, they fall short and hit the musicians. Musicians are cheaper than actors.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken." And, mind you, pull up at the light house and look out for those awful railway vans." "Never fear, sir; I'm my best. And which hospital would

you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"—*London Tit-Bits*.

"He's a great growler, isn't he?" "Hurricane is nothin' to him." "Finds fault with everything?" "Worst you ever saw." "By the by—what is he doing now?" "Editing the 'Band of Hope' and 'Sunshine' department of a new magazine!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Childhood's Estate.

A terror wild,
This naughty child,
A kicker and a squirmier,
When it hit her hand
Its aunt cried, "Land!"
And grasped the terror firmer.
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

The Fair Banks of Peace.

If I might choose my destiny,
If I possessed the right
To name the office that to me
Would bring the most delight,
I would not be a Cortelyou
Or crowd Taft from his place,
Or wish to be a soldier who
Was splendid in gold lace;
I'd leave behind me discontent
And bid good-bye to strife—
I would become vice-president,
And lead the peaceful life.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Times Change.

When Jones was just a struggling youth,
Their standing to assure
The neighbors all looked down on him
Because he was so poor.

The old patched coat, the tattered shirt
Brought forth the jibe and jeer;
And village wits upon him played
With merry taunt and sneer.

Times changed, the wealth of Jones increased
Until he rolled in gold;
With autos, yachts, and private cars
Surpassing dreams untold.

Then to the village he returned,
Alas, he found a hitch,
The style was to look down on him
Because he was so rich.

—*New York Sun*.

A Flattering Illusion.

I thank you for the flowers you sent, she said,
And then she pouted, blushed, and drooped her head.
Forgive me for the words I spoke last night;
The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right.
Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,
Sealed her forgiveness with the old, old sign;
And as we wandered through the dim lit bowers,
I wondered who had really sent the flowers.

—*New York Tribune*.

The Original Figure 8.

If people when on Life's highway should balt and foolishly look back,
They'd note with grief that day by day their steps had made a zigzag track.
The dust of travel there would show that, while convinced of walking straight,
They reeled about so all might know their course ran like the figure eight.

And in the years to come when men proceed along that trampled road
On which, before them, walking straight, at least in thought, their forebears strode,
They'll smile to see the giddy gait of those now sleeping on Time's shelves,
And in the dust of Life's old highway make some figure eights themselves.

—*Dallas News*.

"Mr. Editor," said a patron one day to the man of types, "how is it you never call on me to pay for your paper?" "Oh, we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" the patron replied. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?" "Why," said Mr. Editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

Some one asked Mark Twain if a certain lady of his acquaintance was intelligent. "Well," drawled the admirer of Mrs. Eddy (as a commercial genius), "I wouldn't call her an intelligent woman, and I wouldn't call her an unintelligent woman. I would say she is the sort of woman that would keep a parrot."

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ALFRED HOLMAN

EDITOR

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Presidential Speculation.

In discussing the presidential outlook a few weeks back, the *Argonaut* expressed the opinion that the Republican party would be dominated next year by ideas which have come to the front during the past two years and which are associated in the public mind with the name of President Roosevelt. A succession of striking, not to say sensational, incidents has occurred since this expression—incidents tending to the crystallization of Republican sentiment. The inauguration of an open fight in Ohio

between Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker, the further manifestation of Governor Hughes's personal and political character, the exposition of close campaign relations between the President and Mr. Harriman in 1905, the President's outburst in response to the Harriman letter—these circumstances have had and are having their influence upon political thought and are helping to shape that body of sentiment which is to guide the action of the Republican party next year.

Regarding the situation as affected by these developments and influences, we see nothing tending to modify the conclusion that the party will recognize and confirm the advance made in the past two years, and that in writing its platform and in choosing its ticket, it will hold the moral ground that has been gained. We are still of the opinion that no matter how the Ohio fight may terminate—even though Foraker should win and Taft be turned down—no man of the reactionary type, either Foraker, Fairbanks, Cannon, or any other affiliated with the Hanna régime, has any real prospect of nomination. We believe now as before that the nominee must be a man embodying so much of the Roosevelt idea as to classify him with the new political era rather than with the old. Most assuredly he must be of this class to justify hopes of his election, for nothing is more certain than that any reactionary candidate would be beaten by Mr. Bryan.

At the same time we grow in the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt's personal wishes as to the party nominee will be less effective as an influence than it promised to be some weeks back. The progress of events, while tending at every point to confirm and maintain the unquestioned moral advancement of which Mr. Roosevelt has been the chief proponent and champion, at the same time tends to eliminate mere personal sentiment and to exalt the ideals of higher and better politics. This unvaryingly is the tendency in popular government; given the element of time, and the people will take to themselves the principles and policies which command their approval, making less and less of the personal factors associated with them. Most fortunately it is so, since otherwise our politics would lose itself in mere hero worship and cease to cherish those ideals which are essential to government by the people. A nation which, by its temperament, instinct, and habit, turns from the idea to exalt the man, is on the road to a kind of government resting upon individuality. A nation which, by its temperament, instinct, and habit, turns from the man to the idea, is on a sounder basis.

We have said that the party will hold the moral ground which has been gained. Faith in this hope rests not more upon the mood of the time than upon that broad principle of social evolution that revolution never works backward. In the cycles of time and events, conditions and moods do now and again recur, but the immediate movement is always forward. In the present instance, sentiment is all one way. No matter how attached any locality or any group may be to any public man, as, for example, Fairbanks or Cannon, there is never a word of approval from any source friendly to any one of them as representative, if they may be so regarded, of the Hanna scheme of politics. Hundreds and thousands of citizens all over the country hold the men we have named in the highest esteem, but this partiality never by any chance connects itself with their historic political relationships and affinities. Absolutely the only elements friendly to a reactionary movement in Republican politics are those whom the newer politics has wounded in the nerve of financial interest. What we may style the coterie of organized capital, of men disgruntled by remembrances of direct injury, with the com-

paratively small group of those who gain grossly and unfairly through the tariff schedules—these only stand for reaction; and even among them there is only an occasional bold spirit who dares venture in so many words to voice his sentiments. The great body of citizens who make up the Republican party, with another great mass of citizens loosely connected at the point of party, are absolutely united in approval and support of those ideals in politics and administration, the assertion of which by President Roosevelt, with his efforts to enforce them in the practice of government, have won for him so high a measure of public approval and of moral power. There will be no reaction, because there is nobody in the country, barring the few we have described, to whom the first step towards reaction would not be a signal for resentment and protest. No man of the reactionary type could possibly win the presidency, no matter by what party nominated, no matter by what organized forces he might be supported.

Any estimate with respect to the pending contest in Ohio between Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker, especially if made at this distance from the scene of conflict, would be a mere guess. Taft, partly through his personal standing and even more largely through his identification with President Roosevelt, is a strong figure in Ohio. In times past he has been unvaryingly successful in his appeals to Ohio sentiment, gaining in the last contest a very notable victory in the defeat of Governor Herrick and of Congressman Grosvenor, whom he boldly assailed as representing the reactionary spirit and as standing directly at odds with the President. Senator Foraker is likewise a strong man in Ohio. He has never failed to hold the favor of his party, unless the defeat of Herrick and of Grosvenor may be so interpreted. Whenever, with a single unimportant exception, the party has been called upon to decide between Foraker and anybody else, he has held its favor. Besides the prestige which he enjoys as a Senator, he is the practical head of the party organization. He understands better than any other man living the arts of appeal to Ohio sentiment, and he has a tremendous strength in his own fine gift of oratory. It is to be a fight between giants, and there is always the possibility in such a fight that each will destroy the other. Probably Foraker does not regard himself seriously as a presidential candidate; no doubt he would be entirely satisfied if, by discrediting Taft, he could deal a body blow to the Roosevelt administration at the point of its plans for the future. And it is quite possible that he can do just this, even though Taft should win the immediate contest. It is possible for Mr. Taft, even though he should win the Ohio fight, to come out of it so wounded in his own State as practically to be unavailable as a presidential candidate. It is possible, too, that the administration, by an open effort to help him, may put itself before the country in a position in which it will not command general approval. The American public, however much it may love a fighter, is never pleased to see the President active in partisan controversy.

Mr. Taft, admirable at many points though he is, does not grow in the character of a presidential aspirant. It has been acutely said that no man achieves high public favor as a presidential figure without doing something that strikes the imagination; and it is at this point that Mr. Taft is weak. He has been a highly effective agent of the government in many large affairs, but after all it is as a sitter on the lid that he is most famous, and sitting on the lid, even though it may be done admirably, does not inspire enthusiasm. It may require quite

as much courage, with qualities of mind and character quite as sound, as rushing up San Juan Hill, but it does not have the same effect upon the popular imagination. Furthermore, there attaches to Mr. Taft's position as the candidate of the administration a certain lack of dignity. The country would like him better if his candidacy were less obviously under patronage. Americans like the man who stands for himself and by himself, rather than the man who stands for somebody else. Martin Van Buren, whom Andrew Jackson thrust into the presidency—the first and only man ever so chosen to that high office—had little standing in his own day and he has none at all as a historic figure. His place in our history is rather as the mark of a great impropriety than on any other account. Already the country is noting a certain parallelism between Van Buren, as Jackson's choice in the presidential succession, and Taft as Roosevelt's choice. The reflection is not helpful to Taft. Indeed, something of the true merit of the man—for he is truly a large man—is obscured in his position as the favored son of the administration.

The *Argonaut* has previously pointed out the effectiveness of any administration at the point of influence upon party action. The President is commonly in a situation to command the friendly coöperation of Senators and Congressmen. He may control, well nigh absolutely, the political activities of the great army of federal office-holders, which commonly means the machine organizations in the several States. He may to a large extent engage Senators and Members of Congress in any cause in which he may deem it worth while to interest himself. But even with these sources of power in his hands, a President is likely to be more effective in laying down the lines of party action than in the naming of party candidates. The feeling is universal that the President of the United States is, or ought to be, too big a man to meddle with the merely personal phases of politics. Those more recent Presidents who have been effective in translating their private and personal wishes into party action, have commonly achieved more through a discreet policy of reserve than by openly entering the lists as the agents of faction or of any particular man. Regarding the matter broadly, we are disposed to believe that Mr. Taft would today stand in a stronger attitude as a presidential candidate if the President were less manifestly interested in his behalf.

In what has already been said there appears some of the reasons why the country, attached as it undoubtedly is to President Roosevelt's ideas and ideals of politics, is nevertheless not well disposed at the point of meeting his personal wishes regarding the presidential succession. Beyond a doubt the people of the United States like Mr. Roosevelt. They admire his courage, they respect his high purposes, they respond unflinching to those moral appeals which he knows so well how to make, but, liking the President as they do, the people of the United States are nevertheless disposed always and under all circumstances to govern themselves, and there is no point at which the spirit of self-government is more sensitive than at that of choosing the President. We submit tamely and even shamefully to the rule of bossism in our municipal politics, and the fact goes far to explain why city government with us is everywhere a failure. But when it comes to national government, we all like to assert so much of individual sovereignty as lies in us. In national affairs, most of all in national elections, we don't like to be personally conducted.

Again, strong as he stands with the country, Mr. Roosevelt has not fully retained public approval at the point of personal poise and common sense. The man who, in asserting his liking for Roosevelt, will become enthusiastic at the point of his courage and goodness of purpose, will in the next breath regret his impulsiveness, admit his propensity for leaping before looking, and will conclude with an apology for his overweening self-confidence, his partiality to his little group of personal friends, and his outbursts of bad temper and bad manners. A man who stands thus with those who wish to support him is on weak ground. Today, powerful man though he is, Mr. Roosevelt lacks the strength of his apparent position, because he lacks that well-

rounded respect essential to the fullest measure of public confidence. It is still his good fortune to be estimated by the great body of the people upon the basis of his best qualities; but there are few who do not now recognize the fact that he has grave faults.

The legal, traditional, and proper function of the presidential office is that of executing the law. It is not accidental that we speak of the presidency as the "executive office" or as the "administration." Neither our system in its written mandate nor the spirit of our people recognizes in the presidency a governing as distinct from an administrative force. We have always liked what is called a strong President, but we have never failed to draw the line between strength within the law and presumption beyond it. Wide license of administrative policy was permitted to Jackson and to Lincoln, as it has been to Roosevelt, but there is a limit beyond which the popular allowance will not go. There is in the public mind so fixed a respect for our system as a whole that it rebels inevitably when one branch of the government undertakes to ride over another. Its good nature and its patience with those who command its affections will stand pretty severe strains, but in the end the integrity of the system outweighs and overbears all else. It has been so before; it will be so now. Mr. Roosevelt has taken liberties with the Constitution and with the statutes, and in a sense he has been approved in so doing, but there is in the country an element of sober judgment which declares that innovation, at the point of executive initiative and influence in matters legislative and judicial, has gone quite far enough. On the whole, the American people would prefer, and ultimately they will insist, that Congress shall do the work of legislation, that the judiciary shall do the work of adjudication, and that the executive shall see to the execution of the laws. This was the plan prescribed by the fathers of the republic; it is the plan under which our country has attained eminence in the world; it is the plan within the law; it is the plan of common sense—and, let us add, it is the only plan consistent with the integrity and the safety of popular government.

These considerations are bound to enforce themselves upon the popular judgment as the time for choosing a presidential candidate comes closer. Whoever has long observed American political action in respect of national affairs has not failed to note that beneath the clamors of our politics there is a dominating power of common sense. If it has not at all times controlled our larger political action, it has unfailingly done so in all important crises. Only once in the whole history of the country have we had in the presidential office a man conspicuously out of sympathy with the common will at the point of his plain duty. Speaking broadly, the man of the hour has always matched the mood of the hour. The *Argonaut* believes that the instinct which has almost unfailingly given us in the presidential office a man to match the time, will not fail us. We believe that the country will turn with a sense of relief from the strenuous and assertive personalism of Roosevelt to some man representative of ideals of responsibility, precision, and of a fixed rather than of a noisy resolution. We believe, as we have said already, that there will be no reaction from that moral advancement which the courage and the high moral aims of Mr. Roosevelt have given us. But we believe the country, while accepting and approving the achievements of Mr. Roosevelt, will nevertheless prefer to make its own selection for the presidency, and that it will prefer the spirit of poised responsibility in the presidential office, rather than a continuance of the kind of personalism which has made the White House a powder-house of political and personal sensations during the last three or four years.

Those who are watching critically the course of Governor Hughes in New York—and every thoughtful man is so watching—can not fail to note the almost perfect accord of his principles and methods, as thus far developed, with the spirit of the time. Governor Hughes is not behind President Roosevelt in the general advancement of his political ideas. If less noisy, he is not less resolute. He has that special kind of force which abides

with one who never makes any false starts. He never takes a position hastily and then, upon the basis of more information and reflection, withdraws from it. He has the good habit of looking long and well and of carefully choosing his ground before leaping. When once put, he stays put. He lacks the President's exceptional gift of moral appeal to the public, but no man has discovered that he is deficient in moral purpose or resolution. What President Roosevelt represents in the way of sentiment and moral aim, Governor Hughes translates into a fixed and working plan. He is not so much a preacher of things as he is a doer of things. He is essentially a man of the time, a man of advanced political character, a man of definite political action.

The practical weakness of Governor Hughes lies in the fact that he is not the particular choice of any organization of political forces. He has absolutely disregarded the party organization in his own State. Wherever the hand of corporate power, open or concealed, can have authority, there surely he will meet obstruction. Those who seek to debauch politics and government in their own interests will hardly be friendly to the man who, above all others, has exposed and rebuked them. Furthermore, Mr. Hughes does not "make friends" in the political sense, because he is that type of mind and character which yields nothing either to cajolements or threats. Private, friendly, and informal arrangements respecting matters great or small can not be made with him—indeed, it is practically impossible to counsel with him privately. In office he is a living embodiment of ex-President Cleveland's famous dictum that public office is a public trust. Indeed, by the severity of his conceptions of official duty, by the quiet steadfastness of his devotion to fixed ideals, by his complete indifference to political effects, he is making an entirely new standard in official life. We do not recall in the history of the country one high official who has held precisely to Mr. Hughes's disregard of considerations, personal and political. To the mind of ordinary political judgment this course or policy, so at odds with the practice of officialdom, is fatal in its relations to political promotion. And yet we can but believe that, under the special circumstances of the time, Governor Hughes's attitude is likely to win approval. There is something supremely attractive in the spectacle of a man in high public station who seems absolutely indifferent to all those interests, large and small, which most men, even the largest, are always striving for.

Within the last few days there are many suggestions that President Roosevelt may "take up" Mr. Hughes and urge his nomination. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Hughes will accept the taking up process. Thus far he has exhibited no disposition to affiliate himself with Mr. Roosevelt's system of family politics. As little as any man in our political history does he appear capable of playing the ordinary political game, or of letting any one play it for him. Of course, it is Mr. Roosevelt's privilege to favor whomever he pleases for the presidency, but we shall be greatly disappointed in Governor Hughes if he permits himself to be "taken up" and exploited as the special candidate of President Roosevelt or anybody else. It is because he stands today in a splendid attitude of isolation and independence, because he is a man representative of no faction, no clique, no personal scheme of policy, that he commands so completely the respect of the *Argonaut*.

The political gossips who are associating the name of Governor Hughes with the vice-presidency are doing so, no doubt, as a mere "feeler" designed to smoke out the precise measure of Mr. Hughes's ambitions, if he has any. Taft and Hughes—no matter which name were put first—would be an effective combination, but we suspect it would be one difficult to put into working shape. Both are men of such high pretensions that neither, perhaps, would willingly accept the second place on the ticket. Taft has so long held character as a Presidential candidate that he would probably resent any suggestion assigning him to the vice-presidency, and probably Mr. Hughes would be like-minded.

Little regard, we think, need be given to the almost daily revivals of the third-term suggestion. The President himself has made that an impossibility. If there is any meaning in plain words, and

if there is any such thing as political and personal good faith, then Mr. Roosevelt is not to be thought of as a candidate. We can conceive of but one condition under which he would be justified in recanting his voluntary pledge. If, indeed, there should come an emergency in our affairs so supreme that both the great political parties should call upon Mr. Roosevelt to continue in the administration of the government, then, indeed, he might without loss of moral prestige, recall his words and stand again for the presidency. But this is a contingency practically out of probability. Mr. Roosevelt has said that he will not under any circumstances be a candidate, and that ought to settle it.

The Street Car Situation.

There are intimations of another street railroad strike in San Francisco. The men have renewed their demand for an eight-hour day, with a flat \$3 wage rate. The railroad company has already conceded wage rates of \$3.10, \$3.20 and \$3.30 per day, but insists upon the ten-hour schedule. The terms offered by the company are in almost exact accord with the recent arbitration adjudication. In his decision, not yet two months old, Chief Justice Beatty, while giving the men a higher rate of pay than they had previously received, decided against the demand for an eight-hour day because, after careful study of local conditions, he could not see a practical way of breaking the working day into eight-hour shifts. He made very clear his sympathy for the general scheme of an eight-hour day in ordinary employments, but he felt that in a case where work was done in the open air there was no great hardship in continuing the ten-hour rule, so long in practice here, as in many, or perhaps most, street car systems.

This controversy about hours and wages, if that can be called a controversy which was settled by mutual and honorable agreement less than two months ago, is primarily one between the United Railroad Company and its employees; at the same time it is one in which the public has a close and vital interest. All the arrangements of our business and social life stand in direct adjustment to our system of local transportation; disturb this adjustment, break down our facilities for getting about the city, and every interest becomes an immediate and severe sufferer. It is only a few months back that the activities of the community were paralyzed by the breakdown of the street car system, to the embarrassment or the injury of every man, woman, and child living here or hereabout—we say hereabout because our street car system is related not only to the interest and convenience of our own people, but to all who have any relations or dealings with the city.

In the face of all the facts, a street car strike would be nothing short of criminal. It would be out of harmony with equity and common sense, as defined in the decision of the recent board of arbitration; it would be out of harmony with the whole spirit of a proceeding invoked for the express purpose of determining what was just between the railroad company and the men. If a determination so carefully, laboriously, and conscientiously made can have so little value as to be disregarded before it is two months old, where are we to turn for intelligent and just counsels? There ought to be no strike because, in common sense, there is no reason for a strike. The men are satisfied at the point of wages, since their demand is less than the tender of the company. At the point of hours, we believe they ought to rest content, at least until such time as the change can be made without hardship to the company or to the community. It is, we imagine, quite needless to say that the *Argonaut*, in viewing this situation, has no special interest with the one side or the other; if it has any bias at all, it is that of sympathy with men who earn their living by the hard work of platform service. But the *Argonaut* knows something of public sentiment, for it has been at some pains to discuss the matter in many quarters, and we say to the street car workers of San Francisco that public opinion will not justify them in an arbitrary and extreme policy. The sentiment of the community rests absolutely upon the adjudication of Judge Beatty and his associates of the Arbitration Committee. In the opinion of every man with whom we have talked about this matter, the street car men ought, at least for the present,

to be content with a finding which only two months ago fairly compromised the pending contentions and which placed the street car service of San Francisco, at the point of its wage rates, above that of any other in the whole country.

"Truth"—"Right"—"Logic."

At the Jefferson dinner, in Brooklyn, on Tuesday night of last week Congressman Williams, of Massachusetts, is reported to have said, with respect to government ownership of railroads: "I see no escape from the conclusion that if government ownership is right, it should be adopted now." This statement comes with especial significance because Mr. Williams is a representative of New England democracy and because he spoke with reference to William J. Bryan, who was the guest of the occasion, and with respect to his well-known views on the subject under discussion. Mr. Williams, like Mr. Bryan, appears to be one of those statesmen who does not distinguish between what is right and what is expedient. He is one of those who, in their ideas and policies, make no allowance for times or circumstances. His is that severe moral logic which is incapable of considering anything but the integrity of principle, of yielding anything on account of practical conditions. There are many men of this kind, but they are commonly found, not in the ranks of practical life, but among bookmen and doctrinaires, men who abandon their minds wholly to theory and who have not the slightest regard for those facts of time and circumstance which run counter to theory or which in any way limits its application.

Let us make the point plain: Suppose Dr. Jordan, the distinguished president of Stanford University, and Mr. Ross, a stage owner and late sheriff of Santa Clara County, are seated on the porch of the Vendome Hotel, at San Jose; let us suppose that a man, tramping the road with a roll of blankets on his back, should ask them how far it is to the Lick Observatory. Dr. Jordan, the man of science, gauging the distance by air line, would probably answer that the observatory is fourteen miles distant. Mr. Ross, a practical man, who has traveled up and down the mountain for twenty years, would probably answer twenty-eight miles. Now, which is the truthful statement? The answer is that both are truthful, but each in its own sense. It is true that the distance by direct line is fourteen miles; it is true that the distance by the road is twenty-eight miles, but if the man with the roll of blankets on his back were to endeavor to follow Dr. Jordan's dictum—if he should undertake to go to the observatory by straight line, across vale and mountain, he would find himself involved in unsurmountable difficulties. Practically the shortest line from the Vendome Hotel to the Lick Observatory is twenty-eight miles. To the working man, carrying his burden, the shortest and most direct way is the common road. Here we have in plain distinction the difference between scientific truth and practical truth.

And by the same token, there is a difference between theoretical right and practical right. It happens not infrequently that theoretical right is practical wrong. To attempt, without regard to practical conditions, to work out results in this imperfect world on the lines of theoretical right would involve all who attempt it, and the community in whose behalf it were attempted, in woeful disaster. It may be that public ownership of railroads is theoretically right; let us say frankly that public ownership of all common utilities is ideally right. It by no means follows that the immediate enforcement of this principle would be expedient or possible. Allowance must be made for conditions which come between ideal right and practical expediency. Does anybody imagine that it would be expedient in the present state of civic conditions in San Francisco to give our city government control of the vast business involved in the administration of our public utilities? Is there anybody not bereft of his senses who would consider it expedient to give Mayor Schmitz and the self-confessed boodlers who sit in our City Hall, control of all the public-service properties of San Francisco with the selection of men and the expenditure of money involved in their administration? Can anybody be so blind as to believe for one moment that such responsibilities would be carried either with business efficiency or with moral

integrity by such agents? The principle is not affected by the special conditions, for principle stands above conditions; but at the point of expediency, common sense can give but one answer.

The doctrinaires of the Williams type, who are forever talking about consistency and the logic of things, forget that it is not an ideal world in which we live, that in apportioning the responsibilities, either of public or private life, respect must be had to working conditions, and that these conditions in a majority of cases—perhaps in most—limit the application even of the most perfect and cherished principles. The distance from the Vendome Hotel to the Lick Observatory, as we have seen, is fourteen miles, but it would indeed be a dangerous enterprise to attempt to make the journey along the fourteen-mile line. Logically, if little Johnnie can eat one apple in one minute he can eat sixty in an hour; but practically the lad can't do it. These are fair examples of cases in which truth and logic can not be accepted as practical guides. Logic, truth, right—these large and high ideals—should indeed be cherished as lights and aids, but they must not be accepted literally and permitted to dominate the working plan—and in practical life it is the working plan which we must consider.

The working plan, as distinct from theoretic right, is not the discovery of our immediate age. Two thousand years ago Paul of Tarsus declared, with a wisdom which men of the Williams type would do well to heed, that there be things that are lawful but not expedient. Government ownership of railroads, Mr. Williams would do well to learn, may, as a matter of abstract and ideal principle, be "right," but, conceding the point, the statement nevertheless affords no assurance that it should be adopted "now." Probably it will come in time, but not, the *Argonaut* hopes, before we have learned some better way of administering public affairs than under the ignorant, blundering, wasteful, and corrupt system which rules wherever "politics" is in control.

The Case of Boodler Wilson.

In the complication of statements and counter-statements, the *Argonaut* has not been able to make out whether Governor Gillett has or has not asked Railroad Commissioner Wilson to resign. But of one thing we are certain, namely, that he ought to do it. Wilson, an ex-member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, is a confessed boodler. He liked the game so well that even after he had no vote to sell, he continued in the character of guide, philosopher, and friend to attend the famous Sunday afternoon meetings of the Supervisors and to assist in the apportionment of the loot. It doesn't need to be said that such a man has no proper place as a State official, or that if lacking the decency to resign the place he dishonors he should be thrust from it. The tip of the Governor's boot would seem to the non-legal mind a suitable instrumentality for effecting this particular job of purifying the public service; but if this means is not available, we shall hope some other way may be found to relieve the State of a foul-smelling incubus.

It may be possible that there are reasons of discretion why we can not cast forth the boodlers from the City Hall. The *Argonaut* has not been able to see them, but, even so, we are not disposed to quarrel with the authority which has in hand the good job of cleaning up the town. But whatever the reasons in the one case, there can be none in the other. The State government has no purposes possible to be attained by holding in an office of high responsibility a bribe-taker and a broker in bribery, a man who, by the plain letter of a just law ought to be picking jute at San Quentin. If it is within the authority of the Governor to move in this matter, then he ought to do it, and with the least possible delay.

A Gross Imposition.

Some weeks ago, in a running discussion of labor conditions in San Francisco, the *Argonaut* pointed out, as among the special and immediate tyrannies of organized labor, that our builders are not permitted to fit on to class A structures metal sash manufactured elsewhere unless it could be shown that in the making of these materials there had entered the same conditions of wages and hours of labor as

those ruling here. It was further pointed out that organized labor would consent to no fixed schedules at these points, that a change made locally without notice might at any time render "unfair" a mass of costly materials made to order under conditions which at the time were "fair" and allowable. Still further it was pointed out that, while metal sash of local manufacture could be had here, the quality was not so good as that of imported material, and that the cost was much higher. The effect of these conditions was declared to be the practical prohibition of strictly first-class construction, a prohibition tending to give us second-class as distinct from first-class buildings, to increase the permanent fire hazard, and therefore to put upon property-holders a fixed condition involving the payment of higher as distinct from the lower insurance charges.

In rebuttal of these statements we have received two letters, one of them asserting that "there are a number of manufacturers in this city who are making metal windows that are equal to any made in the world." We give this statement for what it may be worth and pass on to another, which contains the real milk in the cocoanut—what any assistant professor at Berkeley or Stanford would style the "crux"—of the whole matter. "As to their relative cost," says the writer above quoted, "I am unable to state, but I assume that, as the wages paid in this city are much higher than they are elsewhere, and as material also costs more delivered in San Francisco, the prices of these windows are somewhat higher, but the advantage of making them here counterbalances any reasonable difference in cost."

As to the point of "reasonable difference in cost," the *Argonaut* is assured by a reputable dealer that the advance is full sixty per cent in the price of local-made metal goods, as compared with goods made in Chicago and laid down here. But there is still another and more vitally important point. Organized labor, it appears, takes upon itself the right to determine what is good for San Francisco and what is not, assuming that its own advantage is to be the measure of the common benefit. Organized labor takes upon itself, in the interest of a limited number of workmen, to prohibit San Francisco in this great emergency the privilege of buying materials for her rehabilitation in those markets where they can be bought cheapest. Even to the point of all but forbidding first-class fireproof construction here, organized labor insists upon its pound of flesh.

It would seem that common sense and civic patriotism would prompt organized labor to such limitation of its demands as would permit San Francisco to buy what she needs in markets controlled by normal conditions. The other policy—the policy which insists upon emergency prices for all things—is scarcely better at the point of morals than highway robbery. Organized labor, so gorged at the point of orders that it can not do half the work offered it, makes a poor figure indeed when it insists that San Francisco shall buy its materials nowhere but in an emergency market, or when it bursts over bounds and goes abroad for what it can not find at home it must still pay emergency prices. In this demand there is neither common sense nor common honesty. And to organized labor we say that, while for the moment it may have the power to enforce even this gross demand, it will by so doing store up wrath against the day of wrath. Injuries of this kind can not be forgotten and will not be condoned. No community, however it may submit to such imposition, will fail to cherish a sense of injury or in the end fail to resent it.

The Problem Novel and Play.

A whole host of critics have rushed into print with more or less sage reflections on the influence of the problem novel and the problem play upon the rising generation. We had ourselves supposed that the influence was the other way, and that the rising generation, in its demand for a stronger mental food than its maiden aunts had ever dreamed of, has created a kind of literature that is certainly one of the features of the day. But it is not likely that mere denunciation will have much effect upon the stream except to increase it. Moralists of the Comstockian order may inveigh against modern literature as much as they please, and popular preachers

may continue to fulminate against the problem novel and the problem play and they will do no more than point out to the curious where nastiness is to be found. It is a part of the restlessness of the day, of the general inclination to walk in forbidden places. It is a part of the universal challenge to right and wrong to show their credentials or to change their labels.

In a general way the situation, so far as literature is concerned, may be summed up by saying that the institution of marriage has been placed upon its trial. The novels that we used to read when we were young, the novels that were specially written with a view to the boarding school miss, always concluded with a marriage, and the fact that the interesting couple lived happily ever afterwards was considered to be so obvious a truth that it needed only to be stated. But nowadays we have changed all that. The novel of today begins with the marriage, and its whole purpose and scope is to show that the hero and the heroine did not live happily ever after, but very much the reverse. The man brings into the union all of his old-time selfishness and all of his inherited and acquired animalism, while the woman responds with sickly yearnings or seeks for solace in illicit ways. The problem novel is the novel of disillusionment and of disappointment, and it does something more than hint at an imagined and unreal remedy which springs from the general slackening of old-time sanctions.

The moralists say that its influence is bad, and, of course, they are right. First of all, there are no new problems in connection with marriage, but only the old ones, added to a new impatience of restraint and self-government. There have always been men whose habits of life have been too disgusting for toleration by decent women. There have always been women whose characters have been too trivial, or selfish, or wayward, for the companionship of manly men. These human frailties, like the poor, are always with us, and they no more constitute a modern problem than disease or poverty. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not a new one. Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Henrik Ibsen have made no discoveries that there should be such a flutter of feathers and such a cackling in the hen coops. The bad smells and the dirty sights to which they introduce us are the same old smells and the same old sights that seem to have been born with the world and are likely to die at about the same time. We have always known that there were sewers and cesspools, and we did not want to have them left at our doors as startling novelties.

We do not wish to be uncharitable, but we do not think that there is much sincerity in those who sell or in those who buy the problem literature. It is a fact very well known to the police that there is a good market for indecencies, and the only difficulty has been to get indecencies on to the market without the interference of the police. Nine people out of ten who want to see "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or to read "Nana" or George Moore are not in the least actuated by a public-spirited interest in great questions. They have a simple and elemental hunger for the improper and they are debarred by timidity and other causes from seeking the improper in the corners and purlieus into which decent society, holding its nose, has driven it.

There is, of course, a redeeming feature, and it is a nail driven into the nearly finished coffin of the problem novel. Both novels and plays of this order are so deadly dull that to read them or to see them is a weariness to the flesh and a vexation to the spirit. They are simply dullness flavored with prurient indecency, and they would go the way of all dull things but for the advertising of the moralist. Mr. George Moore, for example, is extremely angry because his American publishers refuse to produce his latest work unless they may "take out parts." He does well to be angry, because he knows that the parts to be excised are the things for which his book would be bought. Mr. Moore is the prophet of the illicit, and it is the illicit who want to read him. He wants to get the widest audience for his teaching that "many a woman if she were forced to live with one husband would make him very unhappy; whereas if she lived with two men she would make them both supremely happy." The people who want to read this sort of thing are, first of all, the curious who want to know—and curiosity is the beginning of all im-

moralties—and secondly, the people who do know, but who fret at restraints. It is a frank pandering to the indecent, and when problem literature is generally recognized for what it is, without hypocrisy or self-excuse, it will go the way that all such things have gone—into oblivion.

Business Morality and Political Decency.

In the course of his speech at the Fairmont dinner, Mr. Francis J. Heney made this notable remark: "We must have a higher standard of morality in business, and then we will get a higher standard of morality in politics." It was a true word, spoken emphatically, spoken at the right time, spoken by the right man. There are those among us who seem to think that the graft prosecution will literally and permanently "clean up" the city. Mr. Heney, expert in these matters, knows better. He, in common with others of close observation of men and things, knows that we are not going to have a city government in San Francisco better than the men who run it—that we are not going to have a more moralized political life than the average of our business life. He knows that the millennium is not going to come with the detection of a group of grafters, high and low.

If this prosecution were to mean nothing for San Francisco beyond an explosion—if it were to yield us nothing but a mere ghastly and momentary view of the abuses of our civic life, there would truly be little to commend it. Mere exposure of abominations, mere punishment of a few men caught in acts of crime—these things can come to nothing if out of it all we do not gain new motives of vigilance, a new sense of civic responsibility, with a new and larger devotion both to the ideals and the duties of citizenship. And this being so, it was well worth the while of the distinguished prosecutor to turn a moment from his ugly task and to recall to the people of San Francisco the larger aims involved in it.

The *Argonaut*, as its readers well know, is not in sympathy with mere muck-raking, either at home or abroad. It has never deceived itself with the thought that any good can come to the community through revolting exposures, unless through these exposures there can be impressed upon the community mind some new sense of what is due from it and through it to the common morality and the common welfare. We have never for one moment imagined that the sending of half a score or half a hundred bad men to San Quentin would of itself make better conditions in San Francisco. Through public moralization, and through that alone, can there come to us any real and lasting benefit to our civic life. Mr. Heney, seeing the point clearly, does well to give it special emphasis.

Every social movement, to be permanent and wholesome, must rest upon a progressive basis. Prosecution—even such as that now in operation in San Francisco—soon sinks exhausted by its own passion if it lack the moral purpose of leading to some sound end. If our graft prosecution were aimed merely at individuals it would fail, as other efforts have failed before, because even an injured public grows weary of revenge. We have in Mr. Heney's remark assurance of a higher and a larger aim, of an aim to give to the community of San Francisco, in its business as well as its political activities, higher and better moral standards, and therefore a better system of practice.

The working world—in other words the world that does things—is unvaryingly hopeful; it does things because it is hopeful. Take out of any cause the element of optimism, the hope and expectation of achieving something, and the hour of its decline has begun. It is the moral purpose with the hope associated with it that carries every social movement which commands respect beyond its first brief hour. Mr. Heney evidently understands this profound principle, and, understanding it, he does well to lift his cause above the mere muck of exposure and social vengeance and to associate it with the broad purpose of establishing the business life of the community on a plane calculated to sustain a decent and worthy political life.

A French invention consisting of bulb thermometers, predicts at sundown whether there will be a frost.

A Hindu catamaran can go to and from ships when ordinary craft can not be launched.

THE BOERS TRIUMPH.

The Elections in the Transvaal Give the Dutch a Great Majority.

When General Botha signed the treaty of peace at Vereeniging just five years ago, the world believed that it was once more called upon to witness the tragedy of the violent extinction of a nation. The Boers had waged a war against a great power—a war which, upon their part, was almost unprecedented in its heroism, its determination, and its hopelessness. They had exacted a toll from Great Britain in men and money that justified President Kruger's historic promise to "stagger humanity," and now at last a stubborn resistance had been trampled to earth, and General Botha, the hero of a hundred Veldt fights, had appended his name to what seemed to be the death warrant of his race.

That was five years ago. Today, and by the orderly processes of representative government, the Boers are once more undisputed masters of the Transvaal, and General Botha, as great in peace as in war, stands at their head as the Prime Minister of a free British Colony. Such a prophecy would have seemed the wildest fiction, and no one was hardly enough to make it.

At the elections that have just concluded, the Boers, of course, voted solid for their own people. The vice of absentism has not yet been imported into South Africa, and it would be safe to say that hardly a single Boer stayed away from the polls or showed inappreciation of the political power conferred upon them in accordance with a British promise, which not one among them believed would be kept. In many rural districts over 80 per cent of the voters went to the polls, and those who did not go were not Dutch. They were deterred neither by long journeys nor by deep rivers. They had heard the appeals of fervid oratory in the stolid silence of their race. Like the historic parrot, they were not much on talking, but they were "beggars to think," and they voted solidly for their own candidates. For this reason the Transvaal today is under Boer rule, and a Boer general goes to London to sit in the august circle of colonial premiers who will deliberate imperial affairs in the imperial capital.

Of course, some of the British here are frightened and foresee all sorts of calamities. They can not believe that the Boers can ever forego their dreams of entire independence or of a gratified resentment against the English. They profess to believe that the old race hatreds will be revived and augmented and that Het Volk will never regard themselves as British citizens or bury the hatreds of the war. But such predictions find small support from the obvious attitude of the educated Boer. General Botha himself has declared that he accepts the situation without reservation, and that he will work loyally as a unit of the empire to which his country now belongs. The mass of the Boers are, of course, uneducated, but then it takes no great amount of education to appreciate personal security of life and property and the assurance of unmolested industry. The average Boer has been reinstated upon his farm; to a great extent his losses during the war have been recouped to him; he is guaranteed possession of his country by the whole force of the empire, and he has been given a vote in order that he may arrange his local affairs as please him best. What more can he want or what more could he have. His education and his intelligence are at least good enough to show him that his lines have been cast in pleasant places. What a pity that Oom Paul did not live to see the day!

The Boers are not only in control, but they are likely to remain so. There are hardly any limits to the powers of a majority under constitutional government. There are two houses in the legislature, and there is nothing in the constitution to prevent the majority from making the upper house elective as well as the lower one. They are almost certain to do so, and small blame to them. Then again they can so arrange the constituencies as to give them a continually preponderating vote. The opposition, or English-speaking element, profess to be filled with alarm lest they will do these things and so entrench themselves in their electoral advantage. The Boers are a "slim" people, and they are not likely to forego what is within their reach. But then these things are exactly what the opposition would have done had they been in a position, and they are well in line with the practices of political majorities in civilized countries.

The ultra-British element—which in a British colony always out-Herods Herod—is, of course, filled with wrath unspeakable because a liberal government has dared to carry out its promise of self-government to the vanquished Boers. They wanted to see that promise recede into the "dim and distant" and to remain as the dominant and ruling and unconstitutional party. They have been disappointed. The liberal government at home, with political sagacity, has recognized that an enfranchised Transvaal is a contented Transvaal, and that there is no such remedy for disaffection as free speech, a free press, and a free vote. No man kicks unless there is something within reach to kick at, and the Boer will stretch himself far before he is "up against" any restriction to his liberty or his rights. The ultra-British here would have postponed self-government until the Boers became restive and rebellious, and then they would have withheld the boon because they were restive and rebellious. It would have been the old vicious circle which is answerable more than anything else for the troubles of Ireland, and the liberal government is therefore to be congratulated on a measure of statecraft which nips discontent in the bud and replaces inevitable revolt by constitutional freedom and the almighty ballot box.

The future is, of course, an unturned page, but there is no reason to believe that it will be marked with red. The

country has been given a constitution, and the Boers have shown in the regular way that they have a majority. The only way to overturn them is to reverse the verdict at subsequent elections. At present there are not enough Britishers in the colony to do this, and the only hope for the anti-Boers is in immigration. Since the war immigration has been slack. A great number of the mines have been shut down, and the presence of Chinese coolies has not made the landscape any more attractive than formerly to those in search of new homes. But the days of the Chinese coolie are numbered in the land, and a few years of quiet and orderly development and reconstruction will re-establish immigration upon its old basis, and then we may see the Boers in a minority and no longer with the reins of government so firmly in their hands. And by that time the colony may have reached such a point in common sense that no one will care whether the Boers are in a majority or not, so that all alike are working for the common good.

UTLANDER.

PRETORIA, March 24, 1907.

RECENT VERSE.

The Wanderer's Song.

There will be, when I come home, through the hill-gap in the west,
The friendly smile of the sun on the fields that I love best;
The red-topped clover here and the white-whorled daisy there,
And the bloom of the wilding briar that attars the upland air;
There will be bird-mirth sweet—mellow none may know—
The flute of the wild wood-thrush, the call of the vireo;
Pleasant gossip of leaves, and from the dawn to the gloam
The lyric laughter of brooks there will be when I come home.

There will be, when I come home, the kindness of the earth—
Ah, how I love it all, bounteous breadth and girth!
The very soil will say—tendril, fibre, and root,
"Here is our foster-child, he of the wandering foot.
Welcome! Welcome! And, lo! I shall pause at the gate ajar
That the leaning lilacs shade, where the honeysuckles are;
I shall see the open door—O farer over the foam,
The ease of this hunger of heart there will be when I come home!"
—Clinton Scollard in *The Outlook*.

Where Prairie Breezes Blow.

Oh, the scent of the sage comes drifting down on the breath of a
prairie breeze,
From the plains where the bunch-grass ripples brown, like the waves
of the summer seas.
And the dear, sweet smell of the hillside pines, and the cottonwoods
that grow
In cañons deep, comes home to me when the west winds gently blow.

I can see the bulk of a milling herd in the rain-clouds massing black
(By the angry breath of the storm-wind stirred) and riders on its
track;
I can hear the rush of a mad stampede when the lightnings flash
and glow,
And wild hoofs beating the prairie sod, when the stirring west winds
blow.

Oh, for the feel of a braided rein and the plunge of a prairie steed.
And the brave, true hearts that the open plain and the wind-swept
mountains breed,
Oh, for the days on the long divides, and nights by the camp-fire's
glow,
Hard on the trail of the herds that roam where the prairie breezes
blow.
—Bertrand W. Sinclair in *The Bohemian*.

One of the youngest peers in England is the Earl of Shannon. He is only 9 years old, and the eldest son of the late Lord Shannon, who died recently in his forty-sixth year. In addition to the earldom, he is also a baron and a viscount. The young peer has not announced his opinion regarding the greatness thrust upon him at his early age, but if he cares as little for hereditary rights as his father did the lad is not lying awake nights thinking of the glory of his new title. The late earl of Shannon led an unusual life for a nobleman. At an early age he ran away to America. He wrote no letters home, and when, through the death of his father, he became successor to the earldom, no one knew where he might be found. His younger brother, the Hon. Henry Boyle, went to the Klondike in search of him. A fruitless search of the gold fields and the fact that the young man answered none of the advertisements sent out for him elsewhere led to the belief that the title must fall to his brother. About this time, however, a clew presented itself by which Henry traced his missing brother to a ranch in Idaho. Upon his return to England he married Miss Nellie Thompson, daughter of "Louise," the court milliner. The countess died shortly before her husband's death and left a fortune of \$400,000.

Judge J. B. Ballinger, of Seattle, the new commissioner of the general land office of the Interior Department, has set the politicians and lobbyists to guessing as to what manner of man he is. When members of the Senate and House call to see him on official business he refuses to converse with them in whispers, but makes them talk out loud so that everybody within earshot can hear what is going on. To some Senators and Representatives who have objected to his tactics the new land commissioner has politely suggested that they write him fully on the subjects of their mission and that he will reply by mail. But, curiously enough, even this method is not satisfactory to many of them.

General J. Warren Keifer will soon be numbered among the host of statesmen who, between the sessions of Congress, entertain the people from the lecture platform. The Ohioan was one of the party of fifty congressmen who recently visited the Isthmus to inspect the canal work, and it is upon this topic that he will address the patrons of the Chautauqua circuit in his part of the country. His lecture will be profusely illustrated with kodak pictures showing actual scenes along the route of the Panama canal. General Keifer is in his seventy-second year, but is still spry and active, to which fact the younger members of the congressional party to Panama testify with many anecdotes.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, is the youngest prime minister in the British Empire, being only 36, and he achieved the premiership four years ago.

Senator La Follette is becoming a large figure in Wisconsin politics, as is shown by the significant fact that five of the candidates for Mr. Spooner's seat in the Senate have promised to follow his leadership.

Some Cleveland Democrats have started an Olney boom in various parts of the country. They admired Richard Olney as President Cleveland's Secretary of State, and they now recall that Mr. Olney did not bolt Bryan either in 1896 or 1900.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who has come so prominently to the front during the French church dispute, shows his modernity by playing an excellent game of golf, as well as by his ability to send a rifle bullet through a ten cent piece at twenty yards.

Ex-Congressman Charles A. Towne is preparing for an extended visit to the Far East. First he will visit the Philippines on business for a New York client, and later will spend some time in Tokyo and Peking, remaining in the Orient perhaps a year or more.

William J. Bryan, speaking before the Cincinnati Democratic Club, said that he expected to live through five more presidential campaigns. "I went into politics by accident, and I stayed in by design," were his concluding words.

The next bit of presidential favor for Gen. Leonard Wood is said to be his appointment as commander of the department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York. This assignment is apparently viewed as a special plum, and second only to appointment as chief of staff.

Attorney-General Bonaparte looks with some misgivings upon the post mortem condition of his distinguished great-uncle. He admits his mighty prowess as a fighter, but he is by no means certain as to the exact department of the invisible world in which his shade might most successfully be looked for.

Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador to this country, is a chancellor of the Russian Empire, court chamberlain, and a wearer of the orders of St. Vladimir, St. Ann, and St. Stanislaus. In addition to his special training and experience as a diplomat, he is an accomplished musician, and speaks English, Russian, French, German, Italian, and Japanese.

Alphonso Taft, father of Secretary Taft, was President Grant's last attorney-general in his last cabinet. Another instance of father and son as holders of cabinet portfolios was J. Sterling Morton, President Cleveland's secretary of agriculture, and Paul Morton, President Roosevelt's secretary of the navy, the father being a Democrat and the son a Republican.

Speaker Cannon seems to have had a good time in Havana. He is reported as saying: "I feel like I could jump over a smoke-house," and as consuming more cigars than he "thought had been born." The Cubans have dubbed him "one frisky muchado," which must or ought to be equivalent to a "gay old boy." As for the speaker's return comment on Cuba he observes: "I guess it's all right. The cigars are, anyway."

Ambassador Bryce, the British representative at Washington, is proving himself to be both democratic and accessible. During working hours he smokes a well-seasoned pipe, and to its genial influence is attributed the natural optimism that prompted his advice to the New York Chamber of Commerce. "The oscillations of stocks," he said, "are inevitable as changes in temperature. The best thing to do is to treat them with serenity."

President Roosevelt has made the following appointments to the immigration commission which will investigate the present conditions: Charles P. Neill, commissioner of labor; Prof. J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, and William R. Wheeler, of Oakland, Cal. The other members of the commission which have already been designated by Congress are: Senators Dillingham, Lodge, and Latimer, and Representatives Bennett, Burnett, and Howell.

Senator Bailey had a great reception when he reached his home in Gainesville, Texas, after the ending of the session. The stores were closed, and he was escorted by six bands of music that surrounded the carriage of lavender and white and the six white horses. Such an opportunity for a speech was not to be lost, and so the Senator said exactly what he thought about his enemies, and concluded his oration by endorsing William J. Bryan for the presidency. Hitherto Senator Bailey has placed Mr. Bryan second on the list, and no false modesty has prevented him from naming the most suitable candidate for the first position.

The Republicans of New Jersey are preparing again to ask that they be given second place on the presidential ticket next year, provided, of course, that the head of the ticket is not taken from New York. Their present governor, Edward Caspar Stokes, is being groomed for the race and it is said he has expressed a willingness to contest the nomination for Vice-President with Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, and all other comers. Governor Stokes's term will expire in about a year and under a provision of the constitution of his State he can not be reelected, otherwise there seems no doubt that his party would again nominate him. It is stated that every faction in New Jersey is enthusiastically supporting him for Vice-President. He and President Roosevelt are very good friends.

A THIEF'S DEBT OF HONOR.

By George Sidney Binckley.

Free once more, Juan Verdugo left the court-room. The man was certainly guilty—his record was about as bad as a record can be made in thirty-six years, and the moral and circumstantial evidence of his guilt was appallingly plain.

But in Mexico the criminal law does not recognize circumstantial evidence nor moral certainty. Not without some difficulty, and considerable courteous insistence on this point, the young *licenciado*, Valentin Rivas, convinced the court that the notorious and ill-favored bandit was at least technically innocent of the latest crime charged to him—a highway robbery to which no witnesses could be produced, for the beautifully simple reason that he had killed them.

His client acquitted, the young *licenciado* Rivas gathered up his books and papers, and sauntered out of the door of the Palace of Justice (a down-at-heel adobe structure on the plaza of the little border town) and down the sprawling, untidy street to his house. Waiting at his gate stood Juan Verdugo, his hat held humbly in his hand, an ugly sneer curling his scarred lip.

The young lawyer paused, and glanced at him coldly. "Well—and what is it?"

"Señor, it is but this. I have no money. The judge—bah!—we are of a feather, he and I—he stole the money that I took from those *lechones*, those milksops out there on the road. I'm sorry now I killed them. But it is thus I have no money to pay you, and this, señor, is what I wish to say."

"It is nothing; I did not expect money. Your thanks will be enough."

"Señor," Juan Verdugo spoke sharply, an ugly glare in his bloodshot eyes, "thanks are given by friends. Thou art of the law, its upholder—the seat of the judge, the power to send men to death will be thine. Thy friend I am not, thy friend I will never be. Yet will I pay thee well, for that ye saved me from the death!" He turned silently away into the gathering dusk.

Weary with the day's work, Valentin Rivas turned from the packet of papers before him with a sigh. Three years had added to his practice, and other cases much more interesting had brushed Verdugo's from his mind. Occasionally it was recalled with cynical amusement when some new outrage, attributed to Verdugo, exasperated the authorities and alarmed travelers of the Camino Real. But tonight his mind was busy with his quiet, almost stealthy preparations for a forty-mile ride over range and plain, with \$52,000 on his saddle. The proceeds of the season's sale of cattle on the ranch of old Judge Cantú, his patron and friend, he would not venture to send it to the express office by messenger, perilous as he knew the errand would be to himself. He believed he had guarded the secret of his proposed departure well; a brave man, he was serene in his mind.

The night was still and close, with an intangible hint of storm to come. Valentin Rivas, thoughtfully glancing over some memoranda, was suddenly startled by a gentle scratching at the door. He held his breath, and strained his ears, stealthily laying his hand on the butt of a heavy six-shooter that lay in the drawer at his side. A tense minute of silence passed, then a whisper, cold, sibilant, penetrating—"Señor!"

Without a moment's hesitation he snuffed out the candle on the table, leaving the room in darkness but for a sickly ray of moonlight slipping through the small window.

Moving like a cat toward the door, the pistol gripped in his hand, he felt for the heavy bar. The money was in the house, and his blood chilled a little.

"*Quin es—who is it?*" His whisper was as low as that of the other.

The answer made him jump. "It is I, Juan Verdugo—be silent, and open quickly."

In spite of himself, the lawyer's heart contracted for an instant. Astounded, he made no answer.

"Señor, open, open at once or I go, and your life is lost—open, for I come to pay my debt!" The cutting whisper trembled through the crack in the panel.

Valentin Rivas softly slid the heavy bar back, and opened the door, knowing well the hazard, and feeling dimly a wonder at his own rashness. The muzzle of his pistol nearly brushed the dark figure that slipped in like a snake through the cautiously opened door, closed again swiftly and barred with care.

The lawyer faced Verdugo—he felt his presence rather than saw him—and waited for him to speak. The strangeness of the situation dominated for the moment its sinister possibilities.

"Señor," whispered Verdugo, abruptly, "it is known that you are to start for Santa Ana this night. You are to take with you \$52,000 to send to Judge Cantú. You are surprised, is it not? But if you go, you will be killed, for they are many that would kill you. They are coyotes—chicken thieves—but they are many, and bad. Myself—bah! I work alone!" And in the dim gloom the lawyer saw his figure stiffen with the tigerish pride of the predatory beast.

"But the money must go," Valentin Rivas spoke thoughtfully. Denial was obviously futile, and hardly occurred to him. "No, Verdugo, I must take it—it is promised, and must go." He knew how imperative was the need for the money.

"Señor," the sharp hiss of Verdugo's whisper was in the lawyer's ear, "they watch for you outside—they wait on the trail, and I, even I, Juan Verdugo, have sneaked through weeds and shadows to come here. They watch what know not that I am here. Venture from this

house tonight, and you die." He paused, then—"Señor, shall I speak what is in my mind?"

"Speak then thy mind."

"Señor Licenciado Rivas, once it was you stood between Death and I, and held him from me. This night I come to pay that debt. Thou hast been marked down for death, but I, Juan Verdugo, the *ladron*, the thief, will take that packet of money to the office of express, and return to thee the paper they give to show truly that the money has been sent. This will I do, in good faith, for in truth the debt lies heavy on my heart."

The lawyer, astounded at the sublime absurdity of the offer, saw for an instant nothing but its fantastic humor. "You will take the money to Santa Ana—you will bring the receipt?" The lawyer's voice carried a distinct shade of incredulity.

"Señor," Verdugo spoke earnestly, "on my word of honor—pah! I suppose that you think I have none; yet thieves have honor of its kind. *Bien!* I go then, señor, only that I may be purged of my debt, as I would light a candle to the Holy Virgin! The money will be far safer in my hands than with thy trustiest messenger, until it is in the office of express—though, to be frank, I would most gladly rob the train that carries it south! Say, señor, am I thy messenger or no? Speak quickly, for the life of a hunted *ladron* hangs on too slender a thread in this place to be to the liking of even Juan Verdugo."

Valentin Rivas thought swiftly. Risky it was, without doubt, to place this fortune in the hands of a notorious bandit, to make a trusted messenger of a hunted scoundrel. Yet, somehow the money must reach Judge Cantú, it was imperative. Also, he knew well that odd and almost superstitious respect for the sanctity of a private vow, so common among even the worst in Mexico. Knowing his people, he understood well how the man chafed under the constant galling sense of obligation to one he little less than hated. His mind was made up. Silently he moved over to the little iron safe, not yet locked for the night. Quietly he placed the unsealed packet of bills in the hand of Juan Verdugo. "The address is on the packet—take the receipt after you see the agent count the money and seal the packet. Bring me the receipt, and thy debt is paid."

"*Esta bien, señor.* It is well. Move not outside the door until I come—shut thyself in, let thy servant say that thou hast gone. But on no account be seen. I return in two days. Señor, I go!" Silently as a panther, Juan Verdugo slipped out into the gloom.

Valentin Rivas stood long at the little window. Unconsciously he stared hard into the blackness. The moon had set, and the wind was beginning to whisper in the wide chimney. A faintness that angered him, a hint of nausea, would not be denied. He did not regret what he had done, he did not consciously fear for the result, yet, if anything *did* go wrong—

With sudden fear he brushed away from his mind the hideous train of consequences that seemed to assault his courage in a thousand ugly forms. Shaken for an instant, he turned hastily to a decanter of brandy and with trembling hand poured out and drank half a tumblerful of the burning stuff. Wearily he threw himself on the bed, and, hours afterward, slept.

The next day and even the night, passed not so badly. Knowing his need, all day and half the night, with the heavy lash of his own grim determination, he drove himself through an accumulated mass of the exhausting details of his professional work. Spent and weary, he slept late on the morning of the second day. But now he could no longer force aside his anxiety—his mind would drag back from the task before it, and the words on the written page before him seemed solemn drivels. Desperately he would pace the length of the room, and desperately he would try again to force his attention to his work. That same night Verdugo should come, and as the day waned, with the wind howling past the house and whining down the great throat of the chimney, his mood would vary from black dejection to almost light-headed elation that the end was near. Never really doubting the outcome, nevertheless, the hideous phantom of imminent ruin whispered distrust in his ear. As darkness crept through the wind-lashed rain, his nervous tension became horribly acute—his sense of hearing, strained for every sound, responded to the overwrought nerves, and the night was filled with penetrating sound. No longer a blended chord, the separate, defined noises of the storm ripped and whined and sighed through his tortured ears—the chilling shiver of the barred door, the hurried drip of water from the roof, the rush and wail of the wind over the plain, the little, distant noises of rivelets, and the deeper note of the flooded arroyo, all came in maddening distinctness and infinite segregation. Not daring to make a light, pacing like a trapped coyote the length of the room, he wore out the dragging hours until the dawn. And Verdugo did not come.

Chilled, haggard, and desperate, Valentin Rivas would not yet allow himself to analyze his disgrace and ruin. Apathy crept over him, and but one thing in the world seemed worth while—sleep—rest—unconsciousness! On his bed, inert and indifferent, he lay while a numbness like death stole through mind and body, and he slept.

It was dusk when he awoke. Stiff and sore, his brain was clear, and for the first time he calmly faced his plight. The full extent of his folly was now plain to him—as plain as it would be to all others when it was known. He could not even make good the money loss, and the only explanation he could offer seemed now so grotesque, so incapable of extenuation, that he felt already the sting of the incredulity, the sneers, the ugly hints, and finally the open accusation of theft that would be leveled at him. A man of excellent family, able, honest,

and rapidly rising in his profession, even acceptance of his story as true would but subject him to the deeper disgrace of being branded as an unmitigated fool—in either case his career was at an end before it was fairly begun.

Moodily he sat, hour after hour. Bitterly he marveled at his own incomprehensible recklessness, and tried to see somewhere in the future a chance to cleanse this blot from his name. But between him and his future came always that time he dreaded—the time when first ridicule, then suspicion and malice, made him out both fool and rascal. He buried his face in his arms on the desk before him, and his face grew hot with the shame of it all. It was too much to live down. No suffering, no reparation, could ever make men forget—nothing, nothing—

"Señor!"

Valentin Rivas gripped his hands hard as they lay under his bowed head on the desk, and his heart stopped for one terrible instant, as he thought that whispered word a phantom of his brain. A moment of agonizing silence passed, then, through the dull swish of the rain on the roof came again that cutting whisper. Shivering, he softly slid back the bar from the door, and Juan Verdugo stood before him.

"It is here, the paper. Little trouble was it to take the package to the *agente*, and he counted it all, and sealed it—so says the paper. But they found me out, the coyotes! The sneaking pack that would have killed thee, smelled me out as thy messenger. Two men's lives it cost, señor, before the road was cleared for this little paper. Take it now, for I go!"

Silently the lawyer took the paper, and by the light of a screened candle glanced it through. He turned to Verdugo. "Juan Verdugo, thou hast kept faith, and thou art a man of honor. Thy debt is more than paid, for life and honor both hast thou saved to me."

Verdugo stood at the door, jaded and mudstained. "Señor Licenciado Rivas, I am Juan Verdugo, the *ladron*—the highway robber. Say you the debt is paid—paid in full? Then mark thee well—I will rob thee the first chance I get!" And he was gone.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1907.

One of the short French stories translated in the January number of *Transatlantic Tales* is an interesting solution of Frank R. Stockton's memorable literary puzzle, "The Lady or the Tiger," notes a reviewer in the *New York Mail*. The author of this French tale, M. "A. Kaisser," has not the grace, however, to give Mr. Stockton any sort of credit for the invention of the situation which he puts to such good purpose. In his tale, which the French adapter calls, "Vale, Carissima!" a noble Roman youth, Clodius, is in love with Poppæa. For some offense he is condemned to confront the dilemma of the "lady or the tiger"—the tiger in this case, however, being a lion, and the lady a beautiful Christian captive. Poppæa, who is in the audience, knows which door the lion lurks behind, and at which door the lady waits. Imperceptibly to any one but Clodius, she inclines her head to the left. The faithful Roman, believing in her self-sacrificing love, takes this sign to mean that life lies for him to the left and death to the right. To repay Poppæa's love, he calls to her, "Vale, Carissima!" and rushes to the right to die. As he opens the door, to his astonishment the lily-bearing Christian maid steps forth. He realizes Poppæa's treachery, and in an instant adoration of the captive takes the place of his infatuation for his betrayer. Folding the maiden to his heart, he once more stretches out his arm to Poppæa, and once more shouts, this time in scornful irony, "Vale, Carissima!" This is without doubt the best and most dramatic of all the solutions of the famous Stockton dilemma. That no honor at all is done to the author of the problem may perhaps be regarded by Monsieur A. Kaisser as a proper reprisal for unnumbered American adaptations, without credit, from the French. It now remains to be seen whether the French adapter is not in his turn countered upon by some enterprising American dramatist. There is a good play in his "Vale, Carissima."

It is illustrative of the differing intellectual conditions here and in France that the death of Ferdinand Brunetière finds no one among us with whom to compare him, says a writer in the *New York World*. No American man of letters of the present time is credited with critical attainments of equal scope and profundity or with eminence in the peculiar field of authorship on which his fame rests. If Lowell were living, parallels might be drawn. But what successor has Lowell left? Who is there so conspicuous for his championship of ideals in literature and so admirably uniting genius for criticism with the creative faculty? Nor do books, unless directed against corporation abuses, assume the importance of national issues in America, and culture is not yet so widely diffused as to call contending parties into existence and animate literary campaigns. Brunetière stood for conservatism in literature, and particularly for the idealism of the classical school. He inveighed against the naturalists and was the unrelenting foe of the apostles of realism—the Zolas and Flauberts and Maupassants. He was esteemed the ablest French critic since Sainte-Beuve, and the association of names testifies to the substantiality of his scholarship. As professor at the Sorbonne, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and author of a monumental history of French literature, his opinions gained a wide authority. The visit of Brunetière to the United States under the auspices of the Alliance Française in 1897, set a precedent for a form of international literary intercourse which has now become established.

The United States Patent Office is months behind in its work.

PARIS LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Brunetiere Library—New Books of the Season—
The French Style of Book Covers.

Literary Paris feels nervous thrills running up and down its spine at the rumor that the Brunetiere Library is to be sold and that an American intends to be the purchaser. The Brunetiere collection is something more than a library. It is a kind of literary autobiography, inasmuch as the great Frenchman read meditatively and with a pencil in hand, marking the striking passages and scribbling his self-communings upon the margin of the page. Brunetiere's volumes are a revelation of the man, saturated with his personality, and redolent of his genius. There are 15,000 books in the collection, and the rare editions are to



Mrs. Rogers A. Pryor, author of "The Birth of the Nation," "Jamestown, 1607." Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

be numbered by the score. One of these priceless treasures is Sainte Beuve's "French Poetry of the Sixteenth Century," with Sainte Beuve's autographic notes in readiness for the new edition. Another is an annotated copy of Renan's "Origin of Christianity," and there are many others of like nature and of which the loss would be a national concern. The *Figaro* raises a wail of distress at the prospect of a foreign purchaser and calls upon Frenchmen to preserve this library as a patriotic duty. But there are some who say that there is no American in sight, and that the transatlantic millionaire is only a convenient bugbear, innocent in his non-existence, but useful for the inflation of prices and as a stimulant to competition.

Brunetiere's study of Balzac has just made its appearance in England, as a member of the French Men of Letters series, but it seems that Brunetiere had very little to say about the personality of his hero. He calls him "a boisterous, petulant, and common fellow," who unaccountably fell in love with a married woman who had nine children to her credit. Brunetiere tells us that Madame de Berny could not make a well-bred man out of Balzac. "She did not make a gentleman of him—that would only have hampered him in the accomplishment of the task which was to be his—but she rid him, as far as it was possible to do so, of his naturally charlatanical ways." Then we have a description of the two and a half hundred letters that Balzac wrote to Countess Hanska, who always allowed him to "tell his own affairs," and the rest of the volume is made up of a critical examination of Balzac's novels.

Some valuable history has lately been published in France, and we are likely to see much more of the same kind as research goes even more deeply into the records of the last two centuries. A notable book is "Paris under Napoleon: the Court and the City," by L. de Lanzac de Laborie. The author studies in detail the administration of Paris under the Empire and the transformations that altered the physiognomy of the ancient city. He shows, too, how Napoleon, by the genius of his administration succeeded in reconciling and in drawing support from the great and mutually antagonistic forces of the nation, the men of the revolution upon one hand and those of the old order upon the other. Among other historical works must be enumerated "For the Republic," by Waldeck Rousseau, which, although it was published some time ago, has borrowed a new importance from the crisis between Church and State. We have here a discourse by Waldeck Rousseau on Catholicism and the Republic, and also a commentary on the Law of 1901 on the Congregations. All the ideas which made Waldeck Rousseau what he was are to be found in this book, and upon every page we are helped to understand the ideas of a sincere reformer, but one who never allowed himself to outstrip his times or to do anything which would be an infringement of individual liberty.

Another valuable addition to Napoleonic literature—as fascinating to the world as to France, is French society during the Consulate," in five series by Gilbert Stenger. The first is devoted to the restorative work of the First Consul, the second to emigration and to Bonaparte's collaborators, the third to the family of Bonaparte and the popular life of the day, the fourth to writers and comedians, and the last to the fine arts—and gastronomy. A sixth is still to appear, and it will be devoted to the army, the clergy, the magistrates, and the university. Every volume is self-contained and can be read as a complete work. Still another important historical work is "A Persian Ambassa-

dor under Louis XIV.," by Maurice Herbet, while the religious crisis has given opportuneness to "The Assemblies of the Clergy under the Old Régime," by I. Bourbon. At a moment when France is opening for herself a new religious chapter, such researches into history are of peculiar value, and there are many of them. Along the same line is "The Exercise of the Cult under the First Separation," by Albert Mathiez. Professor Strowski, of the faculty of Bordeaux, has written on "Pascal and His Times," and this book also is a noteworthy contribution to the history of religion in France. So also is Jean Baruzi's "Leibnitz and the Religious Organization of the World." Probably Leibnitz had a greater influence upon thought—even in France—than Pascal himself.

In a more general literary direction we find a profusion of good books. Louis Maigron has written sympathetically about Fontenelle, whose influence is no longer directly felt upon modern thought, but to whom it is largely due that old habits of submission and respect have been replaced by the better habits of independence and the spirit of criticism and free examination. Then, again, there is Charles Baudelaire, whose letters recently published enable us to know the poet better than we have ever done before. Baudelaire suffered from a chronic scarcity of funds, and many of his letters are those of the frank and unashamed mendicant. Writing to the president of the Society of Authors, he asks for a loan of 60 francs, but hastens to assure his correspondent that a smaller sum would be proportionately acceptable.

In philosophy we have a remarkable book by Paulhan, who writes on "Falsity in Art." Paul Gauthier, too, writes on the "Philosophy of Art, Its Nature, Its Role, and Its Value." Social science is represented by Henri Turot and Mr. Bellamy, who write on over-population, while occultism and esotericism have so far established themselves in the public regard as to call forth quite a variety of serious works, which are widely read. Matgioi writes on "The Metaphysical Path." Pierre Piobb gives us a volume on "Formularies of High Magic," and Julevno writes popularly on astrology. Atsakov's great work on "Animism and Spiritism" has been translated from the Rus-



Mabel Osgood Wright, author of "Birdcraft." Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

sian by Berthold Sandow. Indeed, the works on these subjects are almost innumerable, and they are reviewed with gravity in serious magazines and read with avidity by serious persons. In no other country in the world has superhumanism gained such a foothold as in France, or exercised so great a fascination upon the thought of the day.

Among novels there are few that are worthy of extended mention and still fewer that are likely to receive the halo of translation. French fiction is usually—French, consonant with the ideals of the nation, often brilliant, always amusing, but seldom of the kind that appeals to a cosmopolitan audience.

To refer once more to Mr. Brunetiere's library, it may be said that the bindings are of peculiar excellence, and the binding of a French book usually borrows something of the individuality of the author. There is much to be said for the French practice of publishing a book with a merely perfunctory and temporary paper cover, to be replaced at leisure with a permanent covering dictated by the taste of the purchaser. There is certainly no reason why the publisher should dictate the clothing of the book. This is eminently a matter of personal taste, and the purchaser should be at liberty to follow out his own whims, or even to take an esthetic delight in planning his book bindings so that they may in some measure conform with the spirit of the volume and the value that he places upon it. Such at least is the reasonable argument of the French publisher.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, April 13, 1907.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Roberts is the only man alive who has the privilege of wearing two Victoria crosses. One is that won by himself in the mutiny; the other is that won by his son, the late Lieutenant Roberts, at Colenso.

After sixteen years in continuous service, during which he has never taken a vacation, Prof. John Sterling Kingsley, of Tufts College, has been granted a year's leave of absence, which he will pass in scientific research in Italy. He is one of the most widely known authorities in zoology in the country.

Herr Bebel, perhaps the most impressive orator in the German Reichstag, usually speaks without notes of any kind, thinking as he goes. Not even well off, he leads the simplest of lives, shunning society and finding his chief recreation in the cultivation of flowers. He told an interviewer once that when he wants to get ready for a speech he goes into his little garden and trims the rose trees.

Kaiser Wilhelm was much disgusted when he discovered not long ago that no less than five men were employed in his stables braiding the tails and manes of the imperial horses. He dismissed all of them and began to look more closely into matters pertaining to the equine branch of his establishment. He found that 400 persons had been employed to care for 350 horses and 240 carriages of all sorts.

Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria, the only royal oculist in the world, a short time ago performed his five thousandth operation for cataract. His wife has long been his able professional assistant, as were his daughters before they were married. The duke has studied in many medical schools and hospitals of Europe. He has a private hospital to which he devotes much time, for thither flock many poor persons afflicted or threatened with blindness.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, author, lecturer, and chaplain of the United States Senate, was receiving congratulations on his eighty-fifth birthday a few days ago, when a young man asked him how one might best hope to lead a long and happy life. The venerable clergyman said that in addition to the ordinary rules of sobriety and regularity he would lay down these: "Choose a vocation in life that takes you close to nature. Talk each day with at least one man who you know is wiser than yourself. See the world."

Official Washington is agog because Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes does not keep a carriage. The supreme judge makes his way to business by grace of the Metropolitan Traction Company. Sometimes, perhaps, he hangs on a strap. And Mrs. Justice Holmes when she goes to make her social calls drives in a hired hansom cab. Capital society rather fancies that a man of that name and position, a man so closely related to the author of "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay," should keep some sort of a vehicle for sentiment's sake.

Many ministers regard with disfavor the holding of fairs and sociables to raise money for church purposes. Few clergymen, however, have the courage of their convictions in this matter to the same extent as Rev. Earl C. Davis, pastor of Unity Church (Unitarian), of Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. Davis, in order to avoid resort to the method referred to of meeting church expenses, has secured a \$15-a-week position with an electric company and applies his earnings there to the payment of his salary as preacher. In the meantime he continues his labors as pastor with undiminished efficiency.

It is noted by friends of William T. Stead that he has aged greatly since his last visit to this country ten years ago. He and Carnegie are great friends, although each regards the other as rather garrulous. Some time ago, when it was announced that Stead was coming over, Carnegie said of him: "Stead is one of the finest fellows



Edward Clary Root, author of "The Unseen Jury."

in the world, but, plague take him, it is impossible to carry on a conversation with him for he insists upon doing all the talking." When Mr. Stead called on President Roosevelt the other day he said this to the President: "I see by the papers that Andrew Carnegie recently visited you. I'll bet that, no matter how long he was with you, you didn't get a word in edgewise, because, confound Carnegie, he won't let anybody else talk when he's around."

BISHOP, THE MIND-READER.

By Jerome A. Hart.

In the press dispatches recently was the statement that the mother of Washington Irving Bishop had just died at the poorhouse in a small town in the East. Her notorious son visited San Francisco many years ago, and caused quite a sensation here. The mother also made herself notorious at the time of her son's extraordinary death in the Lambs Club, New York.

Washington Irving Bishop, clairvoyant and mind-reader, was a remarkable person. He possessed some unusual powers which he did not scruple to use in sinister ways. At or about the time of one of his visits to San Francisco, over twenty years ago, this fact was emphasized in my mind by a conversation with Kate Field, the well-known author and lecturer. It took place at a dinner, the lioness of which was Mrs. Emma Nevada Palmer, then an operatic star of about the second magnitude, although her managers billed her on about the same scale as Adelina Patti. The dinner was given by Mrs. Alexander H. Rutherford. Naturally she and her husband, as well as the two ladies I have mentioned, were there. So was Dr. Palmer, the husband of Emma Nevada.

The dinner I recently found mentioned in an old number of the *Ingleside* which I ran across. I had completely forgotten the dinner, and all the circumstances connected with it. But much came back to me as I read the brief paragraph chronicling the list of names. In addition to the names already mentioned were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Kate Field, Miss Mills, Miss Pacheco, Miss Hanchette, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Jerome A. Hart.

The two topics of which the town was then feverishly talking were the Colton case and Washington Irving Bishop. Judge Temple had just rendered a decision against Mrs. Colton in her suit against her husband's former associates, the Southern Pacific Railway magnates. The costs were colossal—up in the hundreds of thousands; many-tongued rumor said that Mrs. Colton's attorney, G. Frank Smith, was so sure of victory that he had agreed to pay all the expenses, and that the result of the trial would be ruin to him. Prior to this suit G. Frank Smith was a prosperous attorney. One of his daughters, Miss Helen Smith, became the wife of Charlemagne Tower, a Philadelphia multi-millionaire, and now ambassador representing President Roosevelt at the court of the Kaiser, and inhabiting a palace outside the Brandenburg Gate, on the edge of the Thiergarten.

As the stranger guests present took but a tepid interest in the Colton case, we of San Francisco changed the conversation and talked principally of the strange performances of Washington Irving Bishop. I was relating some (as I supposed) humorous instances of his performances in the clubs and in the public halls, when I was struck by the sobriety, not to say severity, of Kate Field, of whom I was the neighbor. When opportunity offered, I said to her:

"Miss Field, perhaps you are a friend of Mr. Bishop, and object to hearing him lampooned?"

"I am no friend of his," replied Miss Field, coldly, "and nothing can be said to his discredit which I would not believe."

She spoke with more earnestness than is customary in a dinner-table conversation, and I grew interested in her evident feeling. She showed no desire to conceal the cause of her contempt for Bishop, and frankly said:

"That man possesses a strange power over other human beings. He completely wrecked and ruined the life of a

and standing in the islands. She did not apparently seem to be merely the love-lorn "victim of a seducer"—she seemed to be Bishop's abject slave. He used her as one of the adjuncts of his hypnotic show—much as a magician would use a table, a wand, or a bouquet of paper flowers. Yet what could any one do? The girl was not only willing to go with him, but unwilling to leave him. She vigorously resented any attempt to take her away, and, in fact, she followed him East from here. I never knew what finally became of her.

The incident which I had been relating about Bishop, and which had been received by Kate Field with a stern and unsmiling face, had taken place the preceding week. Bishop was giving one of his public entertainments at Metropolitan Temple. He performed his usual feats of mind-reading with unusual success. Finally Attorney-General Carey wagered Dick Hammond a dinner for a party of us who happened to be seated together that Bishop could not read the number on a bank note in Carey's pocket-book. Hammond took the bet. Bishop grasped Carey's hand for a few seconds, and then began repeating slowly numbers and letters. The last one he hesitated over, and finally said that it looked "misty," but that he thought it was "Z." Carey expressed the utmost astonishment on taking the note out of his pocket-book, for he found that Bishop had read it all but the last symbol, "Z," which, in truth, was somewhat discolored by an accidental stain. Therefore he very handsomely declared that although Hammond had, strictly speaking, lost the bet, he, Carey, would stand the dinner.

It was decided that the dinner should take place the following evening at the Pacific Club. It was also agreed that Bishop should be a guest, and in order not to disarrange his performance, the dinner was set for an early hour, six o'clock. All this was determined at intermis-

more profound stupefaction than that upon the countenance of the gentleman as we flashed by, while the lady promptly went into hysterics, which probably had a slight alcoholic basis. But her hysterics never touched us, for we were going some.

When we got back to the hall, Bishop darted up the aisle with his captive still in tow. Mounting the platform, he snatched the handkerchief from his eyes and triumphantly held up the pin, calling on Duval to assure the audience that it was the real, Simon-pure, genuine pin. This Duval



Jack London, author of "Before Adam."

did as soon as he got his wind, which it took him some little time to recover.

The following evening at six o'clock all of the guests were on hand at the Pacific Club except Bishop and Mervyn Donahue. We waited a quarter of an hour—half an hour—three-quarters of an hour. Finally we gave the guest up, and at nearly seven o'clock we were on our way upstairs to the private dining-room, which in the old Pacific Club was where the Red Room used to be in the Bohemian Club. Just as we reached the landing where the giant plaster owl used to stand, we heard a crash at the foot of the stairs below, and two men fell in at the street door. They not only fell in, but they fell down. In the mix-up of arms and legs and hats, we recognized Bishop and Donahue. Everybody said:

"That's too bad. It's a shame for Bishop, a guest, to find Donahue in such a condition and have him on his hands that way."

Friends hastily descended the stairs to assist the two, who were still struggling on the slippery marble floor trying to get up. They clung desperately together, but at last they were placed on their feet and assisted up the stairs. It was then discovered to the amazement of everybody that Donahue was cold sober and that Bishop was hopelessly, foolishly, deplorably drunk.

But he didn't know that he was drunk. It is a little weakness that drunken men have. He requested to be introduced to all the guests before going in to dinner, and shook hands warmly with a servant, who was extending his hand for the stranger's hat.

We went into dinner. The condition of the guest proved to be a decided damper on the gathering. It is generally the case when one man so far distances his neighbors in intoxication. At a dinner a single man who is drunk before the soup always acts as a deterrent. He is a horrible example. The Spartans were wise when they made their helots drunk, for it inevitably made the Spartans' sons sober.

Not only is such a spectacle disgusting, but it is discouraging. The most hopeful, the most optimistic drunkard, when gazing at Bishop, was forced to admit at once the utter hopelessness of ever catching up with him. His intoxication was so all-pervasive, so permeating, so elaborate—it was evidently the work of so many hours and so many different kinds of tipples—that no one could hope to rival it under at least a day.

The dinner proceeded. It was a dismal failure. Bishop was a hopeless cad, when drunk—perhaps also when sober, for "in wine is truth." He was noisy, he was vulgar, he was obscene, he was insulting. Finally, he threw a large cream puff at Mervyn Donahue, who was gazing at him as if he had never seen such a sight before. The cream puff struck, and stuck to Donahue's coat lapel, where it presented a ludicrous resemblance to a large chrysanthemum.

James Phelan was unfortunate enough to be seated beside Bishop. He, in a way, took care of the clairvoyant-drunk, and tried to keep him within bounds. When Bishop became utterly impossible, Phelan started to lead him from the table. But as no one man could guide Bishop's uncertain zigzags, I rose and assisted Phelan in his task. We asked him where he lived, and he thickly replied: "Palace Hotel." As it was scarcely seemly to let the servants carry out a drunken guest, we took him ourselves down to the door and put him in one of the carriages standing there. But the cabman refused to take him to the Palace unless one of us accompanied him. We tossed up, and Phelan lost. The servant brought down the hats and coats of the sober man and the drunk, and off they started.

What followed I did not witness, but Phelan told me next day of his experiences. They were not agreeable. On the way Bishop kept thrusting his head out of the window and yelling like an Apache. When they reached the Palace courtyard Bishop hooked arms and took a



E. L. Godkin, from "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin." Edited by Rollo Ogden.

sion, when Bishop was seen, and he agreed to be at the dinner.

When the performance was resumed, a committee, consisting of George Duval, myself, and another man whose name I forget, were given a pin, with instructions to hide it anywhere within two blocks of the hall. Going out, we walked briskly to the Ellis Street side of the Baldwin Hotel and entered one of the "wine rooms" then connected with the café. It was empty. Lifting one of the curtains slightly, we stuck the pin in the window frame, and returned to Metropolitan Temple. When the particular stunt then under way was concluded we reported that the pin was duly hidden. Bishop asked who had hidden the pin. Duval was indicated. Bishop at once had his own eyes bandaged, gripped Duval's hand, and darted down the aisle on a dead run, dragging Duval after him, and, hotly pursued by myself, the other committee man, and two volunteers. In the street a two-horse carriage was waiting. Bishop nimbly mounted the box, still dragging Duval after him. He told the driver to get down, seized the reins with his left hand, and started briskly up the street as the other four of us piled inside. He drove across Market Street to Powell, then down Ellis to the door of the Baldwin. Like lightning he jumped from the box, rushed into the café, went directly to the hidden-pin wine-room, threw open the door and groped around under the curtain till he felt the pin. The rest of us had shot in after him, but while we were rushing in Bishop was rushing out. He went out of the door like a catapult, with Duval still attached to him.

As we sprinted after the disappearing pair I had a second or so in which to note the occupants of the room, for since we had hidden the pin there the room had become occupied. A lady and a gentleman were seated on either side of the table; they were probably members of the Four Hundred, as both their apparel and their tipples were regardless of expense, for a quart bottle of champagne stood between them. I never have seen a look of



Hon. Whitelaw Reid, whose latest work, "The Greatest Fact in Modern History," is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

young girl in England whom I knew. He did not even have the poor excuse of loving or pretending to love her. It is my belief that he made her desert her friends and disgrace herself in the eyes of the world merely to show his power over her. For she followed him around like a pet dog, and when he wearied of her he threw her aside like a broken toy."

Myself had heard of a young girl who had followed Bishop from Honolulu to San Francisco under somewhat similar circumstances. She belonged to a family of wealth

grapevine lock on Phelan, as he had on Donahue, and together they wobbled, zigzagged, and see-sawed toward the elevator. Phelan said the distance was short, but it seemed to him as if it were lined with personal acquaintances. The on-lookers gave plenty of room to the two banqueters, who presented a general appearance of marching company front. The men among them smiled, while the ladies coldly averted their faces. Like Wellington at Waterloo, praying



Owen Wister, author of "How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee."

for night or for Blucher, so Phelan prayed for the elevator. Into it at last they fell.

Bishop said that his room was on the fifth floor. Together there they repaired. The door was unlocked. Bishop turned the knob. Inside was a man writing, whom Phelan supposed to be Bishop's secretary. Bishop walked at once to the sideboard, and poured himself out a drink, oblivious of his escort. With a sigh of relief that he had at last got rid of his burden, Phelan turned away.

The next day, when Phelan boarded a street-car, a man seated next to him scrutinized him closely, and said "How d'ye do?"

Phelan looked at his neighbor, and was forced to admit that the stranger had the advantage of him.

"Don't know me, hey?" said the stranger, with a stern chuckle.

"No."

"I don't know you, either," said the stranger, grimly. "But you brought a strange drunk round to my room at the Palace last night, and before I could get rid of him I had to ring in the whole police force and the fire department. This is where I get off. Awfully glad to have met you, but the next time you come to see me please leave your friend at home."

It was even so. Phelan had taken Bishop, who was a total stranger, to the room of a man who was a total stranger to Bishop and a total stranger to him.

* * * * *

Some of the most remarkable performances given by Bishop were those at the clubs. Some very strange experiments by him took place at the Bohemian Club. But the strangest was an experiment performed not by him but upon him. It was in New York, at the Lambs Club. Bishop had been engaged in some of his uncanny feats. In the middle of his performance he was seized with a sudden illness and became unconscious. He was, I think, an epileptic. There happened to be two or three doctors as guests at the Gambol that evening, and they at once took Bishop into a room and attempted to revive him. They were unsuccessful—he died.

The story ran around New York at the time that the doctors were so curious to see what kind of a brain the man had that they performed an autopsy almost immediately. In fact, they were so quick about it that there were those who maintained that the man was not yet dead when the doctors began their autopsy. So thought his mother. She insisted on having an inquest, and accused the attending physicians of having murdered her son. There was a vast amount of talk about it and it was a nine days' wonder in New York. But it died away at last, as such things do, and Washington Irving Bishop was laid in his grave. And personally I believe that the world is a great deal better off with Bishop dead than with Bishop living.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24, 1907.

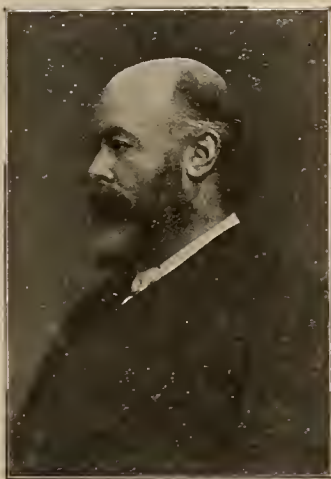
Corsicans are mourning the death of the brigand chief Bellacoscia, of whom they are almost as proud as of Napoleon, says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*. His real name was Antonio Bonelli. In consequence of a vendetta he and his brother Jacob were compelled, sixty years ago, to seek safety in the mountains. For forty-eight years they terrorized the country, going from province to province, and all efforts of the government to capture them were unavailing. In 1892, aged and broken down, Bellacoscia voluntarily delivered himself into the hands of justice. So great was the national admiration of his bold exploits that the court at Ajaccio acquitted him; but the police expelled him and he sought a home in Marseilles; but he could not endure his exile more than a few months, and secretly returned to the wilds of Corsica. The romantic career of Antonio Bonelli interested Edmond About and Guy de Maupassant, and when President Carnot visited Corsica, he asked that the bandit's daughters be presented to him.

LITERARY LONDON.

Some Notable Historical and Descriptive Works—The Usual Flood of Novels.

The literary mill grinds by day and by night, and of the making of books there is no end. And, upon the whole, they are good books, or at least those whose titles arrest the eye as it wanders down the book lists. History is well to the front, and there is no such panacea for newspaper boredom and the wearisome flood of events as a history, especially if it deal with the periods of which the influence is still with us. "Daniel O'Connell, His Early Life and Journal," by Arthur Houston, has just made its appearance from Pitman's Publishing House, and it comes opportunely to meet a public opinion that is ready to do justice to the Liberator and to yield the right of way to a large man. But the journal is disappointing, as though it were written with a knowledge that it would be read by the world. Another notable history is "The Last Days of Mary Stuart," by Samuel Cowan, published by Nash, but this is distinctly disappointing. The day of the special plcaider in history has passed, or it ought to have passed, but here we have a book written frankly upon the theory that Mary was a saint and a martyr who was hunted to her death by the malevolent and the vicious. We are willing enough to believe that Mary was not half so bad as she was painted—few people are—but the halo of the saint sits clumsily upon her. Nevertheless, as a collection of contemporary facts, the book has its value. These we can accept with thanks, and leave the author's opinions to the minority who value them.

Books of travel are always popular in England, and we have a good grist of them just at present. Major-General Baden-Powell has made a quick trip to East Africa and Mafeking, and his book, published by Smith,



Sir Oliver Lodge, Author of "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

Elder & Company, is being read with no ordinary interest, as from the pen of the man who provided the Empire during the Boer War with one of its rare occasions for an outburst of patriotic debauchery. Sir Herbert Jenningsham, too, has produced a good book, "From East to West," published by Murray. Sir Herbert Jenningsham was once governor of Mauritius, and of Trinidad and Tobago, and a good specimen of Great Britain's administrative caste. He has visited India, China, and Japan, and his descriptions are eminently readable, not only upon their own merits but as illustrating the way in which such a man, representative of much as he is, is able to view the Eastern problems of the day.

Men of science have never before shared their knowledge with the world and in quite so accessible a form as now. Professor Ray Lankester has written a striking book entitled "Will Man Rule Nature?" published by Constable. Professor Lankester shows that the struggle between man and nature must be worked out to its finish: It was man who brought disharmony into the world in a kind of scientific Garden of Eden. As man prospered, so the dislocation between him and his environment was extended, and disease, sorrow, and pain became the milestones on his road. Man's every advance means a bolt thrown into the machinery of nature, and now there can be no peace except from the utter subjection of one or the other combatant.

Sir Oliver Lodge has added his quota to scientific discussion by the publication of his book on "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science." Professor Lodge is perhaps read more widely than any other scientist, and it is helpful to be reminded that such attainments as his are compatible with a fixed anti-materialist attitude and the conviction that there is intelligence and purpose behind the mystery of existence. Sir Oliver Lodge writes bravely and well.

In spite of a sober habit of thought, congenial with gray skies, the novel is holding its own in England, and there is no diminution in the steady stream of fiction, good, bad, and indifferent, that is offered upon the altar of public taste. To ask which is the best novel of the year is a big question, and one from which the superior critic might well shrink. None the less, it has been asked and answered, and there are few to question the justice of the verdict that gives the laurel to Archibald Marshall for

his "Exton Manor." And it is remarkable that it should be so, at a time when the problem plot and the shady story are supposed to hold the field. "Exton Manor" belongs to that class of story which cuts out a section of real life, such as we all know, and gives us a set of characters who are very similar to the people next door, and whom we meet daily upon the streets. Anthony Trollope wrote stories like this, and the extraordinary success of Mr. Marshall goes far to prove the oft-repeated saying that if Trollope were to be reincarnated, he would be just as much the vogue as before and would be greeted with the same applause. If "Exton Manor" is actually regarded as the best novel of the year, it is an encouraging verdict from the point of view of the popular taste.

Another good novel is "The Artistic Temperament," by Jane Wardle, a new author, who has succeeded at the first attempt. It is a novel of characterization, and will assuredly live. Other good novels—and they are selected almost at haphazard from the heap—are "The Snow Line," by A. E. W. Mason, published by Hodder and Stoughton; "The Country House," by John Galsworthy, published by Heinemann; "A Story of Provence," by Edith Rickert, published by Edwin Arnold; "The Return of Richard Carr," by Winifred Boggs, published by Hutchinson; "Princess Maritza," by Percy J. Brebner, published by Cassell, and "Amalia," by Graham Hope, published by Smith, Elder & Company. These last two are of the Zenda type, that has proved so acceptable to the English-speaking world. Another Zenda story is "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," by John Reed Scott, published by Grant Richards. This book has had a good run in America, and it is likely to be just as popular here. "Painted Rock," by Morley Roberts, published by Eveleigh Nash, is another good story, and so is "Her Highness's Secretary," by Carlton Dawe, published by Eveleigh Nash. In fact, there is such an embarrassment of riches that any one who reads a bad novel in England ought to be excommunicated.

Who reads all the novels? A still more pertinent question would be, Who reads the poor novels, the novels that the critic tosses upon one side? Certainly they are read, and in England as much as elsewhere. Let us say that there is a large class of readers who admit the superiority of the superior novel, but who prefer the inferior. There are times when we do not wish to be made to think. There are times when the daily newspapers suffice to give us the touch of red that we need, and when we yearn for a soporific, for the story of commonplace people who do nothing but commonplace things in a commonplace way. We do not want to be thrilled all the time, nor to sit at a perpetual banquet of sensation. Sometimes we want restful books, and the number of these with restful literary inclinations is perhaps bigger in England than in America. There are the people who read what we call the second-rate novels, and who, therefore, shall say that such books do not fill a blessed place in the scheme of things.

There is one other point worthy of mention in literary England. It is mainly the women who write the stories and who have thus a peaceful supremacy more real than they will ever get by storming Parliament Yard. In a list of twelve "best sellers" in England, degenerate man has no place whatever. Let me conclude with the list itself. The books are: "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison); "The Treasure of Heaven," by Marie Corelli; "The Gambler," by Mrs. Cecil Thurston; "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley; "The Dream and the Business," by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie); "The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen; "The White House," by



The Rev. R. J. Campbell, author of "The New Theology."

Miss Braddon; "In Subjection," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "A Sovereign Remedy," by Mrs. Steel; "The Incomplete Amorist," by E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland), and "A Queen of Rushes," by Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe). PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 15, 1907.

A professor in Copenhagen University is said to chloroform plants. After several days they bud in great profusion.

Crystal, melted and electroplated, has been successfully used in France to counterfeit gold coins.

On pasture lands in Alaska, grass grows six feet

A FINE STORY OF THE RANGE.

Old Days in South Dakota Are Well Described in a Vivid Romance.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Kate and Virgil D. Boyles have given us a delightful book, a story full of vivid action and color, elemental, honest, and straightforward. There ought to be more such stories as "Langford of the Three Bars," first of all because it is wholesome and inspiring, and secondly, because it is historical and paints for us the pictures of the everyday life that developed whatever we have, as a nation, of virility and courage. "Langford of the Three Bars" and all such romances may be recommended as the best possible antidote to the sickness of the problem novel and the problem play. There was plenty of wickedness in the old ranch and range days, but it was a wickedness that was done in the broad sunlight and expiated with the revolver shot. And there was a corresponding sublimity of heroism and endurance, when courage and devotion were among the commonplaces of a strenuous life.

In this book there are four strong characters portrayed, three men and a woman. There is Paul Langford, the boss of the Three Bars ranch, who determines to put an end to cattle rustling in South Dakota and who finds, of course, that the whole machinery of the law and the whole weight of the only public opinion that exists is on the side of the criminal. There is Jim Munson, cow-puncher to Paul Langford, who believes that the Three Bars range is the greatest institution upon earth and its boss the greatest of men. There is George Williston, the owner of the little Lazy S. range, poor, struggling, and a "failure," but a man, every inch of him. And lastly there is Mary Williston, a true daughter of the range, and with Mary Williston it will be a case of love at first sight for every reader of the book.

We are quickly introduced to the plot of the story. George Williston, riding at large in search of lost cattle, comes unexpectedly upon a secluded scene, and a glance shows him that the two actors therein are engaged in changing the brand upon a number of steers. He watches them from his hiding place, because here in front of his eyes is the evidence for lack of which trial after trial has been abortive and a kind of permanent immunity has been accorded to the thieves:

Williston held his breath with the intensity of his interest. The man stooped and took an iron from the fire. It was the end-gate rod of a wagon, and it was red hot. In the act of straightening himself from his stooping position, the glowing iron stick in his right hand, he flung from his head with an easy swing the flopping hat that interfered with the nicety of sight in the work he was about to do, and faced squarely that quiet, innocent-looking spot which held the watching man in its brush; and in the moment in which Williston drew hastily back, the fear of discovery beating a tattoo of cold chills down his spine, recognition of the man came to him in a clarifying burst of apprehension. But the man evidently saw nothing and suspected nothing. His casual glance was probably only a manifestation of his habitual attitude of never being off his guard. He approached the prostrate steer with indifference to any meaning that might be attached to the soft snapping of twigs caused by Williston's involuntary drawing back into the denser shadows.

"You don't suppose now, do you, that any blamed, interfering' officer is a-loafin' round where he oughtn't to be?" said the second man, with a laugh.

Williston, much relieved, again peered cautiously through the brush. He was confident a brand was about to be worked over. He must see—what there was to see.

"Easy now, boss," said the second man, with an officious warning. He was a big, beefy fellow, with a heavy, hardened face. Williston sounded the depths of his memory, but failed to place him among his acquaintances in the cow country. "Gamble on me," returned the leader, with ready good nature. "I'll make it as clean as a boiled shirt. I take it you don't know my reputation, pard. Well, you'll learn. You're all right, only a trifle green, that's all."

With a firm, quick hand he began running the searing iron over the right hip of the animal. When he had finished and the steer, released, staggered to its feet, Williston saw the brand clearly. It was J. R. If it had been worked over another brand, it certainly was a clean job. He could see no indications of any old markings whatsoever. "Too clean to be worked over a Lazy S," thought Williston, "but not over three bars."

Williston gets away undiscovered, and hastens with his news to Paul Langford. It took no ordinary courage to do this. Williston was poor and struggling. By speaking out what he knew, by giving the prosecution the eyewitness testimony that it needed to convict, he was not only running counter to a public opinion that was content to be acquiescent and to hold its tongue, but he was also incurring the murderous resentment of the criminals themselves and of the whole outlaw element that saw its abiding opportunity in the paralysis of justice. But he did it all the same, because he was a gentleman, and because it was Paul Langford's cattle that were being stolen. He willingly became the one supremely important witness in the prosecution of the cattle thieves, the indispensable link in the chain that was to drag them to the penitentiary. The sequel may almost be imagined. Williston must be removed at any cost, and this is how the removal is described:

Williston stepped to the door. Just a moment he stood there in the doorway, the light streaming out into the night, tall, thoughtful, no weaking, in spite of many failures and many mistakes. A fair mark he made, outlined against the brightly lighted room. It was quiet. Not even a coyote shrilled. And while he stood there looking up at the calm stars, a sudden sharp report rang out and the sacred peace of God, written in the serenity of still sum-

mer nights, was desecrated. Hissing and ominous, the bullet sang past Williston's head, perilously near, and lodged in the opposite wall. At that moment, the light was blown out. A great presence of mind had come to Mary in the time of imminent danger. "Good, my dear," cried Williston, in low tones. Quick as a flash, the door was slammed shut and bolted, just as a second shot fell foul of it.

"Oh, my father," cried Mary, groping her way to his side.

"Hush, my dear; they missed me clean. Don't lose your nerve, Mary. They won't find it so easy, after all."

There had been no third shot. A profound silence followed the second report. There was no sound of horse or man.

But the respite was short-lived. Williston's enemies were there in numbers, and they were determined to do what they had come for. Williston places his daughter at

Williston bowed his head to the inevitable for a moment; then raised it proudly to meet the inevitable.

A rifle shot rang out startlingly clear. At the very moment the leader's hawk eye had swept the sight, his rifle arm had twitched uncertainly, then fallen nervelessly to his side, while his bullet, playing a faltering discordant second to the first true shot, tore up the ground in front of him and swerved harmlessly to one side. Instantly the wildest confusion reigned—shouts, curses, the plunging of horses, mingled with the sharp crack of firearms. The shooting was wild. The surprise was too complete for the outlaws to recover at once. They had heard no sound of approaching hoof-beats. The roaring flames licked up the dry lumber, and, rendering the surrounding darkness the blacker for the contrast, had been of saving grace to the besiegers after all.

But Williston is carried off, and to that extent the outlaws have succeeded. Mary is saved and placed in se-



Coddies on the famous St. Andrew's Links. Interesting in connection with Gilbert Watson's "A Coddie of St. Andrews," just published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

one window while he guards the other. "Shoot every shadow you see, especially if it moves," were his fighting orders to the girl, and a second after he himself sees his chance and fires. "His was the third shot of that night."

"Watch, child, watch," he said again, without in the least shifting his tense position.

"Surely," responded Mary, quite steadily.

Now was her time come. Dark, sinister figures flitted from tree to tree. At first, she could not be sure—it was so heartlessly dark, but there was movement—it was different from that terrible blank quiet which she had hitherto been gazing upon till her eyes burned and pricked as with needle points, and visionary things swam before them. She winked rapidly to dispel the unreal and floating things, opened wide her long-lashed lids, fixed them, and—fired. Then Williston knew that his "little girl," his one ewe lamb, all that was left to him of a full and gracious past, must go through what he had gone through, all that nameless horror and expectant dread, and his heart cried out at the unholy injustice of it all. He dared not go to her, dared not desert his post for an instant. If one got within the shadow of the walls, all was lost.

Mary's challenge was met with a rather hot return fire. It was probably given to inspire the besieged with a due respect for the attackers' numbers. Bullets pattered around the outside walls like hailstones; one even whizzed through the window, perilously near the girl's intent young face.

But all their courage was in vain. The night was dark and it was impossible to prevent the slinking enemy from creeping near enough to fire the house. In spite of the constant fusillade maintained by the besieged, the inevitable happens and the house is fired. Mary has fired again and again, and successfully, at the creeping shadows that approach from all sides, but somewhere in the thick darkness the foe has come up unseen, and the house is at last untenable.

When the whole cabin seemed to be in flames save the door—the dry rude boarding had caught and burned like paper—when the heat had become unbearable, Williston held out his hand to his daughter, silently. As silently she put her hand in his; nor did Williston notice that it was her left, nor how limply her right arm hung to her side. In the glare, her face shone colorless, but her dark eyes were stars. Her head was held high. With firm step, Williston advanced to the door. Deliberately he unbarred it, as deliberately threw it open, and stepped over the threshold. They were covered on the instant by four rifles. "Drop your guns," called the chief, roughly. Then the desperadoes moved up.

"I take it that I am the one wanted," said Williston. His voice was calm and scholarly once more. In the uselessness of further struggle, it had lost the sharp incisiveness that had been the call to action. If one must die, it is good to die after a brave fight. One is never a coward then. Williston's face wore an almost exalted look.

"My daughter is free to go?" he asked, his first words having met with no response. Better, much better, for the make of a man like Williston to die in the dignity of silence, but for Mary's sake he parleyed.

"I guess not," responded the leader, curtly. "If a pulin' idiot hadn't missed the broadside of you—as pretty a mark this side heaven as man could want—then we might talk about the girl. She's showed up too damned much like a man now to let her loose."

His big, shuffling form lounged in the saddle. He raised his rifle with every appearance of lazy indifference. They were to be shot down where they stood, now, right on the threshold of their burning homestead.

curity, and then follows a long search for Williston, of whom no trace can be found. Gradually the unwilling conviction forces itself upon the minds of his friends that he has been killed, and the trial begins without his evidence and with but faint hope of success in its absence. Of the trial itself, of the sensational return of Williston in the nick of time, of the desperate and successful effort of Black to escape, the reader must refer to the book itself. It is told with startling and dramatic effect.

But virtue triumphs and vice is vanquished in the end. We have a right to expect this, in fiction if not in fact. The outlaw Black is traced to his lair. There is a fight between Langford and Jim Munson on the one side and Black on the other, and Black falls.

They rode cautiously up to the prostrate figure. It was lying face downward, one arm outstretched on the body of the dead horse. Blood oozed from under the shoulder. "He's done for," said Jim, in a low voice. In the presence of death, all hatred had gone from him. The man had apparently paid all he could of his debts on earth. The body lying there so low was the body of a real man. Whatever his crimes, he had been a fine type of physical manhood. He had never cringed. He had died like a man, fighting to the last. Jim slowly and thoughtfully slipped his revolver into its holster and dismounted. Langford, too, sprang lightly from the saddle.

Black had been waiting for this. His trained ear had no sooner caught the soft, rubbing sound of the pistol slipping into its leathern case than he leaped to his feet, and stretched out the crumpled arm, with its deadly weapon pointing straight at the heart of Langford of the Three Bars.

"Now, damn you, we're quits," he cried, hoarsely.

There was not time for Jim to draw, but, agile as a cat, he threw himself against Black's arm, and the bullet went wild. For a moment the advantage was his, and he wrested the weapon from Black's hand. It fell to the ground. The two men grappled. The struggle was short and fierce. Each strove, with all the strength of his concentrated hate, to keep the other's hand from his belt.

When the feet of the wrestlers left the fallen weapon free, Langford, who had been waiting for this opportunity, sprang forward and seized it with a thrill of satisfaction. Command of the situation was once more his. But the revolver was empty, and he turned to throw himself into the struggle empty handed. Jim would thus be given a chance to draw. At that moment Black twisted his arm free, and his hand dropped like a flash to his belt, where there was a revolver that was loaded. Jim hugged him more closely, but it was of no use now. The bullet tore its cruel way through his side. His arms relaxed their hold—he slipped slowly—down—down. Black shook himself free of him impatiently and wheeled to meet his great enemy.

"Quits at last," he said, with an ugly smile.

Quits indeed. For Jim, raising himself slightly, was able to draw at last; and even as he spoke the outlaw fell.

There is a love plot all the way through the story. Mary Williston marries a man who is worthy of such a prize, and he promises her that he himself will do all the shooting that may be necessary in the future and leave none of it to her, as she has already had more than enough. And so a thoroughly good story comes to an end, and every reader of discrimination will wish that there was twice as much of it.

"Langford of the Three Bars," by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

ALDRICH'S LIFE AND ART.

Poems that Won His Title of America's Most Exquisite of Literary Craftsmen.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, poet, wit, and thoroughly accomplished man of letters, died March 19 at his home in Boston. In the last decade he had made but few notable appearances. His blank verse drama, "Judith of Bethulia," is a gift of that later period, and among the minor expressions of the time is the elegy written for the centenary of the birth of Longfellow. Last November Mr. Aldrich passed the seventieth anniversary of his birthday, but the event would have been unnoted by his friends, as by himself—for he did not wish to mark the departing years—had it not been signalized by the dinner given in honor of Henry Mills Aldrich, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who was of the same age. It was said by the *Argonaut*, in mention of that celebration, that Mr. Aldrich was content to sit at the board simply as an invited guest, and it was most agreeable to him to have it so. Among the many recent appreciations of the poet's life and works there have been allusions to that modest reserve, and some reviewers have deprecated it as a temperamental failing, an aversion for "democratic intimacy," typical of New England. The judgment is not warranted. Aldrich was warm-hearted and sympathetic, even more—he preserved to the last a zest for genial companionship. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has said that to her he was "the eternal boy." In the *Argonaut* for December 15, 1906, appeared a sketch of "Aldrich's Bohemian Circle," that group of young, gifted, and irrepressible spirits in New York who were even then making their mark in literature, and which included Artemus Ward, George Arnold, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, John Brougham, and Fitz-James O'Brien. Among these brilliant young men Aldrich was an especial favorite, and during his long life his friends, even if not numerous, were near and dear. His later years were saddened by the loss of a son, but his spirit and his view did not change.

Mr. Aldrich was an editor for many years; at first in New York as associate on the *Home Journal* of N. P. Willis; then in Boston in charge of *Every Saturday*; still later—from 1881 to 1890—supreme in direction of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Yet in spite of the critical labor, the routine experience of such positions, his creative power, his infinite care, his fine perception of values in his own verse, did not suffer. Some of his earliest work, written even in his boyhood days, though perhaps not his best, is still the best-loved of his verse. To that period belongs

"Favorites." The list of those entitled to such classification is long; it seems certain that not this generation nor the next will allow it to be lessened.

Edward H. Clement, in a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript*, had an intimate review of Aldrich's career, which included many just and illuminating introductions to fragments of the poet's verse. From that article the following is taken:

"His poems are each and all gems of high quality, dainty in taste and fancy, often quaint, original conceptions and always perfect in finish. Herrick, Lovelace, and such poets of the elder English school come oftenest to mind in contemplating these jewels of the verse-makers' craft. Indeed he never pretended to much more, as he frankly declares in the lines forming the first of his 'interludes' in the Houghton-Mifflin standard edition of his works, and headed 'Hesperides':"

If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
This is what my songs would be:
Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
With odors from the Orient;
Indian vessels deep with spice;
Star-showers from the Norland ice;
Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
Fire, but only burn with cold;
Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
Filled with the wine of happy thought,
Bridal measures, vain regrets,
Lahurnum huds and violets;
Hopeful as the break of day;
Clear as crystal; new as May;
Musical as hrooks that run
O'er yellow shallows in the sun;
Soft as the satin fringe that shades
The eyelids of thy Devon maids;
Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
And polished as the bosom of a star.

"He has written his own apologia in his poem 'At the Funeral of a Minor Poet,'" said a writer in the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*. "He knew himself as that,—but how many minor poets live in the fame of generations and centuries when stately epics and studied moralities, having had their day, have been forgotten!" The poem just mentioned concerns Aldrich most consciously. Read a few lines:

He was born
Artist, not artisan, which some few saw
And many dreamed not. As he wrote no odes
When Cæsar wedded or Mæneas died,
And gave no breath to civic feasts and shows,
He missed the glare, which gilds more facile men,
He had at least ideals, though unreach'd,
And heard far off immortal harmonies,
Such as fall coldly on our ears today.
We paint life as it is,
The hideous side of it, with careful pains,
Making a god of the dull commonplace.
We would clip
Imagination's wings and kill delight,
Our sole art being to leave nothing out
That renders art offensive. Not for us
Madonnas leaning from their starry thrones
Ineffable, nor any heaven-wrought dream
Of sculptor or of poet; we prefer
Such nightmare visions as in morbid brains
Take shape and substance, thoughts that taint the air
And make all life unlovely. Will it last?
Beauty alone endures from age to age,
From age to age endures, handmaid of God.
Poets who walk with her on earth go hence,
Bearing a talisman. You hurry one
With his hushed music, in some Potters Field;
The snows and rains blot out his very name,
As he from life seems blotted; through Time's glass
Slip the invisible and magic sands
That mark the century, then falls a day
The world is suddenly conscious of a flower
Imperishable, ever to be prized,
Sprung from the mold of a forgotten grave.

At the time when the poet's conscious power of achievement and recognition was first complete he went to Europe and the Orient, but the fruit of that period of travel was not abundant. This, from the "Cloth-of-Gold Memories," is still the verse of the poet his friends had known:

Though gifts like thine the fates gave not to me,
One thing, O Hafiz, we both hold in fee—
Nay, it holds us; for when the June wind blows
We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain
The violet heekons, with unveiled face—
The hosom's white, the lip's light purple stain,
These touch our liking, yet no passion stir.
But when the rose comes, Hafiz—in that place
Where she stands smiling, we kneel down to her!

Among the many lines in the work of Aldrich that show the depths of a gently flowing current, are these two little pieces that are seldom quoted singly:

IDENTITY.

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And made each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

RENCONTRE.

Toiling across the mer de glace,
I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between us stretched, alas!—
What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly like fate.
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

This is but one of his expressions on the worth of the workman's skill and care:

ART.

"Let art be all in all," one time I said,
And straightaway stirred the hypercritical gall;
I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"

But art—a wider meaning. Worthless, dead—
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.
The poet who wakes no soul within his lute
Falls short of art: 'twere better he were mute.

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold;
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still.
In the dull marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace wherewith it lives!

From the mass of reminiscence and biographical notes that has been printed during the past month it would be easy to choose much that is of more than passing interest, for nearly every incident or allusion makes clearer the portrait of the poet, but some of them are especially illuminating.

Mark Twain has lately written: "Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equalled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it; he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know



From "Sampson Rock of Wall Street," by Edward LeFevre.
Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around him; when he speaks, the diamonds flash."

A great source of his wit, said a writer in the *New York Evening Post*, lay in the humorous prejudices of which he had a vast supply. Could he find a dignified and pretentious person holding fast some of the ideas he himself specially disliked, he was at his best. He would literally—as Leigh Hunt said Lamb would have done to Johnson—"pelt him with pearls." One of the most engaging qualities of his humor was a certain happy impudence. He delighted to tell of his experience in getting his name reinstated in the voting list of Boston after an absence of a year or two from his Mt. Vernon Street home: appearing before a minor magistrate of the race that, as Lowell said, "fought all our battles and got up all our draft riots," he was asked his name and occupation, and if he could read. Modestly admitting that he could "a little," he was given the Declaration of Independence and told to "Read that." "Begorra!" said Mr. Aldrich, "I will. 'Whin in the coorse of human ivints—'" He was incontinently allowed to register.

It was in New York that Mr. Aldrich met his wife, then Miss Woodman, through Edwin Booth's kindly ministrations. At first Mr. Aldrich was afraid his stripling income would not meet the demand, and he wrote timidly:

Woodman, spare T. R.:
Touch not a single curl;
He cannot shelter thee,
Thou most expensive girl.

These curls, by the way, remained thick and graceful on his brow to the last. Mary Perkins Abbott, once wrote concerning Mark Twain's visits at the Aldrich house: "He was very humorous, but Mr. Aldrich was more humorous." Mr. Aldrich telling a funny story after Mark Twain's rules for preserving the "nub" to the crisis, and slurring all points that interfere with this, which method, in Mrs. Abbott's view, produces the melancholy effect that is to be seen in some of Mark Twain's elaborated efforts, is an impossibility to imagine. He was deliciously absurd in his conceits, which were always a surprise, apparently to himself, and ever witty without seeming to set out to be. His suggestion to his wife to have the family cat saddled and bridled, so that the waitress, who was falling over the animal every minute, might ride her round the dinner table, was worthy of any wit in the world, and obviously it could not have been premeditated or led up to, when Mrs. Abbott heard it, at the Ocean Street cottage.

Aldrich's life was, throughout, one of ease, and in later years one of luxury, still it may be doubted if his work was influenced in quantity or quality by his surroundings. His literary workshop, an ideal, secluded retreat on the top floor of his Mt. Vernon Street home in the aristocratic quarter of Boston, was neither inspiring nor seducing. To the end his power to reach the old heights did not desert him.



Annie Russell as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"
at the Van Ness Theatre.

his "Ballad of Baby Bell." If there was growth in his possibilities or ripening of his artistic ability, there is little among his earlier, as among his later poems, that does not bear the marks of a genius in insight, rhythm, color, and beauty of expression. The place his poems will have in future years may not surely be pointed out at this time. It is hard to believe that even the slightest of them will soon be forgotten. Only a few weeks ago the *Argonaut* reprinted four of the poems in its column of "Old

THE STORY OF A GREAT EDITOR.

Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

It was said of Edwin Lawrence Godkin that he was the best type of the cultured Irishman, and there are but few who will fail to recognize the wealth of appreciation that lies in such a phrase. It is now five years since the world of literature, indeed, the world of all strong and worthy things, was called upon to lay its tribute upon the grave of one of the most fearless and original journalists that America has produced. When James Bryce heard that Godkin was dead, he said: "What a noble record of courage and energy in the highest causes to recall," and upon Mr. Bryce's recent return to America as the representative of Great Britain he must have felt something of a chill from the empty place of the man whom he had so sincerely admired and loved.

In examining the biography of Godkin from the pen of Rollo Ogden, we can give to it no better commendation than by applying to it the words that Mr. Bryce used of its subject. It is a noble record of courage and energy, and it is presented with the high skill that knows how to suppress the superfluous and to be free from the least taint of literary egotism. There are few biographies that have so successfully presented a human character and the salient points of a human life. Mr. Ogden has shown us the man as he really was, as a man amongst men, in the sagacity of his editorship, in the warmth of his friendship, in the tenderness of his domestic life, in the tenacity of his fight for ideals, in his fortitude, and his loveableness. It is a notable work, and the only kind of monument that Godkin honestly could have tolerated.

Godkin's literary career began at the age of 22, and his first step upon a very rough and toilsome path seems to have been due to one of those predestinations in which we all of us unwillingly believe. It was in 1853 immediately prior to the stormy outbreak in Eastern Europe, Godkin was living in London and he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Daily News* advocating the cause of Greece. He says that he knew nothing about Greece, but he had "that common illusion of young men, that facility in composition indicates the existence of thought." However that may be, the letter attracted the attention of the editor who wrote to his young correspondent asking him to go to Turkey as special correspondent in the event of war. He consented and, hostilities beginning a few days later, young Godkin found himself on the Danube and at the start of a career that was to carry him far afield.

Godkin's letters from the far East of Europe make a vivid and convincing picture of the struggle that it would be hard to surpass, and they at once raised the *Daily News* to the front rank in the journalism that was striving to record a great issue and one that still has a menacing vitality.

The call of America came early to Mr. Godkin. Even while still in the Crimea he had determined to turn his steps toward a new world where expansion offered to him the opportunities denied by the old. In November, 1856, he arrived in America upon the eve of the Presidential election, and with the air vibrant with the excitements of the day. He attended a Fremont meeting in New York and was struck with the heat and extravagance of the speeches:

But in a few days I became aware that themes were under popular discussion which had never before been so discussed—the rights and wrongs of slavery, the equality of man, the provisions of a written constitution, the position of leading men on questions which were half moral and only half political or legal. Nothing else was talked of. I went one night to a thronged meeting in Tammany Hall, which was addressed by a southern senator, whose name I forgot, but I was struck by the fact that he seemed to have no answer to the northern arguments except denunciation of the abolitionist, and be brought down the house by the assertion that every one of those present "would be the better of a good nigger to wait upon him." To my preconceived notions of senatorial dignity this was a good deal of a shock.

After many peregrinations, wandering up and down in the land and going to and fro in it, taking notes, and writing letters, Mr. Godkin found himself again in New York in 1857. He had been a "very interested observer," and had many friends, among them Carl Schurz. He made the acquaintance of Frances Elizabeth Foote, and married her in the following year, thus cementing forever his alliance with the country of his choice.

Mr. Godkin's share in the intellectual strife of the Civil War is already a matter of history. All the passionate sympathies of his nature were aroused to their fullest expression. Whatever adequate conception of the real issues existed in England at that time was largely due to his fearless presentation of a cause that seemed to him to be the expression of his own highest ideals of liberty and justice. So strenuous indeed was his advocacy that he was accused of receiving pay from Washington.

The *Notion* first saw the light on July 6, 1865. On July 5, Mr. Godkin wrote "No. 1 is afloat, and the tranquillity which still reigns in this city, I confess amazes me." Three weeks later he writes, "The paper is doing well, far better than we ventured to hope. We reached 5,000 by the third number, and it is rising steadily." Of course he found that his foreign birth was against him, and that it was used remorselessly as a club. Early in the career of *The Notion* he writes:

"In consultation with my friends here, I have concluded to meet this cry of 'Englishman' against me, once for all. If I don't, or appear to cower under it, I shall be kept up and I shall be persecuted with it.

And there is no man in the community who need less fear a charge of foreign sympathy. So I have written a very strong letter to Edmund Quincy, expressing the indignation which I feel at my being assailed on such a ground as this, by people who are clamoring for negro suffrage, and also at the countenance which seems to be given in Boston to the semi-barbarous practice of taking the editor by the throat when anything objectionable in matters of taste and opinion appears in his paper, and digging into his private life in search of unworthy motives. Anything more illiberal or un-American it would be hard to conceive of.

But Mr. Godkin got the ha'pence as well as the kicks. The best thought in America recognized an ally, and the stalwarts of reform rose up to make him welcome. Emerson, Goldwin Smith, Schurz, and a score of others spoke out their admiration and hastened to applaud. The letters from such men must have been as strong wine to the great editor who was carving his name upon the journalistic records of the country. His appreciation of Lincoln made the profound impression that its weight deserved and attracted the attention of the world. Under the shock of Lincoln's assassination Mr. Godkin wrote:

One thing is certain, that no monarch had ever had half as many tears shed over his bier as have fallen on Abraham Lincoln's—the Illinois attorney, the ex-rail-splitter, ex-flatboatman. More hearts, I venture to say, throbbled with genuine human grief and rage over the news of his fall on Friday last, than the disappearance of a whole line of kings has ever been able to rouse. The "loyalty" that is paid to the most beloved of European sovereigns looks faint and pale beside the passionate and eager devotion to the President which the late catastrophe has revealed.

But it is the events of the last decade that enabled Mr. Godkin to lay his heaviest touch upon the thought of the country and of the English-speaking world. He hated war with nearly the same force that he hated political venality. The Boer War was a shock to every instinct of his nature and he classed it with the Philippine struggle among his pet iniquities. Writing at the end of 1899, he says:

I do not like to talk about the Boer War, it is too painful. To think of England, which I love and admire so much, and which is so full of beauty, being filled with mourning at this season. When I do speak of the war my language becomes unfit for publication, and I therefore will not write of it to you. Talking of the Philippine War has the same effect upon me, and I have, therefore, ceased to write about McKinley. Everyone who believes in the divine government of the world must believe that God will eventually take up the case of fellows who set unnecessary wars on foot, and I hope He won't forget them.

And in the same connection here is what he says of Kipling:

Kipling has long been to me a most pernicious, vulgar person. I admire only one thing of his, "The Recessional." He may have written other things as good, but I don't read him. I think most of the current jingoism on both sides of the water is due to him. He is the poet of the barrack-room cads.

Mr. Godkin's religion is not perhaps a matter for public discussion. There was another great writer who said that his religion was "that of all sensible people," and when asked what that chosen faith might be, replied that "sensible people never tell." Mr. Godkin's religion was of that kind that showed itself in works and not in profession, in constant efforts to lift up and to look up, rather than in creeds or in vain repetitions. He liked to recall the inscription upon the statue of John Howard: "He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality in the ardent and unremitting exercise of Christian charity." He himself says in a letter to a friend who writes to him on the subject of the "orthodox," and how these dreadful persons should be handled:

They can not concede that your rule of life is a religion, without giving up their whole position, for the essence of their system lies in the certainty that they have the truth, and that *their* truth is necessary to salvation. But I do think that if there is anything in the world which needs preaching, and proving, it is the possibility of Christian life outside the church.

Mr. Godkin did not attempt to solve the unsolvable. He was content not to know, and to be acquiescent before the mystery. In 1873 he lost his little girl and his letter to his friend Norton gives us a glimpse into hallowed places. He says:

She had, one may say, grown up since you went abroad—from a baby into a sweet "little maid," pretty as she could be, and sweet in character and ways beyond all description. She was the joy and companion of her mother's life, and her relations with me were infinitely tender. Moreover, she was so strong and healthy, that, once she passed scarlet fever, I supposed her safe and set her down as one of the established facts of my life. For eight years, in short, she was associated closely with all that was happy and prosperous in my career, and was, every day that I was at home, a never-ending delight. It is now all over and we both feel undone. If I only knew that she had passed into the hands of a better and wiser and stronger father than I am, under whose eye she would become what I fondly, but rashly hoped to see her grow into, under mine. We have only one child left out of three, in spite of all the care and conscience we could put into their bringing up. The whole thing is an awful mystery.

The entrenched political abuses of the Civil Service found a fervent enemy in *The Notion* under Mr. Godkin's editorship. He tried to explain to a United States Senator what he was aiming at, but "he knew nothing of Civil Service Reform except the name and that it was 'something Prussian.'" Writing to Norton, he says:

I have had a very warm letter about Hayes from

Schurz, who is fully satisfied with him after several prolonged interviews, and I suppose we must support him in *The Nation*, but I confess I do it with great misgivings. Moreover, I am doing, in it, something which runs against all my convictions and traditions as regards party government—that is, according to the doctrine that a party is not to be held responsible for its chiefs, and that after they have all been found out in theft and jobbery and been cashiered, it is allowable for the party to turn round and say, "Don't put us out of office. True, Tom, Dick, and Harry, our best men have been found out, but here is Bill who is an honest fellow and has stolen nothing; let us try under him." Isn't there a savor of the nursery about this?

In 1881 Mr. Godkin went to the *Evening Post*, carrying *The Nation* with him. Henry Villard had bought the *Post* and he turned it over to the direction of the best men he could find. Mr. Godkin very truly said that he had never known another proprietor capable of such a course. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Godkin's long-time colleague, believed that there was some loss in weight as a result of the transfer from the weekly to the daily. Something was sacrificed to the inexorable hour of going to press, but if Mr. Godkin's influence became less intense it became also more widespread. In a letter to Mr. Garrison he expresses his hope for the *Evening Post*.

My notion is, you know, that the *Evening Post* ought to make a specialty of being the paper to which sober-minded people would look at in crises of this kind, instead of hollering and bellowing and shouting platitudes like the *Herold* and the *Times*.

Indirect recognition of Mr. Godkin's enthusiasm for steadiness and a gentle criticism thereof is found in a letter written to him by Mr. Henry Adams, one of his stockholders:

You relieve me greatly by telling me that Schurz is sentimental. If you dry one of his tears, I will denounce you at a stockholders' meeting. Every tear he sheds is worth at least an extra dollar on the dividends. Cultivate them! Collect them! Point to them! You are no good yourself in the sobbing business, but you can affect a decent respect for real sympathy. I have always told you that your fatal defect was the incapacity to make a popular blunder. Not that you can't blunder just as much as others; we are all quick enough at that; but all your blunders are on the wrong side; they don't even make friends. What I want to see is some good, idiotic, gushing, popular blundering. We shall thrive on that.

Mr. Godkin never lost his interest in European politics as is shown by his characteristic letter to Mr. Bryce in May, 1897:

I am delighted to see the old Turk bothering the "powers." How Ireland sits heavy on your souls. Salisbury was an utterly discredited foreign secretary when you brought up Home Rule. Now he is one of the wisest of men. Balfour and Chamberlain have all been lifted into eminence by opposition to Home Rule simply. One is more and more convinced that every country—almost all except the very weak and small—deserves its government.

Like the Apostle Paul, Mr. Godkin fought well wild beasts, but in this respect the Apostle had the lesser warfare for Mr. Godkin's beasts were those of Tammany. He showed the criminal or semi-criminal careers of many of the lights of Tammany Hall and criminal libels fell upon him like leaves in Vallombrosa. But such persecution only added to the fire of his intensity and to the number of his friends. H. C. Potter writes to him:

I see by the *Evening Post* that you have been arrested. This is very sad and I am wondering what Mrs. Godkin wants your friends to do about it. I am willing, tell her, to put up a quarter's salary on the bail bond and take it out if necessary in advertising—marriage notices and the like.

The briefest reference to Mr. Godkin's fiscal opinions must suffice. His lectures to the Howard University were masterly and his support of Mr. Cleveland in 1888 and 1892, is a part of general recollection. In his judgment a continuance of the protective policy must result in the assimilation of American society to that of Europe with its well-defined classes and its cruel caste.

The two volumes that Mr. Ogden has given to us will do something more than perpetuate the memory of a great newspaper man. They will become a part of the history of today because they deal with a man to whom the political events of his time were vital facts pregnant with good and evil for the future and to be handled with the recognition of great responsibilities. The character of Mr. Godkin is no longer misunderstood even by the least politically instructed among us. His was that acquired patriotism which is all the more discriminating because of its far perspective. Among the many antagonisms that proved his virtue there was not found one that could lay an insincerity at his door, a breach of faith or a baseness. Professor William James says of him: "To my generation, his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more persuasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."

"Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," edited by Rollo Ogden. Published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$4.00.

The floor area of St. Peter's, Rome, is 227,069 square feet, being the greatest of any cathedral in the world.

Postal development in China has necessitated a revision in the spelling of Chinese city names.

THE POETRY OF THOMAS MOORE.

By George L. Shoals.

Marking the centenary of the publication of Thomas Moore's third volume of verse—the volume that called out the bitter criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*—the Irish Literary Society, of London, unveiled a massive Celtic cross erected at the last resting place of the poet in Bromham churchyard, Wiltshire, England. In that rural cemetery are grouped the graves of Moore's wife and children, near the spot where the last years, troubled and sorrowful, of the great singer were passed. The unveiling of the memorial took place Saturday, November 17, 1906, in the presence of a distinguished company, gathered from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the addresses of the several speakers testified to the honor in which the poet's work, his inspiration, and his hopes were held. On one of the carved panels of the great limestone cross is this inscription:

THOMAS MOORE.

Born, 1780. Died, 1852.

Dear bard of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold charm of silence that hung o'er thee long;
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song.

On the back of the cross is the quotation used by Byron in eulogizing Moore:

The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own.

The memorial is a visible token of succeeding generations' continued regard for Moore and his poems, but homage to the poet's work and tender memories of the music of his songs will endure long after the inscriptions on the monument have been smoothed away by the kisses of the summer breeze and the tears of winter clouds. As a poet his place is secure, as one who sang not alone the songs of a nation but of all hearts there is none to compare with him. Not so well remembered now, perhaps, are his earnest efforts in defense of liberty, honor, and truth, and his unswerving loyalty to his country, his family, and his friends.

Thomas Moore came of the people in a land where the circumstance of birth has unavoidable consequences for the many. He was the son of a Dublin grocer, with little to expect in inherited talent, save the high-minded simplicity and capacity for affection of a devoted mother. His love for music was the gift that he discovered in his boyhood, and his poetry sprang from that feeling, which deepened with age. At 17 he was a rhymester and writer of college fustian, but when he set out for London a little later, to study law, he had begun to find his real voice. He soon gained friends among eminent and influential men, his wit and gay spirits made him a favorite in every circle, and when he sang his own songs, to what was perhaps an inartistic yet a pleasing accompaniment, played by himself, he won quickly the regard of all who heard him. The best that society could offer him was at his service, and his first volume, "Odes of Anacreon, translated into English verse," dedicated by permission to the Prince of Wales, was brought out and received with instant success when he was just turned 21. Even in his earliest poems the "felicity of metaphor and play of fancy" which distinguishes all his work was observed and noted.

In 1803 the young poet was appointed registrar of the court of admiralty at Bermuda, and sailed for the West Indies, but the place did not please him and he came to the United States and spent a year here and in Canada, visiting the South and East, and finding inspiration for several of his well-known poems on this side of the Atlantic. He returned to England in 1804, and two years later published a volume which contained many poems of occasion, and also included a collection of earlier verse which had been printed under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little." Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, charged the poet with possessing a licentious imagination, and the attack led to preparations for a duel which were stopped by the officers before the weapons were raised. It is a peculiar fact that two of Moore's deepest and most enduring friendships came from threatened meetings on the "field of honor." Jeffrey was charmed by the personality of the poet on the dueling ground, and Byron, who wrote scathingly of Moore and his verse before he knew him and provoked a challenge, afterward came to reckon the Irish singer among his closest friends.

The "Irish Melodies" began to appear about this time, and continued until they were finally collected thirty years after. In 1811 Moore married Elizabeth Dye, a young actress, and his choice was founded on attractions that held him faithful through life. Three years afterward came one of the great triumphs of his career, and one hardly to be equaled in the history of literature, when the Messrs. Longmans, publishers, paid him 3000 guineas for a poem not yet written or even planned. Moore gave two years to preparation for this work, and "Lalla Rookh" was the result. The fame of the poet and the hopes of the publishers were fully justified by the verdict of the public on this performance. Moore went to Italy in 1819 with Lord John Russell, and there saw Byron, who gave to his visitor the personal memoirs which he wished to have published after his death. The story of their suppression at the request of Byron's family, and the return by Moore of the £2000 which had been advanced to him on the work by the publisher, Murray, is well known.

Besides his poems, Moore wrote many volumes of biography and history, much of which possessed merit, and his political satires and burlesques were greatly praised at the time, though their sparkle has been dulled by the passing of events and conditions. To his poems, however, the reader still turns with the certainty of enjoyment, and his songs are sung nightly in all parts of the English-speaking world.

Among Moore's descriptive poems there is, perhaps, none better known or more greatly admired than this:

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

In this there is a metaphor which is worthy of the highest praise that has been given to the poet:

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-branch Knights to danger!—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over:
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.

No singer ever phrased the allurements of friendly gatherings more delightfully or more feelingly:

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME.

Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your hower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, he it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, heaving all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish you were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

In his love songs there is wit and fancy as well as tenderness, and in this one there is more than an echo of the classic phrases which charmed the hearers of earlier days:

LESSBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Lessbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, hapful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lessbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lessbia hath a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle mercy, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

Words and music of this song are well known to every singer of the day, a hundred years after they were mated for their career, and it is second in popular regard only to "The Last Rose of Summer":

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known.
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets.
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

The song which follows is a familiar one with many who do not know that it is Moore's. The air with which Moore accompanied the words is a particularly pleasing one, with the concluding verse of each stanza used as a refrain:

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

Here, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destin'd to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be,
Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be my case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,
I care not how many bright eyes I may see;
Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
I'd tell her I could not—my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
For, even should Fortune turn traitor to me,
Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee!

When Moore visited Washington, early in the nineteenth century, he was not pleased with the political conditions observed in the young republic's capital. Following are extracts from a long poem which he wrote on his reflections there, addressed to a friend in England. The slave traffic, particularly, excited his deepest feelings of sorrow and contempt:

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flatt'ring theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And plant perfection in this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not hid in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that hestride mankind.
Here shall religion's pure and halmy dargh
In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven's its tranquil waves reflect.
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe corruption from the flow'ring braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
No longer here shall justice bound her view,
Nor wrong the many, while she rights the few;"

And were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchastend pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill;
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this hartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon goal
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings,—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire.

Moore's mother was a deeply religious woman, and her teachings influenced the poet through his career. It is said that he never allowed a week to pass without writing a letter to her, and she was able to feel to the close of her life that her son's love and honor for her were in no way lessened by his fame, his new relations, or his distance from her. Among the hymns that the poet composed, the following has found a place in the collections of many differing sects:

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish.
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal.
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
"Earth has no sorrow that God can not heal."

The crystal clearness, the gentle flow, the mirrored beauty, the haunting music of Moore's poems, are qualities of rare value, seldom offered in other verse. Above all, his songs ring true in every emotion, and their hold on public favor could not depend upon a more lasting appeal.

French engineers are directing submarine wireless messages sent to the navigating

A NOTABLE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

Turgeneff Sketches as an Aid to the Study of the Russian Movement.

Of all Russian writers now available to the English-speaking world, Turgeneff is probably the broadest and the most representative. To the average reader his works appeal as the most faithful pictures of the every-day life of Russia, as pictures that are drawn, not in advocacy of a cause or for the support of a movement, but simply for the love of the drawing and with no other wish than that they should be accurate and exact. Messrs. Scribner's Sons have now given us fourteen of these stories in a uniform edition. The translation is well done—by no means an easy task—and obscurities of idiom are elucidated in footnotes. The volumes are of convenient size, the binding is neat and attractive, while the typography is all that can be desired.

"Fathers and Children" is perhaps the best known of Ivan Turgeneff's works, and deservedly so. No book could more usefully fulfill the purpose of showing us what life in Russia really is. So simply is the story told, that characters and incidents seem to be selected almost at haphazard. They are such characters as might be found and such incidents as might happen almost anywhere in Russia. There is no apparent setting of the stage, no searching after effects, no elaboration of plot, but the book seems to leave behind it a strange and domestic intimacy with Russian life, and a light that illuminates Russian problems.

Here for instance is a scene between old Nikolai Petrovitch, an aristocratic landed proprietor, and his student son, Arkady, who has returned to his home after a long absence. Arkady notices a beautiful young peasant girl in the house and his father explains her presence:

"I have just told thee that thou wouldst not find any changes at Marino. That is not quite correct. I consider it my duty to warn thee, although—"

He faltered for a moment and then continued in French: "A strict moralist would regard my frankness as misplaced, but, in the first place, it is impossible to conceal the fact and, in the second, thou art well aware that I have always entertained peculiar principles with regard to the relations between father and son. But, of course, thou wilt have a right to condemn me. At my age—in a word—that—that young girl, of whom thou hast, in all probability, already heard—"

"Fenitchka?" asked Arkady, easily.

Nikolai Petrovitch flushed. "Please do not mention her name aloud—well, yes—she is now living with me. I have lodged her in my house—there were two small rooms there. However, than can be changed."

"Upon my word, papa," interpolated Arkady, "thou wouldst seem to be making apologies; art thou not ashamed of thyself?"

"Of course, I ought to be ashamed of myself," replied Nikolai Petrovitch, growing more and more crimson in the face.

"Enough, papa,—enough, please," Arkady smiled affectionately. "What is there to apologize for?" he thought to himself, and a sensation of condescending tenderness toward his kind, gentle father, mingled with a feeling of certain superiority over him, filled his soul. "Stop, please," he repeated once more, involuntarily enjoying the consciousness of his own progressiveness and freedom.

Later on the subject is again referred to. Feodosya has asked to be excused from attendance at the teatable, and Arkady says:

"Excuse me, papa, if my question seems to thee improper," he began, "but thou, thyself, by thy frankness yesterday, hast challenged me to frankness—thou wilt not be angry?"

"Speak on."

"Thou givest me boldness to ask thee. Isn't Fenitchka isn't it because I am here that she is not coming to pour the tea?"

Nikolai Petrovitch turned slightly aside.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "she supposes—she is ashamed—"

Arkady swiftly turned his eyes on his father.

"There is no necessity for her to feel ashamed. In the first place, thou art acquainted with my manner of thought" (Arkady found it extremely pleasant to utter these words); "and, in the second place, have I the desire to interfere, by so much as a hair's breadth, with thy life, thy habits? Moreover, I am convinced, that thou couldst not make a bad choice; if thou hast permitted her to live under one roof with thee, she must be worthy of it; in any case, the son is not his father's judge, and in particular I—and in particular of such a father, who, like thyself, hast never restricted my freedom in any respect whatever."

"Thanks, Arkady," said Nikolai Petrovitch, in a dull tone, and again his fingers strayed over his eyebrows and his forehead. "Thy assumptions really are correct. Of course, if that girl were not worthy—this is not a fickle fancy. It is not easy for me to talk to thee about this; but thou understandest that it was difficult for her to come hither, into thy presence, especially on the first day of thy home-coming."

"In that case I will go to her myself," cried Arkady, with a fresh impulse of magnanimous sentiments, and he jumped up from the table. "I will explain to her that she has no cause to feel ashamed before me."

Arkady, during his student life, has become tainted with Nihilistic ideas. He is accompanied to his father's house by his friend Bazaroff, who is his teacher in the subversive ideas that are becoming popular among the "advanced" thought of the day. These young men seem to have a hesitation in avowing what they call their "principles," which are after all not much more than the catchwords and the enunciation of resonant words—strangely like the prattle of children who are at being grown-up:

"Aristocracy, liberalism, progress, principles," Bazaroff was saying in the meantime; "when you come to think of it, how many foreign—and useless words. The Russian man does not need them, even as a gift."

"What does he need, according to you? To hear you, one would suppose that we were outside the pale of humanity, outside its laws. Good heavens! The logic of history demands—"

"But what do you want with that logic? We can get along without it."

"How so?"

"Why, in this way; you need no logic I hope, in order to put a piece of bread into your mouth when you are hungry. What use have we for these abstractions?"

Pavel Petrovitch waved his hands in despair.

"I do not understand you, after that. You are insulting the Russian nation. I do not understand how it is possible not to recognize principles and rules? By force of what do you act?"

"I have already told you, dear uncle, that we recognize no authorities," put in Arkady.

"We act by force of that which we recognize as useful," said Bazaroff. "At the present time, the most useful thing of all is rejection—we reject."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"What? Not only art, poetry—but also—it is terrible to utter it."

"Everything," repeated Bazaroff, with inexpressible composure.

Pavel Petrovitch stared at him. He had not expected this, and Arkady fairly flushed crimson with delight.

"But pardon me," began Nikolai Petrovitch. "You reject everything, or, to speak more accurately, you demolish everything—but surely it is necessary to build up also."

"That's no affair of ours. The place must first be cleared."

"The contemporary condition of the populace demands this," added Arkady, with importance; "we must comply



Henry C. McCook, D. D., D. Sc., LL. D., Author of "Nature's Craftsmen." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

with that demand; we have no right to devote ourselves to the gratification of our personal egotism."

Bazaroff subsequently elaborates his political creed:

"But later on it dawned upon us that it was not worth while to prate, and do nothing but prate, about our ulcers; that that led only to trivialities and doctrinarianism. We perceived that our clever men, the so-called leading men and accusers, were good for nothing, that we were busy-ing ourselves with nonsense, talking about some sort of art, about unconscious creation, about parliamentarism, about advocatship, and the devil knows what else, when it was a question of daily bread, when the crudest superstition was stifling us, when all our stock companies were failing simply through the lack of honest men, when the very liberty which the government is working over is hardly likely to be of any use to us, because our peasant is likely to rob himself, if only he may drink himself dead drunk in the pot-house."

"Exactly," interrupted Pavel Petrovitch, "exactly so; you have become convinced of all this and have made up your minds not to set about anything seriously."

"And have decided not to set about anything," repeated Bazaroff grimly. He suddenly became vexed with himself for having been so expansive in the presence of this gentleman.

"And only to rail?"

"Yes, only to rail."

"And that is called Nihilism?"

"And that is called Nihilism," repeated Bazaroff once more, this time with peculiar insolence.

Pavel Petrovitch narrowed his eyes slightly.

"So that's the way the wind blows," he said in a strangely quiet voice, "Nihilism is bound to aid every woe, and you, you are our deliverers and heroes. For what do you take others—those same deliverers, for example? Do not you prate, like all the rest?"

"H'm—to act, to demolish," he continued. "But why demolish without even knowing the reason?"

"We demolish because we are a force," repeated Arkady.

There is much of this kind of talk throughout the story, and from women as well as from men. A little elementary science, a little materialism from the German schools, and a little irreverence from the Paris boulevards, combine to persuade these young people that they are

upon the crest of modern thought, and to give them the insufferable self-conceit that cheerfully destroys everything, on the complacent theory that everything will as cheerfully re-create itself along ideal lines. Every now and then we get an illuminating glimpse of the life of the peasant:

"A man has no time to occupy himself with such trifles; a man ought to be ferocious, says a capital Spanish proverb. I suppose, wiseacre," he added, addressing the peasant on the box, "that thou hast a wife."

The peasant exhibited his flat, mole-eyed face to the two friends.

"A wife? Yes. How could I be without a wife?"

"Dost thou beat her?"

"My wife? All sorts of things happen. We don't beat her without cause."

"And that is well. Well, and does she beat thee?"

The peasant twitched the reins. "What a word thou hast said, Master. Thou wilt keep jesting."

And here again:

By the first cottage stood two peasants with their caps on, quarreling.

"Thou art a big hog," said one to the other.

"But thou art worse than a small sucking-pig."

"And thy wife is a witch," retorted the other.

"From the unceremoniousness of their intercourse," remarked Bazaroff to Arkady; "and from the playful turns of their speech, thou canst judge that my father's serfs are not too much oppressed. But yonder is he himself coming out on the porch of his dwelling. He must have heard the carriage-bell. 'Tis he, 'tis he—I recognize his figure. Ehe, he! but how gray he has grown, poor man!"

Bazaroff's mother is a genuine Russian gentlewoman of the petty nobility of days gone by. Here is her picture:

Arina Vlasievna was a genuine Russian gentlewoman of the petty nobility of days gone by; she ought to have lived a couple of hundred years earlier, in the times of ancient Moscow. She was very devout and sentimental, she believed in all sorts of omens, divinations, spells, dreams; she believed in holy simpletons, in house-demons, in forest-demons, in evil encounters, in the evil eye, in popular remedies, in salt prepared in a special manner on Great Thursday, in the speedy end of the world; she believed that if the tapers did not go out at the Vigil Service at Easter the buckwheat would bear a heavy crop, and that mushroom will not grow any more if a human eye describes it; she believed that the devil is fond of being where there is water, and that every Jew has a bloody spot on his breast; she was afraid of mice, snakes, frogs, sparrows, leeches, thunder, cold water, draughts, horses, goats, red-haired people, and black cats, and regarded crickets and dogs as unclean animals; she ate neither veal, nor pigeon, nor crab, nor cheese, nor asparagus, nor artichokes, nor watermelons, because a watermelon when it is cut reminds one of the head of John the Baptist; and she never mentioned oysters otherwise than with a shudder; she was fond of eating, and fasted strictly; she slept ten hours a day, and never went to bed at all if Vasily Ivanitch had a headache; she had never read a single book, except "Alexis, or the Cottage in the Forest;" she wrote one letter, at the most, two letters a year; but she was an expert in dried and preserved fruits, although she never put her own hand to anything, and, in general, was reluctant to move from one spot. Arina Vlasievna was very good-natured, and, in her own way, not at all stupid.

Bazaroff, in addition to being a Nihilist, is a good deal of a boor. He has not visited his parents for three years, and he now finds, after a reunion of two days, that they bore him and so he goes away. The grief of the old people is one of the pathetic descriptions in the story:

Bazaroff and Arkady went away on the following day. From early morning everything in the house grew melancholy; the dishes tumbled out of Anisushka's hands; even Fedka was surprised, and ended by pulling off his boots. Vasily Ivanitch bustled about more than ever; he was evidently keeping up his courage. He talked with a loud voice and clumped with his feet, but his face was haggard and his glances constantly slipped past his son. Arina Vlasievna wept quietly; she was thoroughly distraught and would not have been able to control herself if her husband had not argued with her for two whole hours early in the morning. But when Bazaroff, after repeated promises to return not later than a month hence, tore himself at last from the restraining embraces, and took his seat in the tarantass; when the horses started and the bell began to jingle and the wheels began to revolve—and there was no longer any use in staring after him, and the dust had subsided, and Timofeitch, all bowed and reeling as he walked, dragged himself back to his kennel; when the old folks were left alone in their house, which also seemed suddenly to have shrunk together and grown decrepit; Vasily Ivanitch, who only a few moments before had been bravely waving his handkerchief from the porch, dropped in a chair, and drooped his head upon his breast. "He has abandoned, abandoned us," he stammered—"abandoned us; he found it tiresome with us. Alone, solitary as a finger now, alone!" he repeated several times, and every time he thrust out his hand in front of him with the forefinger standing apart. Then Arina Vlasievna went up to him, and leaning her gray head against his gray head, she said: "What is to be done. Vasya? A son is a slice cut off. He is like the falcon; when he would, he flew hither, and when he would, he flew away; thou and I are like mushrooms on a hollow tree; we sit in a row and never stir from our places. Only I shall remain forever inalterable to thee, as thou wilt to me."

It is by no means easy to make representative selections from a book that is so full of good things and that touches upon so many strata of Russian life. After reading it, and most of Turgeneff's writings are along this line, it is impossible to read the smallest item of Russian news without a new comprehension of the social soil from which it springs.

"Fathers and Children," by Ivan Turgeneff, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

College and the Man, by David Starr Jordan. Published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston; 80 cents.

President Jordan says that the substance of this book he has used many times in talking to boys and girls in the high schools of America. He is of course an advocate of the higher education, of all the education that every student by hook or by crook can acquire, but he recognizes to the full the shortcomings of our teaching systems and the extent to which the acquisition of character has been made subservient to the acquirement of the facts that "pay." He says that the American plan has made us an intelligent people, and that the number of illiterates is less in our northern states than in England, or in Germany, or in France. But in spite of this, we have fewer educated men than have any of these nations. For literature, science, and philosophy, we must go to Europe. We are supreme in mechanical invention, "but in every other department of thought, American work has been contented to bear the stamp of mediocrity. The world has a right to expect better things of us." The land of freedom is failing, as Emerson



Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University.

said, to "satisfy the reasonable expectations of mankind."

It is effectiveness that the student must gain at the college, or he is wasting his time or training for mere mediocrity. And effectiveness is not necessarily of the substance that can be minted into dollars. But the student must have as an ideal the doing of something as well as that something can be done, and the production of results that will be for the benefit of the world. He must be taught that competition is only on the lower levels, and that there is elbow-room and to spare upon the higher. Latent talent must be developed, and the student must be encouraged to demand from himself the uttermost that his nature can yield. The world owes no man a living, but it will faithfully buy and faithfully pay for whatever it needs, and its top prices are for the rare commodities.

Dr. Jordan's writing is extraordinarily helpful and no one can read it without the persuasion that work itself—purposeful and honorable work—is the essential, and not the price given in return. Let education set aflame the hearts of those who get it, let it create enthusiasms and ambitions, and it will then be of that moral fibre that gives a purpose to life and therefore a success.

Studies in Seven Arts, by Arthur Symons. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$2.50.

A treatise of such scope and of quite the same intent has not before been attempted with art for its subject. With poetry or with literature in general, the author does not concern himself, and this is almost a matter for regret, inasmuch as the art of literature surely lends itself to the same treatment as has been applied so lucidly by Mr. Symons to other branches. He has dealt with his theme so admirably that we should have liked to see it more inclusive.

The author takes for his text—and he is willing to regard it in a sense as a summing up of his work—the dictum of Pater that

"it is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music, and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of color in painting, of sound in music, of rhythmical words in poetry." As a result, the essentially artistic in art, the sensuous element, becomes of no account, whereas it is the sensuous material of art, its sensuous garb that peculiarly appertains to, that is the only fitting expressive medium for, some particular quality of beauty to which no other form of expression can be applied.

In elaboration of his idea Mr. Symons has selected seven forms of art, and he gives to them a separate and an analytic handling. These seven forms are painting, sculpture, architecture, music, handicraft, the stage—in which he includes drama, acting, pantomime, scenery, costume, and lighting—and, separate from these, dancing. To each of these arts he has given special study and from the contemporary point of view. But he excepts architecture, which is not susceptible to contemporary treatment because it "has almost ceased to exist as an art." The book is well divided under these various heads. There are chapters on Rodin, The Painting of the Nineteenth Century, Gustave Moreau, Watts, Whistler, Cathedrals, The Day of Craftsmanship in England, Beethoven, The Ideas of Richard Wagner, The Problem of Richard Strauss, Eleonora Duse, A New Art of the Stage, A Symbolist Farce, Pantomime, and the Poetic Drama, and The World as Ballet.

There is a temptation to make many excerpts from this book but it is so varied in its content—although all its parts are well cemented by its intention—that it must be read as a whole, and to begin it is to finish it. But here at least is a saying from Eleonora Duse which the author quotes from memory and with approval. She says: "Since Shakespeare and the Greeks there has been no great dramatist, and these gathered up into themselves the whole life of the people and the whole work of their contemporaries. . . . Ibsen? Ibsen is like this room where we are sitting with all the tables and chairs. Do I care whether you have twenty or twenty-five links on your chain? Hedda Gabler, Nora, and the rest; it is not that I want."

Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses, by Charles Francis Adams. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.

The subjects of these addresses are "A College Fetish," "Shall Commerce Have a Statue?" and "Some Modern College Tendencies." The first of these addresses was delivered in 1883, but as it is published at the present time, we may assume that its sturdy arraignment of college methods has lost none of its aptness through the lapse of time. Indeed we know that it has not. The author told his audience that his training for the struggle of life came after, instead of before, graduation, "and it came hard." As respects our children, he says that the problem is a simple one. "We want no more classical veneer. . . . Either impart to our children the dead languages thoroughly, or the living languages thoroughly; or, better yet, let them take their choice of either." Later on he grows still more severe. He says:

"There does not exist, so far as I am able to learn, a single school in the country which will at the same time prepare my sons for college and for what I, by long and hard experience, perfectly well know to be the life actually before them. The simple fact is that the college faculty tell me I do not know what a man really needs to enable him to do the educated work of modern life well; and I, who for twenty years have been engaged in that work, can only reply that the members of the faculty are laboring under a serious misapprehension as to what life is. It is something made up, not of theories, but of facts—and of confoundedly hard facts at that."

"Some Modern College Tendencies," delivered in 1906, contains similarly trenchant criticism, and it ought to produce serious searchings of heart if not "fruits meet for repentance." These addresses are timely, and they are worthy of something more than cursory reading at a time when education and commercial supremacy are asserting their kinship.

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Publishers' Spring Announcements.

Some of the Notable New Books.

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Churchman's Treasury of Song. Edited by J. H. Burn, B. D.
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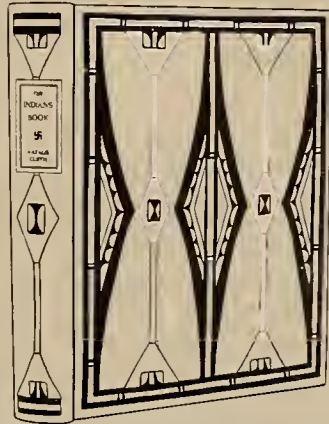
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PUBLISHERS' LATE OFFERINGS.

Manners and Social Usages, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

This is a new edition of a book that has been before the public for years, but that does not grow old. It is happily designed for the class of persons who do not need to be told that peas should not be eaten

from the churches of Puritan descent on the other. The object of the book is to show that it is neither one nor the other, and that Romanism and Puritanism are more closely related in their deeper spirit to each other than is the Anglican Church related to either. The arguments, historical and other, are clearly and concisely presented.



Israel Zangwill, author of "Ghetto Comedies," "Ghetto Tragedies." Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

with the knife, but who do need some well-selected hints as to the niceties and the delicate proprieties of civilized life. There are chapters on such momentous functions as weddings, garden parties, christenings, and matinees. We are told exactly how to entertain and how to be entertained, how to do the right thing, in the right way and at the right time, and how, in short, to supplement by art and correct custom the behavior that comes naturally from courteous and kindly feeling. The book is well written and complete, and should continue to be the *vade mecum* of those who wish to steer with accuracy through the shoals of modern conventionalism.

The Greatest Fact in Modern History, by Whitelaw Reid. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

This is a paper prepared by the American ambassador to Great Britain, and delivered at Cambridge University. It is remarkable from the fact that the University authorities themselves named the subject, which was the rise of the United States and the causes of the quarrel with Great Britain. The ambassador said that while he would not himself have chosen such a subject for such an audience, he was unwilling to recede from his promise. The address is scholarly and judicial in its tone, and it appears now in a very tasteful form with red letter headings.

How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee, by Owen Wister. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 50 cents.

This is a book of pure fun, but whether intended as a "boost" for the new spelling or as a protest against change must be left for the reader to determine. The author of "The Virginian" has certainly exhibited a new phase of his versatility by this amusing little book.

Freedom in the Church, by Alexander V. G. Allen. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author tells us that attention needs to be called anew, and constantly called,



Henry Thomas Colestack, author of "The Ministry of David Baldwin," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

to the distinctive character of the Anglican Church as differing fundamentally from the Roman Church on the one hand, and

upon every kind of material—fabrics, household, laundry, personal, and miscellaneous. If these recipes are as efficacious as they are attractively printed, the books should be available for instant reference in every household.

The Book of Psalms in the International Critical Commentary of the Old and New Testaments, by Charles Augustus Briggs and Emilie Grace Briggs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.

This is the latest production of the series, of which several other volumes are now ready. It is an attempt to combine American and British scholarship in the production of a critical, comprehensive commentary that will be abreast of modern biblical knowledge and that will be international, interconfessional and free from polemical and ecclesiastical bias.

Steps in English, Composition, Rhetoric, by Thomas C. Blaisdell, Ph. D. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; \$1.

The book is the embodiment of the author's own method of teaching and can be confidently recommended to those who wish not only to write the English language but to write it well.

Cinderella, by Carl Eickemeyer. Published by the author at Yonkers, New York.

This is a pleasing little fairy story, of which the plot is laid in North Park, Colorado, on the old emigrant trail to San Francisco.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was at last accounts hard at work, in Munich, on a new novel. Her publishers state that she "finds the atmosphere of Europe more congenial for her work than that of America."

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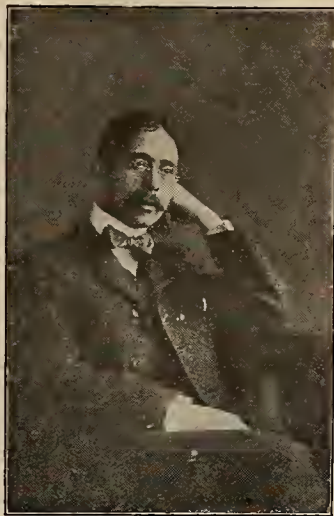
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STORYTELLERS' RECENT WORK.

The Whirlwind, by Eden Phillpotts. Published by McClure, Phillips & Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a tale of Dartmoor, and Dartmoor has been prolific in romance. Certainly the author will add to his already high reputation by this, his latest, story. He has drawn three characters of very great power: Daniel Brendon, the gigantic farm laborer, with his amazing power of religious conviction; Sarah Jane, his handsome wife, and Hilary Woodrow, who



Edward Lefèvre, Author of "Sampson Rock of Wall Street," Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

owns the farm upon which Brendon works. Sarah Jane is a human enigma—a kind of woman that has never been described before, and yet her portrayal leaves the uneasy conviction that we have met her like in the world and wonder at it. Her devotion to her husband is pure and unselfish. She is a devoted and faithful wife, who, while she does not quite understand her husband's religious convictions, is willing enough to believe that they represent the summit of human wisdom.

Hilary Woodrow makes love to this woman, not of malice prepense, but in obedience to a slow and subtle attraction. And under a like impulse she responds after a vain resistance. So far the story is as old as the world itself, but Sarah Jane neither discards her husband nor lessens her love for him as the new infatuation gains its sway over her. She placidly accepts the dual love and makes a dual return for it. She is a natural polyandrist—naked and not ashamed, sinning without the recognition of sin, and doubly happy in the double devotion that she has inspired.

Of course there is the inevitable whirlwind that always follows the sowing of the wind. Tragedy comes swift-foot upon such a combination, and the telling of it is equal to the best that the author has ever done. Altogether it is a story of unusual power and daring, and it is set in a wealth of true local color that only such a literary artist could apply. The "Whirlwind" is certainly a book to be read.

Prophet's Landing, by Edwin Asa Dix.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of a business man in a small New England town, to whom it never occurs that there can be any conflict between the general laws of morality and the business customs that have been sanctioned by usage. The little town in which he finds himself has been accustomed to mutual relationships of good will and consideration, which of course are absolutely at variance with the pitiless and inflexible commercial habits imported by Joel Harney. The story admirably describes the results and the consternation created among simple people by methods that they condemn as cruel and wicked. The vivid picture of the town, the charming love story, the striking figure of the prophet, and the admirable personal sketches, make a remarkable tale, simple, delightful and timely.

An Experiment in Perfection, by Marion T. D. Barton. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The claim that this is a novel of unusual power is well sustained. The characters

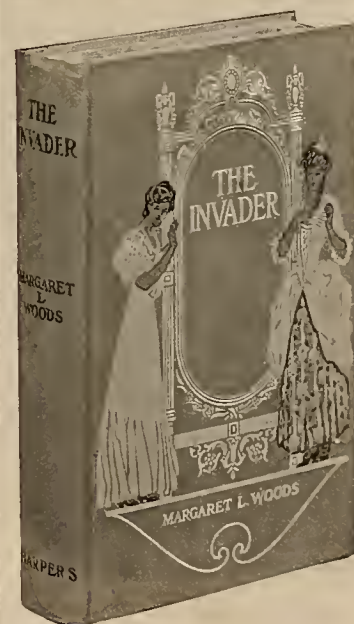
are finely drawn, the dialogue is bright and convincing, and the situations are carefully planned and well drawn.

The central idea of the book is the failure, through "nature's grim laws," of a mateship of which all the auguries seemed to be propitious. Persis Litchfield, a most winsome young woman, is engaged to Jerry Wadhams, who abandons his profession of the law in order to become a minister, and who then changes his theology with startling rapidity. Persis and Jerry are eventually married, after wearisome delays, and Jerry almost immediately develops symptoms of insanity, and during an attack of mania he dies from heart disease. This is the marriage that should have been perfect but that has been marred by "Nature's grim laws."

The weak point of a strong story lies in the fact that Jerry Wadhams is obviously insane—or else hopelessly and intolerably whimsical and selfish—from the opening chapters and long before the wedding. Love is proverbially blind and this is the only explanation of the infatuation of a delicious young woman with a man whom she should have despised, and who was simply an educated ead. It was not "Nature's grim law" that produced the tragedy of a ruined home and a young widow, but rather a feminine folly that allied itself to a man with whom it was obviously impossible that any woman could live in happiness. As soon as Jerry Wadhams appears upon the scene, the healthy-minded reader begins to despise him—in spite of his resolve to be a minister. His peculiarities are of course due to incipient insanity, but Persis should have recognized from the first that he was a man with whom no woman could possibly live. From the very first there was no chance of a perfect marriage, and this rather detracts from the theory of the story while it removes from Nature the burden of blame for interference with lovers' plans.

On the Eve, by Ivan Turgénieff, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

This is one of those homely stories of Russian life that manage to be interesting without the aid of sensational incidents. Russian stories are usually associated in the popular mind with court intrigues, nihilism, and official persecution and cruelty, but the author chooses more tranquil themes and gives us pleasing pictures of a quaint and quiet life, wherein the ordinary



Cover design from Harper & Brothers.

domestic virtues and frailties are set forth with a rare skill and with all the charm of unfamiliar garb. In this book there are several strongly drawn characters. Those of Shulion, the sculptor and spoilt child, and of Berseneff, the student aristocrat, are particularly well done.

The Trail to the Woods, and *Nature Studies on the Farm*. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; price, 40 cents each.

These two little volumes are issued in the series of Eclectic Readings, and are well designed for school use.



THE new novel, "Running Water," by A. E. W. Mason, who wrote "The Four Feathers," is a book that combines the masterful attraction of the mountains and the dramatic interest of an unusual complication of men and women. And there is a charm in the writing of it that few books of the day have. "Take an old man's wisdom, monsieur! When it is all over and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in the room and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories."

It is a rare pleasure to come across a book so warm, so tender, so personal in its indefinable effect of human sympathy. "Easily the best novel of the year," is the opinion of more than one critic.

—O—

NEITHER we nor any other publisher often issues such a book as "Partners of Providence." It is a joy to publish it—whether it ever becomes a "best seller" or not. Miss Agnes Repplier—and there is no saner critic—called "The Fugitive Blacksmith," the author's previous book, "a masterpiece" and she declares that "Partners of Providence" is "away and away ahead of 'The Fugitive Blacksmith.'" She goes on to say: "What I like best in a story is change of scene and action. I like it to move along and carry me along with it, which 'Partners of Providence' certainly does. I offer my sincere congratulations to Mr. Stewart."

Mr. Sylvester Baxter writes to tell us that the book "deserves a place beside 'Life on the Mississippi.'" The Missouri River part of the book is a fresh field in literature. * * * The story is so perfectly natural—delightfully true to life, deliciously funny. Sam Daly ranks with the best boy characters in American literature, closely akin to Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and Tom Bailey. The book deserves a big success."

If you have never read "The Fugitive Blacksmith," read it and enjoy a new sensation in literature. And don't let anything keep you from reading "Partners of Providence." Mr. Charles J. Taylor furnishes more than a hundred pictures, with initials and tail pieces—it will remind you of an old timer.

—O—

LAST April we issued a little book entitled "The Lady of the Decoration," made up of letters from a young American kindergarten teacher in Japan—just about the cleverest letters that ever came across the Pacific Ocean, and with a love story running through them that keeps one sitting up to finish. The sale ran along quietly—we printed three editions; then in November it took a start, and in the month of December we printed three more editions; since then we have printed "The Lady of the Decoration" four times, and in still larger editions. It is a book that seems to sell itself. One reads and tells a friend about it, or buys a half dozen copies to give away, and so it goes on in an endless chain. If you have not read "The Lady of the Decoration," you will thank us for calling it to your attention.

—O—

LAUGHTER, bubbling, unrestrained, is the reward of the reader of "Jerry Junior," the new book by Jean Webster, author of "When Patty Went to College." A jollier bit of nonsense, a prettier romance, has not been written in many a day. The *dramatis personæ* are young Americans in Italy. He disguises himself as a donkey driver to be near her.

—O—

WIDESPREAD as is the interest in Luther Burbank and his work, California, of course, is specially interested in his new book, "The Training of the Human Plant," a strong, sane, intensely interesting, and illuminating discussion of child culture. Mr. Burbank believes in the United States today exists the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known. He demands for the child of the race—most sensitive of living things—first and foremost an heredity and environment of love; differentiation in training; sunshine, good air, and nourishing food. The fundamental principles of education, Mr. Burbank declares, should be the subject of earnest scientific investigation.

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NEW AND NOTABLE FICTION.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Phantom Wires, by Arthur Stringer. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is the second story of its kind written by Mr. Stringer. When he wrote "The Wire Tappers" he was charged with dressing up crime in a halo and giving an unwholesome attractiveness to daring and lawless deeds. But undeterred by these moral criticisms he has now produced "Phantom Wires," which is, in a sense, a continuation of "The Wire Tappers." We have the same Jim Durkin, just as resourceful as ever, and troubled with the same qualms of conscience when his schemes miss fire. We find him separated from his wife, whom he has left in Paris, in a situation where she is miserable and almost starving, while he haunts the Mediterranean with his sharp wits on the alert for something that he can turn to his advantage. He overhears a conversation on a private yacht where he is earning a few dollars by repairing the electric service, and so gets on the trail of a large number of stolen securities, and just about the same time he meets his wife and finds that she also has been shaken from her pinnacle of virtue and is playing the detective by tracking a certain Russian who has stolen plans of inestimable value from the British government. Henceforth the pair hunt together and their adventures, their successes, and their hairbreadth escapes, make



Arthur Stringer, Author of "Phantom Wires." Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston.

a story of quite unusual interest and power. Some of the situations are as vivid as anything of the kind that has ever been written. Naturally electricity plays a very large part, and if the author has somewhat anticipated the course of invention and discovery, it is no more than a pardonable piece of prophecy.

Jim Durkin and his fascinating wife ultimately forsake their questionable courses, and we are allowed to think of them as settled down to a life that gains in respectability if it loses something in thrill. We get a hint of an interesting impending event of a domestic nature, and, with such probabilities, there was of course no alternative to a correct life. On the whole, the incentive of the story is a good one and those who would be tempted into adventurous crime by the misdeeds of Mr. and Mrs. Durkin must already be very close to the edge. "Phantom Wires" is certainly a book that should be read by those who want sensationalism in an artistic and realistic form.

The Princess, by Margaret Potter. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Russian stories are very much the order of the day, and we can hardly have too many of them so long as they are written with understanding. "The Princess" is a story of modern Russia with plenty of movement and fire. It concerns itself rather with the life of the court than with that of the people, and with intrigue rather than the great popular movements that are now in progress. It pictures many phases of Russian life; the great men of the realm, and the ministers of state. Princess Catherine is the central figure, and her dissolute husband, the Grand Duke Dmitri, plays a part in a daring and fascinating plot.

The Veiled Lady, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Those who love the short story—and in the short story is well done there are higher forms of literary art—should read this book. There is no particular

reason why it should be called "The Veiled Lady." There is a veiled lady, but there are a great many other ladies that are not veiled. There is a beautiful Venetian whose love affairs upset a Quarter, there is a commonsense motherly nurse whose heart warmed toward her companion in the adjoining berth, a plucky New England girl with the courage of her convictions, and there is a prim spinster whose only consolation was the boarder who sat opposite. There are lots of other people, all sorts and conditions of people who do all sorts of commendable and other things, interesting and exciting. The author questions if it might not have been better to enclose each story in a separate cover and then dump them on the table, so that we might pay our money and take our choice, but he has been well advised to give them to us in precisely the present form. They are all of them well done and readable to the last line.

The Croxley Master, a great tale of the prize ring, by A. Conan Doyle. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The prize ring nowadays hardly needs the support of great literary artists for a popularity already assured to it by its baseness and brutality. Dr. Conan Doyle has done a great deal of good work on worthy subjects. He has painted literary pictures that were good to look at and wholesome to remember, and since he can do this so well it is to be regretted that he should look for his themes among the sewers and cesspools of society, rather than among those things that are decent and of good repute. Dr. Doyle will no doubt receive his due measure of applause for "The Croxley Master," but a great deal of it will be of that kind that is not a compliment.

Hilma, by William Tillinghast Eldridge. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York; \$1.50.

Novels that deal with fascinating little princesses in tiny and mythical European kingdoms have always been popular, especially when there is a resourceful young American who turns up in the nick of time to rescue them from the machinations of designing enemies. Hilma is the daughter of the King of Scarvania and heiress to the throne. But there is a rival in the shape of an unpleasant male person named Joachim, and around this domestic dispute a whole war of intrigue and adventure is waged. Hilma, of course, succeeds by the aid of the young American, with his fertile brain and his revolver. Important documents,



Norman Duncan, Author of "The Cruise of the Shining Light." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

showing Joaquim to be a pretender, are lost and stolen and recovered, and altogether we have a succession of exciting episodes, hair-breadth escapes, and daring escapades. Hilma is not exactly a conventional queen, but she is a very fascinating young lady, which is still better.

The Miracle Worker, by Gerald Maxwell. Published by John W. Luce & Company, Boston; \$1.50.

The author shows such unusual ability in handling his plot that it is a pity he did not find a better one. Indeed, it is not easy to say whether the literary skill and

the power of narrative increase or lessen the repulsiveness of the story. Dr. Ahmed Khan is a young medical student of great surgical address, who gets himself entangled with a music-hall singer named Mariska. Mariska commits a murder and is very properly sentenced to death. Dr. Ahmed Khan comes to the rescue and vainly exhausts every effort to secure clemency from the authorities. Finally failing, he substitutes another and an innocent



"Rebecca."

woman for the condemned Mariska, and this other woman is actually executed. If this crime is not repulsive enough for the average taste, the reader may go further, and he will fare still worse. The psychology of the story is complicated by the fact that this medical fiend is not at all in love with the woman whom he saves, but is very much enamored of a little hospital nurse, whom he ultimately marries and takes with him to the Oriental home from which it is a pity that the author ever summoned him. There is a tinge of occultism running

through the story, and the occult story, to be endurable, must have a high moral tendency, which is lacking here. The author is entitled to whatever merit is due to marked literary skill, but it is to be regretted that so much skill should be devoted to such a theme.

Aunt Jane of Kentucky, by Eliza Calvert Hall. Published by Little, Brown & Company; \$1.50.

Those who read the first chapter of this book, which was originally published separately in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, will be prepared for a bright and original story and one that will open up, as it were, a new part of the country. The author has, in fact, done for the blue grass country what Mary E. Wilkins and others have done for New England. The book is rich in homespun philosophy and in the romance and the pathos of humble lives well and honorably lived. It is a book that will be read with unusual interest by those whose taste in fiction has not been vitiated by less worthy creations.

The Story of the Outlaw, by Emerson Hough. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

Those who are interested in the "bad man" will find his full and malodorous record in this book, and it may be said that the bad man of the plains, with all his lawless violence, is much more tolerable than the bad man of the city. In this volume we have the story of the historical bad men, of the robber bands that have terrorized various parts of the country and levied blackmail upon the people, and a description of the organizations that have combated them. The story is well told and of surpassing interest, and its attractiveness is enhanced by the illustrations.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, TRAVEL.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin, by Frederick Lawton, M. A. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.75.

Auguste Rodin occupies an unapproached, perhaps an unapproachable, position in the art life of today. He stands easily first, without challenge or competitor, and he must rank high among the great masters of sculpture of all historic times.

The author explains that it is not easy to write a life of Rodin. His whole career is a summing up of Victor Hugo's famous advice: "*Ami, cache ta vie et répands tes œuvres.*" Rodin had no life except in his art. There were no events but those that were the direct outcome of his surpassing genius. There were no personal incidents except those that clustered around his creations. All his references to himself relate to his work, and always there is the identification of his personality with his productions that show him to have been so saturated with his ideals as to have had no existence independent from them. Nevertheless, there is "a story which can be told," and its dominant note is the abiding effort to express an ideal, an effort that began in a poor and friendless boy, and that resulted in a triumphant art success.

Mr. Lawton has done his work very well. He sketches his hero from childhood, through the evolution of his genius, until the later days when the whole world without dissentient voice acknowledged his supremacy. He is especially happy in his



E. Phillips Oppenheim, Author of "The Malefactor." Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston.

reproductions of the master's conversation and his memory must be rich in such fragments. Doubtless he has done well to be a little "near"—if we may borrow a Scotch expression—in what he has given to us of these conversations, but they are admirably representative. Speaking of nature, Rodin says: "So many who begin to study, dictate to nature; if they have a man or woman model before them, they impose a preconceived attitude with no relation to the mind or actual intention of the subject. Today, towards the end of my career, I still content myself with leaving my model to himself or herself, I dictate no pose." The author tells us that there was hardly an interview with Rodin that did not produce some "one lone phrase" that embedded itself in the memory. For example: "There are as many kinds of beauty as there are kinds of feeling"; "The best and purest pleasures are those that have cost nothing"; "Art is nature's reflection in man; the essential thing is to polish the mirror."

The author is to be congratulated upon a very sincere piece of work. He nowhere forgets that he is writing a biography, and his marked success is due to conscientious care as well as to knowledge. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are a particularly pleasing feature of the book.

John Sherman, by Theodore E. Burton. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.

This book is issued in the American Statesman series, of which the Hon. John W. Griggs, ex-United States Attorney-General said: "As a series they are especially remarkable as constituting a history of American politics and policies, more complete and more useful for instruction and reference than any that I am aware of."

This encomium is well sustained by the present volume. John Sherman's career was of the first importance, not only for the length of his service, but for his profound

influence upon public affairs from 1855 to 1898. From his entry into Congress he stepped at once into prominence, and for more than forty years he continuously occupied a position very close to the centre of the stage. The book is necessarily financial, and may not therefore be as popular as some others of the series, but it has faithfully fulfilled its purpose of recording a long and important public life.

Richard Hickman Menefee, by John Wilson Townsend. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$3.

It is well that this biographical work should be done, and done as well as it has been. The memory of Menefee, the Kentucky lawyer and congressman, is growing a little dim, and it ought not to be lost. The present volume is complete and adequate. It contains Menefee's orations, his diary, and his letters, published now for the first time, and of marked human interest and historical importance. Judge Kinkead says of Menefee: "I have known personally or historically all of the celebrated men of Kentucky, and I am convinced that Richard H. Menefee is the ablest man ever born in the State."

He Knew Lincoln, by Ida M. Tarbell. Published by McClure, Phillips & Company, New York; 50 cents.

This little sketch appeared in the February issue of the *American Magazine* and has therefore already had a very large circle of readers. Its appearance in book form will be welcomed by those who wish to preserve permanently a genuine piece of literary art. Miss Tarbell has never been seen to better advantage than in this work, nor has the character of Lincoln ever been more successfully painted from this particular view-point. Every page of the little book is fascinating.

Nature's Craftsmen, by Henry C. McCook, D. D., ScD., LL.D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

We can not have too many nature books, and especially of such books as this. The next best thing to the study of animal life at close quarters, is to read the descriptions of those who have, especially when they are done with the sympathy and the keen enthusiasm that Dr. McCook brings to bear upon his work. If we were in closer touch with nature, even though it be only through the pages of a book, there would be less dementia Americana and a more joyous world. To the average city dweller such a book as this is a revelation. Nearly every page discloses some astonishing fact in animal life, some revelation of skill, of intelligence, and of the powers of combination and organization. The author believes that "science need not and should not be divorced from literature," and his own book proves him to be a charming writer, lucid, persuasive, and fascinating.

A Bird's-eye View of American History, by Leon C. Prince. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

This volume covers the period from the discovery of America to the presidential election of 1906. It is concise, as its scope necessitates, and an admirable book for school use or chronological reference. One of the most notable features of Mr. Prince's work is the fact that it is so absolutely impartial that it can give offense to none. Every phase of American political opinion is treated as its best representatives would wish, and without partisanship for or against.

Fighting on the Congo, by Herbert Strang. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This is a timely book, in view of the searchlight that public opinion has now focused upon the doings in the dark continent. It is in the form of a novel, and it describes the arrival of a white man in search of gold and adventures and his experiences as he makes his way along the tracks that have been reddened with human blood by Belgian officialism. There is no straining after horrors, indeed, they seem to be avoided, nor is there any suggestion of exaggeration. It is a plain and straightforward story from start to finish and it is well told. It ought to be read by those who want to know what is really happening upon the Congo and the share of responsibility that must be carried by Belgium.

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BOOKS OF LASTING INTEREST.

East of Suez, by Frederic Courtland Penfield. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$2.

Probably the day will come when books of travel will be no longer needed. Already we can dispense with all of them that are not excellently well written, but even after the fullest weeding out process, Mr. Penfield's book will remain. He has recognized to the full that there is not much left in the world of sufficient novelty to justify a mere description. Nowadays we want to be brought into mental relationship with other countries. We want to understand in what way their characteristics infringe upon our own fortunes. We want



Dr. Lyman Abbott, author of "Christ's Secret of Happiness," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

in other words, to know about other peoples, not from a mere vague interest, but because trade and communications compel us to live with them. It is in this way that the author takes us through Asia. The commercial instinct is at the back of his mind all the way, and the possibilities of trade never escape him. But this does not hamper his vivid descriptive power nor blind him to the beautiful or the picturesque. He shows us the whole of the picture, so far as compass will permit, and he does it well, although, perhaps, with a certain lack of sympathy for native religions and customs. The concluding chapters on Japan have a value all their own at the present time, and may be read with profit by those who are ever-ready to glibly dogmatize as to what Japan can and can not do.

Los Pastores, o Mexican Play of the Notch, issued in the Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society, 1907. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$4.

The preface explains that in an article published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, for April, 1893, Captain Bourke described a Spanish Miracle Play, which he saw at Rio Grande City. This play was called "Los Pastores," and it claimed to be traditional. Most of the actors could neither read nor write. They learned their parts as their leader, a cobbler, repeated them, line by line, and spent weeks in that laborious preparation. Captain Bourke induced the cobbler to write out the whole text for him. He turned over this text, with the photographs that he had taken, to the American Folk-Lore Society, and the material is now published for the first time in this volume.

Much Adoe About Nothing, First Folio Edition, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; cloth, 75 cents; limp leather, \$1.

Shakespeare lovers will receive this edition with enthusiasm. It marks a departure from all other popular texts and enables the ordinary student for the first time to make himself aware of what Shakespeare actually wrote rather than with what various editors think he would have written had he had the benefit of their literary judgment and taste. "Much Adoe About Nothing" is the twelfth play that has been issued in this edition that should easily become prime favorite among readers who read seriously and who wish to know not only what Shakespeare wrote, but how he spelled and punctuated. The volumes are of pocket size and tastefully bound.

On the Great American Plateau, by T. Mitchell Prudden. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

If such books as this were more plentiful, if they were read with the attention that their merits deserve, the great Western West of America would be more familiar to the Americans, who know every beaten path of Europe and all of the unbeaten paths of

their own country. Western America has more to offer to the tourist than has Europe, more in climate, more in scenery, and more in antiquities. The author takes us over a part of the route and introduces us to the delights of uncharted rambles through the Grand Canyon and across the Great Plateau, where the records of dead civilizations are waiting to be read and where native life is still fascinating and untainted. Mr. Prudden has given us a thoroughly good book. He tells his story in a plain and unaffected way and with a profusion of excellent pictorial illustrations. It would be impossible to imagine a more delightful holiday than he depicts or a greater good fortune than to have such a ramble within reach.

Maxwell's School Grammar, by William H. Maxwell, M. A., LL.D. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago; 60 cents.

This book contains all the material necessary for an elementary course or a high school course, and among its features are the scientific order of topics, the absence of unnecessary detail, the systematic reviews of etymology, syntax, and analysis, and the classification of errors in speech.

So long as a quite unbalanced emphasis upon grammar continues to be one of the faults of American education, such carefully prepared handbooks as this will be indispensable. But it may be doubted if children benefit from anything but the most elementary study of grammatical rules, analysis, parsing, and the like. Children learn to speak correctly by association with educated persons, and in no other way. They learn to write gracefully by reading good books, and in no other way. The amount of time and attention given to grammar, and the corresponding neglect of important studies, is one of the tragedies of our modern education, and this is peculiarly and pitifully true of California.

The Religious Value of the Old Testament, by Ambrose White Vernon. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 90 cents.

Professor Vernon has tried to examine the Old Testament in the light of modern knowledge. To a very great extent he has succeeded in divesting his mind from the old theology, and bringing to bear upon his subject the same critical and analytic processes that he would apply to other literature. But his success is only partial, and he would have done better to separate the



Ambrose White Vernon, author of "The Religious Value of the Old Testament," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

scientific and the devotional and to draw a sharper line at the point where knowledge ends and faith begins. But the book is well and clearly written and bears every mark of sincerity and scholarship. It is by no means the highwater mark of theological breadth, but its circle of appreciation will be none the less wide upon that account.

Drink, by Hall Caine. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; 10 cents.

The author speaks of the sleeping conscience of humanity in the presence of the liquor evil, and especially of its influence, through dipsomaniac mothers, on the unborn generations. There would be better hope for the solution of this problem if there were more writers such as Mr. Hall Caine, who could present the problem with all the force and the attractiveness of fiction. There is a beaten track in what may be called drink stories, but Mr. Caine keeps carefully away from it. The present sketch is distinctly original, and it is hopefully suggestive. It is the story of a rescue, in which hypnotism plays a part, and, although the theme of alcoholism is a hateful one and replete with hateful associations, Mr. Caine's reputation will not suffer from the way in which he handles it.

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THE DEL MONTE GALLERY.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

No more important step for the benefit of art in California has ever been taken than the one which has converted the attractive ballroom of Hotel Del Monte into a gallery for an all-the-time exhibition of paintings by men and women of the West. If the undertaking is not an ultimate success, the fault will lie entirely with the artists, who have nothing to do but furnish the pictures. They don't even have to pay the cost of transportation for their canvases from their studios to Del Monte, where they will be properly hung and adequately presented to the public by Frederick Woodworth, who has been appointed curator.

For once the artists can have no complaint about mural tones and killing lights. To the last detail of the equipment of the gallery, their word has been final. When the Pacific Improvement Company, of which A. D. Shepard is manager, proposed this significant move, a meeting was called at Del Monte of a number of representative artists and the project outlined. After a full discussion, its development was entrusted to Charles Sedgwick Aiken, editor of *Sunset*, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Eugen Neuhaus, Charles Rollo Peters, Xavier Martinez, Porter Garnett, and Harry Stuart Fonda. Without rebuilding the ballroom, even the beautiful daylight at Del Monte could not be utilized, so it was all excluded and a perfect system of artificial lighting was installed. There will be no cross rays to play havoc with the pictures. Reflected incandescents follow the line of the walls, and, lest the ornate chandeliers should divert attention from the pictures by their naked, brilliant glare, groups of lights that filter through softly shaded globes have taken their places. The walls have been tinted a warm gray, the tone that does not conflict with any other the cunning of man has mixed. Every device dear to the heart of the artist has been employed. Most important among these is the hanging together of the works of each painter. In Europe there are exhibitions where this canon of effective grouping is never violated. Although in the past there was a demand for this consideration to pictures in the exhibitions of the San Francisco Art Association, it was never heeded. The result, quite naturally, was a hodge-podge. No matter how different may be the subject or the treatment of canvases by one artist, there is a something in them that makes for harmony, which, for need of a better word, must be called individuality. Hanging pictures together disarms the painter, who claims that his work is seen at a disadvantage because of the strident color used by his neighbor. It is all-around fair, because a better average can be made as to the quality of the work of different persons, and because the arrangement is much more satisfactory to the public. The work of one artist considered at a time is a pleasure; a "crazy patch-work of pictures" makes a mental confusion that militates against the chances for sale, to say nothing of the psychological wear and tear on those who love pictures. For these and other reasons the exhibition at Del Monte marks an epoch for the artists of California, as well as making quite definite the position the State may hold in the world of art. The truth is that the Pacific Improvement Company does everything but paint the pictures. After paying the transportation for them, it provides a curator for their care and proper presentation, asks no commission for sales, and makes it possible for thousands of travelers to see what is being done by California artists. What more could be done for the art and artists of the West?

Tourists have always gone to William Keith's studio; it has been one of the show places in San Francisco, but comparatively few of the other artists have had the pleasure or privilege of showing their work in their studios. Now the tourists at Del Monte—and they all go to this Mecca—will see California's pictures under the pleasantest possible auspices, and California will get the profit that is sure to come.

All the artists have to do is to send pictures at stated intervals. They are not to be discouraged if sales do not come with regularity, or even if they are long in coming. They must remember how the greatest writers have had times of discouragement, when they sent their work from one publisher to another without marketing it. Artists are like lawyers. When they devote their lives to their pro-

fession, they must expect times of feast and famine. Neither has anything to offer that people need all the time.

While the importance of this movement in a material way to the artists is not to be minimized, the really significant feature of it deals with the inevitable acknowledgment of the really important work being done in California. Eastern and European artists come to the West for "material," but there is a somewhat general impression that, with few exceptions, this wonderland does not hold fitting interpreters. Keith's position is established and his work is known everywhere in the East; McComas, although an Australian and a comparatively recent acquisition of California, has commanded attention, and Charles Rollo Peters is known, but not as well as he should be. Several years ago, seeing that Peters had done some splendid original work, I sent some photographs of his pictures, with an analysis of his work, to a leading American journal of art. The packet was returned with thanks. The offer to send occasional notes of what the best artists were doing in California was also declined. Within a year, after Peters had taken a number of pictures East, his work was fully exploited in the art publications that would have none of him because an estimate of his genius came from California. There are other instances of this kind, but the impression is still abroad that only woolly work can come out of the West.

With a becoming sense of modesty and a keenly critical attitude, it is but just to say that the exhibition at Del Monte is fit to be compared with any general aggregation of pictures in the country. There are dozens of important canvases on the walls. Leniency has been extended in a few cases because the artists concerned have done and will do better work than they submitted. The southern part of the State is not as yet represented, but it will be in good time. Additional pictures will be received in twenty days.

William Keith sent to the exhibition two representative pictures. One is a panorama of a commanding stretch of the Sierras, in which one of the sharp, icy, snow-draped peaks of the range, clean-cut against a crystal blue sky, appears in telling contrast to the foothills and a valley below. It is a triumph in light and shade, painted with the master hand guided by that admirable mixture of fidelity and poetry. The other picture is one telling the story of the heart of the woods and bears the stamp of Keith's genius.

Quite another interpretation of nature beautiful as it is found in California, is a landscape done at Piedmont by Xavier Martinez. Unquestionably this is one of the most important pieces of work in the exhibition, and speaks for Martinez the development that has been expected of him. There is no severer critic of Martinez than himself, and so he works along, having less to show for his time than many other artists. If the large, square canvas of the Piedmont hills is the result of this time of apparent small production, it is well worth waiting for. The shaking and burning of Martinez out of his old studio in Montgomery street, sent him out into the country, a fact which may be put to the credit of the calamity. He had been painting studio pictures, pure and simple, and the inspiration which characterized former work seemed to have left him entirely. The Piedmont picture contains not a jarring note; every part of it, from the well-handled foreground to the farthest distance, is in perfect relation. Beautiful simplicity characterizes the treatment of this big subject; the mountains have their impressive solidity; the trees are really growing, and the peace of the late day is over the scene. But perhaps after all, the color of this picture is its chief charm. Martinez painted it while the country was saturated with the luminous afterglow, and in truth he gave it adequate, poetic expression. Another picture sent by Martinez has much of the exquisite beauty of the larger one. It is an early-morning scene in Piedmont.

An essay which originally appeared in an English magazine on the human nature of Jesus Christ is to be republished in elegant form in this country by John W. Luce & Co., of Boston, under the title "The First True Gentleman." It is based, as a text, on Thomas Dekker's poetic lines in which Jesus was characterized as "The first true gentleman that ever breathed," and is introduced by Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

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LILLIAN RUSSELL'S CHARM.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Lillian Russell is a life-sized French doll; she is a fashion-plate; she is like a highly-colored lithograph on the cover of a cigar-box; but, above all, she is a very pretty woman. In appraising her plump, white-fleshed, gold-haired charms, one is always conscious of New York in the background—the kind of New York that is a meteoric whirl of high-stepping horses, autos, beauty-doctors, jewels from Tiffany's, high-class dressmakers and corsetières, gorgeous hotels, sheaves of expensive blooms from florists, gilded restaurants, in which the best dressed men and women of New York assemble and fill themselves to the brim with the highest-priced viands of an effete civilization.

But here we are brought to pause. For the perennially lovely Lillian owes in part the preservation of her beauty to hard work and self-denial.

No woman can lead a life steeped in luxury and laziness and remain beautiful. If Lillian Russell had retired from the stage long since, her contours by this time would have been drowned in a steadily rising tide of fat. If she had not had a keen professional incentive to struggle for the retention of her looks, she could never have resisted the allurements of the table. In surveying her polished, manicured, beauty-doctored, and ever-sumptuous loveliness, we are apt to forget entirely that this woman has been industriously earning

joined together to give her certainty and poise, and whatever she does is done with a competent air. Her sense of humor has developed with the years; perhaps, too, with her experience as a musical comedienne. Years ago, while noting the cow-like placidity with which she sang and sauntered through—what was it?—"A Trip to Africa," or something of the sort, it would have been difficult to foresee that she would carry the prominent rôle in a society comedy with so much lightness and appreciation of its humorous possibilities.

It is inevitable that Miss Russell should carry with her in this new dramatic departure some of the ear-marks of her past specialties: the exaggeration of gesture and pose, the rapid-fire delivery, the artificial emphasis, the unnatural inflections and intonations, especially the last. For there has come to be a special kind of voice for musical comedy, which, with its abrupt descents into the chest tones, and sudden ascensions into head tones, rings all the changes in a woman's speaking voice. This is all very well in musical comedy, of which highly artificial institution it is the artificial product, but in drawing-room comedy, even when it is as light and farcical as "The Butterfly," the effect is disturbing and inartistic.

They used to say of Sarah Bernhardt that she had the habit of practising the most tempestuous passages in her rôles with lightning speed before a mirror. This assisted her in securing distinctness combined with swiftness of speech, an effect which she conceived conducive to emotional excitement on the part of her listeners. I could wish that these faddists on rapid stage speech would follow Bernhardt's example. I am sure that people sitting beneath the overhanging balcony ledge lost fully one-half of what was uttered by Mr. John Flood in the rôle of Teddy Bacon, and by Miss Isabel Richards as Madame Abaloni. And yet both of these players in all other respects were particularly satisfactory in their delineations of the solicitous friend and the infatuated opera singer. Mr. Tiden, who will be remembered as the Imp during Goodwin's second season here with "When We Were Twenty-One," has developed into an expert light comedian and was a plausible English earl, and all the other rôles are in competent hands. Eugene Ormonde has been selected for his athletic proportions and his temperamental gravity to fill the rôle of the lover, who maintains a hold upon seriousness in the midst of fluff and frivolity, and whose passion breathed a responsive soul into the gauzy tissues of the butterfly.

But these people are all side issues. It is always upon Lillian Russell, the beautiful curio of the New York stage, the miracle of preservation in lovely flesh and blood, that the interest is fixed. To that interest in her appearance, her singing plays an entirely subsidiary part.

Miss Russell sang two songs, and still has some notes left. Both in her speaking and singing voice she has a particularly rich lower register. In singing she manages her voice with skill, but the higher notes are minute in volume and have a squeezed-out sound, and a true lover of music can very comfortably dispense with her vocal efforts.

This last week of the San Francisco Opera Company's season at the American



Orral Humphrey, at the Colonial Theatre.

is devoted to "The Tenderfoot," which, as its name indicates, is a music-play of the Southwest, whose population of cowboys,

soldiers, and Mexicans is picturesquely clothed in the rough-and-ready garments adapted to their locale. Miss Hemmi has wholly recovered, and, in the part of the ranch-heiress, her rich voice rings out with its accustomed vitality and volume.

George Kunkel has the fat part. As the "tenderfoot" he has the funniest lines and the most amusing situation, and as he has a good deal of natural humor, he "makes good."

Teddy Webb is not so lucky. The hu-



Izetta Jewell, at the Colonial Theatre.

mor of the little ex-Tivoli comedian is not particularly spontaneous, and in the rôle of the self-admiring sergeant he has to toil for every effect. He tackles the job valiantly, but it is not a part that commends itself to the favorable consideration of one who wishes to be on good terms with his audience, more particularly as the outlines of his sergeant are painted in with such heavy strokes as to make him seem entirely too aggressive for the irresponsible lightness of musical comedy.

Of good singing there is plenty in this organization, which, after another week, may be heard at the Novelty in "Robin Hood," an opera the popularity of which seems to be perennial.

The appearance of this company there should supply a need, as it follows within one week the disappearance from the Van Ness Theatre of the Augustin Daly Musical Company, which closed its season after a particularly elaborate production of "The Cingalee." This piece, which is numerously fathered by the authors of those popular music comedies, "The Geisha" and "San Toy," has proved a popular attraction on account of its good musical numbers, its handsome scenic effects, and the quantity of exceptionally good dances which diversify the action. The comedy in it, however, is something of a missing quantity. Sam Collins, as it turns out, does his comedy with his legs only. When there is no funny leg-work laid out for him, as in "The Country Girl," in which, as Barry the middy, he had a rôle particularly adapted to his special talent, he is distinctly out of it in the matter of raising a laugh. But as a tumbler and grotesque dancer he is one of the best. So much so that his audiences show evidences of entire satisfaction and approval when he is engaged in unlimbering his short but miraculously elastic legs for their entertainment. For the average theatre-goer loves a good dance above all things.

This was particularly evident at the New Alcazar during last week's bill, when Laura Lang, as a country town school-teacher, was called upon, before an accusatory group of village Mrs. Grundys, to prove herself guiltless of the charge of impropriety in a song and dance. She did so by repeating the obnoxious performance, thereby disclosing so much fascinating silk stocking, and such bewildering cascades of snowy lace, as to make the teacher's prompt dismissal absolutely obligatory, were the play anything but the merriest nonsense. As for the audience, they dropped the play incontinently and surrendered themselves to the pleasure of viewing the dance, which the popular young actress gave with great gayety and abandon.

Mrs. Leslie Carter follows the San Francisco Opera Company at the Novelty Theatre and intends to stage both her greatest hits, "Zaza" and "Du Barry."

For the second week of their engagement at the Novelty Theatre, the San Francisco Opera Company will sing "The Serenade."

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David Belasco's Story of a Double Life. The Celebrated Play in Four Acts.

La Belle Russe

Splendid Cast—Superb Effects—New Scenery

Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. Bargain Matinee Wednesday, all seats reserved, 25c. Branch ticket office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Sts.

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Commencing MONDAY, APRIL 29. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Seventh week New Alcazar Stock Company presenting
J. M. Barrie's Delightful Fantasy

The Admirable Crichton

As Played with Great Success by William Gillette.

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Two weeks beginning next Monday, April 29—Farewell performances in this city, The San Francisco Opera Co. in the most famous Bostonian successes

First week—DeKoven and Smith's
"Robin Hood"

Second week—"THE SERENADE" Prices 50c to \$1.00

Van Ness Theatre

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Two weeks beginning Monday, April 29. Matinee Saturdays only.

Annie Russell
as PUCK in Waghehals and Kemper's stupendous production of "A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Entire Actor Theatre Cast and Accessories.
Prices 50c to \$1.00.



Lillian Russell, appearing in "The Butterfly" at the Van Ness Theatre.

her living for some steenty-steen years, and that this fact has greatly assisted kind nature.

For though art has lent her its discreetly exercised aid, nature has been to her astonishingly kind. Nature gave her smooth white flesh that will not furrow, abundant hair that in spite of bleaches and dyes, and an artistic distension of "rats," puffs, and false curls, continues to grow copiously on her handsome head. Nature gave her her large, lovely, soulless eyes, which have accumulated no pent-house of fleshly overhanging lids with the years; and features which do not crinkle into unexpected lines and folds when she smiles or frowns. For she dares to smile and frown as much and as often as she pleases. Lily Langtry, in spite of the beautifully preserved oval of her face, has an assortment of parenthesises lying *perdu* until she smiles, when, presto! they spring into unwelcome life. But Lillian Russell has successfully held these unlovely harbingers of age at bay. It is true that she does not look like a girl, but her face, her expression, is young, and it is only in briefest glimpses, as in an occasional lightning flash of perception, that one detects a look of maturity on her features.

The comedy of "The Butterfly," in which Miss Russell is appearing at the Van Ness Theatre, has every appearance of having been written with the star in mind, although it is the work of an ex-San Francisco journalist, Kellet Chambers by name. It is as light as the fluff of a dandelion, although in the end the social butterfly, fluttering in the golden sunshine bestowed by the boodle of her deceased multi-millionaire, is kindly endowed with a soul.

Miss Russell does not make this soul-eyou'd quite so credible as the earlier comedy, and the frivolity of the beautiful widow, or long theatrical experience and her niche in the favor of the public, have

PLAYS, PRESENT AND PROMISED.

By George L. Shoals.

Lillian Russell is just completing her brief engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, and next week Annie Russell will be the star attraction at that playhouse. In spite of the fact that the names are the same, these two favorites of the stage are not related and their talent is displayed in diverse lines. Lillian Russell won fame early in comic opera, and still sings, even if her choice has fallen on society comedy for the present season. Annie Russell has been no less successful in her line—until the present departure, that of dainty maidenly parts. Her desire to be the Puck in an elaborate production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was not a particularly strange inclination. Ellen Terry, Laura Keane, and other youthful heroines of the stage have played the part and won more than passing notice in the fanciful creation. The latest Puck is quite as winsome a sprite as the theatre has known, if the dramatic news columns of the Eastern papers are to be relied on. From the new Astor Theatre, in New York City, which Miss Russell opened with the present engagement, to Chicago, and thence westward, the critics have searched for dainty phrases to characterize her work in the Shakespearean fairy story. The Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper, who had expended a large amount on the production, endeavoring to make it not merely adequate, but beautiful in every detail, have found the venture a most successful one.

In the company supporting Miss Russell will be found many players of prominence, the most notable being Oswald Yorke, John Bunny, Lansing Rowan, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Atkins Lawrence, Ina Brooks, Catherine Proctor, Richard Lee, Lionel Adams, and Hubert Osborne.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

J. M. Barrie's satirical comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," which has already been seen and most favorably considered here, will be produced at the New Alcazar Theatre next week. The play was one of the most fragrant of recent memories con-

nected with the old Alcazar Theatre, and its revival will stir the interest of a host of the former friends and patrons of the O'Farrell Street playhouse. Bertram Lytell will play the part of Crichton, the superb, ever-ready, and masterful yet ideal English butler. Laura Lang will be Lady Mary. Daisy Lovering has a good rôle, and John B. Maher, Adele Belgarde, and Ernest Glendenning will have the parts that they assumed so successfully when the comedy was given in the old theatre.



Elizabeth Murray, "Bully and Me," at the Orpheum.

It may be taken for granted that not only the cast, but the accessories, will be suited to the play. The apartments and guests at the English country-seat, and the picturesque surroundings of the life on the lonely island will be realistic and attractive. There are some special scenic effects in the play which will be made the most of at the new and handsome theatre.

The Colonial Theatre.

The very name, "La Belle Russe," brings up recollections of Jeffreys Lewis and other favorites of a day gone by. There is particular reason why it should, for the play was written by Peter Robertson, for many years dramatic critic of the *Chronicle*, associated with David Belasco, even then something considerably more than a tyro in theatrical construction. It was pro-

duced at the old Baldwin Theatre, and Jeffreys Lewis, Osmond Tearle, Gerald Eyre, John W. Jennings, and Jean Clara Walters, were in the cast. It was an immediate and pronounced success and was sent across the continent to New York, where it was put on at Wallack's Theatre, with Rose Coghlan as Geraldine. From that production came Clara Morris's acquaintance with the play and her succeeding purchase of the right to play it on her tours.

Two years ago David Belasco decided to rewrite the play, and his revised version will be produced at the Colonial Theatre next Monday night. Izetta Jewell will have the star part, of course, and will give new proofs of her power in diverse lines. Other members of the company will have congenial parts, and George Lask, the stage director, will give his part of the work the artistic finish that it never lacks.

The Orpheum.

Press Agent Dillon writes "the acme of vaudeville" at the head of the Orpheum programme this week, which is a bold assertion when one recalls the brightest lights that have twinkled on the stage of that amusement-making theatre, but it may be right. The list certainly contains some eminent names. Elizabeth Murray is a

perennial favorite here, and her songs and ballads are always well selected and given with spirit and in pleasing tones. Her stories are told with that rare sense of humor which the satirists say women know little about, and her proof to the contrary may be noted. The Max Tourbillon Troupe of bicycle acrobats and jumpers, and the Kremka Brothers, are heralded as much more than ordinary attractions. The Fadettes Women's Orchestra remains another week; the four Harveys, the wondrous high wire performers, Bessie Wynn, the sparkling and delightful singer, Linton and Lawrence in "A Doctor's Patience," and the Rialto Comedy Four also continue, and will do their part in making the bill come up to what has been promised for it.

The Novelty Theatre.

The San Francisco Opera Company comes up town next week and will appear at the Novelty Theatre, with several additions to its ranks, in that old-time yet firm favorite, "Robin Hood." The cast seems well suited to the comic opera, as Aida Hemmi will be the Maid Marion, Florence Sinnott will have the rôle of Annabel, and Maude Beatty will appear as Alan-a-Dale. Carl Haydn will be the romantic Robin at alternate performances, J. Francis Abbott having the rôle one-half the time. Aimee Leicester will sing and act as Dame Durden, and Teddy Webb will be perfectly at home in the dry humor of the eagle-eyed sheriff. All the favorites will be seen, and the famous song numbers will receive better than fair treatment. The orchestra will be adequate for all the exacting requirements of the score.

The Greek Theatre of Berkeley.

The University Orchestra will give the Twentieth Symphony Concert, with Anton Hekking, the cellist, as soloist, in the Greek Theatre of the University of California at 3:00 o'clock Thursday afternoon, May 2. Mr. Hekking's concerts in this city some months ago won the highest praise. He will play the D'Albert Concerto for the violoncello. The symphony which Conductor J. Fred Wolle has chosen for the day is the second symphony of Brahms.

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Reserve for Outstanding Losses	291,653.00	Net Surplus	528,114.53
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VANITY FAIR.

In view of the well-known fact that little birds in their nest agree, it is a pity that Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and Mrs. Potter Palmer can not do the same. The Hotel du Palais at Biarritz is of substantial dimensions, but it is not large enough to contain the duchess and Mrs. Potter Palmer at one and the same time.

It's like this: Mrs. Potter Palmer is on very good terms with King Edward, but there is still a very exclusive and very particular circle, a kind of *sanctum sanctorum*, as it were, to which she is not admitted. It is said that the king does not really know how very nice she is, or all barriers would be at once removed by a genial monarch whose tastes in such matters are nothing if not discriminating. On the other hand, Consuelo basks as close to the light as it is possible to get. There are no heights left for her to attain, no social circle that is barricaded against her. All this is very painful to Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has taxed her diplomatic powers to the utmost to get into the charmed coterie that seems so tantalizingly beyond her reach. During the king's stay at Biarritz, she engaged the most splendid suite available and one that was in the closest proximity to the royal suite. With that extraordinary and melting urbanity which ladies assume when they hate one another, she rejected the duchess's proposal to exchange rooms, and considering the nature of Mrs. Palmer's strategical position, it is surprising that the duchess should have made overtures that were preordained, predestinated, to failure. Fail they certainly did, and the duchess, acting like a wise general and finding that her rival's position could be successfully assailed neither by force nor guile, quietly left the hotel and rented a villa where there were no other rooms to let and competition would be out of the question. And the move seems to have been a successful one.

Gossip says that the king is now rarely to be seen at the Hotel du Palais, and we may therefore draw the pardonable inference that the villa of the fair Consuelo is correspondingly irradiated by the royal presence. All of which seems very sad.

An indignant nation has not yet arisen in defense of Mrs. Ida M. von Claussen, who, metaphorically, demands that the head of Charles H. Graves, United States Minister to Sweden, be forthwith presented to her on a charger. Mrs. von Claussen is an heiress and a woman of great importance. There can be no doubt whatever about that, and the way in which she has been treated is enough to boil the blood of a fish.

It seems that Mrs. von Claussen and her daughter were at Wiesbaden and the King of Sweden was there at the same time—of course by coincidence. But let Mrs. von Claussen tell her own story in the simple terms of tragedy and pathos. She says:

"My daughter and I were at Wiesbaden when his majesty was there. His birthday was being celebrated and I sent my daughter to him with a bouquet of roses and best wishes. He was very pleased, and asked that the child's mother be presented to him. He sent word to me through Admiral Palender, and received me most graciously. He asked me what it was that I most desired. I replied: 'The pleasure of again meeting your majesty.'

"The king told me that if I ever came to Sweden I must at once come to see him. He gave me his photograph with his signature, saying that it would be my passport. He then gave me permission to add his name to that of my child, so that now she is known as Nathalie Oscar von Claussen.

"I called on Mrs. Graves on January 10, and three days later upon her husband, making my request for a presentation. I was astonished to learn from Mrs. Graves that she had no intention of presenting anybody.

"Prince Carl and Princess Ingenorg called upon me and expressed their regrets and called the attention of Charlemagne Tower, the ambassador to Germany, to the matter.

"I went to Mr. Graves later and demanded an explanation. He would not discuss the matter, and was most abrupt. Mr. Graves said that he would not present me under any circumstances."

There is the story in a nutshell. Is it any wonder that Mrs. von Claussen is de-

termined to lay the matter before the President and to invoke the thunders of Elihu Root upon the head of Ambassador Graves?

And he, wretched man that he is, what has he to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon him? What reason can he urge for refusing to present Mrs. von Claussen at the Swedish court after his Swedish majesty had deigned to accept flowers from the hands of Mrs. von Claussen's daughter, who is doubtless a winsome and engaging child? We are still without affidavits from Mr. Graves, but his line of defense is obvious in other ways. It seems that he can present no one at court who is unknown to him or who fails to present credentials weighty enough in their nature to justify such an introduction. Mrs. von Claussen had no such introduction and no such credentials. Had she been allowed sufficient time to procure them she could have buried Mr. Graves under a perfect avalanche of social documents, but time, inexorable time, prevented and she had to resort to other means of proving her fitness to tread the carpet of the Swedish court.

Mrs. von Claussen is not an ordinary woman. An ordinary woman would have been nonplussed at a demand for credentials which, through the accident of geography, were not available. But not so with Mrs. von Claussen. She wrote to Mrs. Graves, the wife of the ambassador:

"I do not know what to do at this late date, and for my own dignity's sake can not afford not to be presented, as many, many people know about it, both in this country and in America. My cousin could (but I will not oblige myself to my family) give me all the credentials necessary. He is Geheimrath Von Bramann, with ten decorations of honor from the Emperor of Germany for operating on Emperor Fritz and other deeds of distinction. My aunt is Baroness Von Tronchin. These both families live in Halle Salle, Germany."

She mentioned other distinguished persons with whom she was on terms of intimacy. She appealed to Mrs. Graves, "for the honor of America," not to put her in the position of "a bride left at the altar," and to crown all she enclosed to Mrs. Graves a bill from an eminent surgeon who had operated upon her for appendicitis, and who estimated the value of his services at 1800 marks. She also enclosed a letter from a New York trust company in reference to her account, three "regrets" for dinner invitations, visiting cards from a number of gentlemen, one of

them endorsed "this is the handsomest man in Paris," and a letter from a Frenchman, saying that he "could not live without seeing her again," and asking for an appointment in London.

It seems incredible, and for the honor of our country and her representatives abroad we should like to disbelieve it, but the cold, stern fact remains that Minister Graves was obdurate. He refused to present Mrs. von Claussen. He said he would not do so under any circumstances, and smarting under such a rebuff, Mrs. von Claussen and her doubtless so charming daughter have appealed to the President for the redress which no American citizen ought to ask for in vain. We do not know how the matter will end, but we may hope that only justice will be done, that no international complications will arise, and that Ambassador Graves will be relegated to that obscure place which nature evidently intended him to occupy, and from which he has so unaccountably emerged.

Now that Maarten Maartens is coming to this country, it is important to know that his real name is Herr J. Van Der Poorten Schwartz.

The World of Books.

Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
—Wordsworth.

Robinson Crusoe's island is still extant, and not submerged, as was recently reported to the grief of all Defoe readers. Dr. J. S. Keltie, secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, has declared that Juan Fernandez did not disappear in the late Valparaiso earthquake. Those valleys and rocks that (as Cowper affirms) have never heard the sound of the church-going bell, still bear their ironical witness to the charms of solitude.

According to Mr. R. M. Johnson's "Leading American Soldiers," a volume published by Henry Holt & Co., there have been thirteen really eminent American military commanders. They are Washington, Greene, Taylor, Scott, Andrew Jackson, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Meade, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young clergyman in a remote country district wrote last Easter time to Bishop Potter, saying that he was about to take a wife and asking if, to save some other clergyman a long and weary journey, he could not marry himself. The bishop's reply was marvelously concise. It said: "Could you bury yourself?"

An old white-haired darky living on a plantation, not feeling well, had the doctor pay him a visit. The doctor told him as he was getting old he must eat plenty of chicken, and stay out of damp night air. "But, sah!" said the old darky. "How can you spect me to stay in de house at night and still get my chickens?"

When Mrs. Eddy, the head of the Christian Science Church, was young, she conducted a temperance campaign for a time. A tramp asked her for help. "I'll help you, my friend," said Mrs. Eddy, "but first you must answer me one question. Do you or do you not drink beer?" The tramp, a hardened customer, looked at her in amazement. "Why, lady," he said, "ye cert'nly don't think I squirt it into me arm wid a syringe!"

A certain man, who was recently re-elected to a position that he had held for many years, met a friend who congratulated him on his continued good fortune. To this the other replied: "Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for forty years, and when discharged at last on account of old age remarked: 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

"The duel," said Senator Tillman at a dinner in Washington, "is a thing I abhor. I believe, though, in manliness and pluck, and I hope the time will never come when a conversation such as was recently overheard in a New York club will be typical of American chivalry. A New York clubman approached a friend and whispered: 'Bludd threatens to kick me the next time he sees me in company. If he should come in here now, what would you advise me to do?' 'Sit down,' was the reply."

A judge in Kentucky, by reason of his bad temper, found considerable difficulty in controlling individuals in the courtroom. On one occasion there was unusual disorder. At last the judge could stand it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court," exclaimed his honor, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There followed a long silence in the court. Finally one of the leading counsel arose and, without the suspicion of a smile, asked: "If it please your honor, on what date will your resignation take effect?"

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, recently told this story at New Haven's Chamber of Commerce banquet. A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead. The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel, and hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 153 has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"

Not all the instruction given to young railroad men is intensely serious. The following definition was recently offered to a beginner: "A box car belongs to the fowl family. During the spring and summer months it can be found in nearly every part of the country, its favorite haunts being railway tracks, and it is easy to capture. In the autumn, however, like certain other fowls, it goes into hibernation or flies to other climes. Scattered instances are known where specimens are captured during the autumn months. A lasso or a well-greased switch crew is sometimes used in snaring the box car, but main strength is the best weapon. In any case the hunter must be very wary, as any noise like the fluttering of a waybill will make the quarry

disappear. Some railways own large flocks of domesticated box cars, but they are carefully guarded during the closed season. The wild box car when caught and fairly well loaded becomes perfectly stationary."

Personal.

Railroad President—Why did you not call? I waited until 3 P. M. Next Monday. Same place. No Mollycoddle.

Democratic Party—What has become of you? Please write by return mail making appointment. Need you very much. B., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Will some kind heiress, age no matter, having \$8,000,000 she can spare, kindly communicate at once with Boni the Busted, Paris, France? Object, patrimony.

If George B. Cortelyou, formerly of Long Island, will send \$150,000,000 immediately to Wall street, he will hear of something to his advantage.

A gentleman in reduced political circumstances would correspond with respectable party looking for a candidate. W. R. Hurst, care of A. Brizbain, New York.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Book agents have recently been sued in New York City for unloading on rich and silly persons, at fabulous prices, so-called *éditions de luxe* of Shakespeare, Thackeray, Roosevelt, and other classics. A woman gave \$6250 each for sets of Shakespeare and Thackeray, and \$6000 for Roosevelt. When she had paid her money, she found she had merely "well-known and easily procurable copies" of these authors—tricked out with special title-pages, "certain illustrations of showy character, but intrinsically of little value," and gaudy bindings. This type of book agent, who bulks large in the eye of the public, has blackened the name of the whole tribe.

George Bernard Shaw, it seems, is likely to share the experience of Browning, whose admirers persisted in reading into his literary works a profound and subtle significance which the author never dreamed of, remarks the *Chicago Chronicle*. Shaw has engaged the attention of a sect of the ethical culture disciples, and there is already a disposition to expound his writings in the fashion of Biblical exegesis. This may amuse the author, but it will by no means excite his displeasure, for Bernard, despite his vagariousness, is a thrifty soul, and all publicity of the character specified sells books. Besides, if people want to elevate him to a pedestal, why should he object?

America now leads the world in the manufacture, sale, and use of automobiles. This is the declaration of a French expert, who has been keeping a record of the automobile business. Five years ago the United States built only 314 automobiles of all classes, while at the same time France built 23,711 machines. Last year the production in the United States was 60,000, in France 55,000, in England 28,000, in Germany 22,000, in Italy 19,000, and Belgium 12,000. In nine years in the countries named there have been manufactured, sold, and used 550,000 automobiles, representing more than \$1,000,000,000 of money.

The City Council of Guilford, Md. (according to a dispatch in the *New York World*), has passed an ordinance requiring all unmarried male citizens between the ages of eighteen and sixty years to wed. Should any stubborn-minded masculine believer in the single life refuse he must either pay a fine of \$10 or become an inmate of the town calaboose for thirty days.

"You made the most of your opportunities," "I did," answered the dashing financier. "I managed to put mortgages on some of my opportunities before they really existed."—Washington Star.

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ELMWOOD PARK, Berkeley High-class, \$65.00 and upwards per front foot.

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Mission Branch - 2572 Mission, near 22d
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French-American Bank

The French-American Bank Building, 108-110 Sutter Street

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

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Occupies offices in the same building.

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Rain or Shine

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No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning, trains leave the track after the fifth and last races.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Mullan, daughter of Mr. John Mullan of Washington, D. C., to State Senator George Russell Lukens of Oakland. Their wedding will take place within a few weeks.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bada Sperry, daughter of Mrs. Austin Sperry, to Mr. Charles A. Bodwell of Lakeville, Sonoma county. Their wedding will probably take place in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie O'Connor, daughter of Colonel Charles M. O'Connor, U. S. A., to Lieuten-

a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday of last week, in honor of Miss Jane Wilshire, whose marriage to Mr. John Polhemus took place on Saturday. Those present were: Miss Doris Wilshire, Mrs. Frederic Kellond, Mrs. Claude E. Brigham, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Edith Cutter, Miss Elizabeth Mills, and Miss Sue Carpenter of Los Angeles.

Miss Emily Johnson entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week, in honor of Miss Emily Marvin. Those present were: Miss Marvin, Mrs. Bruce Cornwall, Miss Ysabel Brewer, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Maude Paynes, Miss Mary Wilcox, and Miss Floride Hunt.

Mrs. John F. Boyd was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week, at her home in San Rafael, in honor of Mrs. Ernest Hartmann.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley and Mrs. John

Barbara after a visit to Mrs. Thomas Eastland here.

Mrs. Llewellyn Jones and Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones are at present in Munich.

Mrs. Veronica Baird sailed during the week from New York to spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. George Stone, Miss Stone, and Miss Louise Stone are spending some weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. R. J. Dustan and her daughter Mrs. Willis Peace have arrived from Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson will spend the summer at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills have returned from a brief trip to Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Miss Sue Carpenter, and Miss Clara Carpenter were here last week from Los Angeles to be present at the Polhemus-Wilshire wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Safford Colby have gone East on a visit and on their return will go to Mill Valley for the summer.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is entertaining Miss Lottie Woods of Tahiti.

Signor Lucchesi, formerly of this city, has gone from Portland, Oregon, to Boston, where he will make his home for a time with Baron and Baroness G. Tosti.

Sailing from New York on the *Augusta Victoria* are the following passengers from San Francisco: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharon, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyerfeld, Mrs. Florence F. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, and Miss O'Connor.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. George E. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Dr. J. H. O'Connor, Mrs. William H. Wolf, Judge J. E. Barry, Mr. T. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hasmer, Mr. C. E. Laumeister, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Scott, of Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Metcalf, Mr. George D. Metcalf, Mrs. A. R. Bowen, Miss Bowen, of Berkeley; Mr. Lee L. Gray, Fresno; Mr. Joseph Steffens, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hunt, Buffalo, N. Y.; Dr. J. C. Hutton, Berkeley.

Opening of the Fairmont Hotel.

The Fairmont Hotel was formally opened last week, and a number of events have already taken place there. On Tuesday evening of last week the public were first admitted to the hotel for the promenade concert given for the benefit of the three charities, the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, the San Francisco Polyclinic, and the Doctors' Daughters. It was one of the largest affairs of the kind that has ever taken place here, several thousand people being present and about \$25,000 being realized. On Thursday evening the thirteenth annual banquet of the Merchants' Association was held there, 905 members of the Association and their guests being seated in the main dining-room, the Red Room, and Laurel Court. On Friday evening the dining-room of the hotel was opened to the public, and a number of dinners were given by leading citizens and society people in celebration of the event, it being estimated that about 600 guests dined there between 6 and 9:30 o'clock, while others came in later for supper. On the same evening the annual dance of the local Chapter of Beta, of Delta Iota Chi, a national high school sorority, took place in the ball-room, 600 members and guests being present at that event. Mackenzie Gordon gave a song recital on Wednesday evening of this week, and several other important events, among them a cotillon by the bachelors of the Entre Nous Cotillon Club, are scheduled for the near future.

Permission has been granted by McClure, Phillips & Co., publishers of "Pigs in Pigs," the sale of which has already reached 100,000 copies, for it to be printed in raised point type in the Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind, a publication recently founded by the widow of the late William Ziegler. Many requests have been received from the blind for the inclusion of Mr. Butler's little masterpiece of humor in this magazine and it will appear in the April number.

Although her engagement is yet several weeks in the distance, the box office of the Van Ness Theatre has had many requests for the Maude Adams production of "Peter Pan." Miss Adams will bring her entire New York cast and stage effects.

Henrietta Crosman is to follow Annie Russell at the Van Ness Theatre and will present two plays entirely new here. They are "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" and "The Almighty Dollar." The latter has a three years' run to its credit at Berlin.

Fairmont Hotel

WEEK END PROGRAM:

Fairmont Orchestra: Direction Bernat Jaulus.

Saturday, April 27

Music, 9 to 2 p. m. 6 to 8 p. m.
Concert in the Foyer, 9 to 11 p. m.

Sunday, April 28

Grand Concert, 2 to 4 p. m.
Music in Dining Room, 6 to 8 p. m.
Concert in the Foyer, 9 to 11 p. m.
Concert in the Foyer regularly every evening, 9 to 11 p. m.

Restaurant a la carte.

Limited number of accommodations for out of town people. Those desiring rooms please notify hotel in advance.

"A Young Man's Fancy."

When youth sits down to muse on nights like these,

Even before the earliest robin's song
Makes him forget that winter was so long—
Even before the buds are on the trees,
Or over the wet earth stirs memories
Of other springs—or crocus blossoms throng
The black beds—or the awakening woods are strong

With fresh, sweet odors, borne on every breeze—

Even then, through half-drawn windows, the soft
skies

Show stars that mind him of some woman's eyes;
The light winds hold remembered breaths that hurt

His heart—and all the rains are tender tears;
And, in the rustling of the boughs, he bears
The soft susurrus of a silken skirt!

—Edwin Meade Robinson, in *Cleveland Leader*.

The Sketch Club, finding itself in a prosperous condition, has decided to enlarge its quarters, and will add to its present room an adjoining one, that will be vacated by the Sequoia Club within the next month. At the last meeting of the Sketch Club Frederick J. Taggart, of the Mechanics' Library, spoke on "The Education of the Public" with reference to the artistic reconstruction of the city.

The school of applied arts, to be conducted under the direction of the Guild of Arts and Crafts of California, is due to open within a short time. If all goes as expected, pupils will be received after the summer vacation. President Meyer, of the guild, is very enthusiastic about the outlook. The school will be located in Berkeley.

The Old Knickerbocker house, Messrs. Roosevelt & Schuyler of New York, the time-honored and eminent firm of champagne importers, calls attention to the high grade of Ruinart Brut and Ruinart Cuvée Imperial champagnes, especially selected and now shipped by Messrs. Ruinart Père et Fils into the American market. The phenomenal success which these Ruinart champagnes have achieved among the better class of wine consumers in the United States—on the strength of their merit only—is an eloquent endorsement of the superior quality referred to by Messrs. Roosevelt & Schuyler.—*Wine Review*.

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From "The Dust of Conflict."

ant John J. Burleigh, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A. Their wedding will take place on June fourth, in Portland, Oregon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Allen of Oakland to Mr. Charles Tripler Hutchinson, also of that city. Their wedding will take place during the summer.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Mabel Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, to Captain Orrin R. Wolfe, U. S. A., will take place on Tuesday, June eleventh, at Christ Church, Sausalito, and will be followed by a reception at "Cliffe Haven," the bride's home. Mrs. Frank Findley will be the matron of honor and the bride's only attendant.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday of last week. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, and Mr. Harry Stetson.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Lyon entertained at a dinner last week at their home at Mare Island, the guests of honor being Pay Director and Mrs. Ray, who arrived recently at the Navy Yard.

Mrs. M. P. Huntington was the hostess at a dinner at the Palace Hotel, followed by a theatre party on Monday evening, in honor of Mrs. E. Walton Hedges. Those present were: Mrs. Hedges, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mr. Gaston Roussy, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Dr. Arnold Genthe.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. McEnery entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, at their home on Broadway. Their guests were: Captain and Mrs. Arthur T. Marix, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Mrs. Murray, Miss Doran, Miss Theresa McEnery, Dr. Pressley, E. W. Runyon, Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, and Captain Casserly.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week, in honor of Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Deering, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Miss Alice Yoell, Count Kosekavitch, Dr. Pressley, and Mr. James Sweeney.

Mrs. Clarence Oddie was the hostess at

Hugh Mackenzie were the hostesses at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week, at Mrs. Bradley's home on Broadway. About one hundred guests were present.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. N. Byrne, who sailed recently from New York for Europe will go shortly to Switzerland for the summer.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels, who has been wintering at Cannes, has returned to Paris and will go later to Switzerland for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood sailed from New York on Wednesday last for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will leave in the near future for a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein (formerly Miss Frances Williams) sailed from New York on April sixth for Europe, en route to their home in South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin and Mr. Stanford Gwin will spend the summer in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. James Follis (formerly Miss Mary Belle Gwin).

Miss Elizabeth Ashe has returned from the East, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold M. Sewall, in Bath, Maine, and later of friends in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer have returned from Philadelphia, where they spent the winter.

Mr. George Crocker, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at Burlingame, has left for New York and will go abroad shortly.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left recently for New York for a stay of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee left recently for an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe will leave on May first for her ranche in San Benito county to spend the summer.

Miss Carrie Gwin will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. S. E. Dutton, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Russell Wilson, expects to leave shortly for Washington, D. C.

Mr. H. Clay Miller has gone East for a brief trip.

Miss Lucie King has been visiting Mrs. W. B. Fuller at Menlo Park.

Mrs. George H. Howard and her son George have been staying at Del Monte.

Miss Ethel Dean has returned to Santa

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., commander of the Pacific Division, left on Thursday for Portland, and will go thence after a brief stay to Seattle, where he will meet, as representative of the President, on May first, General Kuroki and thirteen other officers of the Japanese army who compose the the Japanese Commission to the Jamestown Exposition, and escort them to Washington D. C. He will then go to his new station at Milwaukee. General MacArthur will be accompanied by Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Pacific Division; Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Military Secretary to the Lieutenant-General and Major William W. Harts, U. S. A., Chief Engineer officer of the Pacific Division.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has by order of the President been relieved from the command of the Southwestern Division, to take effect upon the expiration of his present leave of absence; and has been ordered to proceed to San Francisco to assume command of the Department of California.

Brigadier-General Ernest A. Garlington, Inspector-General, U. S. A., was a visitor here last week, en route to Seattle on official business.

Colonel Ramsay D. Potts, General Staff, U. S. A., who was recently ordered to proceed here and report to the commanding general, Pacific Division, for duty as Chief of Staff of the Division, has had his orders revoked and will instead proceed to Atlanta, Georgia, and report to the commanding general, Department of the Gulf, for duty as Chief of Staff of that department.

Colonel William S. Patten, Assistant Quartermaster General, U. S. A., who arrived from his station in the Philippines in the early winter, and whose leave of absence has been twice extended, has had it further extended on April 11th for one month.

Commander C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., governor of Pago Pago, sailed on Saturday last on the liner *Alameda*, for Honolulu, where he will be met by the gunboat *Annapolis*, which will carry him to the Pacific Naval Station.

Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., Adjutant-General of the Pacific Division, has returned from a brief visit to the Presidio of Monterey.

Major Parker W. West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Acting Inspector General, proceeded to New York and reported in person on April eleventh to the president of the general court martial at the Army Building as a witness at the trial of Major Francis P. Fremont, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A.

Major Andrew S. Rowan, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., now in the Philippines, is on account of exceptional circumstances, granted leave for two months, with permission to visit China, Japan, and the United States, the order effective about April fifteenth.

Major John L. Hayden, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has recently been promoted from a captain, has been granted four months' leave, to date from April fifteenth.

Major Eugene T. Wilson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been promoted to his present rank, from a captain, the promotion to date from January twenty-fifth.

Lieutenant-Commander Harry George, U. S. A., is ordered to the Navy Yard, New York, for duty in the Equipment Department of that yard.

Captain Edgar A. Fry, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., in addition to his duties as quartermaster of the transport *Sherman*, is assigned to duty as commissary of that transport during the next voyage to the Philippines and return to San Francisco, temporarily relieving Captain Campbell E. Babcock, Quartermaster, U. S. A.

Captain Bertram C. Gilbert, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, having been reported fit for duty, has been ordered to return to his proper station.

Captain Edward M. Shinkle, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been granted five days' leave of absence.

Captain Harry J. Hirsch, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended fifteen days.

Captain Edward A. Sturges, U. S. A., is transferred from the First Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Edward P. Rockhill, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence on account of sickness.

Captain O. C. Hamlet, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Arcata* and ordered to command the *Thetis*.

Chaplain Edmund P. Easterbrook, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Worden, Washington, has been ordered to proceed to the

Presidio of San Francisco and to report on his arrival there to the commanding officer of the general hospital for observation and treatment. To avoid the necessity of an attendant, the chaplain is authorized to travel by sea.

Lieutenant P. K. Brice, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now in the General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, has been found to be physically disqualified for the service and will be retired, being advanced to the grade of captain.

Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is granted leave for one month and ten days, dating from April twentieth.

Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is assigned to duty as commissary of the transport *Buford*, in addition to his duties as quartermaster of that transport.

Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, Jr., Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and ordered to proceed to Fort Logan H. Roots, Arkansas, and report for assignment for duty.

Lieutenant Edward H. De Armond has been granted four months' leave, dating from April fourteenth.

Lieutenant James I. Mabee, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines Division and is assigned to duty in the Army transport service with station at San Francisco. Lieutenant Mabee will relieve Lieutenant Omar W. Pinkston, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., as surgeon of the transport *Sherman*, on the next arrival of that transport at Manila, P. I. Lieutenant Pinkston upon being thus relieved will report in person to the commanding general, Philippine Division, for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant H. D. Hinckley, U. S. R. C. S., is detached from the *Thetis* upon relief and ordered to the *Perry*.

Lieutenant G. C. Carmine, U. S. R. C. S., is detached from duty as purchasing officer, Pacific Coast, upon relief, and ordered to command the *Arcata*.

Lieutenant E. E. Mead, U. S. R. C. S., is detached from the *Gresham* and assigned to duty as purchasing officer of the Pacific Coast, at San Francisco.

Lieutenant John Mel, U. S. R. C. S., is detached from the *Windom*, and ordered to the *Rush*.



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Why not combine a delightful sea voyage with your rail trip? Costs no more than for all-rail ticket. Ask agents about this new route.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Anna, you wished to buy a dictionary?" "I have married a professor instead."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Is Willie still paying attention to Tillie?" "No." "Did he jilt her?" "No, he married her!"—*Punch*.

"Look, Arthur, that is our baby." "How do you know?" "I recognize the back of our nurse."—*Der Wahre Jacob*.

Any one can live without servants. It's how to live with them that is filling the insane asylums.—*New York Idea*.

She—You can always tell a Harvard man. *He* (*from New Haven*)—Yes; but you can't tell him much.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Is her husband so unendurably stupid?" "Oh, dreadful. The only time he brightens up is when she talks of divorce!"—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Mrs. Coldstream—Would you like a glass of water? *The Conservative Consumer*—Not much! None o' dese new fangled drinks fer me!—*Puck*.

Horker—Slowboy is all right, when it comes to looking ahead. *Parker*—Yes; but he's all wrong when it comes to going ahead.—*Chicago Daily News*.

The society reporters always speak of a bride being "led to the altar," just as though a bride couldn't find her way there blindfold.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Politician—Before you send in your report of this interview I want to see it. *Reporter*—Impossible! I sent it in half an hour before I interviewed you!—*Life*.

"When your mother-in-law fell into the water, why didn't you help to get her out?" "My dear madam, you must know that nothing I've ever done has pleased her."—*Judy*.

Judge—Prisoner, have you anything to say to the court before sentence is pronounced? *Prisoner*—I beg the court to consider the youth of my attorney.—*White and Black*.

Mabel (*shocked with the recollection of it*)—Isn't Edith's new hat just a horrid fright? *Ethel* (*as if receiving congratulations*)—Isn't it? I helped her select it.—*Brooklyn's Magazine*.

First Reporter—I see by the last edition that our old schoolmate, Jones, has committed suicide. *Second Reporter*—Hurry down and you may be in time to prevent his doing it.—*Smart Set*.

"Money doesn't always bring happiness and peace of mind." "You are right there," answered the man with an anxious look. "Sometimes it tempts you to buy automobiles."—*Washington Star*.

There are nervous women; there are hyper-nervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Man (*to a friend*)—I am done with doctors henceforth! One of them advised me to sleep with my windows open. I did so, and the very next morning my gold watch was gone from the bureau.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Miss Bluegrass—Father, did you give that young man any encouragement when he called to ask you for my hand? *Colonel Bluegrass*—Encouragement? Well, I should say so, daughter. I led him to the side-board three times.—*Chicago News*.

Mistress (*opening the drawing-room door during a chat with her friends*)—You were listening, Johann! *Servant* (*frightened*)—Certainly not, madame! *Mistress* (*severely*)—Do not deny it! Your hair is standing on end!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Why have you taken your son out of school without permission?" *Father* (*a grocer*)—But they were ruining him, I wish to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—*Il Motto per Ridere*.

Major's wife (*to her husband*)—Could you not find some fault with Captain Lehmann during the drill tomorrow morning, so that he will get into a bad humor? Then he will refuse to let his wife buy the Paris hat that she wants.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Girls," said the manager of a quick-joint, "I want you to look your best

today. Add an extra ribbon or ring. Give your cheeks an extra daub of powder." "What's the matter?" asked the fair head waitress. "Butter bad again?" "No," said the manager; "the beef's on the bun."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Cheer Up.

Suppose that everything goes wrong,
Don't you care!
If the road is thorny and rough and long,
Don't you care!
Don't worry about the mud and grime,
Soon there'll come a happier time
(You've read a million like this rhyme—
Don't you care?)

—Puck.

Art and Advertising.

I watched an artist man at work
Depicting cans of beans and pork.
"How can you give
Your art to such a task?" asked I,
And straightway he did make reply:
"I gotta live."

That is the way with men who carve,
Or write or paint. We can not starve!
Your stove or sieve
We'll help you on the market put.
We may not love the labor, but
We gotta live.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Multifarious Man.

If by dozens I number my hands
And by dozens I number my feet,
If I had twenty eyes
Of scandalous size
I still should be quite incomplete.
All day I must hurry like mad
And chase away wild Teddy-phobes,
If ever a job
Required a mob,
It's Loeb's.
Loeb's.
Loeb's!

—The Secretary's Diary.

Two of a Kind.

They motored on the country roads
They sat upon the sand,
They sailed the rippling azure sea,
They picnicked on the land,
They lingered in the moonlight pale
In fragrant garden closes,
And more than once he stole a kiss
From lips of dew and roses.

But when the summer waned, he said
"Alas! we two must part,
For to another I have pledged
My hand, though not my heart."
She did not faint, she did not weep.
Nor drop the book she carried.
"I think," she murmured, "I forgot
To mention I am married."

—Minna Irving.

Spring is Sprung.

The croak of the crocus is heard in the land.
The bulbs are beginning to bubble.
The robin is throbbing on every hand.
The sparrow is sparring for trouble.
The coalman is looking quite chilly and coaled—
An anthra-cite sorry to look on—
The iceman is figuring profits untold
From crops on the banks of the Yukon.

Fluency is sneezing and nosing around.
The worm from his warm bed is worming;
The rills are all trilling with musical sound.
High seaward they're merrily squirming.
The blossoms are blustering forth on the trees,
The cowbells are plaintively ringing—
By which and the soft soapy feel of my knees,
I know that the Spring is a-springing.

—J. K. Bangs.

"Biddy," says Pat, timidly, "did ye ever think o' marryin'?" "Shure, now," says Biddy, looking demurely at her shoe, "shure, now, the subject has niver entered me mind at all, at all." "It's sorry Oi am," says Pat, and he turned away. "Wan minute, Pat," said Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me thinkin'."—*Tacoma Ledger*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant from Finland, "the cat's had chickens." "Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens." "Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?" "Chickens, of course." "Well, ma'am, that's what the cat has had."—*Youth's Companion*.

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	11:45 A	12:16 P	4:14 P
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4:45 P	3:45 P	3:10 P	4:40 P
		6:30 P	9:34 P

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ArabicJuly 4, Aug. 1

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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A Crisis Averted.

The street-car workers of San Francisco have done wisely not to push unreasonable demands to the arbitrament of a drawn battle. The situation is one where all the reason, all the justice, are on one side. There is not one sound argument in support of a strike, and, happily, there has been found among the workers a sufficient element of wisdom and conscience to protect the city—and the workers themselves—against a project which had no leg of moral justification to rest upon.

The halt is fortunate because a street-car strike at this time would inevitably be the signal for a determined and probably an embittered class fight. A condition of affairs has been reached in San Francisco where further concession to the demands of anybody, be he workingman, capitalist, or what not, is impracticable. We have come to a point—to a degree of inflation in the prices of all things, including labor, building materials, rent, food, and every essential commodity—where nothing more can be conceded without knocking from under the

community the basis of its activities. Higher prices can not be enforced here, because nobody can pay them and live.

It is time for a halt, time to pause and consider, to take stock of what can and can not be done, of what can and can not be endured. It is fortunate, therefore, that we have reached and apparently passed a critical and culminating hour without such cruel conflict of interests and passions as a general street-car strike would surely have given us.

We have said that San Francisco has reached a point where any further screw-up of prices—of wages, or anything else—is impracticable and impossible. Already the mood of inflation has carried us so far as to threaten a break-down of activities involving a tie-up of reconstructive work with general paralysis of business. The kite has been flying too high. Even now it is flying so high that its career can not permanently be sustained. San Francisco has before her the problem of bringing down general prices to some reasonable conformity with the principles and practice of sound economics. It is neither an easy nor a pleasant task, but it is a thing that must be done if we are to avoid something like universal bankruptcy with the general demoralizations which always follow in the train of business disaster.

The North and the Negro.

Miss Anna Jeanes, a Quakeress of Philadelphia, has given a million dollars for the establishment of "a rudimentary school for Southern negroes." Booker T. Washington is one of the trustees of this fund, although his Tuskegee Institute will not share in its benefits. The fund itself is to be irreducible, but the income from it is to be used for the "sole purpose of assisting in the Southern United States, community, country, and rural schools for the great class of negroes to whom the small rural and community schools are not available." Miss Jeanes, the donor, belongs to a Pennsylvania family long distinguished for wealth and benevolence. She has for many years been actively interested in the welfare of the negro race, and has been a liberal contributor to the Tuskegee and other institutions founded upon the idea of developing the black race through education and industrial training. Her gift, which is truly princely, has been made in the very highest spirit, and it appears to have been surrounded with every safeguard.

It is not to criticize either the purposes or the aims of this splendid contribution to the up-lift of a depressed race that we raise a question as to its wisdom, as to the wisdom of any project for elevating the negro, founded in Northern conceptions of negro character. The gift of Miss Jeanes, while the largest single contribution yet made to the "cause of the black man," is by no means the only one. Negro education is one of the fixed objects of Northern beneficence, drawing each year in the aggregate a vast sum of money and forming the basis of a distinct scheme of continuing effort. It holds a place in the world of humanitarian purpose similar to the scheme of foreign missions, and it has, with great numbers of men and women in the Northern States, a sanction almost religious in its character. By the report of those actually engaged in carrying on this work in the Southern States its achievements are surprisingly great; and yet, from Southern sources, we hear it constantly and even vehemently assailed as tending to the demoralization of the negro race as a whole, and as contributing a new and special embarrassment to the general problem of the negro in America.

In these modern days the North and the South differ at no point in their general social phil-

osophies so widely as in their conflicting attitudes toward the negro. Each section holds to a theory, very loosely defined, but nevertheless very passionately cherished, which is denied and rejected by the other. Perhaps there is no opinion so universal among Southerners as that the North totally misconceives the negro, and that through its efforts to help him it is doing him infinite injury, and at the same time adding to the burden of the white race in the South. Those who speak for the South never cease to resent as an impertinent interference with the social institutions of the South those activities, supported by Northern money, which seek to bring the black man up to the level of the white, although they have, it is freely admitted, given to the country a few high and notable figures, Booker T. Washington being the most conspicuous among them.

The question is a profound one, so profound and so intense in its appeal to sectional sentiment as to form the subject of an irritating, not to say embittered, feeling in the two sections of the country. The North sees the negro partly through sympathies engendered by his cruel history and partly through such exceptional individuals as have found industrial or social lodgment in the Northern cities. Practically its only contact with him is in the disciplined and most developed specimens of his race. It estimates the negro, not in the cool and judicial spirit which it applies to other special classes or races, but by the impression made by a limited number of fairly industrious and competent workmen and, above all, by the impression produced by a few men of unusual character and ability, illustrated particularly in the case of Booker Washington, who, though taking rank as a negro, is half white in parentage and wholly white in his mental tone and capacity. Opinion in the North toward the negro is backed by nothing of that everyday contact under domestic conditions which makes up the experience of the South and colors its whole attitude toward the great and grave negro question.

Curiously enough, while the North gives its sentimental sympathies to the negro, while it gives to certain negroes a qualified social recognition, and while it opens its purse freely in support of what it believes to be the negro cause, it gives to the black man only the narrowest range of industrial opportunity. Here and there local exceptions may be found, but in the main the negro in the North is limited in his activities on the one hand to serve as a brilliant example of what has been done by education and moralization, and on the other to lowly and menial duties. The North does not, except in a few isolated instances, give to the black man the privilege of earning his living in a broad range of industrial occupations. There are, indeed, a few black hod-carriers and wagon-drivers in the Northern cities, but in the whole region above Mason and Dixon's line a black carpenter or machinist or electrician or even blacksmith is so rare as to be practically non-existent. The North, talking much of equality, forever preaching advancement through industry, nevertheless gives to the negro the smallest possible chance to live by any other means than the arts of beggary or the labors of meniality.

The South gives to the negro a much wider and better practical opportunity at the point of industry. While denying to the black man the highest privileges of his citizenship, while shutting the social door squarely in his face, while relegating him to an inferior relationship at all points, nevertheless it permits him to earn his living in a fairly wide range of employments. Throughout the South the universal mechanic, teamster, rural worker, and industrial roustabout is

the negro. It is, therefore, in the South that, in spite of the sharply drawn social line, the negro attains his highest prosperity. In the North there are comparatively few negroes who own property, who stand at the head of organized enterprises or who have other than temporary and more or less precarious means of living, while in every Southern community there are many negroes fixed in their relations to business or small manufacture, well-to-do, even after the white man's standards.

Tender as Northern sympathies appear to be toward the negro, there is far less willingness to come into immediate personal contact with him than in the South. Indeed, there is in the South almost nothing of that personal and racial repugnance which is universal in the North. The negro is the general household servant south of Mason and Dixon's line, whereas few Northern housekeepers will have negro help in the house if any other is to be had. The Southern lady in her shopping and other small journeys from home is more than likely to be accompanied by a black maid, with whom she walks and sits in relations of immediate physical contact. It is only a little while back that the daughter of General Robert E. Lee was arrested in a Virginia city for riding in a "Jim Crow" car, where she had gone in company with a maid-servant rather than take a place apart from the black woman in her own proper compartment. Throughout the South the universal nurse in sickness, the universal child's nurse (including the vitally close association of wet-nurse) is the negress. White children literally grow up in domestic companionship with blacks, and children of the two races play freely together in the by-streets of every Southern city. Again, the presence everywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line of considerable numbers of mulattoes bears witness to another form of interassociation not pleasantly contemplated by Northern sensibilities.

The South draws the line, not at the point of physical contact, but at the point of social recognition. The Southern man, who will sit all day on a buggy seat beside his black driver, could not be drawn by wild horses to a seat beside the same man at dinner. Again, it is not repugnance that divides the races; it is the principle of social discrimination. And, of course, there is a reason for it, a reason founded to some extent, no doubt, in historical and social memories, but to a far greater extent in the Southern estimate of negro character. In the opinion of the South, the negro is tolerable or possible only in the character of complete social subordination. The South thinks it understands both the weakness and the strength of the black man, and upon the basis of this understanding it holds that the domination of the white race throughout the Southern States rests absolutely upon the maintenance of a rigid system of separation at all points social. In the philosophy of the South the black man, by his numbers and by his brute force, would dominate Southern life and debase the social scheme to his own low level if he were given a kind of recognition calculated to stimulate his vanity and raise his pretensions.

Talk of these matters with any intelligent and fair-minded Southern man, and he will tell you frankly that if the authority of intelligence and property is to be maintained in the South, if industry is to proceed upon disciplined and effective lines, if the white man's ideas of morality are to dominate society, if civilization itself is to be sustained and carried forward, the negro must be "kept down." If he is frank he will confess to you a certain personal liking for the black race, a certain preference to be attended and served by blacks, but at the same time he will declare the negro to be an impossible creature in any other position than that of subordination and subjection. Talk further with the same man, play a little upon those sentiments and feelings which lie perhaps too deep for his own conscious perception, and you will discover an interesting and profoundly significant truth—nothing less than that, at the foundation of his sentiments, there lies a nightmare of fear. The Southerner, whatever his presumed sentiments may be, is really afraid of the black man, because he realizes his moral limitations, because he knows him at bottom as a passionate even though docile savage, liable under the removal of social restraint to break forth

in the extravagances which characterize his race in its native habitat.

When a Northern man invites a black man on terms of social recognition to visit his house, when he introduces him as a man and a brother and invites him into the pulpit or on to the lecture platform, when by these or other means he gives to the negro social recognition, he stirs the pretensions of every "smart nigger" who, throughout the South, has learned in the public schools or elsewhere to read the newspapers. Let there be at New York, Boston, or elsewhere, a widely reported incident involving social recognition, and unvaryingly throughout the Southern cities the newspaper-reading "smart niggers" take on a vulgar air of assertion, a new and offensive cockiness of manner. Every such act of recognition tends by its influence to give fresh pretensions to great numbers of Southern negroes, and therefore to increase the burden resting upon the Southern white man of holding the white race in its traditionally dominant position in the country.

These facts explain the bitterness of the South towards every political appointment of a negro, especially when such appointment is made in their own section. The white man's burden in South Carolina and elsewhere throughout the South was made infinitely heavier—at least Southern men are unanimous in so thinking and so asserting—when a negro was made, a few years back, collector of the port of Charleston. By the same token, every time a black man is named for a Southern postmastership it touches the whole South upon the most sensitive of its nerves, for it gives to the negro race a new title to social pretension, a stimulated sense of that parody upon self-respect, an ignorant and assumptive race assertion. The North has never been able to understand the intense resentment of the South to President Roosevelt's invitation of Booker Washington to sit at luncheon in the White House. It was largely, no doubt, the prejudice of race sentiment, but it was a prejudice founded in conditions of the largest significance and related vitally to the whole fabric of the Southern social order. To conceive it in its true meaning, one must view it not from the standpoint of Northern sentiment, but in the light of Southern feeling—of that feeling upon which hangs the fate throughout the South of civilization itself as the Southern mind conceives it.

There is no problem in this country more deep-rooted, more serious, than that of the negro race. That it is a problem brought upon us as a people by the criminality and folly of earlier generations—by ourselves, if you will have it so—serves in no sense to mitigate or to qualify it. It is there—a great black fact—and as a fact we must deal with it. In a sense, we must deal with it as a whole people, but in a special and particular sense it weighs upon the South. What to us is a thing portentous but remote, is there an ugly and immediate condition. The South, therefore, has a measure of responsibility toward the negro problem which does not belong to the North. It has, too, an acquaintance with the negro temperament and character in bulk, of negro propensities and tendencies, incomparably truer than our own. Our so-called knowledge of the negro, as we have already said, is mostly compounded of sympathy and theory; the South knows the negro from immediate contact with all his types and through the judgments and instincts developed through close contact. It knows him as the Pacific Coast knows the Indian, the Chinaman, and the Jap. And, upon the basis of this close and immediate knowledge, of its immediate responsibilities, of the special burden which it is compelled to bear toward a common problem, something—much—is due from us in the way of sympathy and concession. It is for us in common sense and in decent sympathy with our fellow-citizens of the South to be guided rather by their judgment than by those motives of sentiment and sympathy which more or less possess all of us, and which are continually moving some of us to a kindly meant interference with the natural order of Southern life. Since the South knows the negro as we can not, since the South must bear not only its own part of the burden of the black race but much of our part as well, it is due that we should respect its judgments, give heed to its counsels, and give aid rather than hindrance to its projects. It is not for us, out

of our narrower information and upon the basis of sentiments which may not apply to the case, to insist upon courses not approved by either the mind or the heart of the South. It is not for us, upon any humanitarian theory whatever, to do those things which, in the judgment of the South, augment its embarrassments and make heavier its burden.

"Immunity" Rumors.

The daily *Chronicle* is authority for the statement that Mayor Schmitz is "a candidate for immunity." Through a "trusted representative" it is declared, Schmitz has made a proposal which is now "under consideration." He offers (1) to resign his office as mayor of San Francisco; (2) to make a full confession to the grand jury; (3) to join the ranks of the reformers. In return he demands immunity for his own share in the crimes of the Ruef-Schmitz régime, presumably with the privilege of retaining his share of the loot of the past five years, variously estimated from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, and with the opportunity of again being a candidate for the mayoralty. The *Chronicle* asserts that this proposal is "under consideration," quoting Mr. Spreckels as saying when asked directly what favor would be granted, "no immunity for Schmitz—at least not this week." Further on, Mr. Spreckels is quoted as saying with more spirit, "I am not in favor of granting any immunity to Mayor Schmitz." Mr. Heney is also quoted as saying: "I will tell no one whether immunity will be granted to Mayor Schmitz, except the mayor himself. In my position as a prosecutor I can not do otherwise."

We give these statements taken from the *Chronicle* for what they may be worth. They have not been confirmed nor have they been denied. Probably they cover some sort of diplomatic interchange between the mayor and the prosecutors, the latter of course being anxious to get any and all possible evidence tending to promote the work in hand, and therefore being in position to listen to advances in behalf of the mayor or anybody else under fear of prosecution.

Now the *Argonaut* has no knowledge with respect to this whole matter that is not before the public. It has followed the procedure from the standpoint of a citizen interested in the success of the graft prosecution, and in the hope that through it the guilty, whoever and whatever they may be, will be brought to justice, and the community aroused to a new sense of its responsibilities. Highly respecting the purposes of Messrs. Spreckels and Heney as declared at the outset, and having confidence in their resolution and ability, we have been impelled to await with patience upon the course of events and to refrain from criticism, even where the methods of prosecution have not been in entire accord with the *Argonaut's* ideas of expediency and even of right. We have felt the wholesale immunity granted to the nearly two-score members of the Board of Supervisors to be a very questionable exercise of authority; we have felt the "big stick" system under which our municipal government is now being carried on to be a violation, not only of fixed ideals, but of tactical discretion. We have feared, and still fear, that this grant of immunity and this system will tend, as time goes on, to involve the prosecution in ruinous entanglements and so tend to break down its credit and therefore its efficiency. We say this now, not in censorious spirit, but rather to point out dangers which lie in the path of a high and a worthy cause, upon which the largest political and social effects are dependent.

This prosecution, as Mr. Heney has very well said, rests upon a basis of moral purpose, and it is because it so rests that it has a right to the support of every good citizen. And if it should swerve from this purpose its moral mandate would be lost. If the prosecution is to continue to command respect, it must work upon the line of moral purpose and it must hold to the standards of moral aim. It must not, through zeal in the business of prosecution or from any other impulse, step aside from the straight course. It must hew to the line or it will end in collapse. Immunity, enough and too much, has already been granted in the cases of the supervisors. A further application of immunity, especially if it should be applied to the "higher-ups" among whom Schmitz is a conspicuous figure,

would be not only a moral but a tactical mistake. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* it would vitiate the whole basis of the prosecution, turn it from an attitude of high respect to one of sneers and contempt. To grant immunity to Schmitz, even presuming it possible to be done by the prosecuting attorney, would be to bargain away one of the largest and the best possible results of this whole proceeding.

We hear it suggested that the prosecutors are eager to "get" certain prominent men. If these men are guilty they ought indeed to be "got." But the forces of prosecution ought not to consider mere personality, much less should it stigmatize with charges of guilt men whom it is not prepared to bring to the bar of justice. The prosecution ought to seek crime wherever it is to be found; finding crime it ought to punish it in whomever it may be found. Prosecution, carrying itself in the name of justice, ought to proceed in that spirit of even-handed equity which is the soul of justice. It has no license to assail personal character or credit by charges or assertions unsupported by proofs. Immunity, at best, is a bad principle, and it is one which can not be applied to a colossal criminal like Schmitz without such sacrifice of sympathy and of moral power as the graft prosecution can not afford to make. Immunity to Schmitz would mean nothing less than a breakdown of the whole business; it would be a surrender—such a surrender as an outraged community would not approve or condone.

We are glad to believe that there is no serious purpose to do this utterly wrong thing. But there ought to be no trifling with a suggestion to do it. Not only should there be no immunity for Schmitz "this week," but any week. The matter ought not to be considered for a single moment; and any suggestion that it be considered ought to be spurned by the prosecution in that spirit of righteous indignation with which every earnest citizen regards it.

New Chapter of an Old Story.

It is something less than four months ago that a miner—one Hicks—was caught by a cave-in in the mountain region near Bakersfield, in which several companions were killed. By an extraordinary combination of circumstances, including exceptional physical hardihood and an entire absence, apparently, of a nervous system, Hicks survived an entombment of two weeks or more, coming out in fairly vital condition. Hicks's experience was a thing precisely calculated to make a nine-days' wonder. It gave the sensational newspapers something to write about; it gave readers of sensational papers something to their taste. Between the two the incident became a matter of wide though transient interest. Miner Hicks, previous to his extraordinary experience, had been the plainest of men, with no title to popular interest; after it, he found himself notorious, if not famous, although he had done nothing smacking in the least of heroics, having simply survived an exceptional and cruel experience. But the vaudeville exploiters, thinking they saw a chance to turn a penny, invited this plain miner to "go on the stage," and, like a fool, he abandoned the honest business in which he had been bred and took to the footlights.

All this was less than four months ago, and even yet the world has not quite forgotten Mr. Hicks. Its memory has not been wholly unreminded. First, Hicks made himself ridiculous by excesses, in smart contrast to the simple life which had given him a constitution to survive a great ordeal. Next, a woman, who had become infatuated with him and had attached herself to his fortunes, found trouble in explaining things at home, and there was a grand row, in which either she or her husband or both of them got into the police court. The latest incident in which Miner Hicks figures was an attempt at suicide at Reno last week. Twice he threw himself across a railroad track before an advancing locomotive, and was saved in each instance by the prompt action of bystanders. At last accounts, Miner Hicks was still bent on suicide.

Here we see in rapid sequence processes of degeneracy as they have come to a plain and worthy man, taken by an untoward incident out of his natural sphere and placed amid conditions and temptations for which he had no training, no mental or moral competence. He had learned the moral lessons essential to his life as a miner, for his

hour of trial found him unweakened by vices; but he had no experience qualifying him in a moral sense to meet new, enticing, and trying conditions. The sparkle of champagne broke down one phase of moral resolution; Delilah, in the form of the infatuated wife of another man, won him to other demoralizations; adversity—the Reno season had been a failure—found him without props in the shape of courage and resolution. And so, within the short period of four months, a man of plain and honorable life and habit was carried from the simplicity of his normal character to a wreck, without self-control, without prospects, without hope.

All of which should remind us to be careful about getting out of those situations and conditions in life which we are prepared to meet and wherein we are practically sure of success. Every sphere of life has its special requirements at the point of moral equipment. Each sphere of life trains the man or the woman who lives in it to meet its particular demands. One may, indeed, pass from one sphere to another safely and even with advantage, as experience widely proves. But there is always danger that one trained in one sphere and schooled against its special temptations, may fail to find adequate powers of resistance when too suddenly brought face to face with new conditions. In the case of Miner Hicks, a worthy and useful man has been destroyed by plunging into a kind of life for which he had no training or fitness. It is simply a new chapter of an old story.

The Fairmont and St. Francis.

The taking over by the Palace Hotel Company of the new Fairmont is a matter of no small importance as related to the restoration of San Francisco. The Laws are no doubt clever and capable men in their particular line, but it is a line quite apart from hotel-keeping, in which, according to a familiar saying, not every clever man can be successful. In the hands of the Palace people the future of the Fairmont is assured. Never in this or in any other country has there been a more successful hotel on a large plan than the old Palace; and the expert knowledge gained in its administration will easily be shifted to the Fairmont, which at many points is an even more unique establishment than the old Palace itself.

It was indeed fortunate for San Francisco that the fire did not completely destroy either the Fairmont or the St. Francis. These two hotels will give us, even during the period of reconstruction, means of public entertainment in harmony with the San Francisco tradition. They will make it possible for visitors, however exacting, to find the comforts and the luxuries which they demand and without which large classes of travelers might pass us by. Those who go from home—especially those who go for pleasure—are not content with emergency hotel conditions. If they can not find the means of comfort in one place, they go elsewhere. It is for this reason that good hotel facilities are of such tremendous importance in relation to the tone and the welfare of modern cities. Indeed, without first-class hotels no city is regarded by the outside world as anything better than a village. No small part of the exceptional favor which San Francisco has enjoyed among the cities of the world has rested upon the public hospitalities of her hotels, of which the most unique and notable has been the old Palace; and it is indeed gratifying that even amid our ruins we shall still be able to offer the visitor of liberal tastes the most ample and most complete facilities of entertainment.

There is, perhaps, no deficiency so marked in central and northern California as at the point of hotel accommodations. It has long been a justifiable sneer that outside of San Francisco, Monterey, and Lake Tahoe there has not been an up-to-date hotel. Southern California has half a hundred such—hotels equipped to entertain unlimited numbers of guests in the most refined and generous fashion. To its system of first-class hotels southern California is largely indebted for the fame and the vogue which it enjoys with that large class who travel for pleasure or for health. Central and northern California are not less endowed at any point than the southern region, but the people of central and northern California have apparently never discovered the fact, for they have never made any arrangements for the entertainment of other

than purely business visitors. It is for this reason that so few, even of our own people, have any appreciation of the charms of this part of the country. The modern seeker after health or pleasure has neither the spirit nor the ambition of the pioneer. He will go any journey when he can be assured that at the end of it he will find a bath, a good dinner, and a soft bed, but he will not go to a country where these things are not available. This is why so many beauty spots in central and northern California are practically unknown. Twenty first-class hotels, large and small, scattered about our coast, foothill, and mountain regions, would give to central and northern California a new tone and a new repute and, incidentally, they would amazingly help the fortunes of the country.

Dennis Kearney.

There died last week at Alameda a man who, in his day, played a large part in the affairs of California. He was the first great leader of the forces of labor in San Francisco—of labor embattled rather than organized, since the day of advanced and closely knit labor union had not then come. Dennis Kearney stood for and with that great mass of citizenship which now finds its voice through labor unions, amalgamations, councils, federations, and what not verbal devices which go to define the union and the power of the modern workingman. Dennis Kearney stood for this large class, not temperately nor wisely, but passionately and violently. He was the incarnation of social resentment and social protest under the inspiration of a rage which in its extremes came perilously close to the line of madness. In spite of the defects of his temper, of the limits of his knowledge, of his innate vulgarity of mind and character, and even of his inability, in the earlier period of his career, to declare himself coherently, he had a certain rough force which brought to his support such numbers as made him formidable at any point where he chose to direct his strength. He elected a mayor of San Francisco; he elected a governor of the State—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say he defeated a man who otherwise would have been governor; he embodied his political ideas in a State constitution—the so-called Kearney code—which is still the basic law of California. The greatest of Kearney's achievements was the prohibition of Chinese immigration, an act of such widespread social and political potentiality that its effects are likely to be felt for many decades or possibly centuries to come.

Kearneyism was something very different from the system of politics which a politicalized labor unionism is giving us today. Kearneyism, crude, resentful, full of rage and malice as it was, was after all a thing to be respected, because it was founded on ideas, and because it had a genuine, even though a mistaken, moral purpose. It represented, very roughly and boisterously, to be sure, but none the less sincerely, a certain social aspiration, at the bottom of which there was an intense conviction, and in the methods of which there was no vice of mere policy. What Kearney and his followers wanted, they wanted truly and sincerely. Personal vanity, personal arrogance, personal greed—these accompaniments of social leadership found their way into Kearneyism; nevertheless, Kearneyism to the last was a creed rather than a mere scheme of policy. Its leaders did indeed develop grave moral faults, but in the main they held to the line of their plan, and in so far as they won—and they won much—they achieved the purposes which they assumed to hold and kept faith with the masses—them asses, as Mr. Pixley used to call them—who stood at their back. Kearneyism failed, as all radicalisms fail, of their ignorances, their extravagances, their uncooked philosophies, and their overweening pretensions, but in the Chinese Exclusion Act, if in no other way, it made a permanent mark upon the social character and history of the country.

Kearneyism is chiefly distinguished from political labor unionism by its relative sincerity and integrity. Whatever may be said of labor unionism in connection with its normal and fixed purposes, it has in its political activities neither accomplished, nor even aimed at, any worthy purpose. Here in San Francisco labor union politics has achieved its largest success, and the result is hardly one to be proud of. Ruef, Schmitz, Gallagher, our civic

board of boodlers—these are the products of labor union in politics as the game has been played in San Francisco. Dennis Kearney and his followers could have been back of no such development because, with all their deficiencies and faults, they were men with a purpose. Political labor unionism in San Francisco has had no purpose that could be decently named. No aspiration, no ideal, has found place in its scheme. It is purely and simply an organization of numbers, of sheer force, in a selfish and dishonest class interest. It has sought to attain no social or political ideas; its sole aim has been to get for the interest it represents the largest possible share of profit and privilege, without reference to the rights or the wrongs of the demands urged in its behalf. Its activities in politics have been those of an organized appetite seeking for whatever it may devour; it has conceived nothing else, nothing better; it has aimed at nothing else. It has not scrupled at any surrender of principle or justice; it has lent its force to organized and rapacious criminality, and is plainly preparing to do it again. There never was a day when Dennis Kearney and those who followed him could by any system of cajolery have been led as Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz have led organized labor in San Francisco.

The personal career of Dennis Kearney is curiously interesting. He was a native Irishman, of no education. He had a passionate temperament which, after a good deal of practice on the sandlot, gave him a certain uncouth but effective eloquence. There was at bottom manly stuff in his make-up, and when the passion in him cooled down somewhat he developed a species of plain common sense, by which he held a certain measure of private respect even after the bubble which he had blown so large had burst. He never took on demoralizing vices; he never sold himself out in the sense of betraying those who trusted and followed him; even when in later years, through industry and fortunate speculation, he became fairly well off, he never ceased to be in fact and spirit a workingman. Rarely has any man who has filled so large a place in the public mind fallen back into commonplace and obscure life in better spirit. Success did for a time over-exhilarate him and carry him off his feet; but failure when it came he accepted with a philosophy and a cheerfulness which failed not to commend him, even to those whom his excesses, extravagances, and pretensions had, in the heyday of his power, made his enemies.

History has its own way of estimating those who play leading rôles in the social and political game. From high places it casts down many; from lowly places it raises some few. Who shall say what it will do for Dennis Kearney? If the principle of Oriental exclusion is what the law of the land assumes it to be, if by exclusion this fair country was really saved for the white race, then the name of Dennis Kearney may yet be written high and his rude but stalwart figure may in time come to stand in valiant pose in some future hall of fame. Those of us who recall the sandlot, the old dray, the vitriolic and vulgar flood which came from his impassioned lips, will not share joyfully in the dedication, but our grandchildren may be more charitable and even wiser than we. Recalling all the career of Dennis Kearney, even those of us who knew him and despised him, even while we feared him, will join in the hope that after life's fitful fever he may R. I. P.

For the Good of Order.

The Native Sons of the Golden West have done well to spew out Abraham Ruef, Eugene Schmitz, and Jim Gallagher. But these creatures should never have been taken in, or at least they should never have been promoted by this social order, founded nominally to carry forward the high character and the high traditions of our pioneer era. Today the character of Abraham Ruef, Eugene Schmitz, and Jim Gallagher is not better known than it was when they found favor in the eyes of the "Grand Parlor." They were grafters and scoundrels then as they are grafters and scoundrels now; and the "Grand Parlor" knew it then as it knows it now. The truth about the Native Sons of the Golden West is that, like its grandiloquent contemporary, the Grand Army of the Republic, it has become more of a political machine than anything

else. The high purposes of its foundation have, measurably if not wholly, been lost in a degeneracy which has made it a mere instrument to political ends. There is, indeed, legitimate work for a social order devoted to perpetuation of pioneer traditions, but the road to this end is not the political highway. If the order of Native Sons of the Golden West shall not find a way to purge itself of the reproach of self-seeking politics, then it would better go out of business.

Don't.

We are never likely to realize how much we owe to those unassuming little books that tell us what to do and what not to do in the various emergencies that make up our social life. It is indeed those little books that wean us imperceptibly from the ways of savagery to those of civilization, and if some of us are a little slow in learning, it is not the fault of those earnest little friends and guides. It has been rather the custom of late years to put this estimable advice in a negative form and to warn us against the sins of commission rather than those of omission. At the moment we have in front of us a little volume filled with social injunctions, each one being prefaced with the word "Don't." The advice in this book is so practical, so tersely given, and so condensed that we have perused it with much care and have been conscious ever since of a menacing "Don't" upon those rare occasions when we have so far relaxed from editorial cares as to mingle upon social terms with our fellow creatures.

This particular book is admirably divided into sections. There is, for example, a special department for those who are about to write a letter, for bachelors, for old maids, for behavior in public, in the parlor, at church, at the table, and for social calls. Every-day conversation is remembered, and there is special advice for the beautiful—and this department we have committed to memory. Other sections are devoted to parents, and we are warned against the faults in pronunciation to which we are all so liable. The treatise is in fact so all inclusive that it is only necessary to "read up" for the particular occasion that confronts us—church, dinner, or what not—and so to go forth armed at all points as to what we must upon no account do.

It is impossible to reproduce the whole book, conscious as we are of other people's infirmities that called it into existence. But a few extracts will show the vital importance of much of the advice, and into what unfortunate errors it is possible to fall merely for lack of an instructor. Let us take, for instance, the section that is headed, "In the Parlor." The very first passage warns us of an error into which we should infallibly have dropped. It says, "Don't wear your overcoat, or overshoes, or take your umbrella into the parlor." The value of this warning alone is worth the price of the book. We are not specifically told that persons of breeding and true culture do not wear pajamas in the drawing-room, but something must be left to inference, and when we have once learned not to waltz into the parlor with overshoes and umbrella we have gone far on the path of refinement.

But it is in table behavior that this book really shines, and those who wish to cultivate to the utmost the graces of polite society will be grateful for the admonition, "Don't use your knife to carry food to your mouth." It would seem that there are no exceptions to this rule; at any rate none is mentioned. Not even peas or gravy must be eaten with the knife.

Reading on we find another gem of good counsel. "Don't ever spit a bone or other substance upon your plate or floor." In fact, don't spit at all while at the dinner table. After you have sufficiently gnawed a bone, "or other substance," it should be removed from the mouth with the fingers and concealed under the tablecloth or in your neighbor's pocket. In the case of a particularly succulent bone you may take it outside on the mat and worry it there, or, as an alternative, you may bury it in the garden for recovery upon some future occasion. A little thought is all that is needed to avoid a *faux pas*. Similarly we are warned "Don't come to the table half-dressed, half-washed, or half-combed." Nothing is more sure to attract comment than for a gentleman to seat himself at the table without his trousers, or for a lady to appear in low dress when

she has only washed for high dress. These things ought not to need indication.

There is such an embarrassment of good things in this book that it is hard to make a selection where all alike is timely and admirable. "Don't say 'gents.' Say 'gentlemen' or 'men.'" And you ladies, "Don't say 'them bonnets,' but 'those bonnets.'" "Don't say 'dook,' when you mean 'duke.'" Don't say 'bust,' or 'onct,' or 'dupelcate,' when you mean 'burst,' and 'once,' and 'duplicate.'" "Here is a valuable hint under the heading of 'Beauty.'" "Don't fail to remember this rule, that in walking you should always carry yourself so that a plumb line, dropped from your nose, would fall just an inch in front of your great toe." This exercise should be practiced in private, although the book does not say so. To stop in the street in order to drop a plumb line from the tip of your nose to a spot one inch in front of your great toe would attract the attention of the police, and in a drawing-room it would render you needlessly conspicuous. Do it in your bedroom after you get back to the asylum.

Women have quite a section all to themselves, and it is made up of terse, pithy advice that they would do well to take to heart. For instance: "Don't be cross." "Don't scold." "Don't fret nor whine." "Don't be sick." "Don't give acid milk to the baby." In fact "Don't."

A Vacancy Required.

Governor Gillett is quoted as saying within the week that he intends to ask Boodler Wilson, member of the State Railroad Commission, to resign. In other words, the Governor proposes to apply the toe of the executive boot to a place where it can do an excellent stroke of business. The *Argonaut* congratulates the Governor upon his resolution, and it hopes that he will not allow much time to pass before he proceeds to action. If Wilson refuses to resign, then no doubt some other means may be found to make a vacancy required by the good of the service not more than in conservation of common decency.

Herman Melville, the original of all romancers of the South Seas—none of whom, Loti, Stevenson, Becke, each in his several fashion, has equaled him—is to have a biography at last. He was emphatically a man, and his writings are of a merit so extraordinary that it seems amazing that little stories, without a bit of life or character in them, can be sold by the hundred thousand, while "Typee," "Omoo," and the great "Moby Dick" are passed by when some editor and publisher undertakes to present them once more to the public. Any one who has material in the shape of letters or reminiscences is asked to lend the letters or write out the reminiscences for Miss Elizabeth Melville, the Florence, Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York City.

A number of years back a burly western Kansas man gave his nephew, a lad of 15 years, an unmerited chastising. The boy promised his assailant a like compliment when he became a man, and he did not forget the words uttered in the heat of passion. The uncle was about his duties on the farm one day last winter when a husky six-footer came up and gave him a glorious thumping. It was the 15-year-old nephew, only he was six years older. Then the uncle sued for \$1000 for personal injuries inflicted. An unsympathetic jury couldn't see it that way and he took the case to the Supreme Court. Last week that august body handed down a decision affirming the lower court's decision.

Sydney Olivier, C. M. G., has been appointed Governor of Jamaica to succeed Sir Alexander Swettenham, whose resignation resulted from the demand of the British Government that he apologize to Admiral Davis for the rebuff he gave the American naval officer at the time of the Kingston earthquake. Mr. Olivier entered the Colonial Office at the time of the open competition twenty-five years ago. He has been Acting Colonial Secretary of British Honduras and Auditor-General of the Leeward Islands. He was Colonial Secretary of Jamaica for five years and Acting Governor in three different years. He has written many articles on socialism and economics.

The oldest Alpinist living is M. C. Russi, a schoolmaster of Andermatt, who has just celebrated his one hundred and first birthday. Last summer he, accompanied by several Alpinists, made his last climb, ascending the Gutsch mountain, nearly 7000 feet, without assistance.

The outcome of the fund left to the city of Boston by Benjamin Franklin so long ago, which matured last year, and was doubled by an endowment from Andrew Carnegie, is to be a fine trade school.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Sidney Webster, the recipient of Mr. Harriman's two-years' old letter, was the private secretary of President Franklin Pierce.

Congressman Llewellyn Powers, of Maine, is said to have made it known to the party leaders that he is serving his last term.

Congressman Rainey, who recently visited Panama, says he can prove that the sample exhibited at the isthmus as a specimen of the employees' 30-cent meal actually cost \$1.65.

The Washington *Star* says that Senator Bailey's declaration for Mr. Bryan tends to emphasize the absurdity of attempting to defeat the Nebraskan by running a Southerner against him for the nomination.

John Barrett, chief of the Bureau of American Republics, is quoted as saying in a recent address: "In declaring Mr. Root to be the greatest statesman of our time I do so with all due respect for President Roosevelt."

Congressman Champ Clark, speaking at Des Moines, said: "We are going to win next year because of the disruption in the ranks of the Republican party. Every gale that sweeps from the East brings to our ears the clash of Republican discord."

Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, is one of the most indefatigable of Fairbanks's boomers. Speaking to a reporter, he said: "The political life of any man in Indiana would not be long if he opposed the nomination of Vice-President Fairbanks for the presidency."

Congressman Charles E. Townsend believes that President Roosevelt can not avoid a renomination. He says in an interview: "The demand is so great that he can not refuse to accept, although he has announced that he will not. He is in the midst of some tremendous undertakings that need his direction."

Iowa Democrats gathered at a Jefferson banquet listened to a eulogy of Senator La Follette as the greatest Republican reformer of the day. Upon the same occasion a definite warning was served upon conservative Democrats that they would not be allowed to manage the presidential campaign of next year.

Vice-President Fairbanks is entertaining much more liberally and frequently than formerly, and has employed a chef who takes precedence as a buyer with the market people of even the White House chef. Busybodies say his living expenses have suddenly jumped from a rate of \$20,000 per annum to \$100,000.

Secretary Taft is expected to repudiate the inference conveyed by a statement of his brother, Charles P. Taft, to the effect that the Secretary will be a candidate for the Senate against Foraker. It is said that, as a matter of fact, Burton will soon announce his candidacy for the Senate and Taft will do all he can to help him.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, is 86 years old, and he therefore speaks with some authority when he says that only young men ought to be sent to the Senate. He believes that old men have their uses, but not in the Senate, which ought to attract those from 40 to 50 years old, the period when, in his opinion, the average man is at the prime of his mental vigor.

Congressman James S. Sherman, on his return from a West Indian cruise, resolutely declined to say a word on the Roosevelt-Harriman controversy. Mr. Sherman had received a wireless message while on the water, warning him to say nothing. The message was signed "J. O.," and the many reporters who hoped for a sensational interview can testify that it was effectual. In answer to adroit questions Mr. Sherman refused to say a word.

President Roosevelt is not usually regarded as a free-thinker in religious matters, but, if we may believe the *Figaro*, that appellation was given to him by M. Montagnini, the Papal representative in Paris, who wrote to Cardinal Merry del Val: "President Roosevelt, who, after all, is a freethinker, is disposed to accept the proposal of his secretaries who suggest for the Paris post [of ambassador] Mr. Meyer, who is ignorant of French, and of Jewish origin."

Ex-Governor Northern, of Georgia, has been indulging in plain speech about the race situation in that State. He declared before the Atlanta Evangelists' Association the other day that the two races were growing in hatred of each other and that a "hellish" situation exists. He thought every one of a mob of lynchers a red-handed murderer, and that people who burn negroes are "savages hot from hell"; but he said he could find neither among judges nor clergymen any strong disposition to condemn lynching.

The election of Nicholas Longworth, the President's son-in-law, to the Senate in place of Senator Foraker is now said by the Washington gossips to be part of the Roosevelt programme for Senator Foraker's annihilation and the elevation of Secretary Taft. According to the story Mr. Longworth is slated to have the first bite at the cherry and succeed Senator Foraker in 1909 if the Roosevelt-Taft movement is successful, while Representative Theodore E. Burton is to wait until 1911 to succeed Senator Dick.

Admiral Schley is not a candidate for political honors. To some friends who told him that he was being boomed for the vice-presidency, he said: "My whole life's training has tended to unfit me for civil duty and I feel sure that if I were to accept responsible office I should soon be heartily despised. No man trained to the trade of the soldier or sailor is fit to hold office in a government

like ours. Every one who has tried it has proved a failure. So to the deuce with this talk of me for vice-president or anything else."

In poking good-natured fun at Secretary Taft and his presidential boom, newspaper writers and cartoonists have created a general impression that the Ohio man has a tremendous abdominal development. The truth is he can barely be called fat. He is lighter by fully 100 pounds than he was a year ago and his girth is little, if any, more



Luther Burbank

Frontispiece of "The Training of the Human Plant."

than in proportion to his dimensions otherwise. For many months Mr. Taft has confined himself rigidly to a form of diet prescribed by an eminent English physician, the chief feature of which is gluten bread, which the Secretary calls "dog biscuits."

The Jamestown Exposition.

In an editorial noting the opening of the Jamestown Exposition the New York *World* gave some interesting historical reflections. This is its commendation:

The period from the discovery of America to the foundation of the first English settlement in the New World was almost as long as the lifetime of the republic. It is 131 years since the Declaration of Independence was signed, 118 years since the beginning of constitutional government. So slowly began the movement that has grown so swift that 115 years passed after Columbus sighted Watling's Island before the Jamestown settlement, in 1607, whose tercentenary celebration is to begin this week.

With the St. Louis Exposition the United States has passed the series of centennials advertising the bigness of achievement. A notable series it has been: the Declaration, the Constitution, the Northwest Ordinance, the Lewis and Clark expedition in advance of the prairie schooner and the railway, the Louisiana Purchase. Jamestown belongs with the Chicago Columbian celebration, and with such two hundred and fiftieth anniversaries as old towns in the East, in Florida and in the Spanish southwest from time to time hold. It takes us back to rude beginnings.

The place is appropriate. Charleston, St. Augustine, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Jamestown are centres of antiquarian tradition in regions where patriotic pilgrimages have many sources of inspiration. The past makes but a faint cry in a bustling big city, but on the plain where Jamestown was and has vanished—the Exposition is some miles away—modernity is less insistent. The stately homes of tidewater Virginia make it easy to imagine the days when the ship straight from London landed at the planter's dock the miscellaneous cargo his tobacco had bought for the year's provisioning.

And first of all those homes, but a little way from the Exposition, is one which every American citizen should visit in his youth, the most solemn shrine on earth of generous patriotism, the home of Washington at Mount Vernon. From the Colonial period, the Revolutionary war, the British invasion of 1814, and the sharpest struggle of the Civil War the mouth of the Chesapeake is full of memories. It will do no hustling American harm to cultivate them for a few days.

One of the original "town sitters," of Leavenworth, is still living in that prosperous Kansas city. This is A. T. Kyle, who, with a few associates, selected the site of what is now one of the biggest cities in Kansas in 1854. He made the first surveys for the town just outside of Fort Leavenworth, then a frontier post for the protection of settlers from the marauding Indians. He has lived there ever since, and has literally seen the place grow up. It took him two months to survey the site and then two or three more months were consumed in clearing the brush from a place not bigger than the present business district.

GOSSIP FROM THE CAPITAL.

Mr. Longworth's Social Debt—A Martinet at West Point Furnishes a Problem.

The Duc de Chaulnes persists in remaining in the public eye, and the public eye is equally persistent in seeing some evidence of his engagement to Miss Theodora Shonts, in spite of the unanimous denials of all those who ought to know. We are now treated to the story of a sensational clash between the French aristocrat and Nicholas Longworth. The President's son-in-law is credited with a determination to exclude the duke from the Washington clubs, and this is said to be due to similar kindly offices performed by the duke for Nicholas Longworth when the latter was in Paris.

The story begins at the time when Mr. Longworth was in Paris on what he called his "real" bridal tour. It was noticed at the time that he was not received in the most exclusive Parisian clubs, although he was the welcome guest of royalty and of the highest official personages in Europe. It is now said that the Duc de Chaulnes and his brother, the Duc de Luynes, were responsible for what was no more nor less than a social boycott. When the Duc de Chaulnes came to Washington it was only natural that Mr. Longworth should retaliate, and he did this by excluding the duke from the Washington clubs, even as he himself had been excluded from those of Paris. The duke did not like the treatment, as ill-natured people rarely appreciate being served up in their own sauce. He enlisted the aid of his brother-in-law, the Count de Chambrun of the French Embassy, who married one of the Longworth girls, and the result was a situation so strained that at one time it seemed likely to develop in a challenge with pistols for two and coffee for one. There the matter rests, but in the meantime the French duke admires the select Washington clubs from an exterior point of view.

It is likely that the attention of the War Department, and the personal scrutiny of Secretary Taft, will be drawn to the unfortunate incident at West Point which has aroused the indignation of a large number of ladies, some of whom are of sufficient importance to make their displeasure a matter of some moment. Indeed, it is said that representations have already been made and that a report upon the subject has been asked for.

The incident occurred during a battalion parade. The weather was unusually cold, and a large number of mothers, sweethearts, and wives were in shivering attendance. They had come in spring gowns, pitifully inadequate to the rigors of the unseasonable weather, and the cadets, hastening to the rescue, had lent them their overcoats as additional protection.

It might be supposed that even the most draconic of officers could find no fault with a measure thus suggested by humanity and urged by affection. But Lieutenant-Colonel Howze knows no sentiments other than those prescribed in the military regulations, and after first reminding the abashed and indignant cadets that an unchangeable rule, like those of the Medes and Persians, forbids the wearing of military attire by "other persons," he dispatched a policeman to the offending ladies with an order that they forthwith discard the overcoats which were thus worn in defiance of rules, not to speak of the United States Constitution. The order was duly delivered to the amazed offenders, most of whom complied only to the extent of slipping their arms from the sleeves and merely wrapping the coats around them. But the inflexible Howze was unsatisfied, and again ordered the policeman to return to the attack and to "collect those coats and bring them to me." The deed was done. The cadets muttered in incipient rebellion and the ladies surrendered their spoil in amazed consternation, but the coats were collected and handed over to the gallant colonel, who doubtless felt that he had done a deed worthy of remembrance. But it may be that by this time remembrance is one of the last things he hopes for.

But there was one charming girl who set the rules and regulations at defiance, and would have utterly routed them but for the courteous tact of an old officer who interfered in the nick of time. When the policeman approached her—probably wishing himself on duty in the toughest quarter of the Bowery—and said "You are ordered to take that coat off," she replied promptly, "I decline to obey that order." The imagination reels at the thought of what might have happened, but in order to avoid a situation that might have been catastrophic, the officer in question stepped up and saved the day by asking, "Won't you do that for me?" Surrender was immediate. "Yes, general, I will permit you to remove my coat—no one else can." And we may fairly believe that no one else could, and that but for such sympathetic interposition the heroine would have carried off the honors and would have worn the cadet coat until the close of the parade.

Colonel Howze himself has as much cause for gratitude to the old general as any one else. No one knows better than he that he could no more have enforced such an order than he could have postponed the sunset. The cadet committee subsequently asked him: "Colonel, what would you have done had the ladies refused to remove the coats?" "Dunno," he replied, "don't think I could have done anything." And for once in his life the gallant colonel is in accord with public opinion. He could have done nothing except look foolish.

As I have said, the matter will probably not rest where it is. The cadet corps feels that a deliberate insult has been inflicted upon it, and as for the aggrieved ladies—well!

ROSBROGH.

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1907.

Lava may be blown into beautiful green-colored bottles, lighter and stronger than ordinary glass.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A Story of the French Secret Police.

On the fifteenth of March, 1872, at nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage stopped at the door of a Paris music-hall known as the Yellow Windmill. A man stepped out of the carriage. He was about thirty-five years old, tall, slender, with an intelligent and bold face, with a small blonde mustache very carefully turned up at the ends, a soft hat a little on one side, and was carefully gloved.

For more than a quarter of an hour another man had been walking up and down the sidewalk. He wore an overcoat buttoned tightly to his chin; above it showed an edge of a somewhat soiled linen collar, around which was a worn sautoir cravat. He wore a large hat pulled down over his head, carried a heavy walking-stick, and had a florid face, thick mustache, and short side-whiskers.

The two men greeted each other and exchanged a few words.

"Here already, Dubrisart, eh?"

"Marcou! So it is you who sent for me?"

"Yes, it was I. But there are too many people and too much light on this sidewalk. Let us cross the boulevard."

"Shall I keep the carriage?"

"Yes, we shall be here but a little while, and then we shall return to the prefecture."

They crossed the street, and when they found themselves on the opposite sidewalk, Marcou, the man with the buttoned-up overcoat, took the two hands of the other, Dubrisart, and shook them with effusion.

"My dear Dubrisart, it delights me to see you again. You never come in your old haunts any more. You are engaged now in high and mighty political missions. I see that you sometimes go abroad. And when I think that you began as a subordinate in my squad of detectives, and that I was your superior—"

"And you are still my friend, my dear Marcou. I have had luck, I have had assistance—"

"Yes, and you have had merit, education, intelligence, distinguished manners; you know how to dress better than any one of the whole prefecture of police, better than the prefect himself; you belong to a good family; you know how to speak English, which brought you your first foreign missions under the empire when you went to England to see what was passing at Teck—at Tick—in short where the Orleans princes were."

"At Twickenham."

"Yes, that is it. As for me, my dear fellow, I have continued to vegetate in the same old affairs. Nevertheless, this evening a rather serious matter is on foot. Today there came to the prefecture a certain Aglaë Ripon. Oh, you don't know her! She is a celebrity of the cafés and music-halls. We were sitting, four or five of us, chatting around the stove, when this girl dashed in like a maniac, saying that she knew one of the chiefs of the Commune, a man who had pillaged, burned, shot, and done everything in that terrible time that those scoundrels could do. Naturally, we offered a chair to Mlle. Ripon. In return she has offered to deliver to us this evening, at the ball of the Yellow Windmill, Stafner, who was a colonel under the Commune."

"Stafner! Why that is the man who gave me a knife-stab in a little café at Belleville in 1860!"

"Yes, and it is because I knew the history of that knife-stab that I have sent for you. I do not know him, this Stafner, but I thought that it would not displease you to aid us—"

"Displease me! On the contrary, I shall be more than pleased. I will know him, have no fear. Is he to come this evening to the ball?"

"At ten o'clock."

"And Aglaë Ripon?"

"Three of my detectives—Cervoisier, Poilat, and Chaulat—are going to bring her. They ought to be here now. Today, after having denounced the man, she wished to leave, but I did not let her go. I know them, I know women's tantrums. The anger of a woman subsides as it grows—in five minutes. All that was necessary was for her to run across her lover—for he is her lover—and she would be stricken with remorse, would warn him, and our little affair would be squelched. She had a rendezvous for this evening at ten o'clock with Stafner, so that made everything all straight. I told her that the government would look out for paying for her dinner and a carriage to take her to the ball, but that she would not be permitted to return home until she should have fixed Stafner for us. They are probably in that carriage which is stopping at the kerb."

In fact, the door of a carriage opened a few paces from Dubrisart and Marcou. From it, flanked by three detectives in plain clothes, they saw emerge a tall girl, dressed in a gray gown and wearing a black hat with a big bunch of red roses. One of the detectives came at once to Marcou, while the others watched the woman, who looked around her with an uneasy air.

"M. Marcou," said the agent, "you had better speak to this lady. She makes me uneasy. She would not eat any dinner, and she has been crying in the carriage. It is quite certain that she regrets what she has done and is afraid of what she has to do."

"I will speak to her," said Marcou, and he approached the woman.

"Listen!" said he. "None of this nonsense. You know your record is at the office of the prefecture. I have been looking it over today. There are some pretty bad doings in your record, and if we wanted to

send you to the prison of Saint Lazare for five or six months, there would be no lack of reasons. You know the place, don't you?"

"Yes, I have been there twice, and I came out all right. People don't die there."

"You had better look out, all the same," said Marcou, raising his voice, "because if you don't—"

"Come, come!" said Dubrisart to Marcou, "you mustn't handle women that way. Let me fix her," and approaching her, he said: "Listen, my dear, you are right about Saint Lazare. It is not fatal to go there, and a woman in your position does not lose much in reputation by spending six months there. But you have honor, or reputation, and you do not wish to smirch your honor. There—well, we will look out for it if you behave yourself, and no one shall know that you are the one who has given Stafner away. We shall take you into the ball-room and place you at a little table next to the orchestra, near to the little door leading into the garden. There you will remain with these three gentlemen, take a glass of wine and smoke cigarettes. It is the government that pays, you know. My friend here and I will be in the garden. When Stafner comes, you might go and meet him and endeavor to lead him out toward the street-door. But the detectives would throw themselves upon him. As for you, the detectives would tell everybody that you had sold your lover for fifty francs. But if you behave yourself and lead him nicely into the garden, we will nab both of you. Everything will be all right. No one will know that you have given him away, you will not be conducted to the prefecture, and you will be set at liberty in a quarter of an hour and can go and finish your evening where you please. Do you understand, and will you behave yourself? That's right, my dear, now run along with these gentlemen, and we will wait for you in the garden. And you fellows," said he, in a whisper, "see that she drinks plenty of wine!"

Aglaë and the three detectives crossed the boulevard. Marcou looked at Dubrisart with marked admiration.

"I understand," said he, "how you succeeded in making your way so rapidly. You know how to handle women."

"And men, too. You shall see. But let us go into the ball-room. It may amuse me to look at the dancers and to see Stafner again. I still have the mark of his knife on my arm."

They walked up the staircase and entered an immense hall where the fumes of pipes and cigarettes were mingled. The orchestra, with brazen clangor, was playing a quadrille. Cocottes and servant-girls were dancing in the middle of the hall. All around the ball-room men and women were seated at the tables, drinking punch and smoking. Near the orchestra they saw Aglaë and the three detectives, already seated at a table around a bowl of punch. Dubrisart looked at the woman and made an imperceptible motion of the hand to her. She responded with a smile.

"Come, old chap," said Dubrisart, "let us go out and smoke a cigar in the garden while we are waiting for Stafner. The woman will bring him. I will bet on that, and until she does, we have time to chat a little."

The evening was chilly, and the garden was absolutely deserted. The two men seated themselves upon a bench.

"I am going to give you a good cigar," said Dubrisart. "I bought three or four boxes of excellent ones at Antwerp."

"Oh, have you been to Antwerp?"

"Yes, three years ago, in the Count de Chambord matter."

"You travel much?"

"Yes, I have been on the road all the time since the fourth of September."

"Did you remain at Paris during the siege?"

"No. Since the fifth of September I saw that the provisional government was no good. Those gentlemen thought they could run Paris with no secret police. They were crazy. As I had a certain reputation, I was offered the secretaryship of a commissary of police, but I refused. I do not like sedentary positions. I must come and go and be on the road. I said to myself: 'Before long they will have to reorganize the secret police, and then they will need me.' I left Paris with a company of *franc-tireurs*. We did a guerilla warfare for two months in the forest of Orleans, and at the end of that time, as we were somewhat reduced in numbers and tattered, we went to Tours in order to recruit and equip. This was about the fifteenth of November."

"The first person I met at Tours was big Versac, who, before the fourth of September, was a member of the palace squad. He told me that Gambetta was a man who had certain ideas concerning governing, and that, since his arrival, they were engaged in reorganizing the secret police. But there was much trouble; you can improvise other civil officials, but you can not improvise heads of secret police. I was given an excellent position, and when it was known that I had gone under the empire to Twickenham, to Baden, to Wood-norton, to watch over the Orleans princes, I was told: 'If that is the case, we must send you to discover where the Prince of Joinville is. He is concealed somewhere as a private soldier in the army.' So I set out to find the Prince of Joinville. A policeman becomes philosophical. Under the empire, I had been sent to run after the Orleans princes. Under the republic, I was also sent to run after the Orleans princes. We succeeded at last in catching the Prince of Joinville. It was in the army of the Loire, where he was fighting against the Prussians. We kept the prince prisoner for five days—from the thirteenth to the eighteenth of January—in the office of the prefect of police in Mans."

Then it was I who took him to Saint-Malo to take the steamer for England. When I saw the Jersey packet bearing away the prince, I could not help thinking that all this was rather extraordinary. I had been taken from Tours, where I was in uniform and about to go to the front with my comrades. I was told to doff my uniform, and I had just expelled from France another man who also had been fighting against the Prussians, not to speak of the soldiers who had served us as escort from Mans to Saint-Malo, who also should have been fighting against the Prussians, like the prince and myself. However, when a man is in the secret police, and he likes his business, he must not examine too closely into his orders.

"In truth, our trade is not a monotonous one—I, for example, who am chatting with you in the garden of the Yellow Windmill, I arrested on the thirteenth of January, 1871, the Prince of Joinville at Mans, and on the seventeenth of July of the same year the painter Courbet at Paris; then to think that I presented my respects on the seventeenth of January, 1872, at Chislehurst, to the Emperor Napoleon, and on the twenty-fourth of the following February, at Antwerp, to the Count of Chambord."

"You have spoken to the emperor and to the Count of Chambord?"

"Just as I am speaking to you, Marcou. At Chislehurst there was no particular difficulty about speaking to the emperor. You entered as if you were going into a hotel. You addressed the door porter. You told him that you were a Frenchman of distinction; that you desired to be received by the emperor. You left your name, your London address, and the next day you had your letter of audience. I had cooked up a very neat little Bonapartist history: My grandfather, a captain in the Imperial Guard, had been killed at Waterloo, etc. The affair went as smoothly as posting a letter. We were received in batches of ten or a dozen one Sunday after mass, in a little drawing-room hung with blue on the ground floor, and whom do you think I saw with the emperor? It was our former chief, M. Piétri. So, when my turn came to say a word or two, I indulged in a few phrases upon the changed condition of Paris, where there was no longer either security nor police. I added that everybody regretted the empire and the administration of M. Piétri. The emperor smiled, and, as I was about to go, Piétri came and shook hands with me and told me that I spoke like a patriotic Frenchman."

"My campaign at Antwerp was more difficult. They sent for me at the head of the office of the police and said to me: 'Go to Antwerp and see what is going on there.' I asked permission to leave at my own day, at my own hour, and to act in my own way. They gave me authority and also gave me a free hand concerning expenses. There were five or six other detectives sent to Antwerp, but I allowed them to go, and I set out alone on the twenty-second of February. The pilgrimage of the royalists had already set in toward Antwerp. I arrived early at the railway station of the northern line and closely scanned the passengers. I said to myself: 'The train leaves at seven in the morning and arrives at Antwerp at three o'clock. I must carefully choose my traveling compartment, enter into a conversation with my traveling companions, and thereby have people to vouch for me when I arrive at Antwerp. I have eight hours—six more than I need.'"

"I was, as you may readily imagine, irreproachably dressed, seriously, simply, dark colors, and all that sort of thing. I had brought with me as body servant big Versac—you know him, he whom I had run across again at Tours. We are great friends nowadays. We always work together. He is a very capable fellow, but he likes the subordinate rôles, the rôles without responsibility. He has been very well paid for his journey, by the way. He became very chummy on the way with a perfect little jewel of a royalist lady's-maid, and she told him oceans of things about some of the great houses of the Faubourg St. Germain. Versac is a handsome fellow, you know, and got the little lady's-maid so much infatuated with him that he looked her up when we came back to Paris, and now we have the door of one of the great royalist houses open to us."

"In the station I noticed an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a lady of about thirty years of age, not pretty, but very agreeable. As I looked at them I said to myself, 'That is my game.' I went into the same compartment with them. I was not deceived. They were going to see the king—for, let me tell you, as soon as we were in the train, it was no longer correct to say 'the Count of Chambord,' one must say 'the king.' When we had gone some forty or fifty miles, we exchanged names and titles. The old gentleman was the Marquis de Bouthasson. I called myself the Baron de Martonne de Lustrac. If I have a Bonapartist pedigree, I have also a very complicated Royalist pedigree, which is adroitly attached to the names of two extinct families. The name of the young lady I also learned. She was the daughter of the old marquis and widow of the Count de la Riballière. As we grew more confidential, the old marquis related his history to me. Of course, I related mine to him—I was a Frenchman who had been in South America and who had returned to fight for my country with a foreign legion from Montevideo, etc. When we reached the station of Tergnier, they lunched. We went to the same table—the marquis, the countess, and myself."

"At Antwerp we went to the same hotel, and that evening Versac took our two requests for audience to the address of the Count of Blacas at the Hotel Saint-Antoine. In his letter the marquis had spoken of me and in my letter I had spoken of the marquis. I was no longer alone. I had a godfather, and what a god-

father!—a marquis with silver hair, curly silver hair at that, and a majestic and venerable air.

"The next day we were received at the Hotel Saint-Antoine, all three of us, in batches of twenty to twenty-five persons. Yes, it was done exactly as at Chislehurst—in batches. When the king entered, there was profound emotion. The old marquis, especially, was like one overcome. He fell upon his knees. He wished to kiss the king's hand, and it was with great difficulty that he was lifted up. He began to weep, to babble, to say that now he had seen his king he could die, etc. We took him back to the hotel where we were stopping, and he was put to bed. We passed the entire evening by his bedside, the countess and I. Eight or ten persons of our batch of visitors came to inquire about the condition of the old marquis. The next day we returned these visits. I remained at Antwerp until the departure of the king, seeing a great deal of the royalist world. I returned to Paris with a report and copious notes, which gave me great honor at the office of the prefecture of police.

"If I were a little more conceited, I might say that the countess had a fashion of leaning upon my arm and looking continually in my eyes when we were inspecting the pictures at the museum of Antwerp. Heigh, ho! perhaps I might have made a fine marriage."

"M. Marcou, the man has come, and the woman is bringing him into the garden."

As these words were uttered by one of their detectives, Dubrisart and Marcou sprang up, crossed the garden, and, standing upon the doorsteps, looked into the hall. Coming around the promenade they saw Aglaé Ripon upon the arm of a small man with red beard and gray coat and a soft hat. The small man spoke rapidly and seemed very animated. The woman did not seem to hear him. Her walk was vacillating. She looked fagged. She seemed to have taken much wine. Almost continually, with a mechanical movement of her left hand, she pushed back the three red roses which hung from her hat over her face. Behind them followed closely the two remaining detectives.

"Do you recognize him?" said Marcou to Dubrisart. "No, he wore all his beard then, and he was a man with brown hair. Now I see a man without a beard and with red hair. But we shall see presently. I have a certain means of identifying him."

When the woman reached the door leading into the garden and when she recognized Dubrisart and Marcou, who were concealed on either side of the door, she started, uttered a scream, and made as if to jump back into the room. But the two detectives seized both the man and the woman by the shoulders and pushed them violently into the garden, while Marcou closed the door. At this moment, the last notes of a quadrille sounded and five hundred voices were crying: "Encore!"

"Let go the woman," said Dubrisart, "and bring the man here—here, under the gas-light. Good! And you, my fine fellow, let me see your left hand. Yes, there they are. There are the marks of my three teeth. I was the one who made those marks there for you in exchange for your knife-stab. Put the bracelets on him, boys! It is Stafner, and no mistake."

Dubrisart and Marcou arrived at half-past ten in the evening at the office of the prefect of police. One of the chiefs was there, and they made a report of their expedition.

"Very good," said he. "You may go, Marcou. But as for you, Dubrisart, remain. I have a question to put to you. I have received several reports concerning the royalist receptions at Antwerp. In one of these reports I am informed that there was a certain Baron de Martonne de Lustrac. He publicly made the most outrageous threats against M. Thiers. Did you not see this Baron de Martonne de Lustrac?"

"Yes, sir, I saw him."

"Very well, then, why did you not speak of him in your report?"

"Because I was the baron myself."

"I thought as much. This is what comes of this opera bouffe police business. Each man for himself, without instructions and without discipline. Another matter—at every line in your report you speak of a certain Countess de la Riballière."

"Yes, she was a high personage, and her father—"

"The Marquis de Boutasson. I know—I know—just wait a moment," and the chief went and opened a door.

"Mme. Robert," he said, "will you be good enough to enter?"

And the Baron de Martonne de Lustrac saw entering the Countess de la Riballière, dressed in simple and modest fashion. Both the baron and the countess stared at each other with the utmost bewilderment.

"Mme. Robert, permit me to present M. Dubrisart. M. Dubrisart, this is Mme. Robert. Take a good look at each other, both of you, and I beg of you to be good enough, the next time you meet in the course of business, not to be engaged in doing police work one against the other."

Dubrisart and Mme. Robert went out of the chief's office together, and as they were descending the staircase, Dubrisart said:

"There is only one thing that knocks me. It is the old man. He positively had the noble air, the straight business. Where did you pick up the old duffer?"

"He is my father," replied Mme. Robert. "He used to be an actor, and he was called absolutely perfect in the heavy fathers."—Translated from the Argonaut from the French of Ludovic Halévy.

GENERAL BOTHA IN LONDON.

The New Premier of the Transvaal Received with Cheers of Welcome.

The whirligig of time brings strange revenges. General Botha, the almost invincible Boer leader, defied the whole power of Great Britain through years of strenuous warfare, but today finds him in London, the most honored among honored colonial guests, and foremost in the councils for the imperial defense of the very country for whose independence he struggled so long and so well. At the banquet to the colonial premiers, the Secretary of War went out of his way to pay a graceful compliment to the Boer general. He said: "I welcome a new general among us—and a very great general—and I believe my general staff and I are going to have the pleasure of conferring with him on the mutual defense of the country." At the great reception it was noticed that Lord Roberts sought out his former redoubtable foe and sat next to him at luncheon. Their conversation was doubtless an interesting one, and, so far as Lord Roberts was concerned, it may have had its touch of pathos, for the veteran's only son was killed in battle while fighting against this very man who is now the premier of a British colony and a loyal British citizen.

No man in London has been so observed as General Botha, nor has any guest received a welcome more spontaneous and hearty. There has been no such occasion since Marshal Soult came over to Queen Victoria's coronation and was received with vociferous cheering wherever he went. But Wellington was sadly lacking in the gallant grace that distinguishes Roberts, for when the Iron Duke was asked to respond to the toast of the French army the old warrior growled, "Damn them! I've nothing to do with them but to beat them!" While driving to the Guildhall it was noticed that General Botha saluted the statue of Gladstone, who gave back their independence to the Boers after the battle of Majuba. General Botha rode in the same carriage with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada. After the luncheon, Botha was called upon for a speech and, although he said only a few well-chosen words, it was the speech of the day. Referring to the war he remarked that he had only done his duty, and after the war he had continued to do all in his power for his people and for the Transvaal. "I intend," he said, "to tell the Imperial Government and the British people that we shall be pleased to co-operate with them. True South Africans desire their co-operation which will work for the good of the two great nations." He and his friends would do all that in them lay to amalgamate the races. By moderation and good will there would be friendship between the peoples who had hated each other, and together they would go forward to the accomplishment of South African ideals. It was a remarkable speech, as much for its form as for the powerful personality and strenuous record of the man who made it. The Boer flag captured by the London Volunteers at Jacobsdahl, and which usually ornaments the banqueting hall, had been removed for the occasion out of deference to the feelings of the Boer party.

The pacific victory that the Boers have won at the elections is an ample one and it is doubtful if those who framed the constitution anticipated so sweeping a verdict. The Boers are of course in a great majority in the lower chamber, so much so, indeed, that the check that it was intended should be applied by the council becomes nearly if not quite inoperative. The English influence preponderates in the council, and although the approval of the council is necessary for the passage of a law, the constitution stipulates that in case of disagreement the matter shall be settled by a majority of both the house and the council sitting together. But the Boer majority in the house is large enough to more than compensate for the minority in the council, so that Het Volk would still have their way even in a joint session of the two chambers. Moreover, there is no doubt that a future constitutional amendment will enfranchise the women of the colony, and to such a step the home authorities could advance no possible objection. This would still further increase the Boer preponderance, as very few of the British settlers are married and the female population among the Boers is considerable.

There can be no question whatever that, from the standpoint of political and constitutional liberty, the Boers today are better off than they were under the old rule of Paul Kruger. And this may be conceded, and indeed it is conceded, by those who believe that the war itself was the result of capitalist greed and a crime against humanity. The franchise has been given to the whole population. The imperial veto, or imperial interference, is only a constitutional figment. The famous Uitlander for whose mythical benefit the war was originally waged, no sooner has the vote than, in a very large number of cases, he uses it in support of his erstwhile "oppressors," the Boers, and against the British. Although the two political parties in the Transvaal are now divided in the main by racial lines, there can be no question that those lines will be attenuated and will ultimately disappear, as old memories are wiped out and as new national questions come to the surface that appeal with equal force to Boer and to Briton. Certainly General Botha will do his share to that end as unselfishly and as disinterestedly as he fought the battles of his country. He has been profoundly impressed by the welcome extended to him in London, a welcome in which there was not a single dissentient voice, either from officialism or from the

crowds that assembled in the streets wherever there was a chance of seeing and of cheering the man whose name was a household word in the days when his ceaseless military activity and his untiring vigilance presaged disaster after disaster to British arms. In another generation there will be neither Boer nor Briton in South Africa, because both will be merged in a common nationality and in a common ideal.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 21, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

Evelyn Hope.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower.
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough, and little cares,
And now was quiet, now at rest—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope.
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed, for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,
I claim you still for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.
—Robert Browning.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
—I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—Edgar Allen Poe.

The bill recently passed by the Illinois legislature forbidding the police to photograph prisoners for the rogues' gallery except after conviction is merely an indorsement of the right of an accused person to be held innocent until he is proved guilty. It is generally commended.

The aggregate of wealth buried with Turkey would pay Russia's national debt.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, has refused an offer of \$17,000 for a series of eight lectures in South America. In reply to the offer he wrote: "I have no wish to brave the ocean for a box of cigars."

Miss Ella Marion Young, a direct descendant of Ethan Allen, the Revolutionary hero, will be a professional guide in the Adirondacks the coming season. For three years she has been a nomadic resident of several villages in that region and is known for many miles as an expert hunter.

Charles Doolittle Walcott, the new head of the Smithsonian Institution for Scientific Research, was State geologist of New York, and in 1888 attended the international geological congress in London, where he won much praise for his addresses. Since 1902 he had been secretary of the Carnegie institution. He lives in Washington.

Booker T. Washington, the founder of the Tuskegee school, is opposed to colored people having their own newspapers. He says: "I fear that our newspapers are at fault because they hold up our difficulties. People reading them see too many accounts of negro oppression, and we do not want our race soured by such accounts."

Professor Addison Ballard, who for many years occupied the chair of logic in New York university, is an example of the power of exercise in promoting longevity. He is eighty-five years old and is still to be seen around Pittsfield, Mass., where he now lives, taking long walks with a stride which gives many younger men some trouble in keeping pace with him.

Prince Eugene, of Sweden, one of the most democratic royal personages living, studied art seriously in Paris, where he was known in the artistic and literary world as "E. Oscarson." He is fond of touring Italy and always has for a companion some painter or sculptor friend. He is a painter of ability, devoting most of his time to landscape work.

Lady Henry Somerset's retiring from the platform is to gain time to devote to practical means of reformation. "I believe I can do more good through the industrial colony at Duxhurst, in Sussex, than by talking," she remarked recently. "The day for talking is over for me. More practical work can be done behind the scenes. Cheap claptrap does nothing to advance big principles."

The publication has just been completed of a treatise on numismatics, written by King Victor of Italy. It consists of an enumeration and description of his collection of coins, which is considered the finest in the world. The volume is illustrated with reproductions of some of the choicest specimens. The work will not be offered for sale, but the king will present copies of it to the principal foreign museums.

Emanuel Lasker, the chess expert, was discussing in New York the ethics of a certain style of play. "Well," he ended, laughing, "I suppose it is all right; but it is intricate, eh? It is like the subject discussed in the debating society. 'Is it wrong'—that was the subject of debate—'Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?' The decision, after three hours' argument was: 'Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble.'"

P. A. B. Widener, the traction magnate, announces his intention to build for the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts a \$2,000,000 home in Philadelphia. This institution, the oldest of its kind in America, having just passed its centenary, has long been cramped for room. It will now have a spacious habitation, in which may be housed not only its own art treasures, but also several large private collections, including that of Mr. Widener himself.

Marie, dowager empress of Russia, has been visiting her sister, Queen Alexandra of England, and for the first time in years had an opportunity to realize the difference between life in Great Britain and existence in the land of her adoption. On one occasion, practically without escort, she walked through a notorious London slum, and at another time passed into the national gallery with the crowd, no one paying special attention to her. Either experience would have been an impossibility in terror-ridden Russia.

Capt. E. F. Griswold, a veteran of the Union Army, living at St. Johnsbury, Va., and drawing a federal pension of \$12 a month, has made an extraordinary

proposition. It is to the effect that he will turn over to any confederate soldiers' charitable association monthly the amount of his pension, the only condition being that the association accepting the offer will apply the money to the relief of indigent confederate soldiers. Captain Griswold says he does not need the money, but knows there are many ex-confederates who do need help, and he holds them in so high esteem that he is willing to do all that he can to aid them.

Assistant Secretary of State Adee, now on his way across the Atlantic, has made several annual tours of Europe on the bicycle. In this way he has traversed parts of the old world that have been seen by few Americans. It is his custom on these unique tours to become acquainted with all sorts and conditions of the natives and to draw them out upon questions of domestic and foreign politics. Thus he finds it easy to familiarize himself with the popular thought current on everything of interest in the countries he visits. Mr. Adee speaks fluently most of the continental languages, so that he is enabled to carry on conversation with the natives he visits.

RECENT VERSE.

The Spinner.

A beggar blind, she sat upon a stone
Within the market-place.
Amid the surging crowd she spun, alone,
A smile upon her face;
One paused and spoke to her in wondering tone:
"Why do you smile?" he said.

"The people jostle and the winds are cold;
Thy hopeless eyes are blind;
Thy garments are too meager far, and old,
To fend thee from the wind;
Thou hast no silver in thy purse, nor gold,
But beggest for thy bread."

"I am not cold," she said; "my heart is warm,
I do not feel the blast."
"But hearken to the raging of the storm!
The sun is overcast!"
"I sit and spin," she said, "secure from harm,
And think upon the Light."

"I do not see the squalor and the sin,"
She said, "that flaunt so near;
Instead, my brooding gaze is turned within,
And music soft I hear—
The voices of the stars—and spin and spin
A garment strangely bright,
A cloth of gold to wrap my soul within
When it is night."
—Celia Myrover Robinson in *Munsey's Magazine*.

The Green Month.

"What of all the colors shall I bring you for your
fairing,
Fit to lay your fingers on, fine enough for you?
Yellow for the ripened rye, white for ladies' wear-
ing,
Red for briar-roses, or the 'sky's own blue?'"

"Nay, for spring has touched the elm, spring has
crowned the willow,
Winds that call the swallow home sway the
boughs apart.
Green shall all my curtains be, green shall be my
pillow,
Green I'll wear within my hair, and green upon
my heart."
—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in *Metropolitan Maga-
zine*.

A Mother's Question.

Soft waves of chestnut hair—gold in the sun—
Red mouth, whose curving lips dimpled with fun;
Skin fair and soft and smooth, cheeks tinged with
rose,
Eyes in whose smiling depths happiness glows,
Never the cloud of tears shadowed their blue—
This was the mother's face my baby knew.

Hair white as driven snow, face seamed and
drawn,
Pale lips with grief-lines marked, all laughter gone,
Eyes dull and lusterless, faded by tears,
Empty arms, aching heart, all these long years.
Lord, if we meet again, by Thy dear grace,
How shall my baby know his mother's face?
—Katherine J. Murray in *The Bohemian*.

Mrs. Ruth Jewett Burgess, of Montpelier, Vt., wife of Professor John W. Burgess, Roosevelt lecturer at the University of Berlin, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of Prince Augustus Wilhelm, fourth son of Emperor William of Germany. Mrs. Burgess was born in Montpelier 42 years ago, the daughter of a well-known banker, and early in life developed a talent for art. While in New York, where her husband was an instructor in Columbia University, she studied under several of the most famous American painters and for the past ten years she has been a student of some of the best instructors abroad. The past winter she has been copying some of the famous German portraits, including a number of the emperor's ancestors, and his attention having been called to her work, he commissioned her to paint a portrait of his fourth son, upon which she has already begun.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The Life of the Empress Eugenie, by Jane T. Stoddart. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York; \$3.

The life of an empress is interesting and important from one, or both, of two causes. She must be fascinating and clever, or she must exercise a profound influence upon the people at whose head she stands. It may be doubted if the Empress Eugenie can be placed under either of these classifications. While she was able undoubtedly to exercise a certain influence over the gallantry and chivalry of France, she failed to make that influence a permanent one by grace either of heart or of head. She might have appealed to the imagination of France and of the world and so have compensated for the weaknesses of the emperor, but probably it never occurred to Eugenie that she had a public part to study conscientiously and play adroitly. It may be doubted if she had any other conception of political duty than the duty of the nation to show a loyal devotion to herself. There was never yet an imperial couple who so deliberately invoked their own misfortunes or who sank into oblivion so unaccompanied with regrets.

In this book the authoress has done her work very well and has brought the character of the empress nearer to popular comprehension than has been done before. She has a happy faculty of illustrating character by the relation of incident. She speaks of the emperor's subjection to the peepings and mutterings of the occult charlatans who, like leeches, fastened themselves upon him. He consulted the "prophet" Edmond and asked him:

"Shall I be assassinated?"
"No, sir."
"Shall I die of disease?"
"Yes, in your bed."
"The disease I am suffering from now?"
"Yes."

"Tell me the truth at once. I wish to know it."

"Well then, it would be better for you to die at once, for you will have to suffer the most cruel trials of your life before a year is out, and France also, through you. The hour of your rise is over, the descent is beginning."

"Could I have avoided it?"
"Twice, if you had had the energy to will."
"Home predicted that my son would not reign."
"No son of a Napoleon who has reigned will ever ascend the throne."

The charm that the empress exercised over the men of her day was no doubt real enough, but it was not of the kind that avails:

Marshal Canrobert tells how he and Edgar Ney, after seeing her walking one afternoon on the damp road near the Elysée gardens, went down and with a handkerchief measured the exact length of her foot. The empress saw them from her window, and called "What are you doing?" They pretended that they were only seeking a lost handkerchief, but she understood.

We are told that she took no offense. Of course she didn't.

When the empress was finally driven from Paris she left behind her a wardrobe valued at 4,000,000 francs. There were fifty parasols in one drawer and her furs were worth 600,000 francs. She also left behind her a country racked by war and desolated by invasion and an estranged people whose love she might have won and worn.

The author is to be congratulated upon a successful piece of work and an important addition to the literature of French history.

The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath, by B. L. Putnam Weale. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$3.50.

When Mr. Weale wrote "The Reshaping of the Far East" he showed himself to be an authority on Eastern developments and policies. He reminds us that his former work occupied a thousand pages and we recall the admirable care with which he analyzed the then existing situation and the balancing forces that were called into play in Eastern affairs. But the sudden conclusion of the Portsmouth Treaty and the conditions created by the Anglo-Japanese alliance have rendered a sequel not only advisable but necessary, and so we have a further volume of impressive size and marked with the same ability and thoroughness that distinguished the previous work.

The book is certainly of extraordinary interest. It tells us more of the great war

than could ever be gained from official reports. We learn for instance that the real cause of Japanese diplomatic acquiescence at Portsmouth was the increasing difficulty of the struggle itself and the many combined and gradually developing forces that were favorable to Russia and hostile to Japan. It would seem too that the rank and file of the Japanese army were not entirely animated by the valiant spirit of the Samurai.

Mr. Weale's review is so interesting and covers so wide a ground that it must be read to be appreciated and we do not remember any other work that adds so much to general knowledge or removes so many general misconceptions. He has a great admiration for the Chinese and he quotes approvingly from Sir Ian Hamilton, who says:

"The farmers about here, and their dependents, wives, womenkind, and children are the most admirable people in the world, so far as I can judge. They are, in fact, a startling revelation and I have a feeling in their presences as if I had all my life been systematically duped and misled by the stereotyped European and American delineation of the Heathen Chinese. It seems impossible that these dignified, clever, often noble-looking men, and these sensible, practical, hard-working women, should have served as the originals to the Chinese depicted in western literature."

The new Chinese movement is admirably described. We get a new realization from it of the immense expansive and civilizing forces that are at work in the heart of the Empire and that must bear their abundant fruit of international problems. Railroads, newspapers, sciences, and arts, and a modern army are but a few of the many evidences of Chinese awakening. Mr. Weale steers clear of the rocks of prophecy but it is hard to read his book without forecasting a future that is not entirely a sunny one.

Valuable appendices, illustrations and a table of contents add to the value of a work that will be in wide demand.

The Mystics, by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

The hero, whose uncle has willed away the family estate to a mystic brotherhood discovers the secrets of the society, gains admission thereto and successfully announces himself as the prophet whose advent is daily awaited. He falls in love with one of the fair devotees, repents his deception and does what he can to right himself. It is a story fairly well told.

My Lady Pokahontas, writ by Anas Todkill, Puritan and Pilgrim, with notes by John Esten Cooke. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, New York; \$1.

Anas Todkill was a brave and trusty soldier of the first Virginia years and herein he tells what he knew of Pokahontas.

Outdoors, by Ernest McGaffey. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

This is a series of charming nature sketches done by a nature lover and with all the charm of enthusiasm and sincerity.

The Romance and Tragedy of a Widely Known Business Man of New York. Published by The Neale Publishing Company, Baltimore.

This book is just what it professes to be—the story of the successes and failures of a business man. It is well and sincerely written and not without its practical lessons and warnings.

The Concentration of Wealth, by Henry Lawrens Call. Published by The Chandler Publishing Company, Boston.

As an indictment of the corporation this leaves little to be desired. Nothing will satisfy the author but the entire cessation of capitalism.

Heaven and Hell, by Emanuel Swedenborg. Published by the Swedenborg Printing Bureau, Boston; 10 cents.

This little book is intended to bring the writings of the great Swedish philosopher within the reach of every one and to show how modern belief is tending toward his teachings.

In the Days of Goldsmith, by Tudor Jenks. Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, New York; \$1.

The author says truly that Goldsmith has suffered unduly from his eccentricities, which have been seized upon by his biographers in preference to the more ad-

mirable aspects of his character. This latest sketch is a serious effort to do justice to a remarkable genius and the effort is successful.

Ferdinand Magellan, by Frederick A. Ober. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.

This is the story of the famous explorer's life and voyages, including the great adventure around South America and the discovery of Guam and the Philippines.

The Lords of the Ghostland, by Edgar Saltus. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.25.

The author has produced a condensed and valuable study in comparative religion and the genealogy of the divine. The book will be useful to those who wish to know something of the faiths of other days and their relation to modern theology.

The Truth About the Congo, by Frederick Starr. Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago.

Professor Starr spent over a year in the Congo and in this book he relates his experiences which tend to show that the Congo under Belgian rule is not quite such an inferno as has been represented.

The Spider, and Other Tales, by Carl Ewald; translated from the Danish. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

No better book could be given to children to whom it is desired to impart simple lessons on natural history in their most pleasing form.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

A sailor from his 15th year, who, after several voyages left the sea at San Francisco, tramped through the United States, being a barkeeper, a Tammany "runner," and many other things, before he was 26, is one of the newest figures in English literary life. This is John Masefield, known as a writer of fine sea-poems, editor of an anthology called "A Sailor's Garland," and a writer of prose sketches which he is about to publish with the title, "A Tarpaulin Muster."

"I am now tired of writing novels," says Mrs. Stannard, otherwise John Strange Winter. She has written ninety-six of them.

"Greatest scandal waits on greatest state," is a truism; but nothing serious need be feared by admirers of Walter Pater from the controversy (of a mild sort) now developing in regard to Mr. Wright's new and detailed life of Pater, wherein the later biographer charges the earlier with twelve astonishing errors. This pother will in no wise affect the fair fame of the gentle follower of Aristippus, except perhaps to heighten its lustre, says *The Dial* of Chicago.

There is quite an enlightening symposium on Christian Science in the April *Manist*. Henry White, of Baltimore, writes that he finds Mrs. Eddy's philosophy coincident in many points with that of St. Augustine in the fourth century. He attributes the success of the system partly to the possibility, at this epoch, of the subordination of many individual wills to the will of one person, and partly to the very systematic methods of advertising and organization employed by the Christian Science propaganda. E. T. Brewster, of Andover, Mass., regards the rise of Christian Science as analogous to the development of all other religions, and thinks the system has the same *raison d'être* for its existence. He says: "Ultimately, absolutely, it is no more ridiculous for a man to sit in a stuffed chair and administer absent treatment to a sick cow than for a man to fall on his knees on a stone floor and cry aloud to a brazen sky. Both have provoked laughter."

The eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Edward Everett Hale is a national reminder to give honor where honor is due. Dr. Hale seems to belong to an old order of literary chivalry, and in a day of debased ideals we can hardly look too earnestly at a figure so heroic, wherein physical debility has been powerless against unquenchable hope and an eager enthusiasm for everything that is honorable and of good repute. Dr. Hale has entered the lists on behalf of suffering childhood with all the ardor of a young man, nor can we find anywhere in his writings the slightest trace of a frailty that has never been al-

lowed to overstep its physical boundaries. It is no mere exaggeration to say that of all the men now living in the United States Dr. Everett Hale is the most valuable. He has given a lustre to old age, and his life has been of that kind wherein honor and usefulness increase with years, and enlarged experience is an addition to the moral and intellectual wealth of the nation and the world. Dr. Hale has discovered the supreme secret of service and, incidentally, the secret of a perpetual mental youth.

Another octogenarian writer is Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is now eighty-four years of age but with an undimmed mental vigor and an unrelaxed grip upon every problem of the day that makes for human welfare. Goldwin Smith is an Englishman, but he lives in Canada and he loves America. He was a comrade of Bright and Cobden, a fearless and insatiable fighter from his youth upward, unsparing, tenacious, and relentless. The record of every great popular movement for the last half a century bears the name of Goldwin Smith and there has been no national problem unilluminated by his sagacity and prophetic discernment. In his later writings there has been something of a touch of wistfulness as though he must perform hasten to offer a testamentary counsel of moderation and good feeling in the whirlwind disputes of the day that hurry us toward disasters and an abyss. Goldwin Smith is one of the old literary Titans, neither giving quarter nor taking it, but no one has ever questioned, not even his political enemies, that he was one who wished well to his fellows and who never took his eye from some far-off goal of human endeavor.

Some Whitman Sources.

In the *Conservator* William Sloane Kennedy has a highly interesting article dealing with the "germ suggestions" which Walt Whitman availed himself of in the works of many authors who preceded him. He points out that Whitman's "In Cabined Ships at Sea" was apparently suggested by a passage in Pindar's fifth ode, beginning "Speed thou, my dulcet lay." The stanza in Whitman's "Europe" begins "Yet behind all lowering stealing, lo, a shape," was a reminiscence of Dickens's Christmas Carol, in which the ghost of Christmas to Come is introduced as shrouded in a deep, black garment. Whitman not only borrowed the idea but took Dickens's phrase, "head, face, and form," changing it to "head, front, and form." Whitman's reading of Plutarch's Pelopidas (the sacred band of Thebans) and of Plato's Symposium is directly reflected in his "What Place Is Besieged?" and "I Dreamed in a Dream."

Whitman seems to have derived the central inspiration for his "Song of the Open Road" from George Sand's passage in "Consuelo" beginning "What is more beautiful than a road?" Mr. Kennedy says that Whitman told him that he had read "Consuelo" a dozen times. Whitman's poem "The Man of War Bird" is "almost plagiarized from the poetic prose of Michelet's work on 'The Bird,' issued in 1856," no fewer than ten phrases being transferred virtually verbatim. But Horace Traubel points out that when this poem originally appeared in *Progress*, Philadelphia, the Michelet passage accompanies it as a head-note. Mr. Kennedy shows that both Montaigne and Emerson strongly influenced Whitman.

The moral of the whole matter is not that Whitman was a plagiarist, but that, as Mr. Kennedy says, "there is not a poet since Homer who can not be convicted of 'conveying' from his predecessors more or less." It is interesting to note the evidence presented in Mr. Kennedy's article that the most modern and original of poets had traversed quite reverently the path of the elder bards and philosophers.

Ruskin to an Admirer.

Ruskin, it is known, had his own ways of publishing his works, with the result that they were sometimes hard to get and expensive. According to the *Great Central Railway Journal*, he once sent this letter to a stranger, who wrote to him complaining of the price of his books:

84, Woodstock-Road, Oxford, 4th Nov. '84.
My Dear Sir: I have ordered my publisher to send you in gift a book of mine ["Munera Pulveris"] you have not read. Be content with that at present, and Carleyle.

Have not you Shakespeare, cheap? And the Bible nowadays for nothing? What good do they do you? Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce



THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

IS THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS

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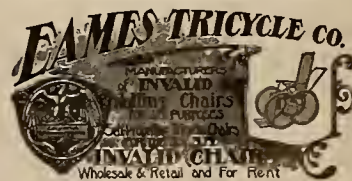
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PUCK, AND SOME MORTALS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

When managers are looking with their souls in their eyes for a new play, and are just about at the last ditch, they always fall back on a Shakespearean revival. And if, to a costly and elaborate production they add a name such as Annie Russell's, they generally find, with a sigh of relief, that they have landed on their feet. Magnificence of scenic investiture alone will not take the trick. Today we are surfeited with stage splendor. We can have it any time, with musical comedy thrown in, at regular prices. And so, more's the pity, we are seeing Annie Russell as Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

It goes without saying that Miss Russell is doing the part as well as it can be done; and equally so that Wagenhals & Kemper are putting on Shakespeare's delicate fairy fantasy as beautifully as they ever do these things. But the rôle of Puck is as a veil between Miss Russell and her admirers. Any one who has never seen her before will feel vexed, thwarted at the lack of genuine opportunity to test the delicate charm of the favorite New York ingénue.

The production, as a production, is rare and beautiful. Never have we seen the enchanted wood under more magic auspices. Never before were the fairies, flitting through the woodland depths in fluttering garments the hues of the vernal green of the sward and the russet and dim gold of falling leaves, so little corporeal, so much the joyous spirits of glade and glen. Their coming is always heralded by a long, faint musical note. And soundlessly through the forest aisles the joyous band come tripping, and in dizzying circles dance about their fairy queen.

Then comes the madcap Puck in swift aerial flight. Right through the air he flits, in beautiful airy curves. The flight is probably over some materialistic wire, but the medium is invisible, and Puck leaps so buoyantly into space, and makes his airy circuits so lightly, so fearlessly, so spontaneously, that one feels a vast respect for the nerve of the little actress who contrives to seem so much at home in mid-air.

Such features as these, and other fine mechanical effects, and the unusual beauty of the scenery, are among the most enjoyable elements in the presentation. The beautiful fairy fable ever holds its charm. The fun in the joke on Titania is unflinching. The clumsy antics of the Athenian hinds who plan to shed lustre on the ducal nuptials, by acting out the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," make more real fun than almost any other clowning scenes in the whole range of the Shakespearean drama.

The forest is one of the loveliest that was ever created on the other side of the footlights. There are verdant dells, and emerald slopes receding into a dim, fairy-haunted perspective of inter-twisted tree-trunks. There are mossy, velvet nooks where Puck, the sprite, may set his twinkling feet as he alights from his sportive flight, and upon which to couch the fair body of the sleeping Titania. There are murmuring songs set to will-o'-the-wisp airs by great composers, who have loved to wed these sylvan dream fantasies to music "as fair as the fabulous asphodels." There is an elfin dance, a solitary revel of fairy ecstasy, given by some purple daughter of the night who might be a wandering sunset cloud magically endowed by the fairy horde with sudden life and motion. There is a marble atrium in the stately palace of the Duke of Athens in which the trio of lovers, arrayed in festal garments for the celebration of the espousals of Theseus and Hippolyta, sit at graceful ease, looking like the component elements of an Alma Tadema Greek picture. And there is some of the worst reading of Shakespeare's lines that it has ever been our hapless fate to listen to. Excepting Annie Russell, there is not one member of the company playing in the poetical rôles who is acquainted with the art of giving vocal expression to the music and the meaning of poetry. Their voices lacked beauty of intonation and volume, their speech, elegance. They swallowed the words that formed the climax of a beautiful line and thrust into meaningless prominence the insignificant ones. In the palace of Theseus the lovers spoke their lines with a skipping society inflection. In the woods they roared.

Yet they are a well-conditioned group, in intentions at least. The quarrel was given with great spirit, especially by Catherine Gordon, whose sins in elocution were not so heinous as those of the others.

Annie Russell was a tricky sprite, a very Puck for madcap merriment. She sang, she capered, she "danced like a withered leaf" in a frolicsome breeze. She almost reversed the laws of gravity.

There was not a vast respect for tradition shown in the clowning scenes of the play. But, since all of Shakespeare's clown scenes were aimed at simpler and more primitive tastes than ours, it follows that in a sophisticated audience they generally engender as much solemnity as tragedy itself. Therefore, we have reason to feel a sense of devout gratitude to John Bunny, the Bottom of the cast, that he was really funny. He grew funnier as the play proceeded, and was not obliged to back down tamely before a premature climax of merriment. The impersonation was lacking in Shakespearean dignity, but it had the element of genuine clowning, which, after all, is much more cheering and sustaining in scenes that are aimed to amuse.

Mr. Bunny's associates acted in kind, and the mimic play was given with a very successful effect of complacent absurdity, although an objection could well be made to the extremely comfortable state of self-possession which characterized the demeanor of the Athenian louts while entertaining the nobles and gentles in Theseus's palace.

Although Annie Russell is the great drawing card, the performance is one to enjoy as a whole. One should not view the performers with an opera-glass and hunt for collar-bones and unfairylike faces. Nor is it wise to expect much from the elfin Puck, who is only one, although the most daring and sportive of a flock of fairies. But the thing, as a whole, is a feast for the eye, and the incidental music has so much of the elfin character, in keeping with the scenes, that the ear, too, in spite of the inflection endured through listening to beautiful poetry being read like cobble-strewn prose, enjoys many ministrations to a sense of general æsthetic harmony.

It is like a dip into the waters of the past to see "Moths" again. The last time I witnessed a representation of this play, some 'teen years ago, it was given by a prominent New York company, with Sophie Eyre as the leading lady. I remember me that even in those long-past days, when illusions were more easily obtainable than at present, the beautiful Miss Eyre, in spite of the undeniable becomingness of a drift of golden hair, floating over a negligée that was drowned in floods of cream-colored lace, was altogether tiresome as the immaculate Vera. Indeed, I am afraid that Vera is too upright and downright a person for this sinful world. I remember once being struck by a clever saying in an otherwise unclever novel, to the effect that the average person would prefer that those with whom he comes in contact should have good manners rather than good hearts, provided that the choice lay between the two. Now, Vera had a faculty for administering lofty snubs and crushing rejoinders that would have been fatal to a suitor-capturing career. Even the intrepid Prince Zonroff, who presumably committed matrimony for the joy of subduing the proud spirit of Lady Dolly's superior-minded daughter, even he, were he out of Ouida's pages, would have inevitably had an icy chill creep down the backbone of his lover's ardor when the bride-to-be fainted during the announcement of her betrothal. Imagine one of our athletic, up-to-date heroines fainting from such a cause!

At the present epoch the languishing heroine, with ultra-delicate sensibilities, has retired permanently from the arena. Indeed, we had almost forgotten that she ever existed. But she did, to much purpose, and so late as during the heyday of Lily Langtry, who used to add carefully studied effects to lend éclat to her curtain faints, such as the overturning of a piece of light furniture, a flower-stand, or the like, which she would clutch and topple over as she and the curtain simultaneously fell.

In "Moths" they use expressions that are now relegated to burlesque. "Leave me! I would be alone," rudely remarks Lord Jura to Fuchsia Leach, whom he knows but slightly, when he wishes to meditate upon the mutability of duels, and Corzeze, calmly and in cold blood, threatens to tell the story of his life. There are numerous unconscionable breaches of the probabilities in the matter of time. Corzeze passes to an adjoining salon to sing a song, the sentiment of which he wishes to penetrate Zonroff's brute sensibilities. Scarcely has the sound of his footsteps

died away when another guest enters and describes the two songs he has sung and their effect; a feat in musical prestidigitation that the singer has had about one minute by the clock to perform.

Vera proves recalcitrant to her mother's worldly admonitions to marry Prince Zonroff, Lady Dolly subdues her by whispering in her ear for the length of time in which one might count two. Vera, with every sign of horror and amaze promptly comes around and accepts the prince. Subsequently we learn that during that brief whisper Lady Dolly has contrived to unburden herself of a long yarn to the effect that she is compromised, that she has incurred it by her own fault, that she is in debt and in the power of the prince, who exacts the hand of Vera as the price of silence and of mercy.

The character of Fuchsia Leach, considering that she is an intrepid, irreverent American, surrounded by European characters, is remarkably spiceless. In a more modern play much more would be made of it.

In the last act, Vera, still in a silent-suffering, Christian-martyr attitude, is exiled to a lonesome, snow-surrounded, ice-encrusted ranch somewhere in darkest Russia—no, in chilliest Poland. Hither assembles the entire clan, even including Fuchsia Leach, who has nabbed an English duke, related to Vera, as a matrimonial captive to her bow and spear. Among the group are Vera's husband, who hopes to prove her guilty of a *liaison* with Corzeze; Corzeze, himself, and Lord Jura, a thoroughly Ouidaesque character, who loves Vera hopelessly, and who, when he learns that she loves Corzeze, whom Prince Zonroff has just challenged, cries melodramatically: "Enough! I will save him!"

And save him he does, by the expedient of first picking a quarrel and a consequent duel with the prince. Somebody rushes in crying, "Prince Zonroff is dead!" In past times this announcement was always greeted with applause. But the Colonial audience only emerged from its philosophic calm when Fuchsia Leach bearded the Zonroff in his den, exclaiming perkily, when he sought to lay his hand in unkindness on his wife, "Touch her, if you dare! In my country they would lynch men like you!" But the mean old thing is killed by Lord Jura, who is nevertheless wounded and brought in by his second, only to die to a rustling accompaniment of mounting millinery and jabbing hat-pins. And, on the whole, thank you, we really contrived rather to enjoy the rusty old play—absurdities, romance, and all.

Notes.

"Robin Hood" will be sung for the last time at the Novelty Theatre on Sunday night. There will be a matinee on Sunday.

Viola Allen is to play a limited engagement at the Van Ness Theatre in the near future, presenting a repertoire of three plays.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has decided to open her coming engagement at the Novelty Theatre with her production of "Du Barry." "Zaza" is to be offered the second half of the week.

One of the authors of "The Almighty Dollar," the second play in Henrietta Crossman's repertoire for her coming engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, is Maurice Campbell, the husband and manager of the actress. Miss Crossman and her company did not stop on their way from New York to Denver, and from that city come direct here.

A special train of nearly a dozen cars will bring Maude Adams, her company and all the "Peter Pan" scenery to this city next month. A limited engagement is to be played at the Van Ness Theatre, where the immense stage of the new and handsome playhouse will afford the company ample opportunity to give the production a fine display.

The opening recital for the new organ recently erected in the First Congregational Church will be given on Monday evening, May 6, by Dr. H. J. Stewart, assisted by Miss Camille Frank, Miss Elsie Arden, and Mr. Samuel Mayer, organist of the church. Dr. Stewart's programme is as follows: First Sonata in F minor (Mendelssohn); Communion in F (Grison); Barcarolle in A (Hofmann); Polonaise in A (Chopin); "In Paradisum" and "Fiat Lux" (Dubois); grand march, "Pomp and Circumstance" (Elgar). The organ has been built by the Austin Organ Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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Frank Bacon as Professor Peck
"Buy Trunks! Trunks! Trunks!"

Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. Bargain Matinee Wednesday, all seats reserved, 25c. Branch ticket office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Sts.

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Eighth week New Alcazar Stock Company presenting
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"FANTANA"

Great Cast and production. Seats, 50c, 75c, and \$1
May 13, Mrs. Leslie Carter in "DU RARY"

Van Ness Theatre

Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street
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Beginning Next Monday Night, Second and Last Week
Matinee Saturday

Annie Russell

in Wagenhals and Kemper's stupendous production of
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
The Sensational Kirby Flying Fairy Ballet
May 13—Henrietta Crossman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy"

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

It seldom happens that a newcomer "arrives" as quickly as did Eugen Neuhaus. In Germany, he was conspicuous among the young artists and held an academic position, which he gave up to follow his heart to California. Having settled that exceedingly personal interest quite happily, he determined to make his home in the West. Before he had made any acquaintances among the artist folk of San Francisco, he sent some pictures to the exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association, where they attracted immediate attention, not that they were great or finished, but because they had the stamp of originality and were full of vigorous spirit. From that on, his work became a feature of local exhibitions. The fire disposed of many of his pictures and nothing was heard of Mr. Neuhaus until the exhibition opened at Del Monte. The several canvases he sent for the consideration of the hanging committee were of so much interest that all were accepted. Each of these emphasizes the fact that this painter has made long strides from the compelling, if quite crude, work of a year ago. His subjects have all been found at Monterey and nearby places, and have been studied with great fidelity. While Neuhaus's style has lost none of the sort of glad-to-be-alive atmosphere, it has gained in finish. Besides that, a sense of the poetry of nature has unquestionably been developed by this enthusiastic young artist. His studies of Monterey Bay have found expression in two good marines, one being done when the tide was low. The best picture in his collection is of a road leading over a gentle grade, a well-painted tree cutting the sky just as it turns where the view and the possibilities of the country beyond are suggested. Neuhaus should give a good account of himself in the years to come.

Charles Rollo Peters's several pictures give much distinction to the exhibition. Some of them were shown at a recent presentation of his work in San Francisco, but the light in the Del Monte gallery is exactly what they need to bring out the subtle charm of the night which he portrays as no one else. He paints, as of yore, from carefully taken notes which look like a tangle in arithmetic rather than a sketch. The gradations of light and shade at night are denoted fractionally, and the pictures are painted in daylight, it not being possible to paint moonlight by moonlight.

For years Miss M. Evelyn McCormick has been painting sunlight when it is low and when the shadows are long, also when it is brilliant in its uncompromising glare. Her method, like that of Childe Hassam and others of the modern artists, made her mix much of her color on the canvas. In the beginning the effort was so crude that the mechanism of the treatment was lost only at great distance. The skies of otherwise interestingly painted pictures of Monterey were spoiled with insistently blue and pink dappled stretches of sky. Miss McCormick still sees the sky at Monterey vibrating blue and pink, but she has improved wonderfully in her expression of it. In one large panoramic view of Monterey, hung in the Del Monte exhibition, some exception may still be taken to this phase of her work, but in her painting of an old adobe on a day late in the year, when the lights and shadows vie with each other in beauty, Miss McCormick has outwitted criticism. It is a peculiarly interesting subject, painted with a thorough understanding of its values. A picture of the old Custom House at Monterey is another canvas highly creditable to Miss McCormick. There are few artists who have worked so steadfastly with the courage of conviction, striving and striving for the success which she has now attained. Miss McCormick's work has one of the elements of success—good drawing.

Maynard Dixon's pictures are, as usual, conspicuous and noteworthy. The three he sent to Del Monte are of the southland of the Indians, the cactus, and the mesas. Of them, unquestionably the best is a twilight scene in a flood of coppery red light. Silhouetted against the mesa are a number of Indians on horseback, riding along. Dixon's sure hand is evident in the drawing, and the painting of this picture is fine in its effective simplicity. The entire conception is full of sentiment. Cadenasso has

two eucalyptus studies, tremendously interesting. Dickman sent a Monterey picture done in a much more vigorous style than that of former work. Maurice Del Mue, one of the younger men, and who promises to be among the first in the coming years, is represented by several really good canvases, ones that command the sort of attention that insists upon analysis, to see how he "works." Del Mue is certainly industrious. Chris Jorgensen has brought a large picture of Yosemite Valley, where he has studied and painted for several years. Will Sparks, Bloomer, C. Chapel Judson, and Harry Stuart Fonda are also among the men artists represented at Monterey.

In the Del Monte exhibition, there is abundant proof of the excellence of the work of the women artists of California. Mary Curtis Richardson sent an inimitable panel portrait of a little girl with her collar, painted with great tenderness and with a wealth of harmonious color. Lucia F. Mathews is showing a water-color that is decorative in its artistic simplicity. Olga Ackerman's portraits are up to her usual high standard. Isabel Hunter's Monterey landscapes, although excellent are not quite as definite as some of her former work, than which there was none better. Bertha Stringer Lee's water-front pictures are interesting as usual, and other good pictures belong to Mary C. Brady, J. K. McElroy, and Sophie M. Brannan.

The vestibule of the gallery is given over to a rare collection of art photographs by Dr. Arnold Genthe, splendid landscapes, and reproductions of some of the San Francisco ruins, that even in their desolation were beautiful and classic.

An exhibition of pastel sketches by Miss Anne Pierce opened this week in the rooms of the California Guild of Arts and Crafts at 1825 California Street. It will continue for two weeks.

PLAYS, PRESENT AND PROMISED.

By George L. Shoals.

The bills of the week at the several theatres are not wanting in attractiveness or variety, and the coming week will present no change for the worse. Satirical comedy gives place at the New Alcazar Theatre to a strong modern play, while at the Colonial Theatre romantic drama is succeeded by lively farce. At the Novelty Theatre another tuneful comic opera follows a well-worn but still winning favorite, and at the Van Ness Theatre the Shakespearean medley of fairy and mortal cross-purposes will continue. Vaudeville in its most artistic phases will persist at the Orpheum, with merely changes in the personality of the stars.

It is probable that few cities in the country can offer a wider range of really choice attractions, and certainly none that has no greater population. There is little room for doubt that most San Franciscans are theatre-goers, for the six leading playhouses are filled nightly, all give one or two matinee performances to good-sized audiences regularly, and one is filled from the footlights to the doors fourteen times a week.

The Orpheum.

Foy and Clark are the headliners at the Orpheum next week. Their offering is entitled "Under the Sea," and it is said to be filled with good comedy. Both Miss Clark and Mr. Foy are favorably remembered, though they have not appeared here for more than a season. Charles Leonard Fletcher, in character studies and impersonations, will recall his old popularity. He has just returned from a tour of the world. Lillian Shaw, a vocalist and dialect comedienne, is not the least among the newcomers, and the Durand Trio, Italian singers, are said to be magnetic entertainers. Those who remain from this week's bill include the Max Tourbillon Troupe, the Kremka Brothers, and Elizabeth Murray. The Fadettes Women's Orchestra will conclude its fourth and last week of a popular engagement that still might be extended without loss of public favor. One of the novelties in the new programme arranged by the orchestra for the week is "A Day at the Circus," which was given so successfully on a former visit.

The New Alcazar Theatre.

The New Alcazar has pleased its patrons this week with J. M. Barrie's fantastic creation, "The Admirable Crichton," and those who have not seen this distinctive work will do well to take advantage of the few

remaining opportunities. Beginning next Monday the capable stock company will offer "Zira," the emotional play which gave Margaret Anglin one of her most successful appearances. The drama is Wilkie Collins's "New Magdalen," rewritten and slightly modernized. Ada Cavendish brought the play to America nearly thirty years ago, and its strength and moving qualities were fully recognized then. In its new form it is improved in many ways. Miss Laura Lang will be the Hester Trent, a woman whose efforts to win back a place in the world that she has lost are almost hopeless, yet certain to enlist the sympathy of an audience. Bertram Lytell, as the Reverend Gordon Clavering, has a strong rôle, and each member of the cast has opportunity for effective work.

The Colonial Theatre.

At the Colonial Theatre "La Belle Russe" has had a successful run, and next week it gives way to "On 'Change," a farce, better known in former days as "The Big Bonanza." When Augustin Daly produced the play it was given with John Drew, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Otis Skinner, Isabel Irving, Joseph Holland, and Mrs. Gilbert in the cast. With such distinguished predecessors to be held up as examples, the Colonial company will feel its responsibility and undoubtedly acquit itself with credit. Frank Bacon will have a congenial rôle in Professor Seneca Pickering Peck. A. Burt Wesner, Izetta Jewell, Maud Odelle, Effie Bond, Jane Jeffery, Orral Humphreys, Walker Graves, Jr., and others will be seen. Orral Humphreys, by the way, has just returned from a tour with the Creston Clarke Company.

The American Theatre.

The first week of the new company at the American Theatre has been a successful one and next week's offering promises even greater drawing power. "My Jack," a drama originally produced at the Adelphi

Theatre, in London, where it had an uninterrupted run of 320 nights, is to be presented, and great preparations have been under way for some time to meet all the demands it makes upon the cast, the stage manager, and the scenic artists. There are nine sets required for the scenes presented, prominent among them being a view of the old mill-house, the deck of an English iron-clad steamer, a British encampment in the Soudan, and the African desert. Mr. Sanford will play the title-rôle, Miss Laura Hudson will appear as Dorothy, Miss Maud Lita will be the blind mother, and Griffith Wray will be Ciro, the Greek.

The Novelty Theatre.

"Robin Hood" is nearing the end of its week's run at the Novelty Theatre, and next week "Fantana" will be presented, with the full strength of the San Francisco Opera Company in the cast. "Fantana" is the work of three authors, Robert M. Smith, Sam Schubert, and Raymond Hubbell, who have successfully collaborated in producing a musical comedy of more than ordinary merit. It is bright and tuneful, and the stage pictures are particularly attractive. This will be the last week of the company at the Novelty, and all the favorites in the organization will be given a regretful farewell by their admirers.

A week later Mrs. Leslie Carter will appear at the Novelty in her greatest success, "Du Barry."

The Van Ness Theatre.

On another page is an extended appreciation of the beautiful fairy spectacle that holds the boards at the Van Ness Theatre all next week. One can hardly imagine a confirmed play-goer willing to miss the opportunity of seeing Shakespeare's rarely given "Midsummer Night's Dream," and especially with Annie Russell as Puck, and a scenic environment that will be treasured in memory as one of the perfectly delightful pictures of the stage.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Written by Miss M. F. Wendling, of Miss Hamlin's School

There was a young man with a critic's eye,
Who fell in love with a maiden shy,
And this, you see, was the reason why,
She bought her things

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Her suit was of the latest shade,
You could see in a minute 'twas Paris made;
By the style it gave to the pretty maid,
You'd know it was bought

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Her waist beneath her cutaway coat
Of exquisite taste and elegance spoke.
Her belt and real-lace collar denote
That they also were bought

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

As the man and the maid walked past the door,
He said, "I am told that in this big store
They've furniture, bric-a-brac, rugs galore.
Such lovely things you ne'er saw before,
Let's buy ours now

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

The maiden blushed and made reply—
"Oh! this is so sudden! but I think that I
To resist the temptation will not even try,"
And so they stopped

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

In the haberdashery he found a tie,
And then other things so pleased his eye,—
"For the happy day," he said, "I'll buy
My things right here

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Quoth the maiden shy, "Here above every place,
I am suited in silks, gloves, ribbons, and lace,
For no other store can as yet keep pace
With the stock that they have

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Brushing aside a lock of hair,
She said—"Did you ever see linens so rare?
Such patterns and texture so fine! I declare
We'll have to buy ours

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Spoke the man and the maid as a single voice
To Raphael Weill—"Such a line and so choice!
You surely have cause, indeed, to rejoice
At the unequalled stock

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

He replied—"In Europe twelve buyers we keep,
Who, alert and keen, are never asleep
For fifty-two years these mysteries deep
Have been solved by them

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

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VANITY FAIR.

A well-known writer has been traveling on the steamship *Amerika*, which may be said to be the last word in naval architecture and ocean splendor. He finds plenty to admire in a floating hotel that can accommodate about four thousand people, and that is fitted up with the same magnificence as may be found in the most luxurious hotel. But even magnificence is open to criticism and the appointments of the *Amerika* are the subject of caustic comment—directed against those vulgar ones who are irresistibly attracted, not so much by comfort and luxury as by the simple opportunity to spend money lavishly and to summon all the world and his wife as witnesses thereto.

The special occasion for animadversion is the Ritz-Carleton restaurant, which is to be found on the *Amerika*. There is no objection to the gymnasium, the children's nursery, the conservatory, the brass band, the two string orchestras, or the half-dozen pianos. All these things can be defended on the ground of substantial comfort, but there can be no palliation for the restaurant, which is simply a tawdry excuse for spending money. This is what he says:

"This wonderful café, which in service is equal to anything on either side of the Atlantic, is ostensibly for the purpose of supplying à la carte meals to passengers who do not find it convenient to eat at regular meals. In reality it is a remunerative concession to that class of Americans termed by Owen Wister the 'Yellow Rich,' who wander up and down the earth consumed with a burning desire to exhibit to the public tangible evidence of their riches. All of the big modern flyers that preceded the *Amerika* in the past ten years were amply provided with private dining-rooms, where, if the traveler had the price, he could have meals served at most any hour in the twenty-four, but as these private dining-rooms offered no opportunity for a public display of wealth the Ritz-Carleton restaurant became in a degree a necessity. Within its elegant glass walls the 'yellow rich' not only enjoy the privileges of paying four prices for a meal, but they are also permitted to show the common herd, which, for reasons economical and otherwise, must worry along on eight- and ten-course meals in the main dining-saloon, that they actually have the price and glory in the opportunity for spending it. The café is, of course, a convenience for others who desire to sleep late or retire late and who drop in occasionally and order a meal to vary the regular saloon fare, but this class of patronage would be insufficient to remunerate the orchestra, which is a good one, and it is only through the heavy expenditure of the 'yellow rich' that the Ritz-Carleton plays even."

The trouble of this sort of thing is that it gives foreigners a false idea of Americans. We are told that on this particular voyage there was a baron, a count, and "some minor sprigs of royalty," but they had not a valet between them. The Americans, on the other hand, had retinues of valets, gentlemen's gentlemen, man-servants, maid-servants, and all the other representatives of the parasite tribe. There is certainly room for the moralizings that follow:

"There may appear in these notes evidence of a personal grievance and, to a degree, I plead guilty. But the grievance is not specific and it did not have its origin on the *Amerika*. Neither is it altogether my grievance, for it is one that is murmured by thousands of other Americans who, annually, on business or pleasure, visit the Old World. Our 'yellow rich' have set a pace afloat and ashore that it is very difficult for the plain, everyday Americans to maintain. Some of the ex-puddlers in the Pennsylvania Steel Works never seem to have anything smaller than a sovereign for a tip and the ostentatious manner in which they bestow it dazzles the eyes of the cringing minions to such an extent that the shilling of the 'American' American is overlooked or treated with haughty disdain. It is the effect of this ostentatious distribution of wealth of which we of the ranks complain, as it renders it very difficult for us to secure what is coming to us."

It would seem that smart society afloat is somewhat worse than smart society ashore.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's entertainments in London are on a lavish scale, and King Edward is expected to be one of the royal guests who will taste the hospitality of the Grosvenor House. Miss Jean Reid, by the

way, is a very much admired young lady in London society, and the gossips are wondering if she will follow the example of some of her compatriots and succumb to the wiles of a representative of the British peerage. In this connection the name of the Marquis of Anglesey is much mentioned and, for an aristocrat, the young man has a good deal to be said in his favor. He is of fine appearance and very wealthy—in every way "desirable," as that much-abused word is at present understood. Some time ago it was said that the Marquis of Anglesey was to marry Princess Patricia of Connaught.

The Colony Club is in trouble. It will be remembered that the colony was opened a few weeks ago in New York with a great flourish of trumpets as the most exclusive woman's club in the United States and probably in the world. Now the Colony Club ladies have been reminded that they do after all belong to things mundane and that the same brutal laws that regulate or pretend to regulate the saloon "round the corner" are applicable also to them. They have applied for a liquor license and the application is energetically opposed by the Madison Avenue Baptist Church and by the National Temperance Society. Dr. Wood, of the temperance society, says that much pressure has been brought to bear upon him to withdraw his opposition, but he remains adamant. He has fought off the liquor interest before and he will do it again, undeterred by the gorgeousness and social exclusiveness of the Colony Club.

Father Vaughan continues his denunciations of smart society in London, and smart society crowds his church as though it enjoyed the castigation that it is receiving. His latest outbreak is on the subject of dog worship, which is rather a favorite theme of the eminent Jesuit. He said:

"Many correspondents have told me that what I said in previous sermons about cat and dog worship among silly women is not true. I therefore refer them to the servants who have to stay up half the night petting and nursing these little beasts; to the cooks who have to cater for them; to the veterinary surgeons who have to take care of their diseases; to the undertakers who have to furnish their funerals."

"If this is not enough, let them go to the printers who issue memorial notices edged in deep black inviting friends to a memorial service in the drawing-room, with the notification that it is not to say 'adieu,' but 'au revoir'—whatever that means. I suppose it means that they are all going to the dogs."

"I have no patience with these people, who ought to be dandling children in their laps and nursing their little ones instead of scandalizing every section of the community by pouring out their love upon these creatures that are not meant to be treated as their own offspring."

Here is a specimen of Father Vaughan's denunciations, and who shall say that they are undeserved, and not alone in England:

"Fie upon them, and upon those who encourage them! I have been sent a lot of trashy garbage—I can not call it literature—on this subject of the intelligence and of the souls of dogs and of cats. Why do not they go on to rats and mice? If one animal has a right, all others equally have it."

"You pampered votaries of pleasure say that there is no sin except that of being dull. It is sin, I tell you, that has made your minds dull and your sight dim, or you would recognize in the torn, bruised, and bleeding Christ before you the output of those sins of the flesh with a description of which I will not pollute this tongue on which has rested the Bread of Angels."

"Men and women have written to me saying that society today is no worse than it was in the time of Charles II or the Georges. I do not think it is so bad, but surely it argues poorly for the morals of society when it makes a boast of being associated with such ulcerous periods of history."

A story from Nice tells of two American women who were but slightly acquainted. The elder, finding herself somewhat roughly elbowed at an afternoon party, turned round toward the younger one, who was energetically making her way through the crowd to get near an imperial highness who was present. The offender, with a hasty smile, said: "Oh, I am sorry, but I don't mind crowding you." The icy reply was instantaneous and crushing: "No, I

have always been told that you were a very pushing person." But she reached his imperial highness.

The determination of women to bask in the smiles of royalty is unaffected by nationality, and Americans are just as persistent as their European sisters. "Rosaline," writing in *Black and White*, says:

"As a rule, men are bored by pomps and ceremonies, while we—must we not confess it?—revel in them as our natural element. Witness the eagerness of la belle Americaine to be presented to the English court, so strange is the daughter of a democratic country. Women are rarely genuine republicans. Class distinctions are dear to their hearts. A little while ago I met a New York girl who said she had kept a flower from the wedding decorations of almost every American bride (the Duchess of Manchester being one of the most regretted exceptions) who had married an English peer."

Our worst suspicions are confirmed. We had hoped that the rumors of gambling among the society women of New York were but the ill-natured gossip of scandal, and censoriousness, but they are multiplied and confirmed. Some of the more enterprising of New York's reporters, stifling their natural antipathies, immolating themselves upon the altar of duty, have penetrated into the fashionable gambling dens, and their unbiased reports are voluminous and disquieting. There are many of these

dens; their habitués are by no means of the kind that is known as "sporty"—whatever that may mean—they are not of the race-track variety, but they are wives and matrons who ought to know better and who belong to those circles of society from which a refining and an elevating light ought to percolate through to lower levels. The women come in full evening dress, and they bring with them all those society forms and graces about which one can read in the books upon etiquette. One of the energetic and public-spirited reporters was successful in securing an interview with a "victim," a young woman who was willing to breathe into his sympathetic ear the story of her misdeeds. She had lost heavily upon five successive evenings, and during one of these fatal seances she had paid out no less than \$3400.

Of course these poor butterflies are cheated. *Cela va sans dire*. The proprietress always wins. Women lose hundreds of dollars and then, because they win four or five of them back, they imagine that the tide has turned and back they come to be fleeced once more.

It is not easy to gain admission to these clubs. The devotees must be duly introduced and vouched for. This is for the double purpose of social exclusiveness and also for protection. It is said that the police do not know of these haunts, and while official cognizance would not result in their suppression it would most certainly result in a subjection to blackmail.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Huxley was once talking to Sir William Gull about the healing power of Nature. "Stuff!" said Gull, "nine times out of ten Nature does not want to cure the man. She wants to put him in his coffin."

De Wolf Hopper had a slight cold one night, and in a curtain speech referred to it in this fashion: "I went to my doctor," he declared, "and the doctor said I had been eating too much nitrogenous food, and must stop it and eat farinaceous food. Since then I haven't been able to eat at all, for I don't know what either word means."

When Mr. Taft first arrived in the Philippines he went to its summer capital, Benguet. He had been seriously ill, and Secretary Root cabled him asking how he stood the voyage. Mr. Taft answered: "Stood it fine. Rode horse yesterday to altitude of 5000 feet. Air like Adirondacks. Taft." The next day he received this telegram: "How's the horse? Root."

Some Western sightseers visited the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. They stood for a time before Jean Leon Gerome's huge painting depicting the death of Julius Caesar. Caesar lies stricken at the foot of Pompey's statue. "What's the matter with that fellow?" said one of them. "Why don't you read history?" was the retort. "That man is Julius Caesar; he has just been shot by Marc Antony."

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whisky. "I tell you Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy and you should keep it as far from you as you can." "Me enemy, is it, father," responded Michael. "And it was your reverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies." "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

Two members of the Princeton faculty, during a recent hurried trip to New York, were on a Broadway car when it was stopped by a blockade. As they were near their destination, they decided to get out and walk. The block was, however, soon lifted, and the car overtook them. "When we left the car," said one of the "high-brows," who, by the way, has a bit of the Celt in him. "I thought we should get on better by getting off. But, after all, we should have been better off if we had stayed on."

Admiral Sigsbee, at a banquet in Washington, was once called on unexpectedly to reply to a toast. His impromptu reply was very graceful and brilliant, but at the start he was rather confused, and he covered his confusion in this way: "I am taken aback," he said. "I am in the position of the fisherman who fell into the water and was nearly drowned. A hunter, however, rescued him, and after he had brought him to, the hunter said: 'How did you come to fall into the water, sir?' 'I didn't come to fall into the water,' the fisherman answered, 'I came to fish.'"

Dr. B. D. Evans, the mental expert of the Thaw trial, was criticizing at a physicians' dinner the browbeating method of cross-examination that the courts permit. "But my criticism," Dr. Evans ended, "has been feeble, and what good is feeble criticism? The critic, to score, must be epigrammatic, unexpected, humorous. Thus, in my native Bridgetown, a candidate for Congress spoke at a mass-meeting, and afterward a politician asked an old farmer what he thought of the speech. 'Wall, I dunno,' said the old man, soberly, 'but I think six hours' rain would 'a' done us a lot more good.'"

All actors are familiar with the difficulty of getting habitable dressing-rooms in the theatres of the small towns. In a Western town the head of an opera company of about sixty-five people thought it would be wise to visit the theatre and give personal attention to the dressing-rooms. He spoke to the manager about them, and was taken to a large room below the stage, into which about forty persons might be crowded. "This is the dressing-room," the manager said, in the most confident tone

in the world. "Where are the other rooms?" the visitor inquired. "This is the only one," he replied. "What is the matter with your company; don't they speak?"

An Ohio author, now in Chicago, recently had a visit from a friend who still lives in the town where the two were boys together. He gives this account of one memory of that call: "Nesbit," said he, with the pleasantest kind of a look on his face, 'you remember that little old house on Main Street where you were born?' When he said that, it brought up a vision of that house as clear as the reality. I saw the queer little windows, the nice, friendly door, the yard, the lilacs—everything. 'Yes, Bill,' I said with emotion. 'I remember very well. 'Well,' he said, 'the folks have gone and put a tablet on that old house.' At first I couldn't speak. I had all I could do to keep the tears from coming. The folks hadn't lost sight of me, then! They knew what I had been doing. A tablet was, I admitted to myself, somewhat beyond my deserts, but—but there it was. When I could speak I said: 'And what does the tablet say, Bill, old man?' Bill looked away out of the window. 'Main Street,' said he, softly."

The Coming of Spring.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her water gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveler's tale.

Yet he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees.

—Whittier.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the New York traction millionaire, has so much charity work in hand that she has a private office and staff of clerks and stenographers. Here she spends every morning attending to the business which she has made her own. No charitable institutions are better managed than those that she has endowed, for she requires of them regular reports, and she watches them closely. She has given away about \$4,000,000 in building hospitals, convents, schools, and churches, and before each gift has been made Mrs. Ryan has convinced herself of its necessity. Not only does Mrs. Ryan give her money, but she gives her time and her motherly counsel. She has a host of personal pensioners whom she aids to find a way of earning their own living, if that be possible, and if not, to live in comfort without working.

John D. Rockefeller, who is 68 years old, is looking carefully after his health this spring and is conserving his strength. He not only spends much time in the open, playing golf on pleasant days, but is laying plans for forestalling a possible return of indigestion, from which he suffered acutely two years ago. Mr. Rockefeller is convinced that the "water cure" treatment he took at that time was a factor in restoring his health. He has determined, therefore, to have an apparatus for the administration of his treatment installed in his New York house on West Fifty-Fourth Street.

Keir Hardy, M. P., on invitation went to Cambridge university to address the students. While speaking he was disgracefully hazed, but retained his good nature and in the end made the young men ashamed of themselves. The affair has brought down upon the students fierce criticism, the London Chronicle remarking: "A university is supposed to be a school of manners, but the effect of Cambridge education seems to be that the undergraduates are too dull to give courteous hearing to one of the most conspicuous leaders of our times."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society is engaged in preparation just now for departure from San Francisco for the summer season. A great number of people, and especially from Burlingame and San Mateo, are leaving for Europe, where they will spend several months, many planning motor trips on the Continent. The colony of San Franciscans at San Rafael is being, and will continue to be, considerably augmented, while those having country places near the city are going to them rather earlier than usual. Such entertaining as has been done here during the past fortnight has been informal in nature, and nothing of great importance is promised until June, when several weddings of interest are to be celebrated.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance Maynard Dixon, the daughter of Mrs. Harry St. John Dixon, of San Salito, to Mr. Charles W. Duncan, of this city. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Emily Marvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Marvin, to Mr. Roy Somers, took place on Tuesday evening at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was celebrated at half-past 8 o'clock by Bishop Nichols, assisted by the Rev. Edward Morgan. Miss Marion Marvin, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were: Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Maude Payne, Miss Marie Brewer, and Miss Ruth Casey. Mr. Frank Somers, the groom's brother, was the best man, and the ushers were: Mr. Edward Robinson, of Los Angeles; Mr. Harold Plummer, Mr. Carleton Curtis, and Mr. Charles Norris. A very small reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride on Washington Street.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Morton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morton, to Mr. Parker Holt, took place on Thursday evening of last week at the home of the bride on Broadway and Steiner Street. The ceremony was celebrated at 9 o'clock by the Rev. George C. Adams. Miss Edith Holt, the groom's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Jessie Clark and Miss Olive Waters. Mr. Russell Springer was the best man, and Mr. Coleridge Ertz and Mr. Reuben Morton the ushers. About 150 guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Holt have gone to Europe for a six months' wedding journey.

Mrs. A. B. Williamson was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. James H. Bull entertained at a bridge breakfast on Tuesday of last week at her home on Yerba Buena Island, in honor of Mrs. James C. Jordan. This was followed by an informal tea. The guests at the breakfast, who left the city at 11 o'clock, were: Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. W. A. McEnery, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, Mrs. Wendell L. Simpson, Mrs. Deering, Mrs. Gavin McNab, Mrs. Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Daniel Hand, Mrs. Knight White, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Bull, of Philadelphia, and Miss Sertell, of Virginia.

Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham was the hostess on Wednesday of last week at a luncheon at her home in Oakland in honor of Miss Emily Marvin, whose marriage to Mr. Roy Somers took place this week. Those present were: Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Marion Marvin, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Ruth Casey, Miss Maude Payne, and Miss Mollie Mathes.

Mrs. Richard Queen was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week in honor of Miss Louise Redington. Those present were: Mrs. Brockway Metcalf, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Maude Woods, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Belden, and Miss Chambers, of New York.

Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff was the hostess at a dinner at the Fairmont on Monday evening. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fenwick, Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Dr. Hopkins,

Mr. Ralston White, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Robert Henderson, and Mr. E. W. Runyon.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and Mr. Gordon Blanding left last week for a brief Eastern trip.

Nicomte and Vicomtesse de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne), who have spent the winter in San Mateo, will leave a little later in the season for their home in France, accompanied by Miss Marie Christine de Guigne.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark will leave next week for New York, sailing almost immediately for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Miss Dillon will go to Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. Henry M. Sherman, and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee have returned from a stay of two weeks at Del Monte.

Miss Laura McKinstry has returned from a brief visit to Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre and their family will go down shortly to Menlo Park for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe will leave early in June for a sojourn in the East of several months' duration.

Miss Lena Blanding has returned from a stay of several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Miss Lily McCalla will go East in July to visit her sisters, Mrs. W. G. Miller and Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr., for three or four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells will spend the summer at their country place in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. E. R. Dimond left this week for New York and will sail on May 16 for Europe, where they will spend the summer motoring.

Mrs. Ernest Hartmann returned to her Eastern home this week, after visiting her sister, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, in San Rafael for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams Poett have been spending a week in San Rafael as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan.

Mrs. John Franklin Babcock (formerly Miss Gertrude Eells), who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells, for several weeks, has returned to her home in Milwaukee.

Mrs. John Parrott leaves in a day or two for the East, where she will be joined in June by her family.

Miss Marie Oxnard has returned, after a stay of several months in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge left on Saturday last for a brief Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard will spend the summer at their country home at Belvedere.

Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long will leave shortly for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Jennie Blair left on Monday last for Europe to join Mrs. Blair, who has been abroad for over a year.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter and Miss Genevieve Harvey have been the guests of Baroness von Schroeder in San Rafael recently.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Bessie Ashton have returned from a visit to San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. Richard Girvin, and Miss Lee Girvin have gone to Menlo Park for the summer, after spending the winter in San Rafael.

Mr. James L. Houghteling, of Chicago, arrived here recently on a visit to his son, Mr. Frank Houghteling.

Miss Constance Borrowe is spending a week here as the guest of Miss Barbara Small.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller left this week for New York, and will sail a fortnight hence for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and her family are expected to arrive shortly from their plantation in Louisiana, where they have spent the winter, and will remain here during the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman sailed last week for Europe for a stay of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Patricia Cosgrave, who are at present in Macon, Georgia, will return to California in June.

Miss Betsy Angus is spending a fortnight in St. Helena.

Mrs. P. B. Cornwall sailed from New York last week for a stay of six months or more in Europe.

Miss Marion Brooks and Miss Ruth

Brooks have arrived from Bremerton Navy Yard and are the guests of friends at Mare Island and this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Horst left on the 10th for a visit to the East and Europe, planning to be gone from three to four months, and sailed from New York, April 23, on the *Kronprinz William* for Southampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and Master Albert L. Brown were in Gibraltar at latest writing.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. F. W. McNear, Mr. C. J. Freeborn, Mr. Sam Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. Fred Pickering, Miss Marie Pickering, Dr. and Mrs. G. Freeman, Dr. and Mrs. George P. Prechtel, Dr. M. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stovel, Mr. H. H. Remington, Mr. C. H. E. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Captain and Mrs. Jewell, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mr. George Toland Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Schloss, Mr. Louis Hecht, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Erlecht, Mrs. Frank Norris, Mrs. Isobel Strong, Mrs. Virgil Gay Bogue, Miss Virgilia Bogue, Mr. F. R. Bogue.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at the Pacific Union Club, given by the staff officers of the Pacific Division and the Department of California and the commanding officers of the posts in the vicinity of San Francisco. Those present were: General Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., retired; Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A.; Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A.; Colonel Richard E. Thompson, U. S. A.; Colonel E. W. Halford, U. S. A.; Colonel R. H. R. Loughborough, U. S. A.; Colonel Charles L. Heizman, U. S. A.; Colonel Alfred Reynolds, U. S. A.; Colonel G. L. Anderson, U. S. A.; Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A.; Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A.; Colonel Daniel Appel, U. S. A.; Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A.; Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A.; Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A.; Major Zerach W. Torrey, U. S. A.; Major William W. Harries, U. S. A.; Major Abner Pickering, U. S. A.; Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A.; Major E. A. Root, U. S. A.; Major Charles H. Hunter, U. S. A.; Captain H. T. Ferguson, U. S. A.; Captain Meriwether L. Walker, U. S. A.; Captain John B. Murtagh, U. S. A.; and Captain B. Frank Cheatham, U. S. A.

Brigadier-General Alfred C. Markley, U. S. A., was retired from active service on April 18, on account of having reached the age limit of 64 years.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has been granted twelve days' leave of absence, and is expected to arrive here on May 7, and will assume command of the Pacific Division of the Department of California. He will make his home at Fort Mason.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, Presidio of Monterey, is in temporary command of the Department of California, since April 26, and of the Pacific Division, since May 1, until the arrival of Brigadier-General Funston, U. S. A.

Colonel Richard E. Thompson, U. S. A., chief signal officer, Department of California, is ordered to proceed to Seattle for duty as chief signal officer of the Department of Columbia, and as officer-in-charge of the Washington-Alaska military cable and telegraph system, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Glassford, who will proceed to San Francisco and report for duty as chief signal officer of the Department of California.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Garrard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., in charge of the school of musketry of the Pacific Division, Presidio of Monterey, has recently been in this city for consultation on matters pertaining to the school.

Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Tucker, deputy paymaster-general, U. S. A., has had his orders to report to the commanding general of the Department of California for duty as chief paymaster of that department, amended so as to direct him to proceed to Chicago, Illinois, and report to the commanding general, Department of the Lakes, for duty in that department.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis M. Maus, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as chief surgeon, Department of Texas, and will proceed to San Francisco and sail to the Philippines for duty.

Major George Downey, paymaster, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to the commanding general of the Army of Cuban Pacification, for duty as chief paymaster of that army.

Major Beecher B. Ray, paymaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Department of the Lakes, to take effect May 31,

and will then proceed to take station at San Francisco, reporting to the commanding general, Department of California. He will then go to the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for observation and treatment for one month.

Major William G. Haan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was promoted to that rank on April 9. He is directed to remain on duty at his present station.

Captain Lester W. Cornish, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., upon his examination for promotion by a board of officers, was found to be physically disqualified for the duties of a major of cavalry, by reason of disability incident to the service, and he has been retired by the President from active service as a major, his retirement to date from April 18, at which time he would have been promoted.

Captain Philip E. M. Walker, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from further treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and to join his proper station at Fort Porter, New York.

Captain George McD. Weeks, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been at the Presidio from his station at Vancouver Barracks.

Captain Edwin M. Shinkle, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., is directed to make one visit to Forts Miley, Baker, McDowell, Mason, and Winfield Scott on official business pertaining to the inspection of the armament at the posts named.

Commander C. J. Badger, U. S. N., is detached from the Bureau of Equipment and ordered to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department.

Lieutenant-Commander J. R. Y. Blakely, U. S. N., is ordered to the *Wolverine* as executive officer.

Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General Funston, U. S. A., has arrived from St. Louis.

Lieutenant Elliott M. Norton, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, and at the expiration of his present leave of absence will join his proper station.

Lieutenant Junius C. Gregory, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the army transport service, to take effect upon the completion of his examination for promotion, and will then proceed to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

Lieutenant Charles L. Foster, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been detailed to take charge of a detachment of insane patients to be sent to the Government Hospital in Washington, D. C.

Ensign J. W. Hayward, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the naval hospital, Mare Island, is ordered to proceed to his home, and granted sick leave for three months.

Surgeon R. Spear, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the naval hospital, Mare Island, is ordered home and granted sick leave for two months.

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Wanted—A first-class saddle horse—trotter. Must be up to 190 pounds carrying weight. Address or apply to

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SAN FRANCISCO WOMAN'S CLUBS.

By Mary Ashe Miller.

It is an interesting fact that not one woman's club in San Francisco has disbanded or even temporarily ceased, save for summer vacations, during the past twelvemonth of troublous times. Especially is this worthy of note as it goes to demonstrate how wide is the scope of the rehabilitation of the city, embracing what may be termed the non-essentials as well as the stern necessities of life. By this reference to clubs as non-essentials, no lack of appreciation is implied, for, whether one's personal interest in these feminine organizations be great or small, it must be acknowledged that they are becoming more and more a power in the land, and their part in restoring normal conditions in San Francisco has been considerable. In almost every instance, meetings of the clubs were called in less than a month after the fire. For those who went through that period of chaos, of unsettled and practically unheard-of conditions, there will be the remembrance of the delight of every familiar custom or phase of life which might be reverted to. There was nothing that soothed the tortured nerves quite so effectively as doing something that had been done before in as nearly as possible the same way. So, when the word went forth, by word of mouth, by the delayed and uncertain mails, through the newspapers, that one club or another would meet, some of them in Berkeley, some in Oakland, some at private houses here, those club women who heard of the proposed gatherings, made special efforts and came from far and wide—from the many places to which they were scattered. It is surprising to hear the reports of these meetings. Many of the women were homeless, many of them wore "refugee clothing," if their homes were not destroyed their business interests had probably suffered severely, numbers of them had been through the most harrowing and painful experiences, but they met, rejoiced together that they were alive, discussed their losses with that spirit of cheerful philosophy which was the hallmark of every true San Franciscan, man or woman,—and elected their officers for the coming year, which was such a very uncertain future. One of the first actions taken by the clubs was the remitting of all dues for a year. No one knew just who would have money and who would not, and there must be no such difference recognized or felt. It was anticipated that there would be resignations galore from all of the clubs for several reasons. There would be more important matters to occupy the time of the members; they would be so worn with the very struggle for existence in the new condition of things that they would have no heart for clubs; and the reports of the army of people leaving the city to make their homes elsewhere led to the belief that every organization would be greatly diminished in that way. Never was there a more complete surprise. Most of the clubs report less than the normal number of withdrawals, and an unusual increase of applications for membership. The reports as to financial affairs are decidedly encouraging, too; most of the clubs have added to their bank accounts; debts, where they existed, have been diminished; those who have club-rooms or houses have furnished them; libraries have, in many instances, been purchased, and much has been expended in relief work. The programmes of the regular meetings have been better generally this winter than ever before, and have been especially appreciated in the absence of much that has been provided in San Francisco heretofore, in the way of concerts and lectures. Civic work has not been neglected either, and many of the important measures which have been passed by the municipality have been either suggested or materially aided by club women. It is customary in club circles to have summer vacations of varying lengths, and most of the organizations here hold no meetings until September, after the first coming together in May. Others formed Red Cross sewing circles or did relief work of one kind or another. One of the most notable cases of rehabilitation is that of the South Park Mothers' Club, and it is so fine and brave a bit of the history of the calamity that it should be chronicled more fully than space here will permit. The club was formed primarily in connection with the South Park Settlement Association, among the dwellers in that vicinity, and they were enthusiastic club women. Most of them

were really "mothers," and of old-fashioned families that required care and hard work, but this was a pleasant gathering-place for a brief time of recreation each week. Every member of the club was "burned out," to use the local term, their homes were totally destroyed, in most instances their husbands' occupations or places of business were gone as well. Within a very few weeks the club began to re-organize in the refugee camps where the members were, for the time being. The first meeting was held in a tent. A little later a basement was secured, and as soon as the settlement house was rebuilt—a temporary structure—they went there. During the entire summer these club women worked busily; sewing; helping those who needed aid more than they, themselves; giving of their best to the general relief work of the Federation, doing practical things for the betterment of the city, such as pledging themselves to keep clean the sidewalks in front of their homes, and to time their travel on the street cars so as to minimize, as far as in their power lay, the distressing congestion of the cars at the hours when men were going to and from work.

The California Club, the largest of the women's clubs, numbering about 500 members, was probably the heaviest loser among all in the city. Its handsome clubhouse on Clay street, which had been completed but a brief time before, was destroyed with all its contents. Some few valuable papers and the indomitable spirit of the members remained, however, and with these they met at Mrs. Aylett Cotton's home, she being then the president, on the first Tuesday in May, and it being the regular time, elected their officers for the coming year. On the third Tuesday of that month they met at the home of Mrs. W. A. Scott and installed the officers and planned their relief work. Mrs. Scott gave the use of her basement, and here a regular relief station was maintained and did much good until July, when the stations throughout the city were closed. After that time the relief work was carried on through the Board of Directors, who did much in a quiet way. Clothes or furniture were given where required, and numbers of sewing machines were provided from this fund. From the women's clubs of Chicago came \$1,000; from Denver clubs came \$700, and donations were received from clubs and club women elsewhere amounting to a considerable sum, which was disbursed by the directors. The formal opening of the club year took place on the regular date, the first Tuesday in September, quarters having been found in the annex of Calvary church, and since that time the work of the various departments of the club has gone on with the same clever, energetic force that has long characterized the organization. Now the plans are being completed for a \$10,000 clubhouse to be erected on the former site, which it is hoped will be ready for occupancy by the first of September.

The Century Club was particularly fortunate that its beautiful clubhouse was beyond the burned district and was unharmed. This had been recently built and a considerable debt remained on it, but the club members decided to lease it for a year to the Supreme Court, and the rental therefrom has enabled them to pay off a large part of the indebtedness. The members have been particularly generous also, and the club is quite as well off financially as a year ago. During the year the meetings, which are of the usual Century Club standard, have taken place every fortnight, at first in the homes of the members, but more recently in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. They have declined to lease the clubhouse for any longer time, and will return to it on August 1st.

The Corona Club, the large club of the Mission district, met on May 24th of last year, took account of the condition of affairs, and then adjourned to meet again on August 8. This year has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the club, and the attendance has been better than ever before. Thirty members of the club were burned out, but there have been fewer resignations than is customary in the ordinary life of the organization.

The Sorosis Club lost the cosy clubhouse they occupied on California street, and with it some valuable property in the way of pictures, rugs, and other furnishings, but in May they were called together and a sewing circle was formed. This met every week at the home of Mrs. A. Wenzelburger during the entire summer, and hundreds of garments were made for the relief bureaus.

Your eyes are faithful servants—give them the care and attention they require.

Our business is to tell you how.

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Opticians

On September 1 rooms were secured on Pierce street and the regular meetings twice a month have taken place. The club finances are in excellent condition, and to offset three resignations there are twelve new members.

The Forum Club had considerable losses, but met on May 2 at the home of Mrs. J. Homer Fritch, with a surprisingly good attendance. They met from house to house during the summer and sewed for the Red Cross society, but on September 1 resumed their usual programmes in Calvary Church annex. In October they secured a flat on Bush street, furnished it prettily, and have set up their clubhouse gods anew there. They have the nucleus of an excellent library as well, and have a reserve fund of \$2000 in the bank. Recently they had a "teaspoon day," and the members donated six dozen silver spoons. Their membership has been but little lessened, and only through death or change of residence, and the vacancies were immediately filled.

The Cap and Bells Club has received thirty new members during the past year, has furnished the new clubrooms, built in a stage, donated \$50 to the Relief Fund, and put money in the bank. And this in spite of the feeling among certain of the members last year that the organization would inevitably go to pieces. They met in May at the home of the president, Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney, and elected officers, and then adjourned for their vacation. During the year they have added musical and dramatic sections to their organization and have formed an orchestra.

The Laurel Hall Club met in May, in Oakland, and found that everything the club possessed had been burned. They re-organized and held their next meeting at the regular time for their fall opening—the first Wednesday in September. They have had no resignations, but have added about thirty new members to their lists, also two new sections, one for early California history, and the other for civics, and consider that the club is in a flourishing state.

Among the other clubs that have equally encouraging histories are the Contemporary, the Mills, the Daughters of California Pioneers, the Association of Pioneer Women of California, the various Suffrage clubs, the Philomath, the Papyrus, and the Brown-

ing. Two clubs of a quite different type are the Town and Country Club, and the Francisca Club, both of which have large membership lists. They are neither working nor study clubs, have no general meetings, save annually, and programmes are an unknown feature. They are practically on the same basis as men's clubs, and furnish temporary home comforts. The Town and Country, which has existed for a number of years, had the cosy clubrooms on Post street burned, with the furnishings and a library of about 5000 volumes. During the summer the Board of Directors decided to re-open the club on a more extensive scale, so a house on Franklin street was leased and furnished. Besides the custodian, there is a staff of several servants, luncheon and tea may be had, there are bedrooms for the accommodation of out-of-town members, reading rooms, and a library of 1500 volumes, which is being added to constantly. The membership limit has been raised during the past year from 250 to 375, and there are now no vacancies. The Francisca Club had been organized but a few months at the time of the fire, but had beautifully furnished rooms in the Shreve Building. These were, of course, a total loss, but the club re-organized quickly, and early in the summer took a flat on Ellis street, which has been a temporary home for the club. They are to go shortly to a new building which is being erected on California street, near Van Ness, for them, and the general plan of their club there will be the same as that of the Town and Country Club.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hoax—Did you really enjoy your stay in Paris? *Jaax*—I came home in the steerage.—*Boston Record*.

There are times when words fail a man—but if he has a wife it doesn't matter much.—*Chicago Daily News*.

The way to get rich is to lay up part of your own income and as much as possible of other people's.—*Somerville Journal*.

Jennie—Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day? *Olive*—Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her.—*Tit-Bits*.

Frightened Actor—The leading lady is tearing her hair! *Stage Manager*—Well, what of it? It isn't her hair.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Bravne—Mrs. Wythe says she thinks that it is wrong to play whist. *Mrs. Black*—It is, the way she plays it.—*Somerville Journal*.

"You have no sense of humor," he complained. "You can't take a joke." "I took one when I got you," she bitterly replied.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Girl (to crying little brother)—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Dick? *Bobbie* says he has already given you two bites. *Dick*—But it's my apple.—*Life*.

Tam—Mamma, let's move. *Mamma*—What for, dear? *Tam*—Oh, I've licked every kid in the block, an' there's no more fun here.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Shea—How long have you been sick? *Ryan*—Five days. *Shea*—Glory be! An' why don't ye git a doctor? *Ryan*—Sure, I got to go to wur-ruk Monday mornin'.—*Puck*.

"Come in here, I wish to tell you a piece of gossip Mrs. Smith told me." "Is it good?" "Is it?" I had to promise not to tell a soul before she would tell me.—*Haustan Post*.

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, but in order to leave no possible room for doubt about it, we insist upon the dress coat at all formal affairs.—*Puck*.

Hicks—I dropped around to see the Fitz Kloses in their flat last night, but I couldn't get in. *Wicks*—Not at home, eh? *Hicks*—Yes, they were all at home; that was the trouble.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

The inspector of police was before the commissioner. "Is there graft in your precinct?" demanded the superior. "I think not," responded the inspector. "My impression is that I got it all."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Sold your automobile, eh?" exclaimed Wyss. "What was the trouble?" "Couldn't control it," explained Acher. "When I ran fast it took me to the police court and when I ran slowly it didn't take me anywhere."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Kansas man asserts that he recently saw a rat with horns. As the authorities insist that the prohibition law is being enforced in Kansas, there must be something wrong with the soda water in that State.—*Washington Post*.

Lady Godiva was about to mount her horse. "Hold on!" cried her manager. "You can't go that way. Wait for your costume." "Nay, nay, my dear George," she replied. "This affair is very informal. I'm going just as I am."—*The Gadfly*.

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered. "Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired. "Want to!" he snorted. "Want to! What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."—*Ann Arbor Chaparral*.

Magazine Editor—Your sonnet has literary merit, but I can't use it because it does not conform to the established rules of sonnet writing. *Ambitious Young Contributor*—That is its chief merit, sir. It establishes a new form for the sonnet.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Chicanelli, who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."—*El Munda Umoristico*.

Scottish railway station. A train which has been standing at the platform for

twenty minutes starts. *Man (to Jamie the porter)*—Is yon train awa' Auchendumnie way? *Jamie*—Aye. *Man*—If I'd kent I wad been in her mysel'. *Jamie*—She stude lang eneuch, any way. *Man*—Aye. It was just want o' information.—*Punch*.

THE MERRY MUZE.

The Idealist.

He drains the cup of woe again
Down to its bitter dregs—
He set an artificial hen
On artificial eggs. —*Chicago Post*.

Cleopatra.

When Marcus attempted to Caesar,
By her smile she showed it would please;
When he swore by his honor
He doted upon her,
She coyly allowed him to squalor. —*Life*.

Nothing to Do But Dig.

Ev'rything's lovely down Panama way,
Ev'rything's trim and trig;
Nothing to shovel hut sand and clay,
Nothing to do hut dig.

Nothing to scoop out hut earth and rocks;
Nothing to dredge hut mud;
Nothing to build hut the walls and locks
That hold the impatient flood.

Otherwise ev'rything's quite complete,
Down to the last detail;
Easterly, westerly, ships a fleet
Soon through the ditch will sail.

Finished—on paper—the giant plan
Dear to our Teddy's heart;
Enterprise monstrous, Gargantuan!—
Finished—upon the chart.

The goose hangeth high down Panama way,
Ev'rything's trim and trig.
Where are the scoffers of yesterday?
There's nothing to do but dig. —*Puck*.

Why Miss Muriel Cried.

Miss Muriel Million was sitting alone,
With a very disconsolate air;
Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened awry,
And frowzy and rumpled her hair.
"Oh, what is the matter?" I said in alarm,
"I beg you in me to confide,"
But she hurried her face in her kerchief of lace,
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Come out for a spin in the automobile,
The motor boat wait at the pier,
Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park
Or a canter on horseback, my dear."
"Twas thus that I coaxed her in loverlike tones
As I tenderly knelt at her side,
But refusing all comfort she pushed me away,
While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe,
You know I would love you the same
If the millions of papa had vanished in smoke
And you hadn't a cent to your name.
If you came to the church in a garment of rags
I would wed you with rapturous pride."
She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this,
Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"You know," she exclaimed in a piteous wail,
"That love of a hat that I wore—
The one with pink roses and chiffon behind
And a fluffy pink feather before?—
I paid Mme. Modiste a hundred for that,
And our parlor maid, Flora McBride,
Has got one just like it for three twenty-five!"
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried. —*New York Herald*.

Literary London is divided as to the suffragette agitation. Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have declared against female voters, while on the other side are ranged Sarah Grand, Violet Hunt, and other skirted celebrities. Israel Zangwill, George Meredith, and Richard Whiteing are among the literary men who have declared for the suffragettes.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

Miss Maud Roosevelt, a cousin of the President, has just joined the municipal opera at Elberfeld, with a view to finishing her operatic education. Miss Roosevelt is otherwise known as the Baroness Munn von Schwarzenstein. She married the baron in 1899 at Paris, having first met him in Washington where he was secretary of the German embassy. The marriage, however, was not a happy one, and in about a year she returned to New York to begin her studies for a grand opera career.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.
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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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Social Order at Stake.

As we write, on Wednesday, 8th instant, San Francisco is in the throes of anywhere from half a dozen to half a score of so-called industrial strikes. The hello girls in the telephone office, the iron-workers in fifty or more establishments, including the Union Iron Works, the laundry-workers, the street-car workers, and God knows how many more, have quit their jobs and have left the poor old city to cripple along as best she may, upon the basis of her powers of suffering and endurance. Of course pretty much everything in the way of industry and business is at a dead standstill. In the modern organization of cities everything stops when transportation stops. Every business activity has become adjusted to the street car and the telephone, and when these facilities are paralyzed there is but little use in anything except waiting. San Francisco is now waiting, not with that patience with which all men meet things inevitable, but with a deep sense of injury and resentment because the

feeling is universal that a great wrong is being wantonly done to San Francisco by an element from which we have the right to expect better things. San Francisco pays to its working population higher rates of wages than any other city in the United States; there never was, indeed, in any commercial city at any time in the world's history a situation more advantageous at the point of wages than here and now in San Francisco. It would seem that under these conditions San Francisco might expect something better than a multitude of conspiracies on the part of her wage-earners tending to the prostration of industry and business, to the breakdown of every activity resting upon the coöperation of capital and labor, to the paralysis of reconstructive enterprise, to the bankruptcy of many already hard hit by the disaster of last year.

There has come a time when the forces of industry hearken to no such suggestions. Far from seeking to relieve San Francisco of her distresses they are centering their assaults upon her because of the helplessness of her condition. They are demanding "concessions" here which they have not the courage to name elsewhere, hoping through the weakness of San Francisco to establish precedents which will help them in efforts to dominate conditions elsewhere. In San Francisco, prostrate and defenseless as she is, it is schemed to thrust in the thin edge of the socialistic wedge to the end that industrial and social demoralization may be spread over the whole country. We say all this is at the hands of the forces of industry. In justice it is needful to go further, to say that it is a project devised by adroit demagogues, destructive socialists at heart, enemies to all social organization, who, in pursuance of their larger aims have assumed the rôle of labor leaders and have by demagogic methods gotten themselves at the head of organized labor, which they are driving to its demoralization and destruction.

The strikes now in progress in San Francisco have their foundation, not in hope of benefiting the workingman, but in the spirit of hatred and malice to all social order. Those who furnish the motives back of these movements have no thought of the welfare of those whom they are directing; their purpose is not the well-being of the workingman, it is the breakdown of government. They are the Mosts, the Goldmans, the Czolgoszs, the Gorkys of the world, who, through some inveterate vice of mind, to what ends nobody has ever been able to comprehend, are seeking to disrupt and if possible to annihilate those systems of social order which the judgment and the conscience of mankind have so slowly and painfully builded up. Those who are doing the immediate mischief in San Francisco are mere dupes and victims; they have no share in the conceptions under which they are controlled. Their fault is that they have abandoned that self-respecting independence which was the ideal of their fathers and which gave to labor in America a generation back its unique respect and its unparalleled opportunity.

The workingmen of San Francisco, taken singly, we are glad to believe, have not lost their senses or their moral restraint. What has happened to them is that they have made pitiful sacrifice of that manly spirit which declines to be driven into any course which is not understood or morally justified. They have practically cast away their birthright of individual independence and have put their powers into the hands of professional agitators like Richard Cornelius and Father Yorke, and of political freebooters like Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz. Sentimentally, few of them have accepted the theories of those who would demoralize society, but practically they are lending themselves

as agents in this wretched business and must hereafter, unless they shall come to their senses, be counted among the enemies of moralized and civilized society, and must be treated as such.

The nominal causes of the troubles now affecting San Francisco are so trivial as hardly to be worth talking about. At no single point do they rest upon any essential consideration. Nobody is being oppressed; nobody has been asked to accept any new or unusual condition. It is conceded that the present system of wages yields to labor all that it has a right to ask, for none of the demands calls for more than the existing system. What labor wants or what it is made to demand by those who arbitrarily speak for it, is not parity of wage and privilege with the other cities of the country, but something new and exceptional—something which under normal conditions was not urged. Not among those who speak for the labor cause, and they are voluble and glib enough, is there one who has been able to formulate a statement involving any appeal either to judgment or sympathy. Mr. Cornelius has done nothing better than to attempt, by a lying twist of phrases to make himself appear in the defensive in the street car strike. Father Yorke has spoken only to enlist the prejudices and to inflame the passions of the working masses. A calm, fair-minded, reasonable statement of grievances has not been made. No such statement can be made, because there is nothing to be said in calmness, in fair-mindedness, in reasonableness. It is a movement beyond equity and justice, a movement which has not one leg of reason to stand on.

Men and brethren of San Francisco, we are face to face with a situation in which the integrity of social order is at stake. Those who have conceived and are promoting these strikes are the enemies of social order; those on the ground who are carrying the movement, dupes and victims though they be, nevertheless represent the forces of social destruction. It has fallen to San Francisco among American cities to meet this onslaught because she is crippled in her resources and demoralized in her civic organization. One who speaks wisely has said that our new and more immediate crisis surpasses in its perils the earthquake and the fire. Even in the catastrophe of last year there was a point which gave heart and moral strength to all who faced the future; in the present situation there is danger of despair, because the foundations of our system seem in peril. There are indeed those who feel that it is useless to strive against conditions; there are those who talk about gathering what they may from the wreck and going elsewhere. The Argonaut is not among these; in its view the immediate condition is a spasm, a transient madness that will run its course. If San Francisco shall find the courage—and we do not doubt it—to meet this situation as she has many another, she will quickly recover herself and go forward in the great task of rehabilitation which, for all our doing of the past year, is now only fairly begun.

To the conservative element of San Francisco we say that a time has come when those who represent the conservative forces of this city must stand and fight. Not one inch of moral ground should be yielded, not only because it would be wrong to yield, but because no further concession can be made with safety. The prices of merchandise, of rents, of building materials, of labor—all are far above parity with prices elsewhere. San Francisco can not pay more for anything; indeed, she can not maintain the present range of prices because it is abnormal and in violation of economic discretion. A further screw-up of prices would end in the breakdown of business, for there is no

in which income can be got to meet further exactions. If labor were fair and wise it would assist in a policy of economy and retrenchment; since it is neither fair nor wise it must be forced at least to stay its demands.

Now, whoever through the accidental placement of conditions stands at the front of this immediate conflict, is entitled to the support of every conservative citizen. It falls to Mr. Calhoun, of the United Railroads, to bear the brunt of the street car fight. He has said he will not yield—and indeed he ought not. The fight under his hand is not more in defense of his own immediate interest than of the broad interests of the community. Any support that any citizen may give to Mr. Calhoun in this fight is his due. His cause in the immediate situation is the cause not only of abstract justice but of practical expediency. For him to concede the unreasonable demands of Mr. Cornelius and his followers would be to surrender not merely the private interests which he represents but the common interests of San Francisco. He stands in the forefront of a conflict which is vital in its relations to community welfare; and so standing he ought to have all moral support which any and every man among us can give. The *Argonaut* commends the resolution of Mr. Calhoun to make no concession, to stand by the award of Judge Beatty and his associates in the recent arbitration, to fight out this fight on these lines even if it should literally, to borrow a famous phrase, "take all summer."

Mr. Calhoun asks that San Francisco shall protect him in his rights, legal and moral, to his own property and that it shall protect the men in his employ in their legitimate work. Not merely to Mr. Calhoun and to his railroad but to itself, San Francisco owes such protection. The men who have been employed to operate the street cars must be protected whatever the cost may be, because protection of the right to work is one of the first and elementary duties to which civic society is pledged. If San Francisco can not or will not afford protection, then it is due from the State of California. If California fails, then protection is due from the national government. The right to work without molestation from any man is a right which civil government must guarantee even to the humblest citizen. A government which can not or will not protect a citizen in his right to work upon his own contract can not live because it is not fit to live. A thing so impotent and useless could not command respect among men because it would not be worthy of it and it would die as all useless things die. This principle is one which those who speak for labor often find it difficult to comprehend. Embattled labor strikes out against those who take the work which it rejects: then come the policeman and the soldier, representative of outraged social order and beat down the aggressive hand. Resentful labor cries out that government is on the side of property, that it fights for the rich and only for the rich. There is failure to comprehend that it is not for property but for essential and primary rights that the heavy hand of government strikes. Government must beat down the aggressor on whichever side he may be found. As it must protect one citizen in his right to quit work at his own pleasure—in his right to strike if he please—so it must protect another in his right to work at his pleasure. Government, we repeat, which can not or will not do this is no government at all, a mere impotent and unworthy thing, fit only for sneers and contempt.

Since the preceding paragraphs were written there has come a situation in San Francisco hardly short of open warfare. Men—citizens—going about in a legitimate business, working upon their own contract, have been assaulted and all but murdered by thugs and ruffians who claim the privilege of saying who may and who may not drive a car in the streets of this city. The police, whose duty it was to protect these men in their right to labor, failed shamefully. Undoubtedly in so doing the police acted upon "orders." Their chief first declared that the forces under his command would remain "neutral" in what he styled a conflict between private interests; in other words, the police would not allow social order to be violated, allow the laws to go unenforced, permit peaceful citizens, busy in their legitimate business, to be assaulted or mur-

dered, on the pretext that this "controversy" is a private one. He has proceeded upon this theory. His assumption appears to be that the men who are trying to operate the street cars are the aggressors, and it is upon them rather than upon those who assail them, that he turns the menace of authority. The officers under his orders accept no responsibility for maintaining order, at least so long as the aggressor represents the labor interest in this struggle. It is hardly necessary to add that practically this is anarchy in a bald and sinister shape, that it marks the breakdown at the point of its solemn responsibilities of a government organized to administer and sustain social order.

Shall the people of San Francisco, because their agents in the municipal government have in a crisis proved faithless, supinely abandon the city to riot? Are our responsibilities as citizens cancelled and nullified because a criminal mayor and a craven chief of police turn tail to their duty? Are we to abandon what has been so laboriously built up here to the mercies of a mob because dishonor sits in our mayor's chair and because a scoundrel holds authority over our police? Men and brethren of San Francisco, we submit the question to you. And, let us ask, what was the spirit of the generation which preceded us under conditions not unlike those we now confront? What did the pioneers of San Francisco do when a ruffian criminality made mockery of law, of justice, of social order? San Francisco of 1907—we say it in soberness and with a full sense of all that is implied—may well study its duty in the records of San Francisco in the fifties. As we write, on Wednesday, the supreme need is not yet, for not yet have all the resources of defense been exhausted. But if all fail, we shall have still our responsibility, our duty to protect our homes, and we have the inspiring example of our pioneer fathers.

At whatever cost we must maintain in San Francisco the responsibilities of government, the integrity of civilization. If it shall come to the supreme crisis, it is the duty of every man of us who respects the rights and the traditions of organized society to stand by the cause of social order, even if we must, as did William T. Coleman, and those who stood with him, walk the streets with guns in our hands. Pray God the need may not come, but if it comes let us as sons of California, as Americans, as men, be ready.

New York the Grave of Reputation.

Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin, who retired from the Senate some few weeks back because, being a poor man and having gotten well along in the sixties, he felt it necessary to earn more than the senatorial salary, has hung out his professional shingle in New York City. This means probably that we have heard the last of Mr. Spooner as a public man, or as a thinker with respect to public issues. He will make money in New York because talents like his find a ready market in the metropolis. Within the comparatively few working years which remain to him he will probably grow wealthy. He will live laboriously, but after he is gone his family will have abundance, probably even his sons-in-law may be able to ride in automobiles. But, unless all precedents fail, the country which has highly valued Mr. Spooner will not hear of him again until somewhere at the bottom of an inside column we shall read that he is dead. This is the usual course with great men who establish themselves in New York City, and there is unhappily no reason to hope for any variation in the common experience with respect to Mr. Spooner.

George Hoadly, one of the most notable men of the after-war period in the West, distinguished in the governorship of Ohio, regarded by multitudes of his fellow-citizens as ideally fitted for the presidency, a sound, learned, clever, brilliant man, went to New York something like twenty years ago, very much as Mr. Spooner goes now. He wanted a larger professional field; he wanted to make money: he wanted to live, and work—and, incidentally, to shine—at the centre of things. So he took his family and his belongings to New York, where speedily he found everything that he desired, excepting distinction. He fell into the groove of hard work, prospered in it, stayed in it, died in it. And when he died his obituary occupied just four lines in the most obscure corner of the *Sun*. But he left

a large estate and his family is today prosperous, because of his industry and his renunciation.

Mr. Carlisle, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, and Secretary of the Treasury—one of the famous and respected men of his political day—abandoned politics for professional work some eight or ten years ago, establishing himself in New York. Mr. Carlisle is still living in New York, busy and prosperous, but less known than when, at the beginning of his career, he was a promising young member of the Kentucky legislature. Of the kind of distinction which he enjoyed in the middle years of his life he has now only so much as the memory of a few old-timers in politics gives him. Mr. Carlisle is everything that he ever was intellectually and otherwise—probably he is a stronger man than in his earlier years—but as a public force, as a man of distinction, he is as completely lost as if he lived in Alaska. The whirlpool of New York has swallowed him up; it has yielded him fortune and ease, but it has stripped him of the honors which a long career of public service had yielded him.

Thomas B. Reed, another and even greater figure in public life, finding himself still poor, as he had always been, at sixty, or thereabouts, bade leave to the things and the places of his previous working experience and carried his great talents to the metropolis. Work came to him. The pace of it was swift—too swift—and Mr. Reed quickly sank into his grave. Not, however, until he had achieved his main purpose, for in the few years of his New York career, he acquired more money than he had made in all his previous life, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his family bountifully provided for before closing his eyes. Mr. Reed, like Mr. Hoadly, made money in New York, but it came through the sacrifice of pretty much everything else. Neither made so much as a ripple in the crowded life of the metropolis. To become rich they threw aside everything else—wide and high repute, an extraordinary measure of the public regard, even the possibility of the presidential office. So much does the metropolis demand of him who, abandoning place and distinction elsewhere, seeks her favor.

An incident illustrating one side of Mr. Reed's New York career came directly under the notice of the editor of the *Argonaut*. About a year previous to his death a group of San Franciscans lunching in a down-town New York club were interested to see Mr. Reed at another table, and their host invited him to join them. By way of starting the talk one of the Californians remarked, "I hope, Mr. Reed, you are beginning to know your way around New York." "Know my way," was the reply, in the Yankee drawl for which he was famous, "why, young man, I'm an old-timer. Know my way, why I'm one of the most widely acquainted of all the men in New York City. Why, would you believe it? I've been here now about three years and—including the clerks in my office—I know as many as twenty-two folks. If I should stay here till I'm as old as your grandfather I may come to know as many as forty." To one who had looked at the great Tom Reed, distinguished Member of Congress, famous as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, "Czar" of national legislation, so large a figure as to be feared by Presidents, one whom millions of his fellow countrymen regarded as a presidential figure, there was in this droll statement of a real truth something truly pathetic. The great man had indeed found work and reward, but for all that he lived in New York City an obscure and even solitary life.

A very recent illustration of the hazard of personal and professional fortune in New York City may be traced in the brief career of our late fellow townsman, Mr. Delmas. After the disaster Mr. Delmas sought an opportunity in the metropolis to employ his undoubted talents, denied by the turn in local conditions. In the Thaw case he found an engagement congenial to his qualities. For something more than two months he trod the boards of a phenomenal notoriety, pictured, admired, applauded from one end of the country to the other. In the closing hour of this brilliant and dramatic experience he made a trifling mistake—a mistake which probably had no effect upon the determination of the jury, but which served, in the opinion of his degenerate client, to make him the scapegoat of a foredoomed failure. Now we see Mr. Delmas cast out of the case in which his talents had shone

so brightly, and, in a sense, discredited in connection with a procedure in which his gifts were brilliantly displayed. Quick to feel the sudden turn in the temperature of popular feeling, the authorities of Yale College last week recalled an invitation previously given Mr. Delmas to revisit his alma mater and to address its latest generation of students.

New York City is truly the grave of reputation—of that species of reputation founded upon distinctions acquired elsewhere. New York does indeed yield distinction to some, but they are the sons of her own taste, her own mood, and commonly of her early adoption. Wealth she yields to many, but she crowns few with laurel.

The Water Problem.

Among the several physical necessities with which San Francisco stands face to face, there is no other so vital as that of water supply with its incidental interest of protection against fire. It is now more than a year since the great disaster which might have been averted in the worst of its effects if San Francisco had had a sufficiently guarded water system with an auxiliary system especially arranged for fire protection. The disaster taught us a lesson, but as yet we have made no practical effort to apply it—to save ourselves against another and similar disaster which some day will surely come to us if we shall fail to make due provision against it.

San Francisco is supplied with water by a private company whose sources of supply lie (1) in the hill regions of the peninsula south of San Francisco; (2) in the southern part of Alameda County, east of San Francisco Bay. In addition to the sources developed and in service, the Spring Valley Water Company owns at least one other watershed, by the development of which its resources might be very greatly enlarged—perhaps sufficiently to answer the requirements of a city of one million population. With the present development there is no immediate deficiency, since, as experience demonstrates, the available supply is sufficient for a city of half a million population.

San Francisco's situation with respect to water supply is unusual, in that there are no large nearby streams from which water may be drawn without limit. With our relatively scant rainfall and with our long annual dry season, with our deficiency in the matter of large streams of pure water, it is absolutely necessary that there should be connected with our supply system large watersheds furnished with reservoirs capacious enough to provide against any possible emergency. Whatever may be said for or against the Spring Valley Company, it has fully comprehended the problem of supply, and has safeguarded its system fairly well at that point. Today it holds in storage in its Crystal Springs reservoirs west of San Mateo full four years' supply of water, and there has not been a time in recent years when it has not been forehanded in the matter of supply to the extent of approximately three years. The water thus held is of fairly good quality, and the conditions of its storage are such as to keep it chemically pure and to render it as delivered in San Francisco comparable at the point of quality with the water supply of any other large city in the United States. It is not, indeed, an ideal resource, but it is what we have had for half a century, and under any scheme of municipal water policy it must serve us, say, for at least six to ten years to come. Even if we should take up with any one of the Sierra projects which offer themselves, it would take years to corral and bring the waters here. In the meantime the Spring Valley system is our only resource—at least so far as domestic water supply is concerned. For an independent system of fire protection we might draw water from the ocean or from the bay, although this project has its very serious side from the standpoint of cost.

It has been in the nature of things inevitable that there should be a running fight between the San Francisco city government and the Spring Valley Water Company these many years. Buyer and seller are rarely in accord at the vital point of price. This principle has been abundantly justified by local experience, for we can not recall a time when the water issue has not been more or less of a problem attended by more or less scandalous crimination and recrimination. There has been a special reason. Under the municipal charter the Board of Super-

visors has been empowered annually to fix the water rate, the presumption being that it would allow to the company rates assuring a fair interest upon its investment; and here there has been a chronic sore spot. The water company has presented each year a schedule of its properties, with valuations which the Board of Supervisors has regarded as excessive. The charge is always being made that the company wants interest not only upon its essential investment but upon special investments in the form of unused watersheds maintained for its own protection against competition. It has further been charged that in the general capitalization of the company there have been large injections of "water," quite as pure as that supplied by its service pipes. Speaking broadly, the company reckons itself as capitalized in approximately the sum of fifty millions of dollars. The municipality, under varying administrations more or less friendly, has reckoned the capitalization from a minimum of twenty-six millions up to thirty-five millions or more.

Now, when the difficulties of getting at the exact capitalization of so large an institution are aggravated by other difficulties associated with unfriendly politics, with business rivalries and hatreds, with downright blatant demagoguery, and with the grasping avarice of corrupt supervisors and hungry newspapers, it will be seen that there is indeed a reason for the long record of embittered controversy which has not only made a trail, but has established a tradition of conflict between San Francisco and her water company.

It so happened last year that the geological fault which gave us the earthquake lay in the direct line of the pipes connecting San Francisco with its source of water supply. The pipes went to smash; the city was cut off from the Crystal Springs reservoirs; the local distributing system was broken at many places. In brief, the water supply failed in the emergency when most it was needed. The water company was blamed in the sense that it did not yield water when it was required, although manifestly it was no fault of the company that the centre of the earthquake activities should be along the line of its pipes or that its distributing system should have given way at many places where it ran through "filled" or "made" ground. The water company, we repeat, was hardly at fault in these matters, and yet, since a scapegoat was needed, the water company was the handiest thing within reach. True, the water company lost heavily, within the ratio of its investment in San Francisco perhaps as heavily as any other loser; nevertheless from the day of the earthquake until now the air has been full of groanings and reproaches against the Spring Valley Water Company.

The situation from the standpoint of the company, due to the earthquake, was serious enough in all conscience. Besides the smashup of its pipes and machinery—its reservoirs, thanks to solid construction and good maintenance, remained intact and faithfully held their accumulated supply—there was an immediate and enormous loss of income. On the eighteenth day of April, 1906, the number of water-rate payers in San Francisco was 53,560, of whom 23,263 were wiped off the face of the earth. At the present time (May, 1907,) the number of rate-payers is 41,875. The total collections of the company for January, 1906, were \$186,897.49; for February of the same year, \$192,277.38; for March, \$196,356.58; in the present year the collections for January aggregated \$154,677.30; for February, \$140,687.70; March, 146,902.54. These figures, which we have secured direct from the water company, tell their own story of loss—a story essential to a fair understanding of the water question at this time. How the company suffered through the disaster is reflected in the fact that shortly thereafter it called upon its own stockholders in the form of an assessment for \$840,000, distributing this large sum in works of rehabilitation and in payment of coupon interest upon its bonded debt. It is scarcely necessary to add that since the fire the company has not been paying dividends to its stockholders, its income hardly sufficing to pay interest upon its bonded debt, with the costs of maintenance and administration.

Between the present city government and the

Spring Valley Water Company there has been a very active, not to say aggressive, ill-will. The officials of this government, as everybody knows, are grafters of the most shameless type. Their demands have covered everything that could possibly yield corrupt money. Unquestionably, although the matter is not in evidence, the Spring Valley Company could have had anything it wanted in the shape of rates if it had been willing to deal with Ruef, Schmitz, Gallagher, *et al.* That it has not fallen in with the demands of this precious coterie of scoundrels has been made manifest in various ways. That its whole record has been a clean one, we very carefully do not assert. If the water company wants a general bill of moral health, it will have to go elsewhere. There are many reasons to believe that it has had its full share in "handling" municipal governments since time out of mind. But whatever its policy may have been in years past, it plainly has not trafficked with our present board of municipal boddies; and this fact no doubt explains why, when so many other interests were getting what they asked for, the water company was made a special subject of adverse treatment. The rates as fixed by the Supervisors were rejected by the company as unfair and ruinous—so low that they could not yield an income sufficient to maintain the company in its operations and to yield, as the charter contemplates, a fair return to investors in water stock. On the plea that the rates prescribed are unreasonable, the water company has refused to accept them, has continued to collect higher rates, fixed by a more friendly Board of Supervisors, covering this evasion or violation of the law by appeal under various forms of procedure to the courts. This has been the policy of the company ever since the Ruef-Schmitz régime got possession of the city government. That the method of it was illegal or extra-legal has not even been denied, but it has been sought to justify it by the arguments of necessity and upon the theory that the courts would ultimately set matters aright.

This was the situation some two or three months ago, when Acting-Mayor Gallagher, backed by the Supervisors, declared the franchise of the water company to be forfeited and made a feint at taking possession of the water system in the name of municipal authority. The attempt failed practically; whatever the form of proceedings we have forgotten, but the outcome was that Mr. Gallagher's coup came to nothing and that the company continues to hold and operate its property as hitherto. However, the ordinance of confiscation, if this be the right name for it, has not been rescinded; it stands today as it did two months ago, nominally, if not in fact, a menace to the possession and authority of the water company over its own property. But if this procedure failed to unhorse the water company at the point of possession and control, it had another effect quite as serious. It has hung a legal cloud over the title of the company to its own property, absolutely destroyed its credit, making it impossible to borrow money through sale of its bonds, either in the home or in any other market.

How serious this condition will be seen when the general situation, responsibilities, and duties of the company are considered. Its trunk lines destroyed by the earthquake are not yet wholly restored: its distributing system, disastrously affected within the burned area, needs a kind of attention that will cost heavily; new demands upon it for costly facilities are being made in the unburned area; population, driven to new situations, clamors for extensions and enlargements of the water service. It is fair to say of the company that it has met these demands as well as it could. Its energies in the ten months following the fire were unceasing, and if it could not, or did not, answer all demands, it did at least accomplish prodigies of work and service. But much remains to be done to give the city, under its new conditions, an adequate water supply—and the company has no money. It has exhausted its stockholders by an assessment to the tune of \$840,000, and it has sold its building, but so great have been the demands for reconstruction and new construction and for bonded interest, that the money thus secured has been swallowed up. The only resource of the company is to borrow—to sell bonds for which now there

no market because of conditions above described. The company confesses itself helpless. It can, upon the present basis of its affairs, pay its bond interest and operating expenses, but it can not follow up its projects of reconstruction, it can not enlarge the service in old fields, it can not extend its service to new fields. The seriousness of this condition is plain enough when it is considered that many interests, including the vitally important one of fire protection, are suffering for the support which a highly efficient water service might give them.

And now we come to the problem—what are we going to do about it? The water company declares that it can do nothing more. It is willing to sell out to the city if it can get what it considers a fair price for its properties. Or, it is willing to go ahead if the municipality will establish conditions that will enable it to get an adequate income and dispose of bonds enough for the works of reconstruction and extension. The company, plainly, would be glad to let go but it is not easily believable that a price mutually satisfactory would be fixed without a world of negotiation and squabbling. Again, it is not easy to see how the city in the present unhappy status of its affairs, could raise a sufficient sum to buy the system. The second alternative is to proceed as the charter contemplates—to fix legally the value of the property, then upon the basis of this value, to define rates yielding a sufficient revenue to the company, thereby giving value and market to its securities. Furthermore, such action needs to be taken as will relieve the company of the disability involved in the recent action of the city government in the attempt to take over the property upon plea of default.

In any view of this situation there are difficulties and problems, with no end of danger both to private and public rights. The *Argonaut* will not attempt to crack the nut. Its purpose in this writing goes no further than to state the case in outline and to remind the responsible citizenship of San Francisco of a condition which calls for prompt and discreet attention. Today the city is infinitely worse off in its relation to fire hazard than it was before the disaster. The burnable area is not so large but the city is even more inflammable than before and its channels of water supply are not so large and presumably not so effective. Again, what are we going to do about it?

Heresy, Forsooth!

After twenty years of devoted service as a teacher in the divinity school maintained at San Anselmo, Marin County, by the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. W. S. Day finds himself under a charge of "heresy." The tenor of the charge is that certain young ministers who have studied under Dr. Day and who presumably have been infected by his notions of things "have expressed unsound views of doctrine and dogma." They have, it is solemnly alleged, "drifted away" from the theology and tenets of the Presbyterian faith as the effect of Dr. Day's teachings. Probably they have expressed doubts about the immaculate conception, have questioned the story of Lot's wife at the point of historical accuracy, or have shown themselves weak-kneed in their views about Jonah and the whale. If not in any of these matters, then the fault has been in connection with something else equally important and timely. A committee of reverends has been named to look into the teachings of Dr. Day and to report upon the facts with recommendations as to how this wicked man is to be dealt with.

All of which strikes the *Argonaut* as being very serious. It would be pathetic were it not so blamed ridiculous. Here is a venerable man both goodly and godly in keeping with the traditions of a narrow sectarian faith, literally jerked up, towards the end of a righteous life, and charged forsooth with the crime, respectable in the view of the middle ages if not now, of "heresy." Such is the reward of a life spent in a devoted and painful struggle to twist the findings of modern knowledge into the pattern of an outworn and absurd theology.

"Heresy"—the word sounds strange as applied to a living man in an age which has lost respect for everything which the word once meant. In the conception of modern men of sense—of modern character—there is no such thing as heresy in its

theological definition. Heresy today means faithlessness to truth, to truth as it presents itself to rationality and to common sense. That man is a heretic who shuts his mind to the lessons of the world's best knowledge, who holds in defiance of reason and common sense to theological theories which lost their mandate when the integrity and the light of knowledge unafraid dawned on the world a generation ago.

In the modern churches it is constantly inquired why the pulpit has lost its authority. This proceeding against Dr. Day is one of many answers to this question. Nothing holds power over the hearts of men which lacks respect in the minds of men. The church loses not only as a theological but as a moral force by every proceeding which brings the smile of scorn to every intelligent face. Heresy—and this in the year nineteen hundred and seven!

The Connecticut Idea of Modesty.

There is a new high school in Danbury, Connecticut, and the young men and young women belonging to it have laudably raised funds for the purchase of statuary in order to decorate the main hall. They chose Apollo Belvedere and a Discobolus with the full approval of the principal, and all went merry as a marriage bell until two of the school committeemen happened along and held up their hands in horror at what they called "a lascivious exhibition of nudeness." These very modest and virtuous gentlemen promptly ordered that the offending antiquities be either removed or "suitably draped," and now the boys and girls of the Danbury High School are perplexed as to what they should do.

We should like to help in this matter, but the problem is a difficult one. The directors must, of course, be sustained at all costs, as they are evidently so near the brink of pruriency that even a marble statue might utterly demoralize them. On the other hand it would be a pity to remove statues that have excited the admiration of the world for some thousands of years, the original of at least one of them having an honored place in the Vatican itself. It might seem easy to solve the difficulty by slipping tr—us—rs over the l—gs of the statues, but this can not be done, as the l—gs are a part of the stone background and the garments would have to be stuck on with mucilage. How would pinafores do, or aprons that could be tied around the waist—if we may mention that part of the human anatomy without bringing a blush to the cheeks of the school directors. Perhaps some sort of a nightgown might be devised, but even a nightgown has about it a kind of suggestiveness that we should like to avoid. How would it do to pledge the young people of the high school to look another way whenever they pass the work of sculptors who were so indelicate as to imitate in marble the design of the Creator?

The European Game.

The letter that we print today from our Berlin correspondent gives an interesting view of Germany's naval preparations, which are ostensibly directed against English supremacy in European seas. Antagonism between these countries is no new story. Diplomatically it has existed for many years, but it would seem that the situation now only needs a pretext to become dangerous. In the meantime England is supplementing her naval activities by an astute diplomacy having for its object the isolation of Germany in a ring of leagued and hostile powers. She is already allied with Japan and has come to a good understanding with France. Upon her part, France needs the good offices of Japan in the far East, and England and Russia have now reached an agreement which will act as a safeguard against further bickering between Russia and Japan. As a result, Germany can look out through her ramparts of bayonets and realize that she has hardly a diplomatic friend in the world. But, of course, these alliances are to be taken at their face value, and no more. There is nothing lasting in a friendship based upon crude self-interest, and while England and France, for example, are natural allies, there is no tie either of sentiment or consanguinity between England, Japan, and Russia. Agreements such as these will continue for exactly so long as they are convenient, and not a moment longer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Note from Homer Davenport.

MORRIS PLAINS, N. J., May 1, 1907.

MR. ALFRED HOLMAN—Dear Sir: In a recent *Argonaut* I have read with much interest possibly the most sensible article that has been forthcoming relative to my horses' trip across the continent.

I coincide with everything that you say in that article, and especially your closing remarks are more than true, and, if followed by some young Californian with a mild amount of means, he would reap a great benefit from his scant expense and pains.

There is no question that America can produce today the horse that it produced in days gone by, which you so accurately describe. Those horses had descended from Arab, or Barb blood, just as you have mentioned, and it is quite safe to say that a fine specimen of the early day Californian mustang could kill half the horses bred in California today in a single ride from San Diego to Sissons.

I would call your attention in my larger catalogue to mare No. 3. Read that carefully, and see what this remarkable mare did in the desert, as to carrying weight and covering distance. She has just dropped a very beautiful horse foal.

My only excuse for writing you is in approval of your most sensible editorial, full of instruction and education.

Yours truly,

HOMER DAVENPORT.

Is San Francisco in a State of Anarchy?

1434 Post Street, San Francisco.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Is this city in a state of anarchy? Lexicographers define anarchy as an absence or insufficiency of government; a state of society in which there is no capable supreme power, and in which the several functions of the state are performed badly or not at all; social and political confusion. The political and social conditions in this city are clearly described by the above definition of anarchy. Since the catastrophe of April 18, 1906, the people have been so absorbed by their own material interests that they have had little time and less disposition to consider critically the drift of political and social conditions, and meanwhile, day by day, they have been imperceptibly approaching a condition of social and political dissolution, viz.: the lack of a government in which the functions are performed badly or not at all.

This city is without a head. The chief magistrate is disgraced, and he is without effective voice or authority. The administrative board is a body of self-confessed pirates. The heads of the police force are regarded as corrupt, and the department over which they preside is feared by the people by reason of alleged collusion with the criminal element. The officials of the sheriff's office are under grave suspicion and they have been judicially discredited. The judicial character of several judges has been severely arraigned. Vice runs riot, and is openly or secretly protected by the authorities. Individual and corporate greed are restrained only by the ability to purchase immunity. Every civic function is tainted with graft. What is all this but anarchy, if anarchy is an absence or insufficiency of government, in which the functions of the state are performed badly or not at all? This is not the time or place to inquire whence has come this wave of social and political degeneracy, but it is the time, the supreme moment, when the thinking, responsible, and law-respecting citizens of this city should seriously consider the pass to which we are come, and unite with the common purpose to rescue this people, already tottering under accumulated misfortunes that have shocked humanity. A crisis in the history of this city is at hand. It is time for us to declare our unswerving adherence to those principles guaranteed to every citizen by the fundamental law and our determination to defend them. We desire peace and clean government. We desire that every man, woman, and child in their several capacities shall receive equal protection under the law. We believe that every man has the fundamental right to life, property, and liberty, and perfect freedom of action in every honorable pursuit or daily vocation, untrammelled by any man or combination of men. We shall maintain that every conspiracy against capital or labor is equally vicious and equally unlawful. If we desire the reign of law rather than anarchy—a square deal for every man, woman, and child—let us so declare, and let the people set the seal of utter condemnation upon civil and industrial strife upon any pretext whatsoever or by whomsoever engendered. A government, to maintain the loyalty of its citizens and the respect of mankind, should be able at all times to protect the people in their legal and constitutional rights. A government too timid to restrain the vicious and turbulent, or too weak to suppress all resistance to law, is no government—it is anarchy—political chaos. Will the people of San Francisco submit to a reign of terror? We shall see.

Let the people of California critically regard the attitude of the press of San Francisco in the present crisis—the views upon moral, social, and political decadence will be interesting. Let us hope that it will stand for a reign of law, political honesty, social decency, and for higher ideals in business life. Let the press of San Francisco unite in a declaration of principles and policy for our guidance, and let it stand united upon that declaration—a campaign of education and reform inaugurated and strenuously maintained. Violence means bloodshed, bloodshed stands for crime. Let the crime factories—the saloons of San Francisco—be closed during the present crisis.

W. S. THORNE.

How mosquitoes exist, within the arctic circle, without a blood diet, is a mystery.

WHO IS GERMANY'S ENEMY?

A Colossal Navy "for Offensive Purposes" Causes Uneasiness in Europe.

The decision of the German Admiralty to turn the port of Emden, at the mouth of the river Ems, into a first-class torpedo base may not seem to be an event of the first magnitude, but it shows which way the political wind is blowing. It also shows that even the recent Socialist defeat may not be an unmixed blessing if it gives a free hand to the War Lord to pursue the aggressive schemes with which his ambitions are credited. Torpedo craft lying at Emden is within eight hours' steam of the English coast, and this may be remembered in view of the recent startling naval manoeuvre, when thirty-six destroyers in the neighborhood of Cuxhaven received orders to go at full speed to the British coast, and they succeeded in doing this undetected by the British authorities.

There are, of course, two sides to the Socialist defeat. However much sober German opinion may rejoice at the overthrow of dangerous Utopian theories, it is already recognized that the price of salvation from one extreme may be a threat from the other. The Socialist party, above and beyond its economic quackeries, did at least stand for a reduction of armaments and for a cessation of the military expansion which could have but one ending. The emperor has assumed, perhaps too hastily, that public disapproval of Socialist economics implies for himself a free hand in a policy of international aggressiveness, and the development of Emden is therefore regarded as an integral part of a formidable scheme of which England is to be the victim.

With every sincere intention of avoiding alarmism, it must be admitted that Germany and England are drifting into a position of mutual antagonism that is dangerous in the extreme. It is all the more dangerous from the fact that there is no *casus belli*, no actual danger-point in material interests, no sphere in which the development of the two countries can clash. It is simply a mutual repugnance—one might almost say detestation—that can not be made a matter for diplomacy, because it is intangible, but that is large and vague and perilous. Perhaps all wars actually arise from national antipathies rather than from concrete quarrels. Such will certainly be the cause of the struggle between Germany and England, which, from the casual conversation of the street and the café, seems to be approaching.

There can be no doubt that the amazing indiscretions of the Hohenlohe memoirs have contributed very largely to the uneasiness with which German ambitions are now viewed. No one was more shocked than the emperor himself at the publication of Prince Hohenlohe's deliberate and repeated references to Germany's naval increase as being for "offensive purposes." No wonder that his majesty's wrath was unconcealed and tempestuous or that he should anathematize a "diary habit" which, even in private life, is deadly in proportion to its sincerity.

Offensive purposes, indeed! Is it any wonder that every country in Europe and even in America—Brazil for example—should ask itself against whom these formidable armaments were being arrayed, and that Germany's rapidly growing navy should be viewed with profound uneasiness when a chancellor of the empire should frankly avow that its object was offensive? There was a flutter of dismay among the foreign offices that was hardly allayed by the realization that the mailed fist was thus brandished in the face of England, and England alone. But the turn of the others might come. Who knows?

Germany does not publish her activities to the world and she has no yellow press to ferret out official secrets and to spread them to the detriment of public interest. An unauthoritative request to refrain from public mention of certain facts in the national life has a binding effect upon editors all over the land, and for this reason the navy department is able to work unobtrusively in its shipyards and to conceal intentions and achievements that in other countries would be proclaimed from the housetop. This, of course, is not good journalism. It is only decency and patriotism, but the fact remains that Germany's ship-building programme is going forward with a minimum of comment and a maximum of speed and efficiency. She will soon have a fleet of ships all of them more powerful than the *Dreadnought*, and specially designed to act at short range and with the deadliest effect. Their guns will be heavier than anything now in use and there will be more of them, while the smaller guns will be very numerous and of great capacity. A 19,200-ton cruiser has now been planned, and four of the new and colossal ships are practically now on the stocks. All these ships will be constructed with their coal accommodation at a minimum, so as to allow the utmost room for the guns, and this is one of the features that point to England as the chief enemy. These ships are not intended for traveling but for fighting, and they are quite likely to burn more gunpowder than coal.

The Socialist defeat has, of course, left a clear path for the emperor. The clerical party in the Reichstag is not at all likely to combine with the Socialist remnant upon such a question as armaments after the recent electoral rebuff, and the emperor could hardly lay before the Reichstag a programme so formidable as to call forth remonstrance or resistance. During the present year Germany will spend \$70,000,000 and more upon her navy, and for many years to come we shall probably see an increase rather than a decrease. The ships are built with incredible speed. The *Schlesien*, of 13,500 tons, was completed in six months under the single-minded and unhampered direction to which Germany entrusts her naval enterprises. For the moment the emperor is having his own way and there is no one to

make him afraid. He intends that Germany shall be supreme upon the water and to snatch the palm of paramountcy wherever he may find it.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

BERLIN, April 26, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cross Roads.

Out from the prison at twilight,
With stealthy, terrible swiftness,
Darted one of the branded, life heating in every vein,
Freedom stirring his pulses,
Gladness and fear and longing
Surging through brain and body with precious, unwonted pain.

Out from the damp, dark cell,
The shackles, the sorrowful silence,
Out from the ring of faces and the jarring of stern commands,
Forth to the scent of the meadows,
The glister of garrulous brooklets,
And the dim, kindly evening he blessed with his weary hands.

On, like the sweep of a scimitar,
Dashed he, cutting the darkness,
Or as the storm blows on, none knowing its way or its will;
Cumbered with horrible fears,
Leaped he the perilous ledges,
Reaching the village that lay in the valley, untroubled and still.

Midway of his sickening haste,
Sudden he faltered and swooned,
Seeing three stand by a window, as the breeze loitering blew;
A woman, sad-featured and patient,
Two golden heads at her shoulder,
Dear eyes, he made shine once—dear childish hair that he knew!

Not yet, yet, for surely the blood-hounds
Would track him thither to-morrow;
Not yet! tho' soon that door should open, as long ago;
Dashing the tear from his cheeks,
The hazzie, rough cheeks that it hallowed,
He rushed on. Had they seen it, the poor, wan face? Did they know?

Here meet the roads; see eastways,
The long, clear track to the forest,
These with chestnuts shaded, the path to the inland town;
Behind, a glimpse of the village,
Front—four sharp cliffs to the ocean;
Quickly, which shall he choose? Hark, the captors are hunting him down.

Shuffle of hurrying feet,
Breathings nearer and nearer,
No choice for a man who is doomed, unless straight to the merciful sea.

Up to the toilsome cliffs!
Better death than new anguish!
A cry, a plunge. . . . Shine, stars, on the ripples that ring that sea.

Soft in the ominous shadow the branches stir by the meadow,
Fair in the lonely distance the dying household glow;
Deep in the dust of the street,
Just where the four roads meet,
Two trembling forms where he stood a moment so;
And a wistful child's voice said,
Touched with great trouble and dread,
"Oh, little sister! which way did father go?"
—Louise Imogen Guiney.

Red Bradbury's End.

"Joe," the old man mandered, as he lay his length in the bed;
"Joe, God bless you, my son, but your dad's no better than dead,
Eh, I'm a powerful sinner, and I thank the Lord for the same,
But, Joe, I'm dying, I tell you! Joe, Joe, and I can't die game!"

"Aye, old man," said the son, "die game or die like a rat;
If you please to sneak into heaven I see no harm in that."
"But the parson, Joe, for pity!" The son leaned forth from his chair,
And the old man shrank and whimpered and shuddered away from his stare.

It was night and the wind blew loud, and the rain swept over the moor,
And once and again a branch tap-tapped like a hand at the door;
The fire leaped, flickered, and fell, and a candle guttered and winked,
And the old man peered at the light till his eyelids reddened and blinked.

"Joe," he quavered again, "'twas cunning, eh, my son?
We stopped the mouths of the rogues, and we fought the law and we won.
But I tell you here as I lie, I can see those corpses stand,
With a tongue in every wound, all bloody at God's right hand.

"I can't die yet! I can't! Oh, mercy! I'll tell! I'll tell!
Quick fetch me a parson, Joe, and save my soul out of hell!"
The old man stopped, for his breath came short, and the light grew dim;
But he shrieked, "I'm going to God, and I must get right with Him!"

"Dad," said the son, "lie still; die easy; let bygones be.
Now your own neck's free of the noose you shall tell no tales on me.
We've kept our counsel together; get right with God if you will;
God tells no tales, but parsons may, and I say, lie still!"
Then the whole pent rage and remorse of the old man burst in a cry,
And he bounded up in the bed and he flung up his arms on high;
His clenched fists beat in the air; then he doubled and fell on the bed,
And his eyes were a fear to see; they lived, but the man was dead.
—Arthur Symons.

Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, is over 80 years of age, but is said to work harder than any other member of the Senate. He has practically no income but his salary, but he has never accepted a railroad pass for himself or for any member of his family, and while he occasionally contributes to the magazines he always refuses to accept any compensation.

Tunis used to depend upon its wines, olives, cereals, and cattle. Now there are a number of profitable mines and railways are being built to exploit them.

A British company has obtained permission to run three steamers on the Tigris, the famous river of ancient Nineveh.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

When Representative Humphrey, of Mississippi, heard of John Temple Graves's suggestion that Bryan should nominate Roosevelt for the presidency, he said that it was a case of dementia Georgiana.

Senator Dick will come out strongly for Senator Foraker in the Ohio campaign. There will be no neutrals, because Foraker will, like the President, publicly announce that every Republican in the State who is not openly for him is against him.

William J. Bryan suggests that if the Democratic party should find it necessary to nominate a Republican for the presidency the choice should fall upon Senator La Follette, but so far the suggestion has not aroused any very evident Democratic enthusiasm.

Secretary Taft admits himself to be a "golf fiend." Justice Harlan, who plays the game somewhat, has also been so called, but doesn't relish the designation. "Which goes to show," said the War Secretary, "that no judge is competent to sit on his own case."

Secretary Taft has visited San Juan, Porto Rico, in order to consult with the various heads of departments as to the reasons for the grievances of the people. In the course of the conference he urged his hearers to think of the benefits that they have rather than those that they have not.

There are ten candidates for the seat in the United States Senate vacated by the resignation of Senator John C. Spooner, five of whom have about an equal number of votes. After several caucuses by the Republican members of the Legislature, who are in the majority, there appears no sign of an election.

Arthur I. Vorys, Insurance Commissioner of Ohio, is directing the Taft campaign in that State, and those who know him say he bids fair to become another President-maker of the calibre of Hanna. It was his defection from the Foraker-Dick combination that precipitated Senator Foraker's recent challenge for a contest at the primaries.

W. T. Stead, the English journalist, was much impressed by President Roosevelt. He says of him: "What struck me most was that Mr. Roosevelt is the best man I have ever met to act as a great megaphone to preach the American moral idea to the world. He should talk into a gramophone so that all peoples may hear his superb messages, typifying the best American sentiments and aspirations."

The Kansas City *Times* says that Senator Foraker is discounted in advance. He is not in accord with the people on the real issues of the time. He is a close friend and open adviser of the trusts and corporations, and he is one of the foremost leaders in the reactionary movement designed to restore the control of the Republican party to the special interests which for so many years directed its destinies.

Congressman Nicholas Longworth's formal declaration in favor of Secretary Taft's nomination to be President has served to clear the political atmosphere, at least so far as the situation in Ohio is concerned, but it does not answer the question lately on the lips of everybody in Washington: "Is it a part of the Roosevelt-Taft plan to put Mr. Longworth into the Senate in case they succeed in getting Mr. Foraker out of it?"

For the first time in many off years in politics Senator Lodge will not go to Europe this summer. Instead he will occupy his baronial castle at Nahant, where he can be within easy reach of his friend, the President. There are many things the Senator wants to look after at home this year, not the least of which is the Brownsville investigation, still pending before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, of which the Massachusetts statesman is a member.

Jay Miller, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, Republican Congressional candidate, says that President Roosevelt told him at the White House a few days ago that Secretary Taft should be nominated for the presidency. The President said that Mr. Taft was the best equipped man for the office because of his knowledge of the present condition of national affairs. He said further that the Secretary was the man to whom had been intrusted some of the most delicate affairs of the present administration.

Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, for many years has held the exclusive contract for making the paper on which bank notes and gold and silver certificates are printed. But for this fact he would have entered the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. President Roosevelt offered him that position, but he could not accept, the law forbidding one having such interest from entering the Cabinet. Mr. Crane withdrew from active management in the mill at Dalton, Mass., before going to the Senate.

In the search for a Southern Democrat to be nominated for President next year, certain Democrats have hit upon Governor Edwin Warfield, of Maryland. Governor Warfield, his Democratic advocates remark, is territorially in an advantageous position, as he could appeal with equal force, for Northern and Southern support, with confidence that any lingering friction between the Northern and the Southern organization men of the Democratic party and with the rank and file would be obliterated. Governor Warfield has been a Maryland Senator, and was president of the State Senate in 1886. He was also Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore under President Cleveland. As a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1896, Warfield first supported with a majority of his delegation Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, and then followed the unanimous course of his State and voted for Bryan.

MY UNCONSCIOUS CREDITOR.

By Jerome A. Hart.

On one of the old editorial books of the *Argonaut* appeared the following item:

"April 16, 1881—Article on *Decorative Art*, by Miss M. A. Rincon, \$5.00."

"Rincon" was not her name, but so we will call her. She was a San Francisco girl, daughter of a well-known family, once wealthy, but no longer so.

At the time her article appeared in the *Argonaut* there was a Decorative Art boom in San Francisco. At the crest of the boom an "Art Loan Exhibition" was given in the old Art Association rooms, on Pine Street, which was probably the finest art exhibition ever given in San Francisco. So enthusiastic were the owners of art treasures then that they rivalled each other in their generosity toward the managers—much more so than they ever were again when solicited for similar exhibitions. The rooms were crowded with art exhibits of every kind. There might be seen the mighty—mighty few and mighty doubtful—"Old Masters" that San Francisco boasted—the Murillos that had come from Spain to the Mission of San Antonio or San Juan Capistrano. There also could be seen the canvases of modern artists, like Bouguereau, Detaille, Gérôme, Duran, Corot, Meissonier, Vibert, Munkacsy, Makart, Von Lenbach, Knaus, and names of similar standing. There were loans from the galleries of Charles Crocker, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Irving Scott, General Colton, and others. The exhibit included not only paintings and statuary, but articles of bric-à-brac of every kind. The exhibition even gathered in its wide scope such curious things as an Etruscan incinerarium, containing the ashes of some dead and gone Italian who lived before Romulus and Remus quarreled over the building of the walls of ancient Rome. This exhibit, I remember, came from the collection of S. C. Bigelow, a connoisseur in such curios.

It was apropos of the decorative art boom that Miss Rincon wrote the little article, if I remember rightly. After its publication weeks passed, but she did not come for her honorarium. I did not know her address, and as she came not, I finally made some inquiries concerning it. To my surprise I found that there no longer was any Miss Rincon. While at Del Monte, with a San Francisco lady who lived much abroad (and whose daughter also married a Briton), Miss Rincon had met an English gentleman of title and large wealth, who immediately fell a victim to her charms. A speedy marriage followed. So it seemed that the young lady who stood accredited for five dollars on my editorial book was now the wife of a multi-millionaire in Albion's Isle.

Months had now elapsed since the indebtedness was incurred. As the *Argonaut* business manager could not balance his cash otherwise, he insisted on paying the five dollars to me, taking my receipt for it and closing the account. I then transferred the memorandum to one of my private note-books. Thus I found myself possessed of five dollars which did not belong to me, but was the property of Miss Rincon, or rather Lady Rivers, as I will call her, for she was now a person of title. I scarcely knew what to do with this money. It had been earned by Miss Rincon, yet if I sent it by postal money order addressed to that person, in care of Lady Rivers, it was possible Lady Rivers might refuse to receive it. Trying to adjust an uncashed money order with the United States Postoffice Department is a dangerous thing to attempt—that way madness lies. So I stifled my uneasy conscience and postponed the settlement.

Some years afterward, in the early nineties, I happened to be in Italy toward the end of the winter, and traveled north to the French Riviera. One day, while at Monte Carlo, I was surprised to see the large number of people registered in the Hotel de Paris coming from "La Californie." Although I knew that Californians are great travelers, I certainly did not expect to see several score of them in Monte Carlo at the same time. On interrogating the secretary of the hotel, however, he informed me that "La Californie" was the name of an aristocratic quarter of Cannes, entirely given up to handsome villas. When I told him that I was from "Californie"—the genuine California, that is—he informed me that a compatriot of mine lived in Cannes, and not only would I find the name "La Californie," but that Lady Rivers had given to her villa another California name which he could not remember.

"Here," said I to myself, "is an excellent opportunity to meet Lady Rivers and to pay her the five dollars I owe her."

I searched myself carefully, but found no American coins. So I took a twenty-franc gold piece and enough change in silver and coppers to make up five dollars. This I put in an envelope which I carefully addressed "Miss M. A. Rincon, care Lady Rivers, Villa Montroi, Cannes."

When I was leaving Monte Carlo—which I was careful to do before I was broke—I stopped over at Cannes for a few days on my way to Marseilles. While there I took a cab and drove out to view the villa of Lady Rivers. But when I got into that district of luxurious villas, and saw that hers was one of the most luxurious there, my resolution weakened. I concluded to postpone settling my debt, returned to my hotel, and left Cannes the next day without having paid Lady Rivers the five dollars I owed her.

Time passed. I was in London—in 1894, I think. I was just coming out of the Rothschild's bank in the City when I met a friend from San Francisco. You meet Californians everywhere. He was very glad to see me, and asked me a moment while he drew some money. On joining me he asked if I were not bound for the West End. I said that I was.

"Have you a cab?" he asked. "If not, I have one waiting. Let me give you a lift."

I said I should be delighted, and he led me out through the court-yard to the street. There we found awaiting him the most knee-sprung and decrepit cab-horse, drawing the most venerable and ramshackle cab, presided over by the most filthy and bleary-eyed tramp of a driver I ever saw in my life. I gazed at my friend in surprise, and he said apologetically:

"I picked him up out here. He's a City cabman, and doesn't belong in the West End. But I hired him by the hour, and we might as well keep him since we've got him."

Privately, I objected to the plural use of "we." Personally, I thought it would have been better to pay him to go off and drown himself—in that way he would at least have got washed. But openly, being the guest, I concluded to be silent, and got in. As our cab made its slow and painful way along the crowded Strand, my friend said: "You are acquainted with Lady Rivers, are you not? She used to be a San Franciscan, you know."

I was seized with a sudden desire to say: "Yes, I owe her five dollars." But, with a violent effort, I suppressed this impulse, and replied:

"Yes, I have met her."

"In that case," said he, "you had better come along with me and pay her a call. She likes to have people drop in on her informally for luncheon. Always glad to see any of her old friends. Come along."

Thinking that I might be able surreptitiously to slip Lady Rivers's money into her hand without attracting attention, I said cheerfully: "I'll go you, old man," and our cab rolled on.

Our charioteer did not know where Belgrave Square was. This may seem incredible, but in large cities like London and Paris each cabman plies his trade mainly in his own quarter. Those cities are so vast and have such innumerable streets that no cabman can carry all of them in his head. It is customary in London to identify the smaller streets by annexing them to the names of well-known arteries, such as "Albemarle Street, Piccadilly." Then there are frequently several streets of the same name—for example, my own patronymic has given a name to three streets in London, one in Grosvenor Square, a patrician neighborhood; one in Bloomsbury Square, a bourgeois neighborhood; and one in Bethnal Green, a plebeian neighborhood. This last was probably named after one of my ancestors. Our cabman had apparently lived his cab life entirely east of Temple Bar. He knew there was a West End, but he knew very little about the streets there. It is so in Paris—each cabman belongs to a particular quarter of that enormous city, and bears the badge of his quarter on his cab. At night it is indicated by the color of his lights. If you see a fareless cabman with green lights going toward the green district late at night, he can by law refuse to take you in any direction except that leading toward his home. And in his green district he knows the names of the streets backwards, while in a red one he may not know them at all. Here is another incredible story: I once hired a cabman at the Trocadero to take me to the Opera Square. It is scarcely believable, but the cabman went clear around it, and brought me down into the square by the Rue Lafayette. He had lost his way. This would be easy to understand if I had hired his cab by the hour, but I had taken him by the trip.

To return to our London cabby. At last, after much tribulation, we reached Belgrave Square. Our knock-kneed nag pulled up with a wheeze at the door of a baronial Belgravian mansion. My friend and I descended, and he began to settle with the charioteer. This person turned out to be mercenary; he presumed on his filth to gouge his fare, knowing that no man would dispute long with so malodorous a person. My friend gave him his legal fare and a shilling, but he demanded more, until my companion's anger rose and he bade him begone.

At that very moment a richly appointed carriage dashed up to the curb, driven by a white-wigged coachman, while two powdered footmen nimbly descended from the rumble and opened the carriage door. Between them, as they stood respectfully on parade, passed Lady Rivers. My friend immediately rushed up to her, hat in hand, saluting her with *empressement*, while she seemed frankly glad to see him.

As for me, I remained in the background. I had my reasons. I had no desire to have any conversation with the cabman. He wasn't mine—I hadn't engaged him. I gazed past him with severe and unseeing eyes. But when my unfortunate friend turned around, the mephitic charioteer would not be ignored; he renewed his importunities, and thrust his red-nosed, bleary-eyed, malodorous personality directly between the lady and his fare. It is needless to state that my unfortunate friend capitulated. He gave the fellow a handful of coppers and was glad to get rid of him.

I was presented to Lady Rivers, who said she remembered me very well. But as I had only met her casually I doubted that her recollection of me was so keen.

"Aha!" said I to myself, "if you knew that I owed you five dollars, Lady Rivers, perhaps you would remember me better." But this she apparently did not know.

We entered the Belgravian mansion. The powdered footmen without were supplemented by half a dozen powdered and silk-stockinged giants within, who threw open the folding doors *à deux battants* as we entered, and lined up on either side as we marched between the two rows to the staircase.

Lady Rivers made us heartily welcome, and we were soon seated at an excellent luncheon. We were the only guests—she apologized for the absence of her husband, who had been bidden to a masculine levee of some sort at Marlborough House, the residence of the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.

Before we had finished luncheon the titled husband ap-

peared. He was clad in court dress, including black satin small-clothes, black silk stockings, silver buckled shoes, and a silver-hilted dress-sword. He greeted us cordially and apologized for his tardiness.

"Awfully sorry I'm so late," said he, "but I had to go to Marlborough House. Of course that sort of thing is rather a bore, don't you know, but an invitation from royalty is a command."

It struck me that he did not seem annoyed at having been "commanded" by the Prince of Wales to visit him, but he seemed to be put out by the closing of the streets to traffic all around Marlborough House, which had delayed his journey to and from home.

When the luncheon party consisted only of Lady Rivers, my friend, and myself, I had grown almost bold enough to think of introducing my indebtedness with some jocular narrative. I had been secretly fingering in my pocket for the necessary sovereign which, with a few coppers to give it a humorous touch, I thought would make up the exact tale of five dollars. But when the titled husband appeared on the scene, with his black satin breeches, black silk stockings, and silver-hilted sword, my courage oozed out. I found it absolutely impossible to muster up the resolution to regulate my little debt. I simply could not pay my hostess her five dollars. So I thrust the sovereign and the coppers deep down into my change pocket. Instead of my little humorous narrative and my little jocular settlement I contented myself with saying, when we went away:

"Awfully nice of you, Lady Rivers—had a charming time—delighted to have seen you—good afternoon."

This utterance sounds commonplace, but it was probably less startling than saying to her:

"Say, lady, here is that five dollars I owe you."

But there arose still another opportunity for me to square myself. A few days afterwards my friend and myself—we both were stopping at the Savoy—received cards to a musicale to be given at Lady Rivers's house. I had already heard that she was famous for these entertainments; that the best professional talent to be obtained in London was secured by her, and that nothing in the amateur line was ever to be heard there. This relieved my mind greatly. I admire amateurs; I admire but avoid them. Therefore, I went cheerfully to the musicale. On the way I said to myself:

"Come, now, brace up! Be a man! Have some style about you! What is there to be afraid of? Do you intend to go on indefinitely owing this five dollars to this lady? Why don't you pay your debts? You surely can think of something pat to say when you settle up."

Thus did I jolly myself until I almost believed that I would settle the long over-due account.

The evening came. The musicale was great. But the footmen were grand. There were only six of them in the daytime, but in the nighttime I think there were a score or more. They lined the staircase from the street door clear up to the top landing leading to the great music-room. They were gigantic but calm; beefy but beautiful; their hair was powdered, and their mammoth calves clad in costly silk stockings. When I saw them my courage oozed out again.

"Come, come," said I to myself, "how can you offer to pay five dollars to a woman who has so many gorgeous giants in her pay?" And my heart sank within me again.

The room was crowded, the music was fine. I do not remember who the performers were, but I know they were some of the most popular opera singers and concert artists then in London. My attention was centred on the footmen and the audience. I have been present at many evening gatherings where people went to sleep, but in my country they are principally old people. I have often seen old men go to sleep, occasionally old women go to sleep, sometimes young men go to sleep, but never before did I see young girls go to sleep at an evening gathering. But on that particular evening I saw at least a dozen maidens placidly, openly asleep. No one seemed to pay any attention to it. So I presume it was not unusual. I knew the young girls were Britons because they were pink. American girls' necks—and that is, I mean—well, when they wear low-cut gowns—are white. But the British girl is distinctly pink, and these sleeping girls were all pink and therefore all British.

Of that evening, so many years ago, the sleeping maidens and the gorgeous footmen seem to be my most vivid recollections. I wish I could add to them that I at last plucked up courage and said:

"Here, lady, here's that five dollars I owe you."

But truth compels me to state that I merely made a conventional farewell when I bade good-night to Lady Rivers, and I left her hospitable mansion carrying away with me her five dollars.

Some days later I went to Euston Station to buy a ticket, intending to go to Coventry. I was not sent there; I went. Coventry was then the centre of the bicycle industry, as it is now the *entrepot* of the motor-car industry. While waiting at the station for my train I purchased an accident insurance policy for eighteen pence, good to Coventry and back. Likewise I bought about four pounds of penny and 'penny periodicals for nine pence. Among these journals were *Tit-bits*, *Lloyd's*, the *Pink Un*, *Answers*, *Pick-Me-Up*, and other interesting publications. In one of them, under the heading of "American Humor," I found these lines:

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—

If I should die tonight,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"

I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my hie to show the grief you feel,

I say, if I should die tonight
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

—Ben King.

In happier years, when I was out of debt, these lines had been great favorites of mine. I used to read them always with pleasure, but as they stared at me out of the pages of this English journal they did not please me. They seemed personal. I reflected with a twinge that I was sailing from England in a couple of days, and that I still owed Lady Rivers her five dollars.

Alas! I owe it yet.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

William Dean Howells Tells Us How Socialism Would Really Work.

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

If, by evolution or by revolution, the civilized world is ultimately to adopt the machinery of Socialism, it will be due, not to economic argument, nor to the cold and precise cogency of statistics, but to the blandishments of such writers as William Dean Howells. By his latest work—it can hardly be called a novel—Mr. Howells has done more for Socialism than could be accomplished by a generation of less imaginative writers who think that men in mass can be moved by an appeal to the head, whereas they can be reached only by an appeal to the imagination and to the heart. Mr. Howells knows this very well. He devotes more than half his book to a brilliant arraignment of things as they are. His caustic wit, his irony, and his pathos flash through his story like shuttles in a loom, and it is only when he has scourged us into a pliable sense of humiliation that he plunges us into Altruria, where one wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Mr. Howells, in other words, knows the value of contrast.

"Through the Eye of the Needle," is in two parts. Mr. Homos, a visitor from Altruria, visits America, and in a series of letters to a friend at home, he recounts his impressions of life as we know it. He falls in love with one of his fair informants in New York and persuades her to return with him to Altruria as his wife. The second part of the book is made up of her letters to friends in New York, descriptive of her new home and the ideal community in which she finds herself.

In the course of a general description of life in New York our Altrurian friend, who rejoices in the name of Aristides Homos—a pseudonym, let us hope—describes the noises of the great city. He says:

I once spent an evening in one of these apartments, which a friend had taken for a few weeks last spring, and as the weather had begun to be warm, we had the windows open, and so we had the full effect of the railroad operated under them. My friend had become accustomed to it, but for me it was an affliction which I can not give you any notion of. The trains seemed to be in the room with us, and I sat as if I had a locomotive in my lap. Their shrieks and groans burst every sentence I began, and if I had not been master of that visible speech which we use so much at home, I never should have known what my friend was saying. I can not tell you how this brutal clamor insulted me, and made the mere exchange of thought a part of the squalid struggle which is the plutocratic conception of life; I came away after a few hours of it, bewildered and bruised, as if I had been beaten upon with hammers. . . . In health it is bad enough, but in sickness it must be horrible beyond all parallel. Imagine a mother with a dying child in such a place; or a wife bending over the pillow of her husband to catch the last faint whisper of farewell, as a train of five or six cars goes roaring by the open window. What horror! What profanation!

Mrs. Makely has constituted herself as guide, philosopher, and friend to our Altrurian explorer, and here and there she is made the centre of some clever sketches of modern social characteristics. Mrs. Makely, her husband, and her dog, are humorously presented as types, and perhaps not unfairly so:

She made a pretty little mocking mouth when the sound first became audible, and said that she ought really to have sent Mr. Makely out with the dog, for the dog ought to have the air every day, and she had been kept indoors; but sometimes Mr. Makely came home from business so tired that she hated to send him out, even for the dog's sake, though he was so apt to become dyspeptic. "They won't let you have dogs in some of the apartment houses, but I tore up the first lease that had that clause in it, and I told Mr. Makely that I would rather live in a house all my days than any flat where my dog wasn't as welcome as I was. Of course, they're rather troublesome."

The Makelys had no children, but it is seldom that the occupants of apartment houses of a good class have children, though there is no clause in the lease against them. I verified this fact from Mrs. Makely herself by actual inquiry, for in all the times that I had gone up and down in the elevator to her apartment I had never seen any children. She seemed at first to think I was joking, and not to like it, but when she found I was in earnest, she said that she did not suppose all the families living under that roof had more than four or five children among them. She said that it would be inconvenient; and I could not allege the tenement houses in the poor quarters of the city, where children seemed to swarm, for it is but too probable that they do not regard convenience in such places, and that neither parents nor children are more comfortable for their presence.

Mrs. Makely is good enough to allow us a glance at the social aspirations that so often mean ruin and that always mean misery:

"And the young people," I urged—"those who are just starting in life—how do they manage? Say, when the husband has \$1500 or \$2000 a year?"

"Poor things," she returned. "I don't know how they

manage. They board till they go distracted, or they dry up and blow away; or else the wife has a little money, too, and they take a small flat and ruin themselves. Of course, they want to live nicely and like other people."

"But if they didn't?"

"Why, then, they could live delightfully. My husband says he often wishes he was a master mechanic in New York, with a thousand a year and a flat for twelve dollars a month; he would have the best time in the world."

Her husband nodded his acquiescence. "Fighting cock sure wouldn't be in it," he said. "Trouble is we all want to do the swell thing."

The servant girl finds a doughty champion in Mr. Homos. Looking at her status with the cold and critical eye of the stranger, he finds that she is a slave and that the terms of her employ mitigate not at all the reality of her bondage:

The habit of oppression grows upon the oppressor, and you would find tender-hearted women here, gentle friends, devoted wives, loving mothers, who would be willing that their domestics should live indoors, week in and week out, and where they are confined in the ridiculous American flat, never see the light of day. In fact, though the Americans do not know it, and would be shocked to be told it, their servants are really slaves, who are none the less slaves because they can not be beaten, or bought and sold except by the week or month, and for the price which they fix themselves, and themselves receive in the form of wages. They are social outlaws, so far as the society of the family they serve is concerned, and they are restricted in the visits they receive and pay amongst themselves. They are given the worst rooms in the house, and they are fed with the food that they have prepared, and it comes cold from the family table; in the wealthier houses many of them are kept, they are starved, and coarser and cheaper victual, bought and cooked apart from that provided for the family. They are at all hours to the pleasure or caprice of the mistress. Every circumstance of domestic life is an affront to that just self-respect which even Americans allow is the right of every human being. With the rich they are said to be sometimes indolent, dishonest, mendacious, and all that Plato long ago explained that slaves must be; but in the middle-class families they are mostly faithful, diligent, and reliable in a degree that would put to shame most men who hold positions of trust, and would leave many ladies whom they relieve of work without ground for comparison.

This is plain speaking with a vengeance, but who shall say that it is unjustified? There is many an iniquity that would be ended forever by a new perspective, by a new point of view, and Mr. Howells has the faculty of clearing away the veils of habituation and showing us things as they actually are rather than as we had supposed them to be. Here is still another truism in a new dress:

It may be laid down as an axiom that in a plutocracy the man who needs a dinner is the man who is never asked to dine. I do not say that he is not given a dinner. He is very often given a dinner, and for the most part he is kept from starving to death; but he is not suffered to sit at meat with his host, if the person who gives him a meal can be called his host. His need of the meal stamps him with a hopeless inferiority, and relegates him morally to the company of the swine at their husks, and of Lazarus, whose sores the dogs licked. Usually, of course, he is not physically of such a presence as to fit him for any place in good society short of Abraham's bosom; but even if he were entirely decent, or of an inoffensive shabbiness, it would not be possible for his benefactors, in any grade of society, to ask him to their tables. He is sometimes fed in the kitchen; where the people of the house feed in the kitchen themselves, he is fed at the back door.

We are nowhere allowed to forget the skeleton that certainly does not intrude upon the feast, but whose grizzly presence is never very far away. Homos is at a fashionable dinner party, and writing to his friend in Altruria, he says:

They tossed the ball back and forth with a lightness the Americans have, and I could not have believed, if I had not known how hardened people become to such things here, that they were almost in the actual presence of hunger and cold. It was within five minutes' walk of their warmth and surfeit; and if they had lifted the window and called, "Who goes there?" the houselessness that prowls the night could have answered them from the street below, "Despair."

There is a thread of a pleasantly colored romance all through this book. Homos falls in love with a charming American woman, who is already an Altrurian at heart, and she is willing to marry him. But he finds that she is so far victim to her environment as to be unwilling to cut the tie that binds her to the present system. She wants to visit Altruria, but to live there is quite another matter:

"We shall need no money to live on in Altruria," I answered.

"Oh, in Altruria. But when we come back to New York?"

It was an agonizing moment, and I felt that shutting of the heart which blinds the eyes and makes the brain reel. "Eveleth," I gasped, "did you expect to return to New York?"

"Why, certainly," she cried. "Not at once, of course. But after you had seen your friends and made a good, long visit. Why, surely, Aristide, you don't understand that I— You didn't mean to live in Altruria?"

"Ah!" I answered, "where else could I live? Did you think for an instant that I could live in such a land as this?" I saw that she was hurt, and I hastened to say: "I know that it is the best part of the world outside of Altruria, but, oh, my dear, you can not imagine how horrible the notion of living here seems to me. Forgive me, I am going from bad to worse. I don't mean to wound you. After all, it is your country, and you must love it. But indeed, I could not think of living here. I could not take the burden of its wilful misery upon my soul. I must live in Altruria, and you, when you have once seen my country, our country, will never consent to live in any other."

The engagement is broken, and Homos starts alone on his return journey. But Eveleth thinks better of it and, with her mother, follows him and they are married, taking up their residence in Altruria. The remainder of the book is taken up with letters from Eveleth to a friend in New York, describing her new life and the features that specially appeal to her in a country where everything is managed as becomes an earthly paradise, where there is no money and no competition and where every man works for the glory of the work and for the well-being of the state. Here is one extract from an early letter, and it must suffice:

He wanted them to let us go out and help wash the dishes, but they would not hear of it. I confess I was rather glad of that, for it seemed a lower depth to which I could not descend, even after eating with them. But they invited us out to look at the kitchen, after they had got it in order a little, and when we joined them there, whom should I see but my own dear old mother, with an apron up to her chin, wiping the glasses and watching carefully through her dear old spectacles that she got everything bright. You know she was of a simpler day than ours, and when she was young she used to do her own work, and she and my father always washed the dishes together after they had company. I merely said "Well, mother," and she laughed and colored, and said she guessed she would like it in Altruria, for it took her back to the America she used to know.

The book is at its best in its arraignment of things as they are, and it is at its weakest in the constructive descriptions of Altruria. It is easier to tear down than it is to build. There is no intelligent human being who does not know that modern civilization is saturated with the pitiful, the horrible, and the unjust, but even the vehemence of Mr. Howells is not enough to dissuade us from the belief that the remedy for all earthly ills must be prefaced by a change in the character of the individual, and that there is indeed no other problem than this in the world of men.

"Through the Eye of the Needle," by William Dean Howells. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

An Historic Highway.

It is said that the beginning of one part of an historic road may be traced to the following incident: In early days, before the public conveyance by stage between the East and West, travel was generally by horseback. Judge Brown, Senator for Kentucky, reached Wheeling on the way to the capital, wet and tired. He was a guest of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, an early settler at Wheeling. Standing before the fire in Zane's comfortable cabin, he remarked: "Zane, if you will have a roadway marked from here to Limestone (Maysville), I will have Congress grant you a section of land at the crossing of the Muskingum, Hocking, and Scioto Rivers." Zane fulfilled the contract, and Congress made the grant.

May 17, 1796, Congress granted to Ebenezer Zane three tracts of land, one square mile, one on the Muskingum, one on the Hocking, and one on the Scioto River, in the State of Ohio, for the purpose of building ferries on the road from Wheeling, W. Va., to Limestone, which road is to be opened by the President of the United States. These grants were confirmed to Zane and patented February 14, 1800. On April 3, 1802, Congress made the same allowance to Isaac Zane, his heirs or assigns, located in the Northwest Territory, now the State of Ohio. Zane made good use of his grants. He located the town of Zanesville, on the Muskingum, the town of Fairfield, on the Hocking, and Chillicothe, on the Scioto. The story runs that when Judge Brown passed over the "road" he found it well marked by—blazed trees!

Liveried servants are not proving a success at the national capital. This winter not a single official household has maintained the yellow or crimson-garbed flunkies, and even the foreign embassies and legations have toned down the gorgeous satin and velvet of their retainers. The Pierre Lorillards, the Perry Belmonts, and the George Vanderbilts still hold out against this decree toward the simple life, but the Bostonese and others at the capital are content with house servants in plain black clothes.

Leibnitz, one of the great men of literature, who died in 1716, wished to join a society of alchemists who were prosecuting a search for the philosopher's stone. He compiled a letter from the writings of the most celebrated alchemists and sent it to the society. The letter consisted of the most obscure terms he could find, and he himself, he said, did not understand a word of it. Afraid to be thought ignorant, the society invited him to its meetings and made him secretary.

Pope Pius X has inaugurated a campaign against dueling in Italy. Following his suggestion, a jury of honor has been formed in Rome to prevent duels. Similar juries will be formed in every important city in Italy, as well as in Austria, and it is thought the movement will put an efficient stop to the practice of dueling. The fatalities from dueling in all Europe are not to be compared with the deaths from football in the United States.

Wild deer and chamois have been entering the villages in some parts of Switzerland in a starving state in search of hay. The peasants have walked up to the famished deer and chamois, lifted them into sledges and taken them home.

A Manila newspaper says that any Japanese officer detected sketching the fortifications in the Philippines ought to be compelled to reveal where he found the fortifications to sketch.

A DESERT ROMANCE.

How a Penniless Lover Became Eligible.

Christopher Morgan sat upon a hox in the shade of some large boulders and within whip-reach of the circular path about the *arastra*, and at each rotation of the mule stimulated him by a touch of the whip-lash. It was a drowsy occupation. The monotonous creaking of the wooden shaft, the grating of the crush-stones, and the sound of the dull thick wash of the tailings thus kept in muddy commotion, acted as a sedative on Morgan, who had already several times almost dropped asleep. He was about falling into a still deeper doze, when he was made alert in a moment at the sound of voices from a little *mesa* above the camp. Presently, riding down the steep and almost obliterated trail, came first a lank, elderly man in faded overalls and a flannel shirt, and after him a girl dressed in coarse blue denim and a sunbonnet of the same material, riding astride on a man's saddle. She had a light, girlish figure, and her face was to Morgan a revelation of loveliness, and his estimate of her attractions was not altogether without some foundation. Her mouth was perhaps a little too large and her nose a trifle too "tip-tilted" for an exacting taste, but her gray eyes were full of life and sympathetic intelligence, her hair golden, her teeth as white and regular as a young animal's, and her complexion fresh and blooming.

The elderly man hailed Morgan in a loud voice which woke the echoes all about: "Good mornin', *compañero*. How goes it?"

Morgan acknowledged the vociferous greeting, and went to meet his visitors as they rode up toward the *arastra*. "My name's Bascom," said the man, "and this here's my daughter 'Boly,' short for Bolivyer. A man passing along the road night before last, said as how you'd bought in this here Belshazzar property, and Boly and me 'lowed it'd be the square thing to come over and get acquainted."

Meantime his guests had dismounted, and, holding their ponies by their bridles, sat down on a broad flat rock near the *arastra*, while Morgan resumed his seat on the box facing them.

"You done well when you bought this here property," continued Bascom. "I've known the ledge this ten years, and if you go slow, you'll come out ahead of the game. Them there fellers, the creditors shut down on and hustled up all natural enough, as I seen they would when I first set eyes on 'em. Bull Horn's all right."

Miss Boly said nothing, but fixed her gray eyes on Morgan and sat silently regarding him in a frank and interested way which somewhat embarrassed him. Mr. Bascom was not only curious as to the past, present, and future of his host, but was loudly overflowing with information as to himself. "My place is just over t'other side of this here ridge in the other cañon," he explained. "I took up land there ten years ago, never thinkin' I'd stay there this time. And I wouldn't if it hadn't been for a thievin' pardner of mine."

"How's that?"

"Why, this a-way. I'd made a stake before ever I'd come in here, landin' arms for Bolivyer insurgents, and this pardner, this 'ere triflin' feller Meeks, was in with me. We had fifteen thousand dollars profits between us, mostly in hig, yellow twenties; and he comes up to my place here sayin' as he'd help develop the claims hack over the ridge on which we had located together. We was goin' to put that coin all in to developin', but one mornin' I wakes up to find him clean gone, along with his share of the money and mine too. I tracked him out on to the desert down Mud Springs way, and then lost his trail altogether, and I never seen hide nor hair of him or heard where he went to. Since then I've had to rustle for a livin'. Boly, here, she helps out berdin' a few cows I've got on the bunch-grass flats on t'other side the ridge." Boly blushed, laughed, and cast down her eyes at this laudatory and pointed personal reference.

When his guests had remounted and slowly climbed the trail again, Morgan watched them till they were out of sight, with an unaccountable mixed feeling of wild joy and deep depression in his heart to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and it was with an impulse to sing, which ended with a sigh, that he flicked up his mule and recalled his attention to the requirements of the *arastra*. During the next few days the image of Boly grew more and more deeply impressed on his hitherto unsusceptible heart. This state of mind was progressive; and when, on the third day after Boly's visit, he had made a most satisfactory test clean-up, it was in the best of spirits that he determined to knock off from work and return Bascom's visit. On his way over the ridge he diverged from his direct route to Bascom's toward a little flat, where he saw three or four cows feeding and a pony near by, which, even at a distance, he recognized as Boly's. A few yards away, seated in the shadow of a great rock, he recognized the blue-clad figure of Boly herself.

"I allowed you'd be over before long," she said, with a smile; "I kind of expected you'd be in yesterday evenin'."

Morgan's courtship progressed with rapid strides. Within a fortnight after this visit he had been over to see Boly several times, and she, after an interval of a week when he did not come, knowing him to be tied down by his work at the Belshazzar camp, with a natural disregard for empty convention, had herself gone over to chat with him at the *arastra*. It was on the occasion of this visit that Morgan declared himself. The *arastra* was stopped. The mule still discreetly blinded, dozed in the tug-path, and Morgan in heatitude, sat with his arm around what for him was the only waista in the world.

"Here's one thing I ought to tell you," continued Morgan, "before ever you says yes or no. You see, when I

first met the old man he kind of jumped at the idee that I was the owner of this here property. I didn't say so, but seein' as he took it that a-way, I didn't see no call to undeceive him. But I ain't no owner. I'm just up here, workin' for Biggs, an old pard of mine, on wages, and I simply don't own nothin'."

"That don't make no difference to me, Chris," said Boly, with a sigh; "hut I reckon it will with Par about consentin'. He sets such a heap on a man's bein' well fixed." There was silence for a moment, and then Boly continued: "I've been thinkin' this a-way. Why don't you branch out for yourself and get some property of your own? Then you'd be el'gible."

"That's easy to say about branchin' out and gettin' property," responded Chris, despondently, "hut however'm I to do it? I don't see no openin'."

"You'll never see no openin' sittin' around this *arastra* helongin' to another man," retorted Boly, with some spirit. "I'll tell you what I'd do if I was a man and wanted to make a stake. I'd quit here too quick and go right away over into this here new Mud Springs destrict that they're all runnin' to, and stake out some claims for myself. That would make it all right with Par. He'd say your bein' a man with just wages is one thing, hut you hein' a man with some promisin' claims is another."

"But," said Morgan, inspired by the plan, but yet aware of obstacles, "what'd I say to Biggs if he should come hack here and find I'd quit workin' the *arastra* and pulled out with his mule? He's done a heap for me, and I couldn't go hack on him."

"I've got a plan about that, too," said Boly, contemplatively drawing lines in the tailing dust with her riding-switch. "You start right in and clean up this here run and then go and get rock down from the drifts, and I'll come over every mornin' and run the *arastra* while you're gone, with Gyp" (indicating her pony). "He's smart for the work, hut he'll do, and you take the mule and start off for the new Mud Springs range. I'll herd the cows into a little *rincon* that I know of, where the feed's good and they won't leave till I come for 'em. Par is repairin' the road every day now, and he'll never suspicion what's up."

Thus it was that on the third morning after this conversation, Morgan was on his way on the trail to Mud Springs district, with a fixed determination to find something rich and become "el'gible" or die in the attempt. He wasted no time in entering actively on his work. He rode here and there over the country, working up dry gulches in search of placers and climbing rocky huttes and ridges in the hope of finding some rich ledge. Promising discoveries were being constantly made by others, hut his own luck was of the worst. He had labored hard and patiently day after day, and yet was without his reward. The month's time which he had allowed himself was already drawing to a close, and he seemed as far from his goal as ever; and it was in a state of deep despondency and discouragement that he started upon his last trip into the adjacent mountains.

He followed for several hours an old, deeply worn Indian trail tending toward the Colorado. The trail had evidently been but little traveled for years, for in many places it was quite blocked with boulders which had rolled down the hillside, and finally came to a point where it had been completely hurried by an enormous slide of loose rock. Here he dismounted and tied his mule to a stunted *piñon*. He was anxious to proceed in the direction he had been going, for, not more than a mile ahead, there was in plain view a rocky bluff, curiously marked and mottled in dull reds and faded yellows that suggested strong mineral possibilities.

Morgan had clambered half-way across the rough and difficult barrier, still following the general line of the trail, when, as he paused for a moment to take breath, he saw with some surprise a few yards above him on the hillside a high, narrow opening in the rocks. It was partially blocked by a few fragments of broken boulders, and was evidently the mouth of one of those mountain caverns not infrequently found near the summit of these desert mountains. With but little difficulty he pushed away a few of the larger stones that blocked the way, and found room to enter. He had with him a small supply of matches, and as he lighted one after another he saw that he was in a fairly good-sized chamber, seven or eight feet in height and perhaps thirty feet in length and half as broad. He advanced to the centre of the cave, and by the dim match-light saw that there were clear evidences of former habitation. At one side on the floor were two broken *ollas* and other fragments of pottery.

"Just some old Indian hiding-place," thought Morgan, and, lacking antiquarian tastes, he was about abandoning further exploration, when his attention was attracted to certain dark huddle-like objects at the rear of the cave. He approached them with a mingled feeling of curiosity and distrust. He was not impressionable, hut when his first near view assured him that one was a tumbled roll of blankets and the other a partially clothed skeleton of a man, the damp chill of the cave seemed to penetrate to his very marrow. Stung by the flame of the match which, unnoticed in his excitement had burned to his finger tips, he dropped it and was left in darkness. It was hut a second before he lighted another, and then for the first time he noticed that close to the blankets lay a pair of leathern saddle-bags. He stooped to lift them, and was surprised at their great weight. They were unstrapped, and his curiosity now overmastering all other feelings, he threw hack the flap of one and holding a freshly lighted match close to the opening was speechless with amazement at what he saw. The bag was half-filled with coined gold. For the second time, in his excitement, he had nearly allowed his match to burn out. His stock was now reduced to four; and realizing that he must make haste to leave the cave, he seized the leather neck connecting the two

bags and dragged them to the opening. In another moment he was again standing in the sunlight and threw the remains of his last match among the rocks outside. It was all so strange and passed so quickly that it seemed to him almost that he had been dreaming and still dreamed. But when he opened the mouth of the saddle-bags and plunged his hands into the jingling, shining yellow coin which both contained, there was an end to all his doubts. "His heats dry-washing or striking a ledge," he exclaimed, aloud. "If Boly don't think I'm el'gible now, I'll give up beat."

On the side of each of the heavy calf-skin bags, in sprawling, pen-printed letters, was the name "H. Meeks" and a date some twelve years back. "That's the name of the feller that robbed old man Bascom, and it was down in this Mud Springs country that the old man lost the trail. While I am out discoverin' things, I seem to be workin' up the whole job to once," said the now exultant Morgan to himself. "Old Clumbus ain't in it with me."

When he reached Mud Springs late in the afternoon, he was discreetly silent about his new discovery in the cave. He cached his saddle-bags a mile or more hack on the trail, and his preparations for an immediate and impressive return to the Belshazzar camp were undertaken at once. These consisted in various purchases. From the proprietor of the Magnolia Saloon he obtained a black mule, with a silver-mounted saddle and bridle and a pair of deep-roweled spurs, with little jingling chains. These had been left for sale by some new-comer from Sonora with bad luck and extravagant tastes. He also obtained at the same place a diamond of large size, hut of doubtful purity, which he pinned in his blue flannel shirt-front. He added to this a guitar for Boly, secured at an exorbitant price from an impecunious Mexican, and, having bade his friends good-by, started on his triumphal homeward march just as the full moon was rising over the eastern ridges.

He reduced the four days' time of his outward trip to less than three on his return, and an hour before sunset was riding up the last heavy grade on the trail into the Belshazzar camp. He hardly expected to find Boly so late at the *arastra*; hut still on the chance he gathered himself together for an impressive *entrée*. His new mule, laden with the precious hags, trotted in advance. He followed with the guitar swung by its bright ribbon about his neck and held in place before him, his questionable diamond flashing resplendently, his spurs jingling, and his *sombrero* well hack on his head.

As he neared the camp his spirits sank for the moment, as he recognized the loud voice of old Bascom raised to even a higher pitch than usual. He hurried his animals, and in another moment was in camp. Boly's pony, Gyp, was in harness in the *arastra*. She herself was sitting despondently on a flat rock near by, with her face buried in her hands, and sobbing at short intervals, while old Bascom was vociferously upbraiding her for the infatuation which had led her to deceive her father and clandestinely operate the *arastra* in her penniless lover's absence. The situation, however, was soon changed to one of glad excitement and friendly greeting and congratulation when Morgan appeared, and, briefly recounting his adventures, astonished them with the sight of the coin in the saddle-bags.

"Two-thirds of that there coin naterally belongs to me," shouted old man Bascom, "and one-third of it" (meaning Meek's part) "of course goes to you; hut I won't stand on that. This is my day for hein' lib'ral, and I'm goin' to allow you half of the whole pot, and throw in Boly as an extra, allow'n', of course, as she's agreeable to the arrangement."

"I ain't got no objections as I knows of," said Boly with a laugh, as she looked down and shuffled one foot in the dry tailings.

"And all this comes," said Morgan to Boly, with glad impressiveness, "of my just follerin' your advice, and rustlin' round and gettin' el'gible."

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.

There have been thirteen additions to the original territory of the Union, including Alaska, the Hawaiian, Philippine and Samoan islands and Guam, in the Pacific, and Porto Rico and Pine islands in the West Indies, and the Panama Canal zone; and the total area of the United States, including the non-contiguous territory, is now fully five times that of the original thirteen colonies. The additions from 1800 to 1900, and the year the country took possession of them, is as follows: Louisiana purchase, 1803; Florida, 1819; Texas, 1845; Oregon Territory, 1846; Mexican cession, 1848; purchase from Texas, 1850; Gadsden purchase, 1853; Alaska, 1867; Hawaiian Islands, 1897; Porto Rico, 1898; Pine Island (West Indies), 1898; Guam, 1898; Philippine Islands, 1899; Samoan Islands, 1899; additional Philippines, 1901.

There died in a Washington Catholic convent a few days ago a nun who had taken the holy vows after she had refused the hand of Richard Mansfield, the actor. They had been sweethearts for years and it is said that for a while they were engaged. Persons who knew her in Washington declare that she was one of the most beautiful nuns and one of the most devout Christians they had ever known. After she had entered the convent Mr. Mansfield never came to Washington that he did not send to her, with the permission of the convent authorities, great quantities of flowers. These she distributed among the hospitals for the poor.

Dr. Wiley, government chemist and pure food expert, declares that during the last few months there has been pure milk in at least two of the Washington hotels, and that it is the first time this has happened in the capital city in the memory of man.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Andrew Carnegie has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor by the French government, in appreciation of his work for peace and his gift of the palace at The Hague.

Ex-President Cleveland has evidently abandoned his former summer home on Buzzard's Bay for his new home in Tamworth, N. H., where he has spent the last two summers with his family. A new house has been built for him there.

Walter S. Travis, who has been amateur golf champion of this country and of England, has gone into the stock brokerage business in New York, having become manager of a branch office for a leading firm. He is the latest of a long line of young men famous in the annals of amateur sport to gravitate to Wall Street.

That the wives of Presidents stand nerve strain and countless annoyances of White House life better than do their husbands seems to exemplified by the fact that while there is only one living ex-President there are four living women who have occupied the executive mansion. These are Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and Mrs. William McKinley.

Three high-class Chinese women are now numbered among the pupils of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.—Mrs. Bien, who before her marriage was Miss Li, the granddaughter of Earl Li Hung Chang; Miss Chang, the daughter of the governor of the province of Ah Lim, and Mrs. Aze, whose grandfather is now one of the ministers of the celestial empire and is connected with all important movements in Peking.

Lord Cromer, who last month ceased to be ruler of Egypt, made himself hateful to all sorts of rascals in that country, but he worked wonders of reform there and left it in a more contented frame of mind than it had ever known previous to his arrival. While Lord Salisbury was British Premier a member of the ministry complained that Lord Cromer had told him to go to the devil. "Dear me," said Salisbury, "he tells me that every time he comes to London."

Whatever may be the fate of Russia's reigning family when the revolutionists get through with that country, one member of it will be beyond the reach of want. She is the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest of the Czar's daughters. Although still a child, she has \$10,000,000 in her own right, and by the time she attains her majority her fortune is likely to be twice as large. Moreover, her millions are invested abroad, where the terrorists can't get them, even if they establish the red republic.

The German Emperor has a handsome income, but every penny of it comes to him as King of Prussia and none as emperor. The exact amount is one of the state secrets. The fact of his being at the head of the German empire does not better the king to the extent of a dollar, although there is a certain amount given him to be used, only, however, for charitable purposes. All of his many castles and estates were his inheritance as King of Prussia and would have been his anyway if the consolidation of the empire had never been effected. He is an enormously rich man and manages his great interests with good business ability.

Miss Helen M. Gould is the hitherto unknown philanthropist who purchased 100,000 acres of land near Greeley, Colo., at a cost of \$350,000, to be subdivided for homes for poor persons from New York tenements. Another \$100,000 will be spent for farm implements, seed and fencing. Beneficiaries will be allowed to make easy payments, if they are diligent, but the shiftless will be weeded out. There will be a corps of agricultural and sanitary instructors, a library and reading-room and pleasure grounds. There will be no requirements as to religion. Dairying and poultry raising will receive most attention at the start.

For the last eighteen months the Czar has been virtually a prisoner in one of his own palaces, and in the intervals of state work he has solaced himself with composing music and writing verse. His poetry is melodious and carefully polished and his music is melancholy and inspired by a spirit of fatalism. Some three years ago some of the Czar's poems were published under the pseudonym of Olaf, with music by his cousin, the Grand Duke D'Assia, but he has himself set some of his verses to music with a considerable amount of taste and a

real knowledge of harmony. Nicholas II has a fine collection of violins, of which he is very proud.

Another historical tradition has been shattered. Governor Woodruff, of Connecticut, recently returned from a visit to the Jamestown Exposition, and is grieving over the effect of prohibition on tradition in the South. "I had just met all the Governors at the Exposition," he said, "and was talking to Governor Heyward, of South Carolina, when Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, came along. Noticing they did not speak, I ventured to ask Governor Heyward if he had met Governor Glenn, and he replied that he had not. So I introduced each to the other, and they shook hands with true Southern cordiality. I was surprised, and I guessed I looked it. There was the Governor of South Carolina and the Governor of North Carolina, but where was the usual greeting? I coughed, fidgeted, and then said: 'I expected the usual salutation when the Governor—' 'To be sure,' broke in Governor Glenn. 'I should like to oblige you, but I am a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler.' 'And I, too, would be deeply honored to live up to tradition,' said Governor Heyward, bowing deeply, 'but I also am a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler.'"

RECENT VERSE.

The Mentors.

My table holds a hook well scored—
A simple gift my mother gave;
Above my couch-head hangs a sword,
A sword that helped to free the slave.

My shelves are bare of costly books,
My walls of works that art would prize,
But down upon me ever looks
One pictured face with constant eyes.

These give me heart to speak to men
What truth I know; they cheer defeat,
They counsel doubt; they rule my pen—
Three mentors, wise and strong and sweet

No hitter word I dare to trace,
No craven thought, no phrase untrue,
While hook and sword and your dear face
Keep watch and ward on all I do.
—Arthur Guiterman in *The Reader Magazine*.

The Inn of Dreams.

When I go out from the Inn of Dreams,
What do I find but a crowded street,
Where life like a vixen scolds and screams,
Anxious faces and hurrying feet,
Commonplace folk do I pass and meet;
Sordid and strange and mean it seems,
And I go my way as a strangling may.
When I go out from the Inn of Dreams.

When I go back to the Inn of Dreams,
Welcome waits me from roof to floor;
The lamps are lighted, the firelight gleams,
And my heart's desire is at the door.
Would I might abide here forevermore
And leave the mart to its noises and schemes,
But alas! at best but a transient guest
A man may come to the Inn of Dreams.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Horner's Bozara*.

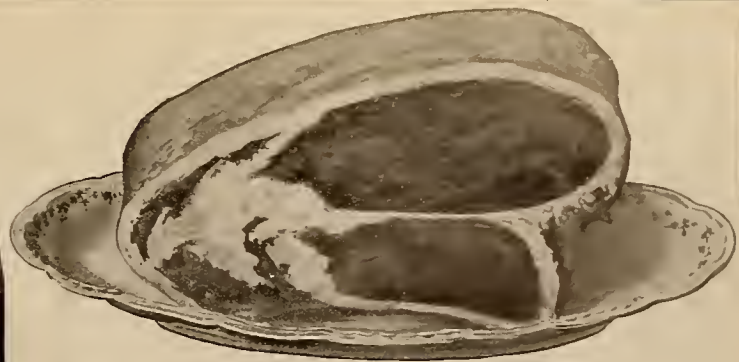
Before a Nor'easter.

The red, red sun is draped as with a shawl
Of golden mist; the glistening heath is white
With rippling waves, that turn to opal light
And pink and gray and crimson as they flash;
In quick cascades the outer breakers dash.
Translucent-green, from out the reaching might
We call the sea; dim, distant, swift in flight,
Come thunderous billows—hear their boom and crash!

Immortal beauty, ever young and new,
O loved of God, thou fresher of the earth,
Who loves thee once, he must return to thee;
Dark then as death, and green and tender blue
As rainbowed hope; in anger or in mirth,
Thou takest and thou givest life, O sea!
—Maurice Francis Egan in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

About forty years ago the adjudicators of the Arnold historical essay prize at Oxford University were wearily plowing through the usual lot of commonplace compositions, when they suddenly lighted on one which was not commonplace. The subject was "The Holy Roman Empire," and it is not too much to say that these cynical dons were electrified to enthusiasm. Hastily awarding it the prize, they opened the sealed envelope and found that it was the work of one James Bryce, aged 25, who is now British Minister to the United States. His essay has been reproduced in several languages and to this day is a standard on the subject.

Sarah Orne Jewett recently received a legacy of \$20,000 from Mrs. Susan B. Cabot. Miss Jewett was born in Maine in the middle of the last century, educated at Berwick Academy, and holds the degree of Litt. D. of Bowdoin College. Her first book was published in 1877, and she has been writing books and articles for the magazines ever since. She has also traveled extensively in the United States, in Canada, and in Europe.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

REVIEWS BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

It is hard to believe that Algernon Charles Swinburne is seventy years of age. His amazing fertility of utterance, the rushing passion of his words, the magical glamour of his language, his delight in the beautiful, and his eager defiance of oppression and wrong have never been more marked than in his later years. The mere passage of time can not dethrone him from his place among the immortal youths.

Swinburne's arrival upon the stage of English literature was not a placid one. He entered into the tranquil firmament of literary stars as a comet enters, and wars and rumors of wars followed the portent of his sword in the sky. William Rossetti says that the anathemas levied at his head were such as could only be forthcoming in a land of Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites. Only Anglo-Saxons upon both sides of the Atlantic would have been capable of such frenzied abuse. And Swinburne laughed and went on his tempestuous way unmoved, except to smite Coventry Patmore a cheerful thwack by his parody on the "Angel in the House":

Then Mrs. Prigg addressed me thus:
"Sir, if you'll be advised by me,
You'll leave the blessed babe to us;
It's my belief he wants his tea."

It was a sheer cataract of offense that Swinburne poured out in those days, but the outrages are all forgiven. We no longer hold up our hands in pious horror when we read:

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives.

Swinburne is today the greatest of living poets, and if his own country has withheld from him the arid and empty honor of the laureateship he has the greater honor of a wider and undivided homage from the world of poetry and of beautiful things. He is the real laureate of the English-speaking world.

Swinburne is now engaged upon a new tragedy, and has selected Caesar Borgia as its subject. The friends who have been allowed to see the manuscript say that it will be the crowning work of his age, even as "Atalanta" and the "Poems and Ballads" were the masterpieces of his youth.

The Silent Door, by Florence Wilkinson. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of a child, the sort of child that we all of us know and are glad to know. We have not all of us discovered for ourselves the little pearls of pathos and wisdom that lie in the mind of the child, but we can be grateful to Miss Wilkinson for so gently raising the hem of the curtain and showing them to us. No one else can do it quite so well.

The child is little Rue, and the closed door in Grandfather Penrith's house guards the room that belonged to the old man's daughter before she was led astray by the player folk. Little Rue was left at the door one morning and old Penrith says that doubtless the roving gipsies were responsible for her, but the tender love with which the little waif is cared for tells its own story and we need not hasten to the end of the book to pierce the mystery that connects the child with the Silent Door. It is one of the simplest stories ever told. The narrative runs on like a brook with always a delightful flicker of light and shade, and in the end the Silent Door flies open at the touch of the child—which is as it should be.

The Isle of Dreams, by Myra Kelly. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York; \$1.25.

Myra Kelly has abandoned a field in which she is easily supreme for one in which her power is by no means so conspicuous. "The Isle of Dreams" is a good story, even above the average, but those who know the author's fascinating descriptions of the children of the slum and the ghetto will hope that the shift of scene is not permanent.

A Waged Victory, by Robert Morss Lovett. Published by Duffield & Company, New York; \$1.50.

This may safely be counted among the

best novels of the year. It is the life story of a woman, Dora Glenn, whose father is a gambler and whose brother is an imbecile. By way of adding to her ill luck she marries a detestable fellow who is so devoted to poetry and the higher things of life, including himself, as to make his wife wretched and, temporarily, to ruin her life. Dora is a good woman and representative of a large class whose virtues are transcendent but unrecognized. The story as a whole is a fine piece of work without a dull or a needless paragraph.

A Practical Guide for Authors, by William Stone Booth. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York; 50 cents.

Those who are so ill advised as to write a book and to wish to publish it will find in this volume a guide, philosopher, and friend. He is told exactly how to steer himself through the shoals that lie ahead, and is fully initiated into the mysteries of contracts, agreements, and copyrights. He will also learn how to read proof, something about type and bindings, etc.

Religion and Experience, by J. Brierley. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; \$1.40, postage 10 cents.

The author of this book is better known as "J. B.," his usual signature to a series of essays upon religious subjects that charmed and delighted the minds of those who were searching for better things. For fifty years there has been no finer mark upon the literature of Christianity, no better or more sympathetic analysis of the human experiences that come within the domain of the religious. To read Mr. Brierley is to be introduced anew to a religion that owes nothing to creed and everything to the spontaneous and eager acceptance of the human heart.

New Chronicles of Rebecca, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston; \$1.25.

Stories of child life are becoming a weariness and a vexation of spirit and are now tolerable from only two or three writers. Mrs. Wiggin is one of them. It is to be hoped that there are many such children as Rebecca, but we have not met them, and it is therefore all the more pleasant to read about them from so adroit and sympathetic a pen.

Partners of Providence, by Charles D. Stewart. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

Elkins says to me, "Why don't you write a book about it?" "Start her up full steam ahead," he says, "and take what comes. You was raised on a crooked river and so you have got to tell a crooked story. Nobody would expect you to go straight ahead at it, like a fellow that was raised on a canal."

Sam Daly does what he is told and writes a book about his boy wanderings and the free and easy life that can only be enjoyed to the full by those who have a partner and a dog and not a penny piece between them. Sam Daly is a boy of infinite humor and he tells his story in true boy fashion. Over a hundred illustrations help in the make-up of a delightful book—but it is too long, much too long.

Bible Truths Through Eye and Ear, by George V. Reichel. Published by Thomas Whittaker.

This is practically a series of Sunday-school lessons, to a great extent pitifully out of tune with what most intelligent people now believe about religion and know about children.

The Cave Man, by John Corbin. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of high society and high finance, with morals that are sometimes correspondingly low. The author writes brilliantly, so brilliantly indeed that his choice of a rather repellent subject is a little strange.

The Quest, by Frederick Van Eeden. Published by John W. Luce & Company, Boston.

Very little Dutch literature has been translated into English, and therefore *The Quest* will be welcomed by those who wish for an insight into the manner of thinking and writing that finds favor in Holland.

The welcome will be sincere, even though accompanied with the recognition that the book contains no message for Americans and no illumination on the practical problems of the day.

"The Quest" is an allegory, in which things earthly and heavenly are blended with poetic power and with a finely mystical insight. Little Johannes wanders away into a dreamland peopled by fairies who teach him philosophy and metaphysics. Then comes the spirit of modern science, and death, and the underworld, and there comes also the woman in whom his quest ends.

Dr. Van Eeden is a Socialist, and so little Johannes dreams not only of a new heaven but also of a new earth wherein there is no inhumanity and therefore no mourning. But even little Johannes, with all his wisdom, does not tell us how the machinery of society may be so reconstructed as to leave no abiding place for the sins of the heart. "The Quest" is a fine work of constructive fancy, beautiful all the way through, but it contains no new evangel.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have this spring put out two more of their successful Western stories, which have jumped at once into popular favor. "Langford of the Three Bars" and "The Iron Way," the former a story of strenuous ranch life in Dakota, the latter a romance of the building of the Central Pacific Railway. The first edition of "Langford" was 15,000 copies, and the advance sales exhausted a good proportion of this number. Of "The Iron Way" a fourth edition has just been put to press within five weeks of date of publication. Orders for both books have been cabled from Australia, where Messrs. McClurg's fiction is now considered a staple article.

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THE "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

There is certainly something of the wizard in Barrie. He has a knack of leading us by the nose precisely into the mood that he elects we shall feel. This is the second time within a comparatively short interval that the Alcazar management has put on "The Admirable Crichton," yet the mental receptivity to the impressions the Scotch dramatist desires to produce is just as alert, just as keen, as before, and we find the sense of enjoyment in the novel, the fantastic, and the unexpected in this unique and delightful play almost as fresh as ever.

Barrie is that rare being, a dramatist with original and untrammelled ideas. And added to his literary and dramatic talent he has something like a genius for stagecraft. In each of his plays he introduces some effect, such as the shadow-silhouetted heads in "The Professor's Love Story," that piques the interest, tickles the sense of humor, and pleases by its departure from fixed dramatic grooves.

In "The Admirable Crichton" his ingenuity and fertility of ideas in showing the exercise of these same qualities in Crichton, when the latter has become lord of the isle through natural selection, makes the setting of the third act one of the most original and most provocative of delighted interest that the theatre-goer can remember. Crichton, the butler, it will be remembered, through the qualities of leadership that had made him the head of the servants' hall in the Earl of Loam's London house, and the invaluable prop of his master, became a sort of little potentate among the aristocratic members of the earl's yachting party, when the group were shipwrecked and cast upon a remote isle far from the line of ocean travel. It is through Crichton that the party learn to provide themselves with food, shelter, and clothing, and in the third act the hall in which, two years later, the ex-butler holds state over his little group of humbly subservient vassals, is like a puzzle-picture in the number and variety of devices, the uses of which are gradually revealed during the progress of the act.

Crichton, now become the "gov," is loved and feared by the helpless group whose bidding he had gladly obeyed in England. The Ladies Mary, Catherine, and Agatha Lasenby, now become Polly, Kittie, and Aggie, and, so addressed by Crichton, contend for the honor of waiting upon him at table, and squabble with Tweeny, ex-kitchen wench in the Earl of Loam's town-house, for the privileges that accompany his favor.

Crichton is the son of a butler and a lady's maid, and the inculcation of profound respect for his betters has formed part of his education. Barrie accomplishes the impossible, and unlocks the reticence of that frozen thing of terror, a model British butler. Crichton is solemnly pained by the deplorable radicalism of his noble master in insisting that once a month the doors of his drawing-room shall be thrown open to the servants' hall, and his daughters shall receive all of the menials on terms of equality. To Crichton, the holy of holies is the inner workings of an aristocratic household whose members are of exalted rank.

When in the remote isle which becomes the refuge of the castaways, the least becomes greatest, and Crichton reigns over an earl, an honorable, a reverend, and the Ladies Lasenby, he reigns with solemn discretion and a strong sense of the proprieties. When he sits at table his meals are served in courses, as indicated on a menu-card, or rather island-made wooden plaque, which the subservient Polly places before him.

Polly has assumed a wreath, a sort of crown of honor, to be worn by that one whom Crichton distinguishes as his choice for the position of waiting-maid while he eats. She vainly importunes Tweeny, ex-kitchen wench, for the loan of her skirt, the only one on the island—a much patched article, with twine stitches showing in fine, bold relief. In the pauses of her waiting, Polly cools the air and the brow of the sovereign of the isle with an improvised grass-woven punkah-wallah, which hangs above his head.

His taste for the conventionalities is consulted in various ways, as indicated in the serving of the meal. A tablecloth and napkin, resembling burlap, but presumably woven by the castaways, is used. There

are an improvised toast-rack, a wooden serving-tray, a crumb-tray and scraper, a sawhorse sideboard, a table which, like the walls of the room, is cleverly painted to imitate unplanned, roughly hewn boards.

The women are clothed in soft, brown dressed skins, skirtless for economy's sake; the men in burlap, with rope fastenings.

Crichton's collar is embroidered in shells, and his four loving female subjects have wrought for him from grasses, feathers, or something of the kind a gorgeous mantle, in which he drapes himself on memorable occasions. His male subjects complain that he looks almost too regal in it. Here, you perceive, is easily the beginnings, or the promise, of a conquering race in an unknown island. Four men, three of them young; four women, all of them young.

The Earl of Loam, now strangely transformed to a burlap-clad nondescript whose principal job, adapted to his mentality, is to clean the dam, has, to borrow Crichton's expression, cast a favorable eye on Tweeny. But Tweeny rejects him. To her the earl is only Daddy, the oldest, most incompetent, most insignificant male on the island.

Crichton has forgotten his former weakness for Tweeny, but, unlike the others, he remembers that in England Polly, who was then his beau ideal of maiden aristocracy, is Lady Mary Lasenby, the daughter of an earl. He proposes marriage to her—there being a convenient reverend in the party—with a curious mingling of conscientious reminders of her former rank and his lowliness and of pride in his present rise to supremacy over the rest.

But Lady Mary has no misgivings. The return to England is regarded as impossible. "You are the most wonderful man I ever knew," is her answer, "and I am not afraid."

"At your feet," she says, when he would place her beside him. And Crichton, ruler of the pygmy kingdom, replies with simple, matter-of-course majesty:

"No, Polly; by my side. Let us try what it will be like."

All this we follow with absorption, with delight. We laugh one moment, and the next the fantastic romance of the thing overcomes us. All through the play runs this parti-colored motive, this magic mingling of the fantastic, the satirical, and the simply human.

When Crichton in his ceremonial robe enters the hall of the island home to look on affably at the revels of his seven subjects, we, too, are so thoroughly subjugated through the literary necromancy of his creation that we do not hold it against him that he is the same man who, when reproached during an earlier act for laughing decorously at one of the Hon. Ernest Wooley's flat jokes, replies: "Me lady! he is the second son of a peer."

The Alcazar company plainly felt the acting out of this brilliant satire, which Barrie calls a fantasy, a congenial undertaking. The reception given by the Ladies Lasenby to the democracy from the servants' hall called heavily on the numerical strength of the company, and the consequent effect, while the Earl of Loam, with swelling self-approval, surveys his human menagerie, is rich and rare.

Bertram Lytell, as the hero of Barrie's fascinating satire, expressed the delicate shadings of the metamorphosis that a shipwreck wrought in Crichton's position and deportment, with complete appreciation. Laura Lang was, as ever, a bright and graceful element in the dramatic picture, and the ladies of the company who undertook the servant rôles introduced cleverly conceived little details which almost raised their work to the dignity of character acting. Daisy Lovering's was, of course, the principal rôle of the kind, and this competent little actress, who is always keen to see the possibilities in a part, was particularly skillful in the scene in which the hitherto overawed Tweeny, confronted with the prospect of a separation from her butler-love, suddenly and unexpectedly shows a streak of the raw, red stratum of servant-girl human nature.

But underneath all the lighter humor and the brilliant play of fancy one is conscious of an under-meaning, a half revolt on Mr. Barrie's part against caste. For while Crichton, looking almost like Napoleon in his coronation robes, "plays the game," and presses the button that will start the signal fires burning and bring his mimic sovereignty to an end, there is a subconsciousness of what opportunity must mean to any able man who is the son of a butler and, while in England, the bond-slave of caste.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

By George L. Shoals.

With the theatrical circle materially narrowed there is still entertainment in abundance for San Franciscans. The Colonial, American, and Van Ness Theatres have been forced to close by the embargo on transportation, but the playhouses nearer the residence centre are attracting nearly the usual number of amusement-seeking patrons. The special event of the coming week is the appearance at the Novelty Theatre of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who has not been seen here for some time. There will be good farce-comedy at the New Alcazar, and at the Orpheum a long list of well-known vaudeville people.

Some farces survive innumerable presentations, their humor seeming ever fresh and irresistibly moving, and of this type George H. Broadhurst's "What Happened to Jones" is a good example. It has been seen several times here, but even to those who know its story, and easily recall the peculiarities of its characters it still appeals. A confusion of identity is the basis of the play, as it is of most farces, but the agility and ready wit of the masquerader raise it above the ordinary. It will be given at the New Alcazar Theatre all next week, following the successful run of "Zira," in which Laura Lang has easily won the sympathy of the audiences. "What Happened to Jones" gives especially good rôles to Bertram Lytell, John B. Maher, Miss Lang, Daisy Lovering, Will Walling, and H. D. Byers.

"Du Barry," the play in which Mrs. Leslie Carter will open her engagement at the Novelty Theatre next Monday evening, is one of the greatest of the successes constructed for her by David Belasco. It gives her many opportunities for brilliant and effective work, and that she makes the most of them is assured by the general praise she has won in the East during the seasons in which this play has been given. The company supporting Mrs. Carter is said to be more than merely competent, and the costumes and stage settings may be expected to cause favorable comment.

One of the most-to-be-regretted developments of the week in the dramatic field is the unfortunate ending of Annie Russell's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre. What promised to be one of the most successful as well as one of the most artistic offerings of the season was among the earliest to be affected by the suspension of street-car service. It may cool Robin Goodfellow's affection for San Francisco, but it will surely add to the regard in which the altogether charming actress who made the character real is held by theatre-goers here.

Not many, perhaps, of those who have seen Adele Belgrade in comedy recently at the New Alcazar Theatre, or during her long and creditable engagement with the company, can recall her appearances as a star in Shakespearean rôles, but one of the pleasant recollections of an old play-goer is of Miss Belgrade in that rarely given play, "Measure for Measure." It was in an Eastern city, and several years ago, but the presentation is not forgotten there.

Some real novelties are included in the new bill at the Orpheum for next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee. Volta is a wizard of electricity, who toys with dangerous live wires, lights his cigar with a spark from the tip of his finger, and astounds the scientific as he delights the merely curious. Matthews and Ashley, dancing and singing comedians, present a skit entitled "A Smashup in Chinatown." Ethel MacDonald, "The Girl behind the Drum," is another clever entertainer new here. Kramer and Belclair show feats of strength and give physical culture poses. In their last week will be Charles Leonard Fletcher, impersonator; Princess Yolande and her cockatoos; the Durand Trio, and Foy and Clark, whose sketch, "Under the Sea," has been well received. There will be new motion pictures, of course.

Music still has charms. Most Orpheum habitués remember the famous Austrian boys' band that played many weeks at that famous old theatre on O'Farrell Street, and the enthusiasm their execution stirred at every performance up to the end of their visit. This week a more attractive, if not more popular, organization of musicians, the Fadette Women's Orchestra, is con-

cluding a four weeks' engagement at the new Orpheum on Ellis Street. There has never been a prettier picture on the Orpheum stage than is made by that score or more of white-gowned girls, grouped to face their director, Caroline B. Nichols. Nearly all of the players are pretty, from the Madonna with the 'cello, the Southern beauty with the viola, and the bewitching blonde who wields the bow of the viol, to the plump and particularly pleasing vocalist who is raised to eminence on the platform at the rear, built for the tympani and assortment of instruments of percussion that she selects and manipulates so deftly. The director is no less agreeable to look upon than her charges. Their range of selections is a wide one and uniformly well played. There may be no remarkable soloists in the orchestra, but the instrumentalists are capable and enthusiastic, and while they please the ear they charm the eye. Their engagement might be continued indefinitely without loss of interest by their audiences.

An elaborate production of Eugene Walters's American play, "The Undertow," is promised by Messrs. Belasco & Mayer at the New Alcazar Theatre for the week of May 20.

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin have just finished the long run of "The Great Divide" at the Princess Theatre in New York—252 performances. The play might have gone on indefinitely, but the theatre is to be torn down. In the autumn the two stars will resume their work in the same play at Daly's Theatre.

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VANITY FAIR.

A well-known artist and art critic, who evidently does not believe in a future state, says that women do not know how to dress and that they are indifferent, and indeed oblivious to all consideration of fitness and the beauty of things. Under the shelter of strict anonymity, he says, a great deal might be written about women's dress with special reference to the women of society and if it were written with sincerity most of it would be condemnatory.

It is urged for the prosecution that women who dress—that is to say women who are unweighted with over many financial considerations—dress either in imitation of some one else, or they dress an ideal with which they identify themselves. They are not, in other words, actuated by a sense of the beautiful at all, they are not in the least in search of it. They have no canon of perfection, no guiding principle whatever. They follow the hideous with a greater readiness than the artistic.

By their own confession, American women are under the tyranny of Paris fashions. They avow it and proclaim it. It does not matter at all that Paris fashions are made for Paris women, whose physical architecture is quite different to our own. The charm of the American woman is in repose rather than in movement, and the Paris dress is designed for those whose vivacity gives incessant physical expression to thought and speech. The charm of the Paris dress lies very largely in what may be called its joints, in the perfection of its points of movements and unless these are displayed by constant temperamental action the effect is lost and worse than lost.

But even Paris is revolting on behalf of the artistic. The revolt is led, or at least sustained by no less a critic than Rostand himself. He says, "Let us start healthier tendencies," and he refers more particularly to the wasp waist. He even mentions two "real women," Jane Dirys and Xavierre de Loka, and he asks the whole world to look at these two women in order that they may know what the proportionate dimensions of the female form ought to be.

We will look at one of them and even take the liberty of measuring her in order to see how nearly she conforms to other standards that have been put forward authoritatively as models. Jane Dirys measures 42 inches round the hips and 28 inches round the waist. And while we are about it we may say that Xavierre measures 40 inches round the hips and 24 inches round the waist, but then Xavierre wears corsets while Jane does not. Now let us see how these compare with the standards that are usually quoted as artistically correct.

There are two such standards and they are known as the Stratz and the Markel. The Stratz measurements are: for the waist, 23.3 inches to 29.6 inches; and for the hips, 38.4 to 44.5 inches. Markel's dimensions vary somewhat. For the hips he allows 42 inches, and for the waist, 28 inches. Rostand asks pathetically and even despairingly "Can not the combined art of all Paris force these sane ideals upon our women?" In other words, can not we persuade our women to dress, if not in conformity with the actual shape of their bodies, at least in conformity with the shape that those bodies ought to have?

Paul Gervais is hardly more hopeful than Rostand. He says—and he has the honor to be in agreement with us—that the wasp waist alone proclaims the weak artistic education of women. "They must naturally lack all sense of harmony to attach to mere slenderness of waist an idea of grace and beauty—without comprehending that perfection exists, on the contrary, in the soft inflections by which the body, after furnishing the superb flowering of the bust, gently contracts to magnify itself again in the ample and tranquil swelling of the hips." Chartran hastens to confirm this dictum. "The waist," he says, "should be a slow and imperceptible passage between the two glories of woman—the bust and the hips." Other artists are equally emphatic and if women cared in the least for the artistic and the beautiful in dress—which they do not—the reform would be already accomplished. Rodin, who knows nearly as much about the human form as its creator, is forcible and descriptive. He says, "When the shoulders wriggle to the right, the hips wriggle to the left, and so on. It is a supple undula-

tion of the bust to the base of the hips, caused to oscillate by the movement of the limbs. As walking is continually delayed, it is a continual reestablishment of equilibrium by the hips displacing themselves laterally while the waist executes a slight rotation in the opposite sense."

Rodin's description can be verified not only in Paris, but in New York and in San Francisco by any one who has the curiosity to observe the rear view of most "well dressed" women while walking. The upper part of the body seems to be set into a loose and ill-fitting socket and it moves jerkily upon its base in a way that may be fashionable but that is inartistic and ungainly to the last degree. Rigidity in any part of the dress is fatal to grace. The straight corset gives rigidity and the result is a graceless waddle that is the only alternative to graceful and modulated undulation.

The English artist, Calthrop, has revolutionary and anarchist ideas on the subject of women's dress. He says virtually that as women are obviously incapable of dressing themselves, they must be dressed by men who may be able to enforce some artistic considerations. But the project is not a hopeful one. Men dressmakers are already numerous, but they are just as helpless as the women themselves. It is true they are more mechanically successful because a man when taking measurements recognizes the eighths of an inch whereas a woman never condescends below the quarters. But the men are not able to enforce art principles. They don't seem to try, and are just as supine before fashion and whim as are women.

The stern censor says that women dress, not themselves, but some ideal with which they identify themselves, and this is shown peculiarly in the dress of old women. How few among them, he says, recognize the fact of their age, and the further fact that the beauty of youth is as nothing compared with the beauty of age. And yet how seldom we see a real old lady of the old-fashioned and exquisite kind whose dress displays the glory of her years, neither minimizing nor exaggerating the truth, which indeed can not be minimized nor exaggerated, although it can be rendered beautiful or repulsive.

All this, of course, means nothing more than that American women should cultivate a national dress consonant with their build and their temperament rather than imitate the attire of those who are essentially different from themselves. But will they do it?

The ceremonial inflicted upon those who are "commanded" to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle does not seem to be of the most exacting nature. John Burns, the labor leader, has lately passed through the ordeal, and a London newspaper says:

It must have been a curious experience for one who was obliged to commence the struggle for a livelihood at 10 years of age to be saluted by sentries as the guest of the king and to be relieved of even his handbag by a royal footman. Any one, however, who is invited to dine with their majesties is waited upon in practically the same manner as the king and queen would be themselves. If a large party from London is asked to spend the night at Windsor castle a special train is provided, and royal servants attend in order to wait upon the guests. In the case of Mr. Burns, a special carriage was reserved for him, and a closed carriage, drawn by a pair of horses in charge of a postillion, met him at Windsor.

While, of course, the ordinary rules of royal etiquette are observed, there is always an absence of rigid formality when commoners dine with the king. His majesty acts the part of genial host to perfection, and with his usual tact never fails to put his guests quite at ease. During the after-dinner smoke he throws off all reserve, and jokes and chats with his guests just as the ordinary individual.

Their majesties usually retire from the company about 10 or 11 o'clock, although that does not mean that the guests must do likewise. They may please themselves in exactly the same way as if they were at home. That their movements are in no way restricted by any form of etiquette is shown by the fact that Mr. Burns, the morning following his visit to Windsor Castle was up at 6 o'clock, and was looking around the grounds between 7 and 8.

Their majesties seldom breakfast with their guests. Sometimes they give their

farewell greetings the previous evening, if the guest is leaving the following morning. Usually, however, both the king and queen say good-by to any one who has been staying at the castle just before the guest leaves. It may not be out of place here to say a word regarding "command" theatrical performances at Windsor Castle. At one time the reigning sovereign not only paid all traveling expenses, but also paid the actors and actresses at a certain rate. When, in 1883, however, Queen Victoria resumed something like the old life at court, and asked the late Sir Henry Irving to play "Becket" at Windsor the famous actor stipulated that he should be allowed to bear all the expenses, and this rule has

usually been followed by other well-known actors who, with their companies, have given "command" performances. Queen Victoria, however, made it a rule with all her guests that she should bear the traveling expenses, and King Edward has always followed her late majesty's generous example.

Passionately he seized her hand. "Miss Golde—Lotta," he said, "I cannot live without you." The heiress blushed. "Ah," she faltered, "you have said that to so many girls, Lord Algie." "But never," he insisted, "when the upkeep of a private garage was anything like what it is today."—*Los Angeles Times.*

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My Lady of the Silver Crescent:

The poems were the fancies of a lonely Indian shepherd—the echoes of the dreams of a boy! But the man can not continue to dream. He has to wake and see things in the sunlight, which is merciless on the desert. A man may flinch from the revelations of it, but he can not escape it.

That is a paragraph from "Indian Love Letters," a truly fascinating little book by MARAH ELLIS RYAN which is exciting much comment.

The letters are the record of the old and hopeless struggle against reversion to type—glowing and exotic in style, and marked by uncommon beauty and pathos.

"Like the recollection of music once heard, like the haunting memory of a perfume, is the charm of the letters, in their revelation of noble, pure, unselfish, disinterested love, the outpouring of a nature alive to the beauty of the seen and in accord with the harmonies of the unseen."

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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A reporter asked Senator Tillman rather maliciously what he thought of a certain opponent's speech. "My boy," said the Senator, "it was like a fine bottle of champagne." "Yes?" murmured the reporter, rather taken aback. "Yes," said Senator Tillman, "lots of froth and very dry."

One day when the Northern soldiers were marching through the South they saw an old woman hanging clothes on a line. A soldier, who needed a pair of socks, took a pair from the line. "You will have to pay for them," she said. The soldier asked her when. She said, "On judgment day." "Oh, if you are going to trust me that long, I will take another pair," the soldier replied, helping himself.

Rear-Admiral Mead, at a dinner at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, illuminated with a story an interesting discourse on food inspection. "A sailor," he said, "brought a tin cup to an inspecting officer and exclaimed: 'Taste this, sir. That is all I ask. Just taste it.' The officer took a sip. 'Well, really, my man,' he said, 'this is not bad soup at all.' 'Yes,' said the sailor, bitterly, 'and yet they want to persuade us, sir, that it's tea.'"

Ian Maclaren was talking to a group of literary beginners in New York. "Begin your stories well," he said, emphatically. "There's nothing like a good beginning. Indeed, it's half the battle." Then with a smile this excellent beginner of stories added: "Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favorable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words: 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money.'"

"One wretched, blustery day," said a Pittsburg iron man, "I had a cap with ear-tabs on when I met Mr. Carnegie on the street. He joked me about my ear-tabs. He said there was an old Scot who always used to curl—you know the game—in ear-tabs, but one bitter day he appeared on the ice minus the tabs, and a friend said: 'Hullo, whaur's yer auld lug warmers?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I've never worn them since my accident.' 'Accident?' What accident?' 'A man offered me a drink an' wi' the dashed flaps I didna hear him.'"

One morning when Rufus Choate was still in England his clerk informed him that a gentleman had called and wanted him to undertake a case. "Ah! and did you collect the regular retaining fee?" "I only collected 25 guineas, sir." The regular fee was 50 guineas, and Mr. Choate said: "But that was unprofessional; yes, very unprofessional!" "But, sir," said the clerk, apologetically, and anxious to exonerate himself from the charge, "I got all he had." "Ah!" said Mr. Choate, with a different expression, "that was professional; yes, quite professional."

Among the mishaps of a commercial career recalled by a retired merchant is this: "In the '80s, when the mustache cups were so popular that they were used in the highest circles, I ordered from Germany a great number of gift goods for the Christmas trade. There were children's mugs, tea cups, coffee cups, mustache cups, and so on, and I had them lettered in gold with inscriptions: 'To Father,' 'To Brother,' 'To Mother,' 'To Sister.' When the consignment arrived, would you believe that I had on my hands 500 mustache cups labeled 'To Sister'?"

Dr. Seward Webb, at a dinner, said of a certain poor marksman: "Visiting his English brother-in-law, he shot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. The man limped away, cursing horribly. Next day he had wretched luck, though the wounded head keeper without malice had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang, went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each of his misses the under keepers smiled at one another oddly. Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more. 'There ain't no more, sir,' the man answered. 'No more?' Nonsense. Why, you've got at least 1000 in that box.' The keeper flushed and stam-

pered. 'Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir.'"

The famous Field family, Cyrus and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to obey. The father was a clergyman with \$800 a year for nine children, and frugality and right living were absolutely necessary. Once a useful rat-trap was missing. The father gave orders that when it was found it should be brought directly to him. A few days afterward during service, when the sermon was in full swing, there was a clattering up the aisle. It was two of the Field boys carrying the lost rat-trap. They gravely set it down before the pulpit. One of them said simply: "Father, here's your rat-trap." Then they turned and went out.

J. G. Phelps Stokes spoke with good-humored regret at a dinner in New York of a charity that had failed. "But it failed through its own fault," said Mr. Stokes. "It failed because it was mistaken. It suggests to me an experience of a friend of mine in Ireland. My friend, at about this season last year, was motoring through a remote region of Ireland, and one day he came upon a poor old woman seated with all her humble furniture about her in the middle of the road before her little cabin. My friend was profoundly moved. Here before his very eyes an eviction, a real Irish eviction was taking place. He got out of his car and gave the old woman a £5 note. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what is the trouble, my poor friend?' Bobbing and courtesying her gratitude the old woman replied: 'Sure, sir, me ould man's whitewashin'!"

Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," had a keen sense of honor. Bribery of any sort was very distasteful to him. He told a bribery story in the presence of a theatrical manager whose eulogistic reviews in the press were thought to be due in one or two cases to "palm oil." He said there was an old railway watchman who was overfond of whisky. One cold and stormy night the watchman found a tramp in a warm box-car and sternly ordered him to be off. The tramp begged and pleaded. In vain. The watchman knew his duty and would perform it. So the tramp rose from his comfortable corner and slowly and sadly pinned up the collar of his thin coat as some protection against the storm. "All right, boss," he said, "I'll go if I must. You've got to do your duty." Then he pulled a pint flask from his hip pocket. "To show there's no ill feelin'," he added, "take a swig o' this." The watchman's hard eyes softened and lit up, and as he stretched out an eager hand he said smilingly: "Sit down, man. Ye didn't think I was in earnest, did ye?"

"Once," said a Canadian politician, "I was making a long journey on horseback across the prairie. It was winter and bitterly cold. As it grew dark I was startled by the sound of other footsteps in the rear, and a moment later a hand was laid on my broncho's bridle. I turned and beheld an Indian. 'White man,' said he, 'give Injun drink of whisky and Injun give white man blanket.' Oh, think of it, gentlemen—think of this wild, free, untutored child of the forest ready to barter his warm blanket for a single mouthful of strong drink! It was awful. I shook my head and urged my broncho on faster. But the Indian again spurred alongside and cried, 'If white man give Injun drink, Injun give white man saddle and blanket.' Oh, my friends such depravity was terrible! But it was not all. When I refused, he offered his blanket, saddle and horse for a single drink of whisky." At this a rough man in the audience could restrain himself no longer. "Well," he cried, "why didn't you give him a drink of whisky?" "What!" thundered the orator. "Give that blamed Cree a drink of whisky, and me with thirty miles to go and only half a pint!"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in San Francisco caused by the street-car and telephone strikes, all social life is practically at a standstill just now. Many people have, of course, their carriages and motors, but San Franciscans of all classes are very dependent upon the two conveniences with which they are at present dispensing, and the result is very disastrous. There are but few country places unoccupied now, and arrangements to leave the city are being rapidly completed.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Thomas, daughter of Mr. Beverly Thomas, of New York, to Mr. Boswell King, of this city. No date is arranged for the wedding.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Louise Redington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Redington, to Dr. Albion W. Hewlett, will take place on Wednesday afternoon, June 12, at 3 o'clock, at Trinity Church. Several hundred invitations will be sent out and a large reception will follow at the home of the bride.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Lorraine de la Montanya, daughter of Mrs. George Ierbusch, to Mr. Edward A. Davis, will take place on Tuesday evening, June 11, at 9 o'clock, at the home of the bride on Franklin Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith will sail today (Saturday) for Honolulu to spend three or four months at the Irwin country place.

Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst and Miss Helen Wheeler have gone from Paris to Germany, after touring Spain and southern France in a motor. They will return to California in July.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Mrs. E. R. Dimond left on Thursday of last week for New York and will sail on May 16 for Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson are occupying their home on Pacific Avenue and have as their guest Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Edith Berry, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. William Berry are members of a party who have been spending a week at the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln will go this month to their country place at St. Helena to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean have arrived from New York, and are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman has returned from a visit to Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page, who are traveling in Europe, have returned to Rome after a visit to Naples.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall returned last week from New York, where they have been for several weeks.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard is spending some time at Del Monte and will be joined there shortly by Miss Maud Howard.

Mrs. Thomas Graydon (formerly Miss Beryl Whitney) will arrive shortly from

her home in Cincinnati for a visit to her mother, Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, who is staying at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oxnard left last week for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have recently purchased a home on Clay Street, near Broderick, to which they will move very soon.

Miss Ethel Dean is expected to arrive here in the near future from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Herbert Moffatt went up recently to "Sobre Vista," the Spreckels ranche in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury will leave later in the summer for a visit in the East.

Mrs. Frederick Tallant has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her family and Miss Kate Stone, who have been in San Rafael since their return to California, will come to town about May 15, having leased the Horace Pillsbury house on Broadway for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller left on Thursday for New York and will sail shortly for Europe to spend the summer.

Miss Harriet Jolliffe left recently for Europe and will join her cousin, Mrs. Robert Cryan, in Italy.

Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Simmons, of Sacramento, who have been abroad for nearly a year, will return to California next month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin will come to town from their country place at San Rafael and will spend the summer here.

Miss Alice Herrin has gone to New York, where she will spend some time as the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton B. Hale and Miss Ellen Chamberlain arrived early in the week from Santa Barbara for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and their family will go this month to their country place on the McCloud River to spend the summer.

Miss Helen Woolworth sailed last week from New York for an indefinite stay abroad.

Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman returned this week from a brief trip to New York.

Miss Isabel Brewer has left for a visit to her father in Mexico, and will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Miss Jeanette Hooper has been visiting friends in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Charles Ealand, of Santa Barbara, will arrive here shortly on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Butler left, May 4, for London, England, and will sail from New York on the Cunard turbine steamer *Carmania*, May 21.

Miss Ruth S. Haber and Mr. Louis T. Haber are away for a tour to China and Japan, sailing on the steamer *Empress of China*.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Fisk, Judge and Mrs. T. H. Kerrigan, Mr. Chas. Trippler, Mr. A. D. McBryd, Mr. G. S. Lacey, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., of San Francisco, and Mr. Frank M. Wilson, of Berkeley.

The seventh annual convention of the California Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Monterey, brought many visitors to Hotel del Monte, among whom were: Mrs. W. B. Pritchard, Honorary National President, daughter of General Albert Sidney Johnston, accompanied by Miss Elsie J. Pritchard; Mrs. J. deBarth Shorb, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter; Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. W. M. S. Beede, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, National Vice-President; Mrs. W. D. Rideout, Mrs. Alexander R. Jones, Mrs. Randolph C. Miller, Miss Kathryn Bacon, Miss M. H. Foulkes, Mrs. Samuel McCartney, Mrs. E. B. Grace, Mrs. Antoinette deC. Stearns; Mrs. Frank Kimmell, of the Joseph Le Conte Chapter, Berkeley; Mrs. J. Charles Harris, Miss Lydia Lee Dozier, and Mrs. M. L. Morris, of Oakland; Mrs. Albert M. Stephens, of Los Angeles, President of the State Division; Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, President of the Los Angeles Chapter; Miss Ryan, Mrs. J. F. Salyer, Miss Byrda McGahey, Miss Isabel Jones, Mrs. A. I. Chandler, and Miss Giletta M. Workman, of Los Angeles; Mrs. C. L. Gengsay and Mrs. E. A. Stowe, of the General John H. Morgan Chapter, Redlands; Mrs. J. T. Bell, President of the General N. Bedford Forrest Chapter, of Visalia.

Dr. John Watson, known in literature as Ian McLaren, died at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, May 6. Dr. Watson was in this country on a lecturing tour, and his illness and death were sudden and unexpected. He was born in England, in 1850, of Scotch parentage. His books, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," "A Doctor of the Old School," "Afterwards," and "Rabbi Sanderson," have been read and admired in all English-speaking countries.

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Everything is ready-made in this progressive day. The hats and shoes, all that we use, are sold in such a way That all you need to do is walk along and take your pick; It only takes a very little while to do the trick.

When some fond youth would send a lass a captivating line, He doesn't waste his mental force; he mails a valentine; And when he fain would leave some small impression as a wit, He buys a comic postcard and a stamp, and makes a hit.

The dealer small need not compute the profits he shall take, The trust will tell him just how much he is allowed to make.

The statesman for opinions need no longer rack his brain; He can go straight to headquarters and secure them, brief and plain.

So what's the use of sighing in a prosperous time like this, When all is neatly prearranged and cannot go amiss?

It's a very simple programme, and we point to it with pride. There is not any doubting, life is vastly simplified.

—Washington Star.

It is well worth a walk to see the exhibition of pastels done by Miss Anne Pierce, now in progress at the rooms of the California Guild of Arts and Crafts at 1825 California Street. Miss Pierce's work is new to San Francisco. She handles the subtle, elusive medium in which she has chosen to express herself with rare facility, securing effects that bespeak intelligence as well as dexterity.

Owing to the lack of transportation, the Sequoia Club, lately removed to the Fairmont Hotel, postponed its housewarming reception, which was also to have marked the opening of an exhibition by the artist members. The pictures have been hung as planned in the new rooms, where the public may see them from today (Saturday, May 11) until May 31, Sundays included.

Alfred Wilkie, at one time leading tenor with Anna Bishop's concert company, and for many years a resident of San Francisco and prominent in musical circles of the city, died in Oakland, May 3.

Augustus St. Gaudens has been commissioned by the treasury department to execute a new design for the \$20 gold piece.

Although South America has about twice the area of the United States, it has only half the population.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., arrived on Friday of last week, and has assumed command of the Pacific Division and of the Department of California, relieving Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., temporarily commanding, who has returned to the Presidio of Monterey.

Brigadier-General Charles Morton, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to San Francisco and to report by telegraph to the Adjutant-General of the Army for orders.

Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A., Adjutant-General of the Department of California, has returned from two months' leave of absence spent in the East.

Colonel William S. Patten, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., on leave of absence in the United States since last fall, is relieved from duty as Chief Quartermaster, Philippines Division, and is ordered to proceed to New York, and assume charge of the General Depot of the Quartermaster's Department, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Miller, Deputy Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., who will proceed to Manila for duty as Chief Quartermaster.

Colonel R. H. R. Loughborough, U. S. A., who was recently promoted and assigned to the Thirteenth Infantry, left yesterday (Friday) on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines, where he goes to join his regiment.

Major Lewis H. Strother, Twenty-eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who was granted leave of absence on surgeon's certificate of disability of December 7th, 1906, has had his leave extended four months on account of sickness.

Major Francis J. Ives, surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines Division, to take effect at such time as will enable him to sail from Manila on June fifteenth for San Francisco and thence to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty.

Major Tyree R. Rivers, U. S. A., recently promoted, has been transferred from the Fourth Cavalry to the Ninth Cavalry.

Major Cassius E. Gillette, who resigned from the Army to become chief of the Bureau of Filtration in Philadelphia, tendered his resignation from that position on April twenty-fourth, at the request of George Stearns, Director of Public Works. Major Gillette's resignation was asked as a matter of saving to the city.

Lieutenant-Commander A. H. Scales, U. S. N., is detached from the *Columbia*, when placed out of commission, and ordered to the *Missouri*.

Captain Robert L. Hamilton, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of the Army Retiring Board, Presidio of San Francisco, for examination.

Captain Philip E. M. Walker, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been relieved recently from treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

Captain John W. C. Abbott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for three months, to take effect about August 1st.

Captain Wallace M. Craigie, U. S. A., who has been recently promoted, has been transferred from the Second Cavalry, to the Ninth Cavalry.

Captain Herbert G. Shaw, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and is ordered to proceed to Vancouver Barracks and report to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

Lieutenant Samuel W. Noyes, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Colonel George Le R. Brown, Twenty-sixth Infantry, U. S. A., president of the Army Retiring Board at Fort Sam Houston, for examination by the board.

Lieutenant John Mel, U. S. R. C. S., has had his orders to the *Rush* revoked, and is detached from the *Windom*, and ordered to proceed without delay to the sanatorium of Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, for treatment.

Passed Assistant Paymaster E. H. Cope, U. S. N., is detached from the *Albatross* and ordered home to settle accounts and await orders.

Assistant Surgeon E. L. Jones, U. S. N., is ordered to the *Milwaukee*.

The headquarters, band and nine troops of the Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Peter S. Bonus, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Logan* for Manila yesterday (Friday) and will be assigned for duty in the Philippines.

The Twenty-seventh Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., commanded by Captain E. D. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., sailed yesterday (Friday) on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines.

Eastern Theatrical Notes.

Oscar Hammerstein declares that his first season with a competing grand opera company in New York, and without the aid of society, resulted successfully, the receipts being stated as nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. The public applauds his keen perception, but the public did not know at the time how much courage it required to face the situation. His opening night, with "I Puritani," brought \$11,000 into the box office, but all the rest of the week the house was nearly empty. The receipts fell to less than \$1500 a performance. Other men might have weakened and considered the battle lost. Not Oscar. "Carmen," the eighth performance, on December 14, marked the turning of the tide, and from that time on the audiences grew steadily larger and more enthusiastic. And the veteran manager repines because people call him "lucky."

The music season in New York, now nearly at an end, has been a very successful one. Nearly two million dollars was paid for grand opera and the grand sum was more than completed by the receipts for orchestral concerts and recitals. Advance sales of subscription seats for grand opera next season already amount to more than \$600,000, with the Metropolitan Opera House of course holding the larger share of this display of public confidence and enthusiasm. It is not known who will be director of the Metropolitan Opera House next season, as Herr Conried is still in ill health.

David Warfield is to have a new play for next season, to be different in every way from "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master." He has played dialect parts for five seasons and is anxious to show his ability in other lines. Mr. Belasco has the play well under way, but its theme is still a secret.

May Yohe, the actress, was married April 26 in New York to J. Newton Brown, a member of the staff of the New York *Commercial*, her third matrimonial contract. She was formerly Lady Francis Hope, and later Mrs. Putnam Bradley Strong. She says that she has known Mr. Brown from childhood.

Adorable Ellen Terry, too, has just entered her third term of matrimony, a dispatch of the past week bringing the news that the lady had married the leading man of her company. But she will still be Ellen Terry to all the play-going world that has known the magic of her presence.

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Blanket Lined Clothing	Table Cloths	Women's Underwear	Pillow Cases
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Sweaters	Table Damask	Bleached Shirtings	Notions
Sweater Coats	Crash	Wide Bleached Sheetings	Ribbons
Cardigan Jackets	Face Cloths	Wide Brown Sheetings	Kid Gloves
Blankets	Towels		

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The husband who never goes out deserves a wife who never stays in.—*The Cynic*.

Madge—Has she a good memory? *Margorie*—So-so. She's always remembering things she's forgotten.—*Town Topics*.

Mater—What is it, Pa? Has Henry been expelled? *Pater*—Worse! He writes that he's going to take a female part in the college play.—*Puck*.

First Policeman—Did you catch his number? *Second Policeman*—No. "That was a fine girl in the car. "Yes, wasn't she?"—*The Car*.

"I hear you are having trouble in meeting your creditors." "Trouble in meeting 'em? Great Scott! My trouble is dodging 'em."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Sapleigh—I'm learning to play the aw—harp. doncher know. *Miss Caustique*—Indeed! Has your physician given up all hopes?—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Pardon me, sir, but isn't there another artist in this building?" *Artist*—Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints.—*The Model*.

"My mistress isn't at home, ma'am." "Please tell her when I saw her peeping from the front window as I came up, I felt so afraid she was."—*Baltimore American*.

"Bigget says Brightly is a 'skeptic.' What does he mean?" "He means that Brightly denies something that Bigget believes is true, that's all."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Dyer—What did your wife say when you told her you wouldn't be home till late? *Rowender*—I don't know. I hung up the receiver as soon as I was through talking.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Tammy—Pop, was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days? *Tommy's Pop*—Yes, my son. *Tammy*—Gee! It must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—*Philadelphia Record*.

A Tennessee minister says strong drink, theatres, peek-a-boo shirt waists, gambling, race-horses, and automobiles are all to be found in hell. Some men would describe him as the attorney for the defense.—*Puck*.

"I thought you told me Miss Screamer couldn't sing." "So I did." "But I have heard her at social gatherings myself a number of times." "I said she can't sing; I never said she doesn't."—*Baltimore American*.

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson; "dancing is mere hugging set to music." "We might cut out the music," softly suggested the bad young man in the rear of the hall.—*Answers*.

"George, mother is coming to stay a month with us. I wish you would send her a railway ticket to come here." "I'll do better than that. I'll send her a round-trip excursion ticket good for five days."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I wish to complain," said the Easter bride, haughtily, "about that flour you sold me. It was tough." "Tough, ma'am," stammered the grocer. "Yes, tough. I made a pie of it and my husband could hardly cut it."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

She of '07—Now that you are through, do you honestly believe that a college education has helped you? *He of '06*—Helped me! Well, yesterday I signed a contract to coach the Montbraska University football team for a period of five years.—*Puck*.

"Shall we adjourn sine die?" suggested the timid member of the Duma. "We'll be in luck," remarked another, "if we can adjourn sine dying." With this feeling prevalent, of course, the body did not accomplish much.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"I thought you were working on Crotchett's house," said the house painter's friend. "I was going to," replied the painter, "but we had a quarrel and he said he'd put the paint on himself." "And did he do it?" "Yes, that's where he put most of it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Here," shouted the railway official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?" The porter gasped in astonishment; and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again to the porter: "Don't you see that you're mak-

ing big dents in this concrete platform?"—*Sketch*.

"213A Gerrard please. Hello! Is this the Club? Is my husband there? Hello! Not there? Sure? Well, all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told you my name." "There ain't nobody's husband here—never!" was the wise attendant's reply.—*Tatler*.

THE MERRY MUZE.

The Chorus Girl's Lament.

It worries me to beat the band
To hear folks say our lives is grand;
Wish they'd try some one night stand,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Nothin' ever seems to suit—
The manager's an awful brute;
Spend our lives just lookin' cute,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Met a boy last Tuesday night,
Was spendin' money left and right—
Me? Gee! I couldn't eat a bite!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Then I met another guy—
Hungry? Well I thought I'd die!
But I couldn't make him buy,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Lots of men has called me dear,
Said without me life was drear;
But men is all so insincere!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

I tell you life is mighty hard:
I've had proposals by the yard—
Some of 'em would 'a had me starved,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

—*Los Angeles Graphic*.

Clubs.

Club life dates back three hundred years.
That small band beset with fears,
When Pocahontas bravely flung
Herself before the club that swung
Above the head of Capt. Smith—
Unless the yarn is all a myth.
—*Chicago Chronicle*.

A Goodly Friend.

A goodly friend is the fishing pole, a dear old friend of mine,
With its hooks and reel, and its bright brass tips and a hundred feet of line.
A goodly dream is the fishing dream—though never a fish be caught;
The heart and soul come home at night so full of the good green thought!
—*Baltimore Sun*.

A Problem Solved.

We name our girls Lily or Violet, Rose Or Hyacinth, just as our fancies propose;
For boys, then, why should we make any bones About giving such names, say, as Goldenrod Jones? Why, Hollyhock Tompkins, or Sweetwilliam Brown,
Or Barbary Smith might capture the town!
Then, why stop at flowers when vegetable nature Has for boys and girls both such a rich nomenclature?
What charming young girl but would grin with delight To be named Lettuce Bracy or Celery White? Parsley Green is more rustic, but oh, what a flood Of tender suggestions has Cauliflower Budd!
The spices, too, offer some suitable turns In the names Nutmeg Wood and perhaps Pepper Bynes.
For a happy young maiden how's Caraway Joy? Or how's Cinnamon Bear for a stockbroker's boy? These samples, I hope, will suffice to make plain How a lost opportunity we may regain;
The problem of naming the baby is eased If only with vegetable terms we are pleased.
—*George Jay in Success Magazine*.

"When you asked papa for my hand did you tell him you had enough money saved to start housekeeping?" "Yes." "And what did he say to that? Did he still refuse his consent?" "No; but it amounted to a refusal." "What did he say?" "He invited me out to play poker with him last night and I went."—*Houston Post*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

A Vermont lawyer writes that a Congressman who formerly practiced law went, soon after he was admitted to the bar, into the office of an older attorney, and said: "Mr. —, may I borrow one of your law books?" The older attorney looked over his glasses, and said: "Why, certainly. Does it make any difference which one?"

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Social Crisis.

Within the week since the *Argonaut* last addressed its readers the industrial—or rather, let us say, the social—situation has undergone important changes. We have the strikes as before, and there appears no immediate prospect of getting rid of them. The mutual hatreds growing out of these conflicts are as deep as they were last week, but things are calmer on the surface. Street cars are running practically without molestation. Now and again some skulking outlaw representing labor-union sentiment throws a brick from under cover, but in the main there is outward peace. The United Railroads is recruiting its service partly by importation of men from the Middle West, partly from that body of local citizens who, under one pretense or another, have been denied the privilege of working at their trades by labor unionism.

The most important development of the week, and one which explains the situation as above described,

is a radical change of front on the part of the police. The chief, who ten days ago was dominated both in his utterances and in his official policy by sympathy with the mob and affinities with criminality, has turned face about and, under compulsion and with manifest reluctance, is making a pretense of doing his duty. Six hundred policemen, under command of a chief genuinely in earnest, could absolutely safeguard all the street-car routes in this city, not only against direct assault, but against insults; under Chief Dinan there is a pretense of doing this, but acts of petty violence are many and every car that moves up or down the street with its non-union crew and crowd of passengers is assailed by foul-mouthed ruffians, who vent in the form of oaths and vulgar epithets the hatred and rancor which they dare not assert in any other way. Under conditions as they stand—we write on Wednesday—it is not deemed safe to operate the cars at night. The situation, as will be seen, is a strained and painful one. Not yet is there peace in any true sense or any immediate prospect of it.

The prevailing better condition as compared with that of a week ago is due to the decision of the mayor at the dictation of a committee of fifty citizens—practically the same committee called to advise the mayor after the fire of last year—to employ the police to enforce the laws at the point of protecting strikebreakers in their right to work. Mayor Schmitz is, as everybody knows, a labor unionist. His first utterances when the trouble began were, to say the least, friendly to the strikers, and the police force controlled by him through Dinan reflected his sentiment in its support, both tacit and actual, of the rioters. It was the Schmitz-Dinan policy—a policy conceived in contempt of the law and in disregard of official duty—that led to the blood-letting of the 8th inst. If the police had at the beginning even made a stagger toward doing its duty, there would have been no riot and there would have been no funerals. We say this not because the funerals need concern anybody. The *Argonaut*, at least, has not been disturbed because a few thugs and outlaws have been put out of the world. For decent, worthy life, however humble, we have the most absolute respect; but for the lives of reckless firebrands of social mischief, of men unrestrained by any moral sense, we have none whatever. It is better for them, better for society, when they pass out of the world, and it doesn't matter much how summary the process.

More important than all, as affecting the changes of the week, has been the attitude of Governor Gillett. From first to last he has carried himself in this business as becomes a man and an official. On his part there has been no hysteria, no dramatics. His comment on the riot of the 8th was that one way to stop the shooting was to stop throwing bricks; and he promptly followed this declaration by saying that if the authorities of San Francisco could not, or would not, maintain the peace and sustain citizens in their right to work, then he would call in the military forces of the State and make a quick job of establishing social order. It was at this point that Mayor Schmitz saw a great light; he saw that the situation was one in which he would have to act promptly or be pushed to one side as a traitor to his duty. It was at this stage that he called upon the Committee of Fifty and practically gave into their hands the guidance of his official course.

Governor Gillett's course in the last few days has been in complete harmony with his first attitude toward the trouble. He came personally to San Francisco, with his own eyes noted acts of aggressive violence, and, upon the basis of first-hand

knowledge, reasserted his demands for order with an emphasis which cut both ways; first, to remind the authorities of their duty; second, to take the nerve out of the mob which, before the Governor asserted himself, felt itself strong in the sympathy of Schmitz, Dinan, and of the police force under their control. The Governor has established headquarters in San Francisco and will remain as long as there is any need for his presence. Two brigades of the State militia are under orders to start for San Francisco upon an hour's notice. Adjutant-General Lauck is here with full authority to act promptly, and he will remain indefinitely. The State is meeting the duty of the hour promptly and emphatically but discreetly—thanks to a strong man in the right place. And let us say here, *en passant*, that some of us who thought we were doing right last year in electing Mr. Gillett to the governorship, are mighty well pleased with the demonstration of judgment and character he is making in the present crisis.

If there were nothing in this controversy more serious than the question of wages and hours, this strike would soon be done with. Mr. Calhoun has made it plain that he does not intend to yield. That he means what he says, and that he will stand by it to the end, nobody doubts. Mr. Calhoun will stand and fight; furthermore he has pushed the fight to new ground, for he has declared that in future the United Railroads will deal with its employees only as individuals. He does not say that no union man shall be employed on his system; what he does say is that he will not deal with anybody as a union man. This radical departure from established practice he justifies upon specific grounds. He points out that a little more than a year ago his company made a contract with the carmen's union, to which both sides pledged acceptance until May 1, 1907. The men violated this contract by striking in September, 1906. The matters then at issue were submitted to arbitration, the findings of the arbitrators being reported in March, 1907, and at most points being favorable to the men. Within less than sixty days the union thrust aside this finding. Upon the basis of this record Mr. Calhoun declares the carmen's union to be faithless and irresponsible, and therefore undeserving of recognition or respect. He will have nothing more to do with it. He will deal with the men individually; he will pay the wages offered before the strike upon the conditions then existing, but negotiations about wages or other conditions must be as between man and man. He will have no further pother with walking delegates, with committees, with grand cockalorums of any sort.

This determination on the part of Mr. Calhoun strikes deep. It assails at its foundation the whole structure of unionism which has grown up here and which has dominated San Francisco this fifteen years and more. If unionism can be beaten out in connection with the street-car system, then it can be beaten out at all other points. Organized labor will be compelled to withdraw its pretensions as the predominating force in industry and in politics and relegated to the sphere of social and moral influence—to the place where it belongs. Naturally those captains of social revolt who have gotten labor unions at their back are unwilling to accept the restrictions of the narrower sphere. They will fight to retain the place and authority which have made them virtually the masters of San Francisco. How bitter the fight will be can only be understood by those whose acquaintance with men has taught them how intense human passion runs when there is combined in it ignorance, vanity, the malice of class hatred, and the habit of dominance long maintained. It will not be a fight of a day, or a week,

or a month. It will run to a finish, and whether that finish be soon or remote will depend upon the resolution and the resource of the conservative interests of San Francisco.

Organized labor has had in San Francisco a long and a fair trial. Unionism in the modern sense had here an early and a favorable start, for Kearneyism had plowed the ground for it. The attitude of our people was from the first both friendly and cordial. It accepted labor union upon its pretensions and gave it a free hand in its earlier activities. Employers made no protest against it; the newspaper press was more than kind to it. Even the State gave it recognition and encouragement, making laws for its protection and confirming by specific acceptance many of its theories and claims.

How has organized labor, thus favored and coddled, carried itself? How has it repaid the recognition and hospitality which it has found here? The record, says a maxim of law, is the best evidence; therefore let us glance at the record.

Organized labor, broadly speaking, took charge of our industry half a dozen years back. In consequence we have a condition inadequate at best, demoralizing to the spirit of labor, unreasonable and rapacious in its demands, so unsympathetic to capital as to have driven away many industrial enterprises which, if they had been free to follow their natural course, if they had been free to live here, would have contributed enormously to the progress and welfare of California. Today, in San Francisco's hour of supreme need, organized labor, by its exactions, its oppressive rules, by its agitations, its bad temper, its refusals, is making a situation which threatens us with wholesale disaster.

Organized labor took upon itself authority to establish rules in relation to the teaching of trades. And through the system which it has made, the youth of California has been denied that opportunity which is a foundation of character and a preparation for individual life. We are injured and discredited by the presence everywhere of an abandoned hoodlumism, because under the prohibitions of organized labor a large part of our youth has found the shop door shut and has therefore grown up without discipline, without acquiring skill or habits of industry and has therefore fallen into the mischiefs which the devil provides for idle hands.

Organized labor, by its control of the conditions of employment here, has created a situation so inhospitable and unfriendly as to prevent the incoming of skilled men. Even at times when labor has been the prime need of the city and the State, organized labor has sought to discourage immigration, and when skilled men have come in spite of union protests, it has denied them the privilege of earning a living here. During recent months, when the work of rehabilitating San Francisco has cried aloud for capable and willing hands, capable and willing men have been denied the right to work, their wives have gone ragged and their children have gone hungry, because organized labor has held a remorseless tyranny over the conditions of work here.

Organized labor has entered the field of politics and it has now for five years and more dominated the political life of San Francisco. Again let us study the record. Through alliance with Abraham Ruef and under his sinister leadership, organized labor has given us Eugene Schmitz in the mayor's chair; it has given us fourteen confessed boddlers in the Board of Supervisors; it has given us that craven wretch, Dinan, at the head of a debauched police; it has given us such a system as has made a new record of greed, allied with criminality.

Organized labor, in doing all these things, has so named our credit in the world as to make California a name of shame and reproach. In loss of credit abroad due to the troubles of the past six months, fomented directly by organized labor gone mad with excess of privilege and authority, we have suffered a damage even surpassing in its enormity the colossal losses of earthquake and fire. Today San Francisco stands in the eye of the world as a shameful illustration and a pitiful warning of what comes to a community when its intelligence, its responsibility, its moral sense, its instinct for decency, are thrust into the background by ignorance, arrogance, folly, and criminality, and when these

malevolent forces usurp the powers and control the functions of society.

We see to what organized labor has brought San Francisco and California in the events of the past ten days—a period filled with horrors and tending by all its suggestions and influences not merely to the break-up of our material interests but to the destruction of those moral qualities and conditions upon which the integrity of social order is dependent.

In the light of these facts which stand plain to the view of every man who keeps his eyes open, the duty of conservative citizenship hardly needs to be declared. We must destroy the system which is strangling us or it will destroy California. To organized labor as we have had it here and in the shape in which it still urges its pretensions, we must deny the privilege of going one step further. More than this, we must beat it back from the place it holds at the front of our affairs; we must unhorse it at the point of its social and political usurpations; we must force it to take its proper place in the scheme of social order or we must destroy it as we would any other vile thing. Organized labor has been tried long, patiently, completely, and it has been found wanting—not only wanting, but wanton.

Those among us who represent the opinions, the forces, the interests of conservatism owe it to themselves and to the community to rewrite the rules of life here, to wipe out the cruel and repressive system which organized labor has enforced upon us, to make this community free as our fathers gave it us. We have got to make San Francisco a city in which individual rights are respected, in which any willing and law-abiding man or woman may earn his or her living, in which youth may find opportunity and discipline, in which there is no privilege for a special order of men, in which social and political integrity may not be knifed by a remorseless and vulgar tyranny, in which the law of private association shall stand legitimately subordinated to the law of the land. In brief, we have got to make San Francisco an open-shop town; we have got to take the grip of a criminal conspiracy from the throat of our industries and our politics. We say to the United Railroads, to the iron working companies, to the builders of houses, to those who provide the organization and sinews of industry, that it is their duty to shake off the whole tyrannical scheme of limitations which has wrought the mischiefs under which San Francisco suffers. It is their duty to so reestablish conditions that self-respect, skill, and willingness to work may find work to do without first ticketing itself with the "union card"—a badge which has come to imply, not capacity and character, so much as degeneracy, insolence, criminal associations and sympathies. Now is the opportune time. To postpone the declaration of freedom now will be only to allow the cancer of social demoralization to strike its fangs more widely, to deepen the infamies of industrial discrimination, to submerge still further our credit and repute and in the end to make more difficult that moral rehabilitation which must come if California is to be a fit place for civilized men to live.

We commend the resolution of Mr. Calhoun to have no dealings with the carmen's union. This organization first broke its definite and voluntary contract. It followed up this dereliction by repudiating the findings of a fair arbitration. Its latest project has been a combination of assumption, falsehood, intimidation, assassination. It has forfeited its right to consideration at any point. Mr. Calhoun has said that he will not again recognize it, that he will not treat upon terms of respect with oath-breakers and outlaws. The *Argonaut* has faith that neither his resolution nor his spirit will fail. It gives him its commendation and its congratulations and it bids him stand to his guns.

There are other forces in this community besides those of industry and to them we have a right to look for help in the work of remoralizing San Francisco. We have a right to demand of the Catholic Church that it find a way to silence that blatherskite priest, Father Yorke, whose activities in the malevolent work of agitation have made him a firebrand of mischief. The Catholic Church is a great force with us; it is among the largest and most beneficent of our moralizing agencies. And, being all this, it

can not without reproach allow a confirmed hoodlum to masquerade in the character of a cleric and to misuse the authority of a holy office to the ends of social demoralization.

We have a right to demand of our newspaper press that it cease to play the rôle of cheap demagogue in its policy of appeal for business patronage. We are discredited beyond measure by a cringing attitude on the part of our newspapers, by a persistent distortion of facts, by a policy calculated to hold the favor and to claim the support of the mob. Not one of our daily papers has ventured during the last two weeks to print adequate reports of events, to call criminality by its true name, to defend the principles upon which civilized life depends. One paper has indeed attempted by occasional sound utterances to put itself in line with decent sentiment. Its feebleness has only gone to demonstrate the shallowness of its conviction, its fear of the resentment of its South-of-Market patrons. The respectable part of San Francisco long since ceased to regard the daily newspaper press with respectful seriousness; nevertheless it has continued to support it. Organized labor has known better how to deal with those who have offended it. It remains for respectability to learn the lesson that the conscience of our paltry journalism abides in its pocket. Let respectable and conservative San Francisco say to the newspapers that they must be decent and play fair or find no support. Let those who would promote a remoralized San Francisco withdraw their advertisements from any newspaper which by its policy plays pander to the mob. Such a course will quickly bring even the least worthy of them to its senses. It was the decline of advertising business growing out of the strike that modified the tone of our newspaper press last week. If the incidental effects of dull trade can do so much, what might be expected from an organized policy of severing all relations between the respectable advertiser and the degenerate and cowardly newspaper. Intellectual and moral leadership can not be expected at the hands of those who have long trafficked in mere sensation. But decent conduct is possible and it can be enforced; even the thugs and outlaws at San Quentin may be taught the lockstep.

Another force of tremendous potentiality is the police, and here there is a field ripe for remoralization. A police officer is required *pro forma* to take an oath that within the range of his authority and powers he will enforce the laws. At the same time it has been required *sub rosa* that every policeman shall blink his eyes or look the other way when some "higher up" gives him the wink. If not wilfully criminal our police force has become completely demoralized. To borrow a phrase from the street, it is rotten through and through. It is a service from which there has systematically been weeded out men of sound character and of manly self-respect. Worse than all, there stands at its head a man of such low moral sense as probably not to conceive of what is right as distinct from what is wrong. This is the kindest view to take of a wretch so debauched in mind and character; as to carry the part played by Chief Dinan during the past two weeks. We shall not have the right moral tone, the right sympathies, the right spirit in our police until we so reestablish the standards and practices of the service as to command decency and character in it. First of all we need at the head of the force a man of intelligence and self-respect. Does anybody imagine that we should have had anything like the incidents of the 8th instant and of the days which followed it if there had been in command of our police a man intelligent enough to understand his duty, a man with character to insist upon obedience to law, a man strong enough to command the respect of his men and to cower the mob? Suppose a man of the moral quality of Governor Gillett had been in command of our police—would he have talked about "neutrality"; would he have denied the constitutional right of a citizen to bear arms in his own defense; would he by a course of cringing subservience have allowed riot to follow riot unrebuked, and to have permitted citizens to be denied that right to work which the laws prescribe and which society is bound to sustain? Not on your life! With a man of resolution and courage in the place of Dinan, we should have been spared scenes which have discredited our

city, not only in the eyes of the world, but at the point of self-respect.

The political reorganization of San Francisco is a matter which must make direct appeal to every conservative citizen if we are to have better conditions here. The *Argonaut* is a very earnest Republican and in ordinary times and under normal conditions it has supported the system of party management of our affairs. Now, there has come a time when this system should be put to one side, when decent men, regardless of party, should come together in an effort to overbear the forces of social demoralization. It doesn't matter whether the next mayor of San Francisco shall be a Republican or a Democrat, provided he be a man—a man with a big M—big enough, brave enough, strong enough to match the need of the time and to give us a leadership above party, above selfish calculation, above class interest. There is necessity for such reorganization of our political life as will put our municipal affairs on a decent basis and in so doing restore to us the respect of the country and of the world. This can be done only by concerted action among decent people, and such action the *Argonaut* urges as of supreme importance to our immediate future. Another period of sinister or even of questionable politics will be first of all a discouragement to our own people, and second, a sign to the world that we lack the virtue requisite to a decent regeneration of our affairs. We shall need help from the outside and a great deal of it to complete the work of rehabilitation so auspiciously begun; and we can not reasonably expect to get this help unless through remoralization of civic conditions and by the casting out of the labor union tyranny we shall show that the community is strong enough to give protection to property and maintain the social order upon which its security depends.

The *Argonaut* does not play the game of politics; it is interested in politics only in so far as politics affects civic conditions. It cares not who may be mayor in the sense of having any regards for personal or factional interests. But it cares very much who shall be mayor in the sense that it insists upon character, disinterestedness, and high personal force in municipal authority. We believe that San Francisco in the coming election should step outside and above the ordinary political considerations; that it should pick out a man suited to the needs of the time, a man to whom we might commit our affairs without hazard. Such a man is Mr. John Mahoney, the builder. Another such man is Judge Sloss of the Supreme Court. We name these names only by way of illustration—as types representative of what we need to give to San Francisco assurance of a capable and decent administration of its affairs involving a new birth of self-respect with restoration of that universal respect which we so sorely need. It may be said that it is early to raise the question of political reorganization. But it is none too early. There are those who from the sinister side are pursuing this matter actively, and there could be no mistake more serious than by inaction to permit this supreme issue to fall into mischievous hands.

Basic Principles.

The right to quit work—to strike—singly or in the mass, can not be questioned upon any theory. This is an essential part of the principle which lies back of that "liberty" and "pursuit of happiness" which stands among the fundamental guarantees of our civilization. Take away from a man the right to quit work when, for any reason or no reason, its conditions are not satisfactory to him, and you make him a slave. No other, in all the calendar of primary rights, is more sacred than this. But the right to strike is no whit more sacred than the right to work. The same principle of individual liberty, the same guarantees of abstract justice and of fixed privilege which sustain the right to strike, sustain as well the right to work. If no man may say to a citizen that he must work, then no man may say to another that he must not work. The one principle covers the two cases with precisely the same justification, the same sanction, the same authority. Consent that a citizen may decline any work at his pleasure, logically and morally involves consent that a citizen may work at his pleasure.

When labor declares that a citizen—call him

scab, strikebreaker, or what not—may not work upon his own contract, it aims a blow to that principle upon which rests its own right to liberty of action. When labor undertakes by violence to drive a man from any work which he elects to do, it assails the foundation of its own privilege, it plays the traitor to its own theory—to that theory upon which it is dependent for moral justification, not only in the opinion of the world, but in its own opinion.

Government, which is merely an agency for the enforcement of rights guaranteed by law, owes to every citizen complete protection, both in his right to strike and in his right to work. It can no more deny the one than the other, since to be false to one is to be false to both. It is in obedience to this principle that government is under obligation—an obligation sacred and mandatory—to give its support to the citizen who elects to work in any legitimate calling upon his own contract. No matter what the conditions may be, no matter where the sympathies of the agents of government may lie, the integrity of government and the honor of its agents imperatively demand that protection shall be given to the citizen whose act is within the range of his rights. Again, it is in obedience to this principle that the whole power of organized society must be exerted through all its agents to support whoever chooses in any emergency or condition to do any lawful work.

When the authorities of any community fail to give to any citizen support and protection in his right to work, there is dereliction and failure at the point of a sacred duty. When a mayor or officer of police assumes to judge between his friends and his foes, when he fails to protect any citizen either in the right not to work or in the right to work, he stands as a traitor to a duty solemnly entrusted to his care and to which he is bound by every pledge of official and manly obligation and honor.

The relation of a man to his task ceases when he lays it down. Should anybody attempt to hold him to the task which he elects to quit, he may justly call on all the powers of society to protect him against those who would enforce and thereby enslave him. And by the same token he has no more right to molest another who takes up the work he himself has lain down than has another to enforce him against his will. In his hand there lie legitimately the weapons of argument, of persuasion, of whatever may win judgment or enlist sympathy. But there is the end of his resource. Let him go one step further, let him lay violent hands upon another who chooses to take up work by himself rejected, and that instant he becomes an aggressor, a traitor to the principle of individual liberty upon which social order is based. He becomes an outlaw, against whom not only the hand of legal authority but the hand of every law-respecting citizen must be raised as against a common enemy.

There are situations in which reason and justice may be on the side of him who lays down his work—on the side of the striker. But it is not the function of authority to determine this point. Authority must stand by the law, it must sustain the rights of those who act within the law. It must pursue with all the forces at its command whoever would deny or over-ride the law. We say that authority must do this, independent of its opinions or sympathies, because it is vital to the integrity of the principles and of the system which it represents and whose agent it is.

When, in the course of conflicts like that which now convulses San Francisco, there is violent interference on the part of strikers, government must step in to sustain the right of him—call him scab, strikebreaker, or any other term of opprobrium if you will—who elects to work. Government must maintain the law, since otherwise its own mandate would be lost. A government incapable or unwilling to sustain the law to support citizens in their right to work, would, as we have hitherto declared, be no government at all; it could not live, because it could serve no purpose, and society would not support it. Outside of its duty to maintain the law and the right of every citizen under the law, government has no mandate. The striker, seeing another take up the work he has lain down, seeing him protected in it, is forever complaining that the

law gives its favor to the "scab." He is wrong—stupidly, pitifully wrong. Government is on the side of the "scab" only in so far as the "scab" is within his rights; and so long as he remains within his rights it must support him.

The force of these reflections lies in their application. To make the matter very plain, let us look at the situation as it stood in San Francisco last week, when the United Railroads Company undertook the operation of its cars after its union employees had struck and abandoned their work. The company found men who were not members of the union who were willing to take up the work which the union men had laid down. In so doing the company was within its rights and its duty, since it owns the cars and is obligated by franchise to operate them upon its own tracks. Call the non-union workmen what you please, nevertheless they are citizens, and as citizens they have the undoubted right to work upon their own contract. The strikers and their sympathizers had no more right to interfere with them other than through persuasion, than they had with any other men engaged in driving teams or in doing any other work. Those who assaulted them with bricks and stones and attempted to terrorize them with reproaches and threats were criminally engaged—as much so as if they had addressed their missiles and their terrorizing talk to any other body of citizens. The men on the cars used weapons which they carried plainly in sight, not for aggression but in defense. The score or more of killed and wounded owe their fate, not to murderous purpose on the part of the strikebreakers, but through their energy and resource in defending themselves. Not one of the many who were hurt would have suffered the least injury if he had been content to mind his own business and leave the men on the cars unmolested in their business. The strikebreakers did do some fatal shooting, but it was not until they were attacked. If nobody had disturbed them in their work, if nobody had menaced their lives, they would have done nothing more and nothing worse than run the cars up and down the streets. Governor Gillett saw the situation perfectly in its practical bearings when he pointed out that the best way to stop the shooting was to quit throwing bricks and stones.

If in the mayor's chair there had been a just and courageous man, there would not on the morning of the 8th have appeared a silly proclamation declaring that "conditions were unsettled" in San Francisco, etc. A sound man would have outlined the conditions, following the statement with a declaration to the effect that as the head of the city government he should to the last extremity uphold and enforce the laws. He would not have "taken sides" with anybody. He would have said that the authority of the city government will protect every man, be he union man, non-union man, strikebreaker, or what not, in the rights guaranteed to every citizen by the law. The chief of police, if there had been other than a craven in that office, would have uttered no cheap nonsense about "neutrality"; in his official and private talk there would have been no blather-skite appeal either to interest, prejudice, or passion. A chief of police worthy of his office would have declared that the forces under his command would to the full extent of its powers safeguard every citizen in any and all the privileges which the laws guarantee. He would have declared that any man interfering or attempting to interfere with any other man in his civil rights would be regarded and treated as a criminal. In the spirit of this declaration he would have dispersed the crowds about the car barns, have prevented crowds from assembling along the line of car traffic, have promptly arrested every person who attempted any kind of interference. On the other hand, he would have cautioned the strikebreakers against any overt action, and promptly have taken into custody any or all of them exhibiting a purpose to do anything outside the line of what is legitimate and allowable. That such a course on the part of the chief of police would have prevented the bloodshed of the 8th instant is absolutely certain. Those who have gone to their graves as the result of this scrimmage are where they are because a craven chief of police was derelict at the point of his sworn duty. The

primary fault was, of course, their own, for they had no business to be where they were, no right to raise their hands against men engaged in legitimate work. Verily they died as the fool dieth; their blood is upon their own heads. But some of it is upon the skirts of the man who sits in the mayor's office, and of him who, when he assumed command of the police of San Francisco, swore a lying oath that he would uphold the laws.

Early Political Activities.

Presidential politics is slowly but surely warming up in various parts of the country, most notably in Ohio and New York. Until within a day or two it has looked as if the differences between Taft and Foraker in the State first named would be compromised, that an arrangement would be made by which Ohio's delegates in the next national convention would be for Taft, and that the Senatorship would go again to Foraker. A recent declaration by Mr. Foraker, however, indicates that no such compromise is possible, that the factional contest inaugurated some two months ago will be fought to its finish.

In New York, likewise, there seems small chance of the two Republican factions coming together, at least not thus early in the game. A resolution introduced in the State Republican Committee last week formally endorsing Governor Hughes for the Presidency was, on motion of Governor Woodruff, a friend of President Roosevelt and an active agent of Roosevelt politics in New York, laid on the table by the decisive vote of 42 to 32. How much or how little this means it is not easy to define precisely at this distance. But this may be said with assurance, namely, that the friends of Roosevelt outnumber his opponents in the New York Republican State Committee in the ratio of 42 to 32. That the friends of Roosevelt are unfriendly to Hughes is far from being an assurance. A fair interpretation of their action, we think, is that they are unwilling to take a stand which would close the door against freedom of action at a later time.

They have a way, both in Ohio and in New York, of assuming an authority both with respect to issues and to men which the other States of the Union have never conceded and which has rarely been justified in the event. The choice of the national Republican party for the presidential office is a matter which neither the Republicans of Ohio nor the Republicans of New York are authorized to determine. Some forty odd other States must be heard from before announcements can safely be made. Local factional fights more frequently result in the elimination of favorite sons than in their promotion. Let Ohio and New York amuse themselves at their pleasure, but let them take care to remember that there are several other States which will take a hand in naming the next President.

An Educational Experiment.

What the average man wants in the way of education and in the way of keeping himself abreast of the movements of the world is not so much the substance of scholarship as its findings. Few have the disposition, the ambition, the leisure, the physical and mental stamina for scholarship; but all men of liberal mind—and many uneducated as well as educated men come within this easy classification—like to keep in touch with the advancing knowledge and the progressive thought of the world.

These reflections make the basis of a very interesting project recently put upon its feet through the initiative and liberality of Mr. Truxton Beale, of Kern County. Mr. Beale has conceived the idea of a summer school that will give to the neighborhood in which he lives the findings of scholarship. It is a school designed, not especially for teachers or especially for anybody else; it is a school without formal organization, without fixed and rigid classes; it is a school with none of the machinery and free from the limitations which make going to school an embarrassment to men and women past their childhood, but nevertheless eager to keep up as best they may with the march of knowledge, to draw enlightenment and inspiration from the atmosphere of intellectual life, even though for a brief season each year.

In a sense Mr. Beale's project is only an experiment, but it is an experiment founded upon careful observation of men and things and in sympathetic

accord with the necessities of persons who, though active in mind and eager of spirit, have small opportunity, or none at all, to mingle with the wide world. This experiment will be followed with interest by many who criticize the general educational scheme on the score of its failure to reach multitudes athirst for knowledge and for the individual development of mind and character which knowledge yields, but who nevertheless are condemned by circumstances to stay by the shop or the plow. It is a project finely conceived; and if it can be worked out successfully in Kern County it will make a pattern capable of wide application and calculated to give a tremendous and wholesome stimulus to the practical extension of intellectual and moral influences.

Another Menace.

As if San Francisco, in the necessities of her rehabilitation, in the infamies of her municipal government, and in the disturbance of her industries, did not already face problems enough, there has come another and a very serious problem, too, at the hands of the Smelting Trust, in the shape of a project to establish a great smelter at San Bruno Point, near Baden station, some ten miles south of the city. The proposal is to set up at this point a colossal plant, competent to reduce five thousand tons of copper ore per day, the ores to be brought to it from mines in the western part of the United States, Alaska, and Mexico. Ores of this class are said to contain anywhere from fifteen per cent to forty per cent of sulphur, and from a trace to ten per cent of arsenic. In the process of smelting, these chemicals are driven off and escape through the stacks of the smelter, ultimately finding their way by gravity to the ground, where they work many kinds of mischief. Arsenic thus dissipated retains its form as a solid in finely divided particles; but sulphur takes up oxygen and is converted into sulphur dioxide, an exceedingly pungent and corrosive gas. A smelter smoke-stack, spewing out sulphur and arsenic, has very graphically been likened to a volcano from which is sprinkled over a wide area incessant discharges of virulent poisons. Run to its full capacity, the projected smelter at Baden, it is said, will discharge approximately 1,250,000,000 cubic feet of fumes in twenty-four hours, estimated to contain about 1500 tons of sulphur dioxide, with large quantities of arsenic, possibly as much as twenty tons.

For the effects of such discharges we have only to examine those regions where similar establishments already exist. Vegetation withers; animal life, especially if it be sustained by vegetation, is vitiated; the whole region touched by the corroding fumes suffers a slow but certain and deadly poisoning of all the sources of its vegetable and animal life. It kills not only land animals which live by vegetation, but it destroys fish life or whatever comes into contact with waters infected by it. At Butte, Montana, where the winds are high, the deadly influence of smelter fumes may be traced a distance of thirty-five miles or more. The effect has been so serious that the smelter companies have been compelled to buy up poisoned tracts and to pay large sums in the form of damages to farmers and others. A year after the Washoe Smelter was established at Anaconda the company had to pay the sum of \$333,000 in settlement of damages. One hundred and ten farmers, owning one hundred square miles of territory in what is called the smoke zone have recently brought suit for damages. At Great Falls, Montana, the smelter owners are buying up all the lands in the smoke zone as the most economical means of compromising with the land owners. In Georgia there has been great destruction from smelters just over the Tennessee border. In territory as remote as fifty miles from the smelter the effects of the smelter smoke are described as "occasioning the death and utter destruction of all crops, orchards, vegetables, forests, and vegetation, converting the region into a barren waste."

Baden is only ten miles from San Francisco. A circle fifteen miles distant would include the whole of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Sausalito, part of Angel Island, part of Berkeley, and nearly the whole of San Francisco bay. On the south it would extend beyond Redwood City and within about three miles of Palo Alto. It would include the villages of Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo,

and Belmont, with the whole territory between the bay and the ocean, including the peninsula lake system, whence San Francisco draws its water supply. This reckoning is only within the fifteen mile line; there is abundant reason to believe that the fumes would carry much farther and that a very large part of Alameda County, to which smoke would be carried by the prevailing summer winds, would suffer seriously. The argument of the smelter people is that the winds would carry away and dissipate the poisonous fumes, but this theory is completely overborne and discredited by experience elsewhere. There is every reason to believe that if the projected smelter is established at Baden the whole region hereabout will suffer precisely as other regions have suffered.

Down San Mateo way there is a condition of serious alarm with respect to this projected smelter. The San Mateo Home Protective Association has been organized to make a study of all the facts and to take action with respect to them. The farmers in that region are very much disturbed over the prospect and the movement which they have set on foot is finding interested recruits among the owners of suburban homesteads all down the peninsula. San Francisco, Oakland, and the whole Alameda region have equal cause to be concerned; and, since work on the projected smelter is already under way, it is high time for them to get busy. It will be much easier to deal with this matter now, than by delay to face a condition in which the smelter people will have a condition of vested rights on their side.

Ruef Has Confessed.

Just as the *Argonaut* goes to press Wednesday night, there comes the report that Abraham Ruef, the central figure of the sinister system of politics and of municipal jobbery in San Francisco for several years past, has risen in the prisoner's dock, withdrawn his plea of not guilty of the charge of extortion, substituted a plea of guilty, and cast himself upon the mercy of the court. It is a dramatic climax of a hideous drama. In the course of an extended statement to the court, Ruef declared that "as soon as opportunity be accorded I shall re-enlist on the side of good citizenship and integrity," hoping that it might be allowed him "at some time hereafter to have some small part in the reestablishment . . . of a plan of high civic morality," etc. He declared his purpose "to acknowledge whatever there may have been of wrong or mistake and so far as may be within his power to make it right."

The presumption based upon these statements, with his confession of guilt on a minor charge, is that Ruef will lay bare the whole scheme of his operations, covering the period of his domination of our city government. What information he will give, who and where it may reach, are of course matters of conjecture. Unquestionably the confession is made under some arrangement for immunity between him and his prosecutors. To what extent immunity may have been promised him is, of course, another matter of conjecture.

Following Ruef's statement, Judge Dunne continued the case for two weeks, when the self-confessed criminal will be called into court for sentence. Before the expiration of that time, no doubt—probably before this paper reaches its readers—Ruef's complete confession will have been given to the public.

It is probable that Ruef's confession may have important moral bearings upon the social crisis brought on by the street-car and telephone strikes. It is, however, difficult to see how this or any other circumstance can affect vitally the great issues involved in the pending conflict. The rights and wrongs of the industrial warfare now being waged in San Francisco stand by themselves and call for adjustment quite apart from considerations outside of themselves.

No matter where the shafts of criminal exposure may strike, the principles involved in the pending industrial conflict should be considered of and by themselves.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, and Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, in recent speeches have declared in the most unqualified manner that the white man must rule in the South and that there must be no departure from accepted Southern principles.

THE MOUSTACHE VINDICATED.

Paris Waiters Strike in Defense of Liberty, Equality, and an Unrestricted Toilet.

Surely there was never a stranger strike than that of the waiters in the Paris restaurants. Seldom have comedy and tragedy been so mingled, but it is to be feared that the tragedy may predominate as soon as the May Day contribution to the sacred cause of disorder makes itself felt.

The signal for the fight was an organized refusal on the part of the waiters to shave their moustaches. They did not claim any special affection for the moustache, but when its removal became a matter of compulsion, the Gallic blood resented an indignity that was supposed to mark a social inferiority. Of course, there were other grievances, and more real ones. The Paris waiter receives no pay. He exists on the tips of generous patrons, and out of this income, generally a meagre one, he must pay for his laundry and for such breakages as may fall to his share of responsibility. He must also pay for his food, and for these various purposes it is usual to deduct a fixed amount. Therefore, so far as the proprietor is concerned, he pays the waiters nothing. On the contrary, they pay him, and sometimes they pay him as much as seven and eight francs a day. Can such things be in the land of Henry of Navarre?

At many of the restaurants the strike was peaceable, but at others it was not so—not by a long way. At the Taverne Royal, for example, sentiment was on deck. The waiters took off their aprons and went out, one by one, and the ever-affable manager stood at the door and shook hands with each with compliments and regrets. His professional affability was unconquerable by stress or strain. There was a similar scene at Ledoyen's, where the utmost suavity prevailed, the departing garçons impressing their "high consideration" upon the manager, and saluting the lady cashiers with the grace to which only a Frenchman can attain. But there was a row at the Brasserie Muller, where the manager clapped his hand over the mouth of a vociferous waiter and was promptly bitten for his trouble. The waiter was arrested, but the manager refused to make a charge, and the incident was closed in the correct manner by an apology on the part of the waiter, who carefully bound the bitten digit with his napkin.

The cafés have made a valiant effort to continue business, but several have been compelled to close. The Café Americain and the Café Riche, so dear to transatlantic visitors, have regretfully closed their doors, and others have done the same. At a café in the Rue de Rivoli the service was sustained by messenger boys, but this branch of first aid was an ignominious failure. Whether from malice prepense, or otherwise, a number of customers were served with Hunyadi Janos, mixed with absinthe, and in indignation at this weird mixture they left the café. In the Latin Quarter, which is, of course, the peculiar preserve of the student, there was fun and frolic galore. The students dressed up as waiters and had the time of their lives, putting the generous tips that were showered upon them into a special box for charitable purposes. The Pantheon Tavern, the favorite rendezvous of the grisettes, was closed, and the students covered the windows with such announcements as "Mlle. Suzette has been obliged to take refuge at the Café Pascal," or "Mlle. Lucienne holds her receptions at the Café d'Harcourt." The big restaurants are likely to lose heavily. Even those that have managed to keep their doors open and to make some pretense of doing the usual day's business, have been compelled to cancel their larger engagements, such as public dinners, etc., as the cooks and the kitchen staff have been pressed into the waiter service in order to keep things going in front. There was quite a fight at the Café de la Paix at a time when the terrace was nearly filled with Americans and English. A band of strikers made a descent upon the place and attacked the waiters who were still on duty. A fracas resulted, and the incipient riot was only quelled by a detachment of the Municipal Guards, who rode into the crowd and put the fear of God and of their horses' hoofs into the hearts of the strikers. There is nothing that the French authorities so much fear as a street crowd, with all its riotous possibilities. Great things have resulted from street crowds in the past, and may again, and wherever there is an assembly in the Paris streets it is certain that the soldiers are not far away. The government of Paris takes no side in the strike except the side of order and it is no respecter of persons when the law has been broken.

But even a Paris strike has its civilizing tendencies. When the waiters left the Ledoyen Restaurant in the lurch, all the lady cashiers became waitresses for the time, and an extraordinary courtesy became the order of the day. "Please, sir, what may I have the honor of doing for you?" one of these improvised waitresses would say, with a full realization of her immaculate attire, and the would-be diner would reply that he was desolated to occasion even the semblance of trouble, but that his gratitude for a couple of cutlets would be inexpressible and eternal. And when the cutlets appeared the customer would voice his appreciation with an abject deference that was nothing less than an education in politeness. Indeed, there has been plenty of fun all the way through, although the fun has its explosive elements. When the Café Americain was closed a number of well-dressed ladies who were present undertook the duties of waitresses and answered the calls of the customers with a frolicsome good humor that was nothing less than entrancing.

An amusing result of the affair was the suspicion that was immediately directed toward any man in a restaurant who was guilty of a clean-shaven face. Such a man was assumed to be a picket of the waiters' union engaged in

disturbing the loyalty of the waiters who remained on duty, and was likely to be roughly handled. When the police dispersed a crowd in front of a restaurant they paid particular attention to clean-shaven men, and their zeal proved embarrassing to a number of Americans and English who were merely trying to understand what all the fuss was about and who found themselves unaccountably singled out for the "moving on" process simply because their faces were innocent of hirsute adornment. The strikers say that "the masses are now in the movement, and who shall restrain them," but the "masses" are just as fond of their dinner as the "classes," and even more impatient of a movement that affects the café life that enters so inextricably into the daily routine of the French capital. The café managers are by no means inexorable on the subject of the moustache. Several gave way at once, and there is no question that the apportionment of tips could have been settled with a little good will upon both sides. At the present time Paris is laughing, as usual, and it is to be hoped that there will be no occasion for tears before this and other disputes have been settled.

PARIS, April 21, 1907.

ST. MARTIN.

RECENT VERSE.

The Far-Off Call.

If out beyond the city's farthest edge
There were no roads that led through sleepy towns,
No winds to blow through any thorny hedge,
No pathways over hazel-tufted downs,
I might not, when the day begins, be sad
Because I toil among the money-mad.

If out beyond the distant hills there lay
No valley graced by any winding stream,
And if no slim, white steeples far away
Might mark the spots where drowsy hamlets dream,
I could, perhaps, at midday be content
Where striving millions at their tasks are bent.

If far away from noise and strife and care
There were no huds to swell on waiting trees,
No mating birds to spill upon the air
The liquid sweetness of their melodies,
I might at sunset be serene and proud
Because a few had seen me in the crowd.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rondeau Redouble.

Joy comes from pain alone, it seems to me.
We lose ere we delight in what we've gained.
We do not know how sweet the sweet can be
Until the bitter chalice we have drained.

The slave, in iron fetters fast enchained,
Can feel the ecstasy of being free,
The rapture of a movement unrestrained.
Joy comes from pain alone, it seems to me.

Those who have hungered would in like degree
Rejoice, raised to a state where plenty reigned.
What are the pangs of poverty to thee?
We lose ere we delight in what we've gained.

Our gratitude for wonted ease is feigned.
Our eyes are blinded and we can not see;
In primrose paths our footsteps have been trained;
We do not know how sweet the sweet can be.

So to the fortunate the fates decree
A lot with gladness and with sorrow veined;
We do not hold our happiness in fee
Until the bitter chalice we have drained.

Believe me. Truly, it is so ordained.
Lo! these in an abandonment of glee
Of misery full often have complained;
Here is of true felicity the key—
Joy comes from pain.

—Chicago News.

Kismet.

Said one—the youngest of the Three that wove my fate:
"Let this girl child have just one slender, golden thread;
A thread—it is not much—see, sisters, from my head
I give it her; and if she find it soon or late,
Finding, she will send hitherward a grateful thought,
For what we, fashioners of destiny, have wrought."

So flashed the glint along the fabric, hodge-venge,
Till on a time Love, at my threshold poised wing,
Drew forth the glittering thread and twined it in a ring.
Which you, dear, placed upon my hand. And since that day
I've blessed my kindly fate, for by the circle's light,
The robe Life wears seems cloth of gold—it shines so bright!

—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Vespers.

Over the valley a mist; from the wood a wailing cry;
The Polestar swinging low, a lamp in the distant sky.
The road, far-reaching, winding; yonder a stagnant moor;
The afterglow of sunset—and twilight is at the door.

Deep in the soul the music sinks from the vesper bells,
And oh, the olden story their echoed tolling tells!
Far thro' the years come stealing, out of the Land of Then,
The dreams of youth, the cherished dreams we never shall dream again.

—Ollah Toph in Indianapolis News.

James B. Reynolds, whose recent tour through the country is said to have been on behalf of the President and in order to ascertain the state of political feeling, has returned to Washington, but refuses to be interviewed. Secretary Loeb, when approached on the matter, is said to have put some asperity into his declaration "We know nothing here about that matter."

When he returned to Cincinnati from Yale, Mr. Taft attended a law school and afterward entered his father's law office. He also reported law cases for the local newspapers, beginning at \$6 a week.

The gold mines of Western Australia have paid dividends amounting to over 70 millions of dollars.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The People in the Pit.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: There are times when we must speak a word of encouragement to the watchman on the wall. I desire to tender my sincere greetings to you for the honest, manly sentiments voiced in your editorial columns, Saturday, May 11. There were times in the week which that date closed, when, resist it as one might, there would ring through one's thoughts, "If I find but one righteous, I will not destroy the city"; for it did appear as if the last defense of right, law, self-respect, and manhood had been carried, as, hopeless and dethroned, the citizen, the man in the pit, groaned in his bitterness and surrendered to the evil, rendered "legal" by tyrannical presumption.

I confess, sir, in reading your words, I saw light in the darkness, believing that "the one," requisite to avert divine wrath and condone the penalty of complete destruction, had been found. You have estimated the situation with masterful precision, and, thrusting aside the ghastly deceptions by which the demagogues, the sacerdotal conspirators, and the saprophytic tricksters have misled, warped, and emasculated the dupes of their infamous treacheries, have revealed to the "working man" (more truly the *worked* man) the lamentable fact that he has forfeited his birthright, his self-respect, and his sad, threadbare personality for a mess of pottage, which, in a not far distant future, will prove a sorry recompense for the sacrifice he has offered at their unholy shrines. As you say, "it is not wage, not hardship, not privilege withheld" that consummates the present crisis of "labor" in San Francisco; no, "it is hatred and malice," the very vice of that perfidious baseness which perverts manhood and dethrones every instinct that exalts man above the brute, while it severs every link that would bind man to his fellow.

There are evils in our midst. The honest working man—and I will take second place to no one in my appreciation for him and respect for his interests and welfare—is not one of them. It is our duty no longer to hesitate between two opinions; the "danger of despair" must be deplored by the determination of resolve, and, strike or strike ended, the citizens of San Francisco must, cost what it may, resolve and do, and forever end the bad acting which this pirated city in its sinister vaudeville has thrust upon the stage, until it presumes the man in the pit is a convert to its dogma and serf to its thralldom. It is an error which it is criminal to allow to reach to adult stature any factor, motive power, or trend which is born of and displays in its every movement no other reason, no other purpose, no other intention, save and except infusing infernal hatred into hearts that ought to be human, and with its momentum of amalgamation seeks to overthrow every semblance of native worth and civic integrity.

A government, municipal or national, that permits any faction to interfere with individual claims, rights, and prerogatives, is, as you say, "impotent and unworthy." For weeks and months past our every sense has been surfeited to nausea with tales and stories, charges and refutations, of this and that corruption, and we stand by as aimless as boobies on a sand-bar and leave our fate, our interests, and our welfare to this indecision, until in the day of evil, we, the people of the pit, supinely inert, receive as a recompense the epithets of the hoodlum and the brickbat of the accomplice.

If San Francisco has not manhood enough to uphold its own self-respect, to protect the welfare of its hearths and homes, if, in short, we have not backbone enough "to halt the enemy," let us know it and make full confession "that as men we are mere bipeds, as citizens, simply pawns, shiftless and aimless, and as taxpayers naught but playthings for the grafter and politician"; make this confession fully, freely, and perchance some avenging angel may intercede and save "the image and superscription" we have befouled and defamed. The signs of the times are not uncertain. I differ with your deduction, for I maintain the "supreme need" is self-evident. This delusive patchwork which we have cherished so fondly has proved our undoing. That is not the solution; right now put an end to the reign of intimidation which has made an endless hell of our days and well-nigh despoiled the city we have striven to uplift and exalt.

It is time to prove by no uncertain policy that the patience which they have misreckoned impotency is exhausted, and in its place we go into action, determined to win back for our city, and for our kinsmen, fellow-citizens of toil or of leisure, the place of honor which is ours if we have but the native worth to go forward and possess it. Let us do so.

FREDERICK W. D'EVELYN.

An Important Meeting of Scientists.

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY, April 15, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The International Congress of Zoology meets at Boston on August 19. This is the first meeting of this body in the United States, and it is desired to make the European visitors the guests of those interested in America. For this reason subscriptions are received from those willing to help, and a part of this burden ought to fall on California. Any one who feels inclined to assist in giving the zoologists of Europe a good idea of this country may send subscriptions to Professor Harold Heath of Stanford University.

DAVID S. JORDAN.

History Recalled.

WINCHESTER, ENGLAND, April 17, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I read in your paper of February 9 of the marriage of Miss Helen Meiggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peveril Meiggs, of Santa Barbara, with very much interest. The Peveril family held the manor of Bradford Peveril, in Dorsetshire, England, from 1273 down to the year 1517, when the heiress of the last of the Peverils married a man named Meiggs, and brought the manor into the family of that name, where it remained until the year 1767. Both families have been extinct in Dorsetshire for many generations. It is interesting and them both apparently represented in a citizen of Santa Barbara. I am, etc.,

J. F. V.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

A Railroad Agent's Stratagem.

The president of the Great South-Western Railway Company tapped impatiently on the table. The other members of the board kept a constrained silence, and the second vice-president, in charge of extension, gazed longingly at a plebeian sign of "beer" across the street and seven stories below. It was at him the president was directing his remarks.

"It is ridiculous," he said, "that we should be blocked by the obstinacy of one man in our endeavor to build this branch line. A casual observer would certainly suppose that the executive department of the company had sufficient brains to overcome such an obstacle as this. The situation is simple enough. Here is our road and here are the mountains in which the new strikes have been made. To develop them, machinery must be hauled in and ore hauled out. That means a branch line. One man owns all the land—*mesa* and foot-hills—between the railroads and the mines. We must cross his ranch, but he declines to sell a right of way. He is a pioneer and is bull-headed. He says the country was getting along without railroads when he came there, and that it can get along without them still. We must overcome his objections—but how? We offer to pay him well for all damage done, and he replies by suggesting that our grading outfit bring along one flat-car of coffins. He is certainly a contrary individual. Have I stated the case correctly?"

"You have," said the second vice-president, removing his gaze from the sign below to the map on the table, "with one exception. Colonel Snortally is not an individual; he is a community, and more; he is a corporation, because he owns forty thousand acres of land; he is a political party, because he employs more cow-punchers than you can ordinarily get together at a country dance; he is a law-giver, because of his wealth and the taxes he pays; he is a law-enforcer so far as he sees fit, because he can shoot straight and has men with him who can do likewise; he is society, because his daughter, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, is the most beautiful young lady in the Territory. What can a poor, ordinary railroad company do against such a combination? We can not condemn until we can get a right of way from the board of supervisors, and he is the county government."

The president mopped his brow. His gaze wandered across the street and down seven stories to a sign. He arose and picked up his silk hat.

"All right," he said. "We must get across that ranch some way."

A cloud of dust was coming down the road. Theophilus Smith carefully watched it for a moment and then turned Bucyrus among the boulders by the roadside. Bucyrus was his mule. Just ahead of the dust-cloud appeared a frantic horse, tearing wildly down the road toward him. Now and then he could catch glimpses of a swaying buckboard and a young lady clinging to the seat. Theophilus, who was a careful young man, put his briarwood pipe in the inside pocket of his jacket, drew his *sombrero* down tightly upon his head, and then disinterestedly watched the approaching runaway. As the dust-cloud and its contents passed, Bucyrus wheeled, and they, too, went flying down the road. Through sand and over boulders they went, horse, buckboard, mule, and dust.

"Excuse me, miss," said Theophilus, as he came alongside and reached for the bit of the running horse; "pleasant day, is it not?"

He gripped the bridle hard, pulled sideways and backward, and Bucyrus cheerfully sat down to the occasion and slid. There was more dust, and then they stopped.

Theophilus rubbed some of the dirt from his eyes and raised his *sombrero* to the girl in the buckboard. She looked at him with wide-open blue eyes.

"I am very sorry," he said politely, "to stop you so rudely merely to ask you a question; but will you kindly pardon me and inform me where Colonel Snortally lives?"

The young lady's lip quivered, and, instead of replying, she burst into tears. Then, recovering from her embarrassment and fright, she drew a deep breath and smiled faintly, and, as the color came back to her cheeks, she answered:

"I am the colonel's daughter, and I will gladly show you the way home."

Theophilus spoke a few words to the still restless horse, handed the reins up to the young lady, and led Bucyrus to the rear of the buckboard, to which he tied him.

"I suppose," said the colonel's daughter, as they started up the road, "that I should thank you for saving my life and my father's best buckboard. Really, I thank you very much. If you will stop at the house for dinner, I will try to show my gratitude with some *tortillas* and *frijoles* of my own cooking."

"The debt of gratitude is on my side, and not yours," Theophilus answered. "I am in search of work as a cowboy, and I can not but hope that your acquaintance is an auspicious omen."

"Cowboys don't talk like that," she said, a little sharply, eyeing him in surprise. "You're not fitted for a range man anyway. Cattlemen don't ride mules. Papa says there is only one animal more ridiculous, stupid, and idiotic than a mule, and that is the man who rides one."

"But your father doesn't know Bucyrus."

"Nor his owner," she rejoined, laughing.

They stopped in front of a long, low, adobe ranch-house, with deep-set windows and doors. Ivy circled the windows and climbed to the eaves. A few firs, some tall blue gums, and a dozen palms stood in the front yard. The house was set back, and the veranda that surrounded it was half-shaded in the green of orange-trees. A stream from the mountains ran through the orchard in the rear, its course

marked by a line of cottonwoods and willows, that broke the monotony of the otherwise treeless *mesa*. On the other side of the creek, and at some distance from the house, were the corrals and stables of the ranch.

The young lady stepped lightly to the ground. "I will call papa," she said.

A few minutes later a tall man, heavy set, with a face like the full moon in harvest time, his scanty locks somewhat grizzled with the first snowfall of the winter of life, came swinging down the walk with great strides.

"How air ye!" he shouted before reaching the gate.

"Glory tells me ye ketched that son of Satan thar jest in time. I'm mighty glad to meet ye." He seized Theophilus's hand and Theophilus tried to look pleased.

"Jack!" shouted Colonel Snortally. A dusty cowboy with a *sombrero* on the back of his head sauntered around the corner of the house. "Take that hoss out beyond thar'n shoot him. Come in Mister—er—"

"Smith."

"Dinner'll be ready by'n by. Whar'd that beast come from?" he added, pointing at Bucyrus.

"He's my mule," answered Theophilus.

"You don't say so! S'posed you know'd better 'n that. Mules hain't no place on this ranch. Can't ye find a greaser to give him to?"

"Bucyrus is no common mule," said his owner, calmly; "he knows more than any horse you ever saw. And he can run, too."

This last remark amused the colonel so mightily that he sat down on the porch and laughed heartily. A mule that could run! "I never yet clapped eyes on a mule that could ketch a yearlin' calf in a fair race. Must be a slow kentry you grow'd up in young man." The colonel wiped his eyes and chuckled.

"Well, if I stay," said the defender of mules, determinedly, "I'll show you one mule that can run."

"Stay! Of course ye'll stay if ye want'er," said Colonel Snortally, cordially. "Ye kin hev your pick of jobs, an' ef you must make a holy show of that mule, we'll pervide the necessary accessories."

Theophilus stayed. He was handy with the *lariat*, rode a horse like a native and a mule a great deal better. He evidently understood all the marks and deeps of the bovine character, and very shortly won that for himself which he could not for his mule—the colonel's respect. When Bucyrus would head off a skillful stamper, Colonel Snortally would grumble something about "fools rushin' in," and when he would dodge a belligerent steer he would growl something about a "fool for luck." On the subject of mules the colonel and Theophilus continued to disagree. They argued the question morning, noon, and night. The colonel pointed out the bad qualities of the mule; Theophilus grew eloquent over the animal's virtues. Glory smiled, but took no part in the discussion which resulted in the famous race at Crag's Corner—a race that is still memorable throughout all of the Poncho Basin country.

The colonel brought out a long-legged mustang that he had purchased across the border the year before. This mustang was a sad deceiver, and had lightened the pocket of many a cowboy who had backed a home animal against the imported stock. A light-weight Mexican rode him. A few minutes later Bucyrus ambled forth, wearing that surprised look of a mule when he is but half-awakened from a sweet dream of peace, with plenty of barley hay in it. Judge Arkansas West officiated as starter and judge. All the inhabitants of the Basin were on hand to see the race, and even old man Johnson stopped his sheep-shearing and came from over the range with all hands to enjoy the holiday.

At the start the mustang ran away from Bucyrus, and at the quarter there was room enough for a threshing-machine between them. The crowd laughed and cheered, and the colonel issued a general invitation to free drinks for all present after the race, for the colonel was very fond of his own opinion. For some reason Glory did not smile. But when the animals reached the half, there was a change. Bucyrus seemed to remember that he was neither asleep nor working for the government. He began to run. At the last quarter there was silence, for the crowd was holding its breath. While the mustang and Bucyrus were coming down the home-stretch the colonel's countenance was interesting, and when Bucyrus passed under the wire something more than an ear ahead, the colonel arose and made his way through the silence to Crag's Palace of Delight and faintly asked for a stimulant.

That night Theophilus showed a woeful lack of good taste. He ostentatiously reviewed the merits of the mule family, and of Bucyrus in particular. The colonel sat in fiery silence and chewed the cud of bitter reflection, but finally, when Theophilus wound up by declaring that Bucyrus could outrun the Overland Limited from Crag's Corner to the mountain-road crossing, a distance of a little over a mile, Colonel Snortally arose in his wrath and swore.

"I'll bet ye anything ye want that yer wall-eyed apology fer a hoss can't do anything of the kind," he said.

"Will you bet my pick of any hundred unimproved acres on your ranch against Bucyrus that he can't?" quietly asked Theophilus.

"Sartinly," said the colonel, who, deep down in his heart, hid a liking for Bucyrus.

"All right," said Theophilus; "if you say so, we will settle it tomorrow—going west." The colonel said so, and went to bed.

By the light of the stars that night a man rode hurriedly down to Crag's Corner, the nearest railroad station, and before dawn rode as hurriedly back to the ranch again.

The next day was another day of excitement in the Basin. The rumor of the novel race spread swiftly. That is why Ike Williams heard, way up in Rocky Gulch, that Colonel Snortally had bet his forty-thousand-acre ranch

against a herd of mules that a certain swift animal of that kind could not beat the Overland Limited in a ten-mile race.

The wagon-road ran for miles along the railroad track, so Bucyrus was not handicapped. The race was an even one up to the last fifty yards, when Bucyrus, by a tremendous spurt, shot ahead and passed the crossing with twenty feet of daylight between himself and the engine. But there are wisecracks in the Basin who shake their heads when telling of the wonderful race, and hint that the engineer was half asleep.

Colonel Snortally was a good loser, and he cheerfully invited Theophilus out the next day to choose his hundred acres. He was not the less cheerful because Theophilus the night before had made him a present of Bucyrus. Theophilus proved an amazing chooser. He took a narrow strip of land running from the corner up to Warden's Cañon, at the foot of the mountains. To the colonel's jesting about his choice, he said something about it making a good racetrack.

About a week later Theophilus was enjoying one evening a quiet after-dinner smoke on the veranda. He was at peace with the world, when Colonel Snortally came up the walk. The colonel's face was like the sun shining red through a thunder-cloud. He was too much agitated to speak for a minute, but when he did begin to talk his words were to the point. From his expressions one might gather that he was perturbed by the fact that Theophilus had sold a certain hundred acres of land as a right of way to the Great South-Western Railway Company. Colonel Snortally finished by declaring his intention of removing from the scene a stranger who had taken him in, and therewith drew his revolver.

There was a rustle of a dress, a low cry, and Glory was sobbing, with her face on Theophilus's shoulder.

"Don't do it, colonel, unless you feel compelled to," said Theophilus, rising with one arm about Glory, "and unless you want to make Glory a widow. We were married two days ago."

Colonel Snortally's face grew white and the revolver slipped from his grasp. Glory was the dearest of all to him.

The president of the Great South-Western Railway Company looked across the street and down seven stories to a certain plebeian sign. Then he arose and picked up his cane and silk hat.

"Well," he said, "we won after all. That was cleverly done—cleverly done."

"Yes," said the second vice-president; "but the attacking force lost heavily. For the young man from my office who engineered the deal has married the colonel's daughter, made peace with the colonel, and at the last report was laying out a town at the terminus of our projected branch, and selling corner lots."

Salomone, the notorious Sicilian brigand, is busy writing his autobiography, which is appearing in instalments in the *Giornale di Sicilia*. Salomone prepares his memoirs of ten years' prison experiences and encounters with the *carabinieri* in the lulls of his professional raids. Then he steals by night to obscure hamlets and mails his "copy" to the *Giornale*. An interesting fact is that Salomone never fails to inclose with his copy a present of 10 to 30 lire to encourage the alertness of compositors and proof correctors. The newspaper has had further advertisement from Governor Bova, of Ancona penitentiary, who has entered into a fiery altercation with Salomone, who is proving himself an astute adversary. Meanwhile, the editor of the Sicilian paper is receiving many tempting offers from ethnological and criminological institutes in Italy and abroad for Salomone's original autograph manuscript, written on legal vellum, as they desire to subject it to the study of experts.

Tourists in London are now able to visit Paris in a much more agreeable manner than by the Southern British and Northern French Railroad routes. Starting on May 3 there is a regular weekly automobile service between the two capitals. The automobile starts from the Carlton Hotel at 8:00 A. M., calls at the Ritz, in Piccadilly, fifteen minutes later, and proceeds by way of Maidstone to Folkestone, arriving in time for the 11:30 boat, reaching Boulogne at 1:30. The machine immediately proceeds for Paris, by way of Abbeville, Grand Villiers, Beauvais and Fontaine, reaching the Ritz Hotel about 8:00 o'clock. After a week-end in the gay capital, the party leaves for London on Monday morning, arriving the same evening.

Speaking of the members of the new permanent tax commission recently established in Minnesota, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* thus notes the selection of a college professor for a place on the board: "Professor McVey is head of the department of political economy at the State University and is said to be non-partisan. Professor McVey attained some distinction by an article he wrote for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in which he said, among other things, that Minneapolis is the capital of Minnesota." There are probably no other charges to be brought against Professor McVey, but the one mentioned is sufficient to destroy his usefulness in St. Paul.

The most unique method of delivering mail doubtless is that employed by steamers passing the islands of the Tonga group in the Pacific. On account of many reefs landing is extremely dangerous, and the few letters to be delivered are attached to large skyrockets, which are fired and reach the shore in safety.

Norway's seaweed, used as fuel, yields a greater revenue than do the fisheries of that country.

AN INTELLECTUAL HEROINE.

The Marquis de Segur Tells the Story of Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse.

Not even the fascinating work of the Marquis de Ségur can fully explain to other times and to other manners the sway that Julie de Lespinasse was able to exercise over the thought of her day. At that pre-revolutionary epoch when intellect and wit, wealth and social position coquetted with the spectre of the coming terror, and when the whim of the moment was pleased to attire the grisly phantom of approaching revolution with the garb of philosophic freedom, Julie de Lespinasse became the queen of the Paris salons, and without one outward and visible credential to the position that she attained. Illegitimate by birth, deeply scarred by smallpox, poor and nearly friendless, and of an unpopular and unfashionable virtue, her empire was of the heart and of the mind alone, and it was an unquestioned one among the giddy and wayward intellects that the breath of the coming storm had fanned into a brilliance of which the world has not since seen the like. The Marquis de Ségur, with a rare and illuminating skill, has done all that can be done to show us Julie de Lespinasse as she was. It must be left to the imaginative reader to fill in the vacancies and to complete the story.

Even as a child Julie gave promise of what she was to be. The nunnery was the natural refuge of girls without parentage or wealth, but this living burial was not for such as she:

Young as the child was, her spirit and aspirations revolted absolutely before the silent peacefulness, the anticipated death, of the nunnery. Her ardent heart and passionate disposition were already displaying that activity of mind, the curious intelligence and fierce lust of living, of which neither age, sickness, nor a very sea of troubles could ever quite extinguish the fires.

Later on, and when the majesty of her intellect was forcing her to the front, we have another description, coming in part from her lover, Guibert, it is true, but without evident exaggeration:

Tall and slender, yet of a good figure, her distinction of carriage was in some contrast to the simplicity of her dress. All her motions were graceful. She walked with an air. But the point upon which all contemporaries insist is the extraordinary interest of her features—sensitive, never at rest, reflecting as in a clear glass every movement of her spirit, all the sensations of her mind. "I have seen," exclaims Guibert, "faces moved by passion, pleasure, high spirits, or sorrow; but of what a thousand shades was I ignorant till we met." Gay or serious, ironical or passionate, now exquisitely yielding, a moment later the fragile surface scarcely veiling the latest depths of power and energy; ever full of life and sympathy—she claimed the attention of the most indifferent, and unconsciously became the focus of any party, the single preoccupation of all who found themselves in her company.

Julie herself seems to have marvelled at her own power and to have self-questioned its source. She writes upon one occasion:

"You know a woman who has never in her life been granted those charms of face, or the graces which please, interest, or touch, and yet this person has succeeded better and won a thousand times more love than she could ever have aspired to. And, would you know the cause of this, it is just that she always went down to the truth of things, was herself true in all things."

It was a strange court over which Julie held her sway, but it became a real court from the time when she quarrelled with Madame du Deffand and opened her own salon over the shop of a tradesman. With a body so frail that it could barely withstand the assaults of her fiery genius, she had the wit and the intellect and the statesmanship of the day at her feet:

Her success was no less astonishing than rapid. In the space of a few months the modest room with the crimson blinds was nightly filled, between the hours of 6 and 10, by a crowd of chosen visitors, courtiers, soldiers, and churchmen, ambassadors and great ladies, the whole innumerable host of the Encyclopædia—leaders, auxiliaries, and sharpshooters alike, each and all gaily jostling elbows as they struggled up the narrow wooden stairs, unregretting, and forgetting in the ardor of their talk, the richest houses in Paris, their suppers and balls, the opera, and the futile lures of the grand world.

It is a surpassingly strange social picture that the author gives to us, and it complicates the enigma of Julie's sovereignty:

The period is, indeed, one in which the majority of her sex found virtue to consist in the possession of no more than one lover at a time, and morality in faithfulness to him. A species of handbook for women, or a guide to the conscience, written by one of them at about this date, contains these ingenuous lines: "If our lady have a lover is not the question, but who is the lover?" A woman's reputation hangs on the reply to this. Dishonor today may lie in the object, but never in the attachment.

And, speaking of Madame du Deffand, we have another curious side-light upon the morals of the day that ushered in a revolution that was to uproot the social pyramid and set it down upon its apex:

Satiated by ten years of such follies, and determined to reform, she doubly fortified her purpose by obtaining a formal separation from her husband and engaging in a serious intrigue. The method hardly commends itself to modern taste, but in adopting it Madame du Deffand merely kept touch with an age in which it was the accustomed refuge of women in search of the quiet life and a fireside of almost conjugal tranquility. Her choice was that of a woman both wise and intelligent, and she could certainly point to the happiest results.

Here is another sketch of the Marquise du Deffand who gave to Julie the protection that was so essential to her in her first youth, but from whom she was to be separated by one of those gusts of paradoxical passion that distinguished the younger woman:

News of the outer world and the conversation of her friends are the marquise's sole distractions. "I never leave my seat and I never pay a visit." Occupations other than mental she has none, and this perverted existence is seldom lived by daylight, a fact which surely places her in an age "when women sit so late that they are called *loupes*," an age in which the author of a fashionable novel writes of his heroine "she could suffer almost any disappointment than the supreme one of going to bed." The marquise's day was never properly begun until the hours when nature counseled rest. Six o'clock was the earliest time at which she rose, and from then until far into the morning she received the long array of her guests. When by chance she sups abroad, any excuse is good enough to delay the hour of return. From the opera she proceeds to visit the Duchesse de la Vallière, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, President Hénault. But this is not enough. At 2 A. M. the entire party is to drive round the town, because, she says, "It is far too early to go to bed." Horace Walpole loudly complains of these nocturnal habits when he chances to share them, notwithstanding that he finds it difficult sufficiently to admire "the herculean frailty" of his septuagenarian friend.

The quarrel with the Marquise du Deffand was inevitable. They both had genius, and they were both women. Julie was receiving guests in her own apartments, a salon within a salon, and the marquise sometimes mourned the absence of guests who, under her own roof, were sitting at other feet:

She demanded instant explanations from Julie, and the interview followed the course only too usual on such occasions. Sarcasm gave place to bitter words, and bitter words to those which are never forgiven. Contemporary memoirs, and certain passages in a letter of the elder woman, afford a sufficiently clear view of the quarrel. The entire past leapt to their tongues, the one dwelling on benefits bestowed and her bounties and on the other's ingratitude. Perfidy and treason were words soon uttered, and the classical simile of the snake which stings the bosom wherein it was warmed. Julie's retort assumed the dimensions of an attack. How was it possible for her to love one who, she has long felt, "detests and abhors" her, who has not ceased to "crush" her under the heel of her despotism, to chafe her feelings, deluge her—and with what guileful reason—with reproaches and recriminations. The immense flood of suppressed feeling, silently gathered these many years, burst its banks and flooded the world like a molten stream.

Julie was unjust to the elder woman, as is sometimes the way with feminine genius. She had had no more to bear from the marquise than the flaming sword of her aristocratic tongue and the whims of a once beautiful woman, who was still brilliant but old and blind. But the marquise could hate thoroughly and well, and she pursued her resentment to Julie even to the grave and beyond it. Here is a specimen of the old aristocrat's quality which leaves nothing to be desired for bitter venom:

"Mademoiselle de Lespinasse," she remarks, "died at 2 o'clock last night. Once, that would have meant something to me. The information has no interest today." Next day, speaking with one of her feminine friends, she adds this cruel railleury to her epitaph: "If she is in Paradise, the Holy Virgin will need to keep her eyes open, or she will find herself lost to the love of the Eternal."

Julie de Lespinasse had her love affairs, and more than one of them. There was d'Alembert, who was faithful unto death with the fidelity of stupidity. After her death he examined Julie's correspondence—and what letter-writers they were in those days—but he found not a single letter from himself, although he must have written hundreds. Then there was Guibert and the Marquis de Mora, and these two seem to have enjoyed a somewhat contemporaneous vogue. Here is a reference to one of her letters to Guibert, the most important of all, as it seems to hint at actions which would mark a deviation from the path of rectitude which, however well marked in the main, may have had its byways of moral aberration:

Writing as she may to the man to whom she has willingly and freely given herself, she calls him to witness that he alone, as the first, has triumphed over her long hesitations and honesty, and reproaches him—with scant justice—of having brought upon her that remorse and self-disgust which, she says, are breaking her down. "That momentary folly crushes my life. To have kept my honesty until I knew you seems vain indeed, for what matters that which I have been, when I have been false to the right and to myself, and, lost to my own good opinion, how can I pretend to yours? Or, if you do not esteem me, how blind myself and believe in your love? . . . I am become an object of scorn, and because I loved you. Because I gave it into your hands, you have doubted of my love, and as I sacrificed my honesty to you, so you have ceased to esteem me. All this is rightly the fruit and the price of abandoning virtue."

Julie was engaged to marry the Marquis de Mora and, under that stimulus, she would have tasted heaven but for her self-reproaches on the score of Guibert and her well-founded apprehensions for her lover's health. Her love for Mora seems to have been sincere enough, although it was compatible with her other and less laudable entanglements:

But she is herself no less smitten, witness her conduct in keeping her room and refusing herself to all friends, during the week in October when Louis XV commanded her lover's presence at Fontainebleau. "I was either writing or reading a letter," she explained. "He was away for eleven days; I received twenty-two letters." This wantonness in love-letters, it may be remarked, is a characteristic of the times, in which their exchange was a veritable rage. "There are persons here," writes Walpole,

then in Paris, "who write four such letters every day. I have heard of a couple, never out of each other's pockets, who were reduced to such straits for the need of the outlet that our gentleman was fain to erect a barrier in his opened umbrella, where, over, or perhaps round which, he cast his missives into her ladyship's lap."

The death of the Marquis de Mora and the marriage, for imperative family reasons, of Guibert, were unquestionably the cause of Julie's death. She was shaken to pieces by the vehemence of her own passions; the fervent heat of her intellect scorched and withered the physical medium through which it shone so radiantly. Mora was dead and Guibert was married, but the whole force of her devotion was now centred upon the living. Guibert himself haunted her house like an unquiet ghost, and her thoughts were certainly with him to the very last:

Julie de Lespinasse was still under the influence of this idea when, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st of May, she asked for writing materials, and, lifting her hand by a supreme effort, traced a few feeble but still legible words to Guibert. Through this short note, the last effort of her pen, there vibrates, amidst the obscurities of her already wavering thought, a last echo of that passion which won her an hour of joy and two years of torture. "My friend, I love you. This is a sedative to benumb my pain. You can easily change it to poison, and of all poisons this will be the speediest and most deadly. Alas! Living is so very painful that I am ready to employ your pity and generosity in yielding me this assistance. It would end a painful struggle, which else will soon weigh upon your soul. Friend, set my soul at rest. For pity, be cruel this once. I die. Farewell."

Having written and sealed this note, she called d'Alembert, and in a few indistinct words, more breathed than articulated, humbly thanked him for his kindness and long devotion and begged his pardon for her ingratitude. This language and her affectionate tone, so long unheard by him, emboldened him to question her, and to try to learn at last the secret of her inexplicable behavior. He asked, however, too late; she no longer had strength "either to speak or to hear," and they could only mingle tears. Towards night she was for a long while unconscious, and, being revived with cordials, opened her eyes and raised herself to ask with an air of surprise, "Am I still alive?" These were her last words. At 2 o'clock that night her light breathing stopped, and her sad and ardent heart ceased to beat and to suffer.

No woman has been more written about than Julie de Lespinasse. Never yet did fame owe so little to externals, and never yet was the genius of intellect more triumphantly displayed against the man of birth and fortune. Her splendid character seized upon whatever would have blighted one less equipped by internal grace, and used it but as a frame and a setting to heart and head. She was one of the colossi of France, and at a time when a whole galaxy of stars was shining with abnormal brilliance in a strangely troubled and portentous sky.

"Mlle. de Lespinasse," by the Marquis de Ségur. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.50 net.

Foraker's career in public life has not been that of a tactician, a wire-puller, an organizer, says a writer in *Current Literature*. He is built on the magnetic plan. When he wants to do something he makes a speech and stampedes a convention. He is a leader of the type of Blaine and Conkling, rather than of the Tilden type. "Addition, division, and silence" was never made his political motto. "His notion of sweeping a convention," says one of the Washington correspondents, "was to burn red fire, start out the brass bands, and make some speeches of the sort that set the audience to jumping on their chairs and losing their minds." He has always until recently been in a struggle with the party machine in Ohio and fighting to hold his place in politics, and his consummate ability as a stump-speaker and his solid legal attainments have given him a remarkably long series of successes. He was a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati for three years, resigning on account of ill health. Then he was four times a candidate for governor, being twice successful. "During his two terms," we are told, "there was something doing every minute. He was a sort of Theodore Roosevelt in those days, and under him Ohio led the strenuous life."

From the frequency of Mr. Bryan's appearance in the pulpit—he has had the distinction of preaching in Jerusalem—it may be surmised that he does not care to be a presidential candidate, remarks the *New York Sun*. It would be a harsh judgment to say of him that he preaches sermons for political effect. Political allusions will, of course, creep into his sermons, but he has been fighting the money devil so long that perhaps he can't help talking shop on Sunday—just a little, to remind his hearers that politics is his regular business. But there is the fact that he likes the pulpit, has the pulpit thrill and communicates it to others, and that everybody praises his preaching. Is it altogether an irrational idea that Mr. Bryan would rather be chaplain of the Senate than President?

When the immigrant officials at Ellis Island learned that Charles Papernini, late of Italy and now an aspirant for future citizenship in the United States, was ninety years of age they hesitated about admitting him because of a possibility of his coming on the public for support. They began to look for his visible assets, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. In the first place, he was strong and vigorous. In the second place, he carried a goodly sum of money concealed about his person. In the third, he had eight sons and four daughters, all earning good incomes in this country. Also thirty-five grandchildren, a number of whom are in business, supporting themselves and their children. Also nine great grandchildren, who are also candidates for future citizenship.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Judge Craig Biddle, who has served continuously on the Philadelphia bench for more than a quarter of a century, recently celebrated the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birthday.

Arthur F. Stater, recently sworn in as assistant secretary of the treasury, was born in Carlisle, England, in the early 80s. He was brought to America when one year old, and has lived all his life until recently in Iowa.

Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who succeeds Lord Charles Beresford in command of Great Britain's Mediterranean fleet, is a son of Baron Drury, a French-Canadian of New Brunswick. He is a man of splendid physique and is one of the few officers of Canadian birth in the royal navy.

Sir Eldon Gorst, who has been chosen to succeed Lord Cromer as British ruler of Egypt, knows that country and its people even better than his predecessor. He has been described as "a modern Lord Lytton, with a tinge of Voltaire." Sir Eldon is recognized as an expert in finance.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema was intended for the law, but his parents so disliked the idea of his studying art that he was obliged to rise early in the morning in order to paint. At fourteen the great artist painted a picture of his sister, and at sixteen an excellent one of himself.

The presence of Morton King, an actor, in the parliament of Victoria, produced an interesting episode—a performance of "Hamlet," in which every male character was impersonated by an M. P. The production took place in the Melbourne Theatre Royal and benefited the principal hospital of the city to the extent of \$5,000.

Mrs. Hannah A. Currier, of Manchester, N. H., is to give her fortune of \$1,000,000 for the establishment of a gallery of art in that city at her death. With this large sum of money it is expected that the gallery will be the largest in New England and will compare favorably with the most extensive and elaborate in the United States. Mrs. Currier is now 80 years old.

Miss Ethel Foraker, daughter of Attorney James R. Foraker, of Cincinnati, and niece of Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, has accepted a position as cashier in one of the hotels there. Miss Foraker is a social favorite and well known as an expert at tennis. Wishing to assert her independence, she applied to the management of the hotel for the position, after consulting her mother, and was at once given the place on the hotel staff.

Though she is not yet a social "bud," Miss Helen Taft has been nicknamed "the tulip girl" by her close friends. The title had its origin in her fondness for a certain style of dressing. The daughter of the Secretary of War is almost seventeen, and will "come out" in the last winter of the Roosevelt administration. She is a classmate of Miss Ethel Roosevelt in the cathedral school. Miss Taft has been in the Orient and can rattle off Filipino phrases.

George Wingfield, the young millionaire of Goldfield, Nev., went to that section ten years ago. He was then a youth of about 18. He located a few claims, but was too poor to work them, so he leased most of the property to others. These men struck it rich and Wingfield was a made man so far as money goes. James R. Davis, now worth several millions, went to Goldfield without capital. When among strangers he never gives the slightest hint that he is a big mining operator.

J. A. L. Waddell, a bridge engineer of Kansas City, Mo., has received from Czar Nicholas of Russia notification that he has been chosen to membership in the Society of Benefices, an organization recently founded by the Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Olga. This distinction has been conferred because of Mr. Waddell's connection with preparing plans for the Trans-Siberian railway. Years ago this same engineer was made Knight Commander of the Rising Sun by the Japanese Mikado. This followed Mr. Waddell's sojourn of four years in Japan, where he had been an instructor in engineering at the Imperial University of Tokio.

In the French Senate there is a man who has already forced the general government to begin subsidizing large families. This is Edmé Piot. Son of a Burgundian noble so poor that he was kept from

school to work in the fields, he broke stone on the highways and worked over all France as a navvy; but as early as 1854 he was taking small contracts on his own account, and he finally became the greatest of all French railway contractors. Becoming very rich, Senator Piot has made himself famous through all Burgundy by a special kind of liberality—the financial helping of poor parents. He is the great authority on depopulation; president of the senate committee relative to subsidies which the law already permits to be granted to communes for distribution to families of five and more; and author and untiring advocate of a bill for the subventioning of every mother at the time an addition is made to the population.

OLD FAVORITES.

Earl Norman and John Truman.

Through great Earl Norman's acres wide,
A prosperous and a good land,
'Twill take you fifty miles to ride
O'er grass, and corn, and woodland.
His age is sixty-nine, or near,
And I'm scarce twenty-two, man,
And have but fifty pounds a year—
Poor John Truman!
But would I change? I' faith! not I,
Oh, no, not I, says Truman!

Earl Norman boasts a gartered knee,
A proof of royal graces,
I wear, by Nelly wrought for me,
A silken pair of braces.
He sports a star upon his breast,
And I a violet blue, man—
The gift of her who loves me best,
Proud John Truman!
I'd be myself, and not the earl,
Oh, that would I, says Truman.
—Charles Mackay.

Prayeth Well Who Loveth Well.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company.
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men and babes and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest,
He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
—S. T. Coleridge.

Who Hides His Time.

Who hides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadside bloom in his applause,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who hides his time.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days,
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love of sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion.
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As huxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school,
And they made such likely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sang to the Summer dawn
Of the bee in the hillyow clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed its night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God gave us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tender, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.
—Eugene Field.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

That the genius of Edgar Allen Poe receives but slight recognition from the masses of his countrymen is true enough, but that such neglect is due to any kind of "literary politics" is hard to believe. And yet this charge is brought by a well-known writer, who makes it the occasion of some harsh and direct speech to Americans in general and to the people of Baltimore in particular. It is true enough—even shamefully true—that the most musical of America's poets, one of the few who can gracefully wear the laurels of real greatness, occupies a neglected grave in an obscure graveyard, while those less worthy have received all the immortality that monuments and epitaphs can give them. But are we to believe that "to speak of Poe to an average Baltimorean is to call to mind an eminent lawyer or a powerful player of football; to speak of Poe to an average American living beyond the confines of Baltimore will bring the question, What Poe, the grocer, brewer, or blacksmith?" In this matter the "average Baltimorean" may speak for himself and he probably will. The neglect of Poe's tomb rests mainly at his door, and it is well that he should be reminded of this, but that such appalling ignorance should be attributed to the "average American" will be resented by every one who has even a casual recollection of school days and class readers. There is no American poet better known than Poe, and whatever flavor of disfavor may exist in the popular mind is due more to the personality of the man than to an inappreciation of his poems.

Edgar Allen Poe does not need to be rescued from an oblivion into which he will never fall so long as the language in which he wrote is understood among men. To pay some visible reverence to his grave is a debt that we owe, not to him, but to ourselves. If we have failed in our duty through a perhaps unrecognized aversion to a mental vagabondage, if we have allowed ourselves to slur a genius because it was accompanied with, or perhaps caused, a wreckage on the lower levels of morality, it is time for us to relegate such sentiments to a past period and to pay honor where honor is so reproachfully overdue.

Selected Poems, by Edward Robeson Taylor. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; \$2 net.

The author offers a justification for the presentation of these verses, but their almost uniform excellence renders apology unnecessary. It seems that his two books, "Visions and Other Verse," and "Into the Light, and Other Verse," were destroyed in the great fire, and the latter, having been issued about a week before that time, nearly the whole of its edition was lost. Under these circumstances, and under this necessity, the present volume has appeared. It is a selection from the two books above mentioned, with various pieces that have been written since the fire, and we are pleased that a conscientious and admirable piece of work has thus been added to the literature of California.

The author regrets "the seeming present indifference to the work of the poet," and yet the day will come when such literary work as the age can produce will be taken as one of the chief gauges of our civilization. It is certain that whatever there is of culture and refinement in our Western life—and the aggregate is a large one—will welcome these verses and will praise the conscientious care of their composition and the poetic ideas that underlie them. The typographical work by the Stanley-Taylor Company of San Francisco is of peculiar excellence and is a fine illustration of printing art.

The Long Road, by John Oxenham. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author has given to us a very notable work. "The Long Road" is a Russian story, and it deals with the Siberia of years ago. Ivan Iline is exiled with his family for the crime of taking snuff, but he makes a new home for himself in the northland, and all goes well until the advent of the new governor, the fiend Pashkin, whose delight is to invent new tortures and who flogs girls—like his successors of today. His hand falls upon Iline, who disappears, and then comes the turn of his son, Stepan, who is happily married and has a family. Iline incurs Pashkin's displeasure and is com-

pelled to perpetual vagabondage, seeing his wife and children gradually die from exposure and starvation. It is a heart-rending narrative, duplicated, of course, every day in modern Russia. The splendid feature of the story is the effect of persecution upon Stepan Iline. Pashkin falls into his power and he spares his life. Moreover, he becomes a sort of itinerant saint, dispensing benedictions wherever he goes, so that even to the present day the peasant mothers sing to their babies of

The bells of Iline,
Good Stepan Iline—
The bells of good Stepan Iline.

Through Painted Panes, and Other Poems, by Louis Alexander Robertson. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; \$1.50 net.

This little volume will receive a cordial welcome from those who love good poetry and who wish to see California hold her own in literary paths. Mr. Robertson is already favorably known in the West, and his enviable reputation as a poet will be increased by a collection of verses of which all are pleasing and sincere, and of which many are perfect in conception and composition. It is a long time since the literature of California has received a more pleasing addition.

The most notable poems in this book are "Orpheus and Eurydice," "The Thunder Tune," and the "Dead Calypso." These three show a facility of expression and a wealth of imagery that are wholly admirable. The concluding stanza from "Orpheus and Eurydice" will fairly represent the high standard to which Mr. Robertson can attain:

Sun, that shinest in the bluest skies that over earth
e'er hended,
And ye mystic stars of midnight, and thou
wanton, wandering moon,
Ye were watchers, ye were list'ners, when his
quest for her was ended,
Whisper to us through the ages, tell us if some
tristful tune
Sohbed within the strings to soothe him, or if—
like a peal of thunder—
Some swift harmony revenged 'gainst the gates
of Hell he poured.
Was it pride, or was it passion, that impelled him
to the blunder,
When her heart, with love responding, broke to
hear the crowning chord?

The Windfall, by Charles Egbert Craddock. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A capital story of the South and well worth reading, in spite of the occasional idiotic conversation of some of its characters.

The Substance of Faith Allied with Science, by Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., LL.D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.

Nothing is more remarkable than the attention that is now being given to those scientists who have the courage to break away from materialist traditions and to reconcile our knowledge of the material universe with our no less certain knowledge of spiritual states and causes. To do this with an utter disregard of dogma, either scientific or theological, is no small feat, and such men as Professor Lodge may be assured of sincere applause in its successful attempt.

The present book is in the form of a catechism for children, and those who are puzzled as to the moral training of the young—and the number who get any moral training at all is not large—will do well to ascertain how an eminent scientist regards the ever-present problems of evil, character, duty, inspiration, and eternal life. They will find herein nothing repugnant to scientific knowledge and nothing that can check or discourage the finest religious development. A single quotation, selected almost at haphazard, may show the tone that pervades the whole of a remarkable and helpful book: "What is meant by the Kingdom of Heaven? The Kingdom of Heaven . . . represents a harmonious condition in which the Divine Will is perfectly obeyed; it signifies the highest state of existence, both individual and social, which we can conceive."

Cosmos, the Soul and God, by Charles London Arnold, M. A. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.20.

The author is avowedly a disciple of Dr. Oliver Lodge, and we may therefore expect from him a philosophy in marked antagonism to the materialism which is more a scientific fashion than a conviction. Starting with the established facts of

science, tracing the causal series to its limits, he eventually reaches an effect for which no physical cause can be discovered, and he argues therefore that there is a world or universe out of which this physical process comes; that there is, in fact, an infinite, energetic, psychical universe, upon which the material world depends for its being and innumerable activities. Such a philosophy is not a new one, but it is newly stated by Dr. Arnold with admirable condensation and eugeney. Nor does his logic seem to be readily impeachable, except where he argues that this psychical universe is objective to God, and here he seems to have wandered from a path that might have led him to a more tolerable conclusion.

Marcia, by Ellen Olney Kirk. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This book will be enjoyed by those who still cling to the old-fashioned theory that virtue ought to be, and usually is, triumphant. Marcia is a Puritan maid, but none the less delightful upon that account. When she finds that the artistic genius of her lover is expected to cover a multitude of sins, she promptly discards him and marries some one else.

The Friendly Stars, by Martha Evans Martin. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

They are among the benefactors of the race who help to spread a popular knowledge of astronomy. There is no such antidote to the littlenesses of life as an intelligent glimpse at the immensities of nature, and this is what the present volume gives to us. We are told how to learn, with the naked eye, all that is most interesting about the stars; their rising and setting, their number, colors, distances, movements, and distinguishing characteristics are recounted in an untechnical manner and with no assumption of previous knowledge.

Virgin Soil, Rudin, and A Nobleman's Nest, by Ivan Turgénieff, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25 each.

We have here three more volumes of the admirable series of Turgénieff's works. Apart from the literary value and fictional interest of the greatest of Russian writers, these large-print volumes are a delight to handle and to read.

Dimbie and I, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

A delicious story of English country life. Dimbie is the husband and "I," Marguerite, the wife. Marguerite is a cripple, but her charm will captivate the reader as readily as it captivates Dimbie.

The Price of Silence, by M. E. M. Davis. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a story of the old city of New Orleans, and saturated with the spirit that prevailed before and since the war. The story begins with General Butler's occupation of the city, and we are made to feel the tenseness of resentment and passion with which his force was received. "They may eat us if they will, those Yankees—may our bones choke them!—but not a grain of sugar, neither rice; not a rind of bacon, shall the monsters find. Not a flake of cotton, not a gunboat; not even so much as a pirogue for the spying out of our bayous. Burn, burn, burn." An aristocratic mansion is searched and plundered, and we are introduced to the characters who reappear after intervening years and play their parts of intrigue and treachery and sentiment. The fidelity with which the characters are drawn shows a personal acquaintanceship with the scene and a sympathetic understanding of the characters and the sentiments that animate them. Altogether it is a successful story, full of charming and vivacious description and with a well-defined and ingenious plot.

The Cruise of the Shining Light, by Norman Duncan. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

The author has written a charming story and one that appeals powerfully to a refined literary taste. It is the story of Dannie and Judith and how they grow up together and the end of it all. Dannie gets a kiss while he and she are early in their

teens. Judith is coy, because "God wouldn't like it," but she manages to propitiate the Deity before Dannie gets discouraged. "The Cruise of the Shining Light" is one of the winsome love stories that do the world good.

Abe Martin of Brown County, Indiana, by Kin Hubbard. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This little book should be read by those who wish to be satisfied that a worthy successor to "A. Ward" is at last upon the horizon. The sketches are a continuous laugh, and we are assured that the characters are "snatched bodily from the rural landscape."

Tiberius Smith, by Hugh Pendexter. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Tiberius is a traveling showman and collector of curiosities, and no doubt his impossible adventures will be appreciated by those who like that sort of thing.

A Break in Training, by Arthur Ruhl. Published by The Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.25.

These stories, which are admirable examples of what the short story ought to be, are all grouped about the cinder track and school athletics.

The Case of Doctor Horace, by John H. Prentis. Published by The Baker and Taylor Company; \$1.25.

This is a detective story with an original idea, and therefore something of a novelty, but the temptation to write detective stories should be resisted.

Shoggycoat, the Biography of a Beaver, by Clarence Hawkes. Published by George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia.

A charming story of animal life and equally enjoyable by old and young.

The Sowing of Anderson Cree, by Margaret P. Montague. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

This story introduces us to the primitive West Virginia mountain folk and to a vendetta with all its consequences. It is brightly told and interesting.

Like Chief Justice Fuller, Secretary Wilson and other men high in the public service and confidence, Secretary Taft began his career as a newspaper man. The first money earned by him after being graduated from Yale was as court reporter on a Cincinnati paper, the old *Commercial Gazette*, then edited by Murat Halstead. Mr. Taft started at \$6 a week and when he quit had worked up to "twenty per." All the time he was thus engaged he was studying law at night under his father's direction. Necessity did not drive him to work, as his father was a man of ample fortune, but the secretary chose it because it was the readiest entrance to active employment that brought him daily in contact with lawyers and court proceedings. The secretary likes to discuss newspaper work with reporters. He uses the shop terms with a familiarity denoting his former experience in the business.

Miss Waneta Toskatomba is a full-blood Choctaw maiden who announces that she would rather devote herself to works of charity than to think of matrimony. This will doubtless be a great disappointment to the young men of her tribe, as Miss Waneta has a good education and is worth \$100,000 in her own right. It is her intention to locate in Oklahoma City. Another Indian girl of more than local reputation is Kiowa Annie, who owns one of the handsomest shawls in the United States. She was ten years in making this handsome garment and spent \$1,250 for material. It is a beautiful creation and she is said to have refused \$5,000 for it.

Travelers in the Wodonga and Barnawartha districts of Australia find it difficult, writes a Melbourne correspondent, to get their horses to face the caterpillars that swarm the country roads. An excursion train, when seven miles from Penhurst, was brought to a standstill through dense masses of the insects blocking the rails. The wheels crushing them to death, "skidded" from the rails.



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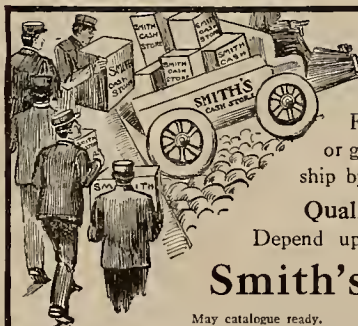
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MRS. CARTER IN "DU BARRY."

By George L. Shoals.

It may be said truthfully that David Belasco's "Du Barry" is made up, not of familiar quotations, as is the Shakespearean drama, but of picturesque and vital suggestions from several predecessors, some of which are not Belascoan. There is a bit of background from "Madame Sans Gêne" here, a patch of color from "Camille" there, some darker stains from "Zaza," and, at the last, the chill and terror of "The Only Way" prison and mob scenes, but more dank and dismal, more oppressive.

So much the more to the credit of Playwright Belasco. He chose from history a disreputable personality, whose career of power and magnificence was brief, yet in striking contrast with the depths of its beginning, the wretchedness of its pitiful end. From such a life-story he produced a glorified central figure, about whom all the other characters of the drama revolve, mere episodes. With all the weakness and inconsistency of such a heroine, displayed remorselessly, he won for his play what in these days is lasting success. It is nearly three years since Mrs. Leslie Carter brought it to San Francisco and presented it for a two weeks' run at the old Grand Opera House, and it was then two or three seasons old. It still has appealing force: not, perhaps, so much as have two or three of the earlier successes in which are the seeds of this development, but more than any mere imitation has ever had. It is now at the Novelty Theatre on a second visit, and earlier impressions made by the play and its star, Mrs. Carter, are renewed.

(Among the elements so mixed that the combination is recognized as success, Mrs. Carter's individuality and art are important.) It is easy to imagine a more lovely, a more winning Jeannette of the millinery shop, a more subtle finesse in the charmer and consort of a king, a more pathetic and tear-compelling figure on the way to the guillotine, but with all this it is difficult to picture a Du Barry more theatrically real than the one Belasco fitted and taught. (There are more inherent faults in the play than in Mrs. Carter's assumption of its one great rôle.)

Through the first act it is Mrs. Carter in the shop, and not the French milliner's girl—and yet not the Mrs. Carter of other plays. It is the actress, disillusioned, unable longer to simulate freshness of interest in a new flirtation, seemingly unwilling to linger for a moment with the sentiment called up by the violets that might still hold their fragrance. Not until the scene has changed to the resort of "La Gourdan" is there more than a momentary glimpse of what is declared to be irresistible feminine charm. Then, beyond and above the unconvincing phrases, the theatrical posing, and the tawdry show of tangled motives, there is a swift passage of inspiring and inspired art. It comes, not when she has surrendered to the arms of the impetuous lover, but as she turns to prepare for the little journey with him to the country. Immediately following, in that first interview with the king, who is masquerading as his own envoy, with much that is meant for comedy there is an occasional revealing of the spirit, the force, the genuineness of a woman who might win more than the homage due a pretty face and rounded form.

There may have been a time when the scenery and settings of the bedroom in the palace were in appearance equal to the demands of an unimaginative audience. If so, their glories have departed. It was a royal apartment in only the barest seeming. The art of the actress who could come victoriously through that long, badly planned, and ill-furnished act deserves more than ordinary commendation. And Mrs. Carter was victorious in this, reaching what is assuredly the highest mark of her achievement. It is in her scene with the old soldier, Duc de Brissac, captain of the king's guard, father of Cosse-Brissac, the lover of Jeannette. In her self-reproach, her abasement, there are melodrama and mock heroics, but it is the over-acting of the real Du Barry, the untaught, empty-hearted, sated creature, whose lack of resource is actual. Less skillfully done is the scene with the king, when the lover has been hastily concealed after his ineffective and spiritless materialization. The strain has been continued too long, both for actress and audience. There is too much in this act, but, as if to even the account, the succeeding one is almost devoid of interest, perceived as a brilliant picture, attractive

in light and color, to be suddenly closed in and hidden by the heavy curtains of the clumsy tent scene, it has faded to a monotone of confusion.

There have been many changes in the lives and fortunes of the characters before the curtain rises on the last act. The programme says "a lapse of years." Perhaps the twenty of history seemed too much or too precise. Louis XV has passed to the great beyond, his memory cursed by his much-abused subjects; La du Barry, the deposed but not forgotten favorite, is in a rural retreat, now bent on repentance and charity. But the Revolution is on, and to her comes the lover of those early days, liberated from prison by the mob and still loyal in heart. Now his errand is of grief, not happiness, for he brings the order for the arrest of the once high and magnificent sharer of the king's joys. This is the last view of the Jeannette of the millinery shop, and it is brief. Next the prison and the cart of the executioner, where she is a creature so broken and fearful, so dazed by terror, that there is no semblance of the vigorous woman who once seized every opportunity boldly and faced every danger without fear.

It is a wide range of experience and emotion. There are few among those eminent in the profession who could make one of the many scenes of the play much more effective than does Mrs. Carter; it is doubtful if there is one who could make of them all a more consistent, forceful presentation. Frequently her play of feature is at variance with the mood assumed, occasionally the inflections of her voice seem careless or inept, but in the clear-cut distinctness of her speech, the fire of her intense moments, the unflinching certainty of grace in movement and in repose, there are qualities that the stage sees but rarely and may well delight in when they appear.

With nearly fifty speaking parts in the play, there are but four that carry any weight. Louis XV, the most imposing of the rôles distributed among the men, imperatively mates a kingly presence with a fat-witted, voluptuary disposition. Richard Thornton is satisfactory in the unsympathetic part, though his voice is neither rich nor regal. Franklyn Roberts, as Comte Jean Du Barry, the sort of titled villain that should have received the earliest attention of the citizen judges and headsman of those days but that usually escaped, gives a distinctive presentation of the rôle.

Cosse-Brissac, the young guardsman, whose love for Jeannette was exceedingly youthful in character, but is alleged to have survived her indiscretions and his long term in prison, is in the capable hands of George W. Howard. He has but two opportunities, early in the play, and makes the most of them. It is an anti-climax at the end, when he appears as the citizen officer, but with all its difficulties he is not overburdened. Faithful Denys, the porter at the millinery shop, who follows to the end the fortunes of the king's favorite, is admirably done by Alexander Frank. There are no conspicuous failures in the cast.

Julia Marlowe's Shakespearean characters captivated London. Her Viola, Rosalind and Ophelia are recognized as impersonations no English actress could achieve. Sothorn's Hamlet is also pronounced by the press a performance of high distinction. The general level of excellence attained by the company as a whole is a surprise and a delight to London audiences. However, when Shakespeare was deserted and the trashy "When Knighthood Was in Flower" succeeded the classic dramas the erstwhile delighted auditors revolted and loudly "booed" the Americans.

David Belasco is working out a number of his own ideas in building his new Stuyvesant Theatre in New York. The theatre is encircled by an inclosed rectangular court, with an open passage-way ten feet wide extending around the entire structure. In the lighting of the auditorium he will introduce a novel effect by dispensing with chandeliers and brackets and inclosing the electric lights above a ground-glass ceiling. A softened radiance will illuminate the theatre without glare or brilliant points.

Rear-Admiral Sands of the Naval Academy has his way about the abolition of Japanese wrestling as a part of the athletic training. The old form of American wrestling will be restored and President Roosevelt's instructor, Yamashita, will not return.

Foyer and Box Office Chat.

Starting with the matinée this (Saturday) afternoon, Henrietta Grosman will open her postponed engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, and will play all of next week. This announcement will gratify theatre patrons in this city who may have begun to fear they were not to have the pleasure of seeing this gifted comedienne. Miss Grosman has not been seen here in many years—not since she became a star, though there are many who will recall her delightful work when she was well known as a member of Charles Frohman's comedians, with Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, and earlier, when she was with Augustin Daly. Since those days she has made a series of successes that have gained wide recognition for her gifts. The public is aware of her hits in "Mistress Nell," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "As You Like It," and in other comedies. She will be seen at the Van Ness in her latest New York success, the modern farcical comedy, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." She comes with the entire New York company and production, the cast being the same as in New York. The play is a merry farce, with its scenes laid in England, and last season it was one of the London hits of the year. It exploits Miss Grosman in the rôle of a witty and impulsive Irish girl who creates many complications by her schemes to evade marriage to a lord. The company includes Frank Gilmore, Ernest Stallard, J. R. Crauford, Addison Pitt, John Marble, Kate Meek, Mattie Ferguson, Genevieve Reynolds, and Jane Marbury.

The New Alcazar Stock Company will appear this coming week in a production of David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille's comedy-drama, "The Charity Ball." This play was written especially for Daniel Frohman when he had the famous Lyceum Stock Company in New York. It was an immediate bit as played by the Frohman Company, and enjoyed one of the most remarkable runs of any production ever presented on Broadway. Bertram Lytell is cast as John Van Buren, rector of St. Mildred's, who, in the conclusion of the story, falls in love and marries Ann Cruger, a New York girl, played by Laura Lang. Dick Van Buren, brother of the rector and known in the business of Wall Street as "the earthquake," furnishes the sensational portion of the story. It is a rôle especially fitted to Will R. Walling. John B. Maher as Judge Peter Gurney Knox, and Adele Belgarde as Mrs. Camilla de Peyster, a woman who dabbles in stocks, will carry the comedy rôles. Daisy Lovering will be Bess Van Buren, a girl just blossoming into womanhood. "The Charity Ball" is in four acts and will be staged in an exceptional manner by Fred J. Butler. It will be followed by "The Undertow." The work on this production has been going on steadily for three weeks, and Belasco & Mayer believe that it will create a sensation when produced.

Papinta and Valerie Bergere are chief among the new people at the Orpheum next week, beginning with the Sunday matinée. Miss Bergere is an actress of versatility who disdains tradition and delights with her originality, while Papinta is an American girl who has won for herself a reputation in the chief European capitals. Miss Bergere, supported by her company, will present "The Morning After the Play," written by Willis Steel, the author of "The Fifth Commandment," while Papinta will give her beautiful dances and illusions. The Royal Musical Five, consisting of Edward V. Meyer, flute; Julius C. Meyer, viola; Alex C. A. Meyer, violin; Fred W. Meyer, cello, and Helen E. Meyer, mezzo-soprano, and the famous team, Carroll and Baker, Hebrew comedians, parodists, and dancers, will be the other novelties. It will be the last week of Ethel MacDonald, Matthews and Ashley, Kramer and Belclaire, and Volta, the electric marvel.

The coming of Nat C. Goodwin to the Novelty Theatre, beginning next Monday, will attract a throng, as there is no American actor more popular than he. He will present his new comedy, "The Genius," by William C. and Cecil de Mille. Mr. Goodwin plays the rôle of Jack Spencer, who loves a girl who "adores" art. He seeks out a coterie of men, a painter, a sculptor, and a musician, and wishes to learn something of "art" in a month. He signs the pictures, busts, and scores these men turn out and has himself "discovered" as a genius. After a time he finds that he does

not really care for the young woman. In trying to rid himself of the false reputation of being a genius, he encounters all manner of comical difficulties. In the end he weds the model, Nell Graham, played by Miss Edna Goodrich. In the company are Neil O'Brien, Robert Paton Gibbs, H. C. Lonsdale, W. J. Deming, M. B. Snyder, Gordon Johnstone, and the Misses Louise Randolph, Rose Snyder, and Suzette Jackson.

"In my student days at playwriting in Chicago," said George H. Broadhurst, "I used to go to Hooley's, now the Powers Theatre, on Monday nights, see the first act, which was the proposition of the play, and then go home and work it out, supplying my own development of scenes and dialogue. The last of the week I would go to see how my rough play compared with their finished one. Sometimes the two almost coincided. Sometimes they were as far apart as the Russians and the Japanese. But it was educational. I acquired one habit of playwriting which was that the proposition is the thing. Dialogue is a mere after-incident." At least, this is the language attributed to the author of "What Happened to Jones," "The Man of the Hour," and other plays, according to an article in the *Theatre Magazine*, by Ada Patterson.

Notes.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to give a special matinée performance of "Zaza" at the Novelty Theatre on Sunday afternoon, and will present that play at the closing performance of the engagement, Sunday night.

Viola Allen is now making her farewell tour, having decided to retire to private life at the close of her coming engagement in this city. She will appear in a revival of "Twelfth Night," and in a bill composed of scenes and acts from various Shakespearean plays.

Among the people engaged for the coming special season under the management of T. Daniel Frawley at the Novelty Theatre are Marie Shotwell, Lola May, and Walter Craven. "Leah Kleschna" is to be the opening bill. Among other plays to be staged is "You Never Can Tell."

Among the plays to be offered by Nat C. Goodwin during his coming engagement at the Novelty Theatre are "The Genius," "A Gilded Fool," "An American Citizen," "What Would a Gentleman Do?" and "When We Were Twenty-One."

Otis Skinner will commence his limited engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday, May 27, making his appearance in "The Duel." He will be supported by his New York company.

The Royal Academy in London recently rejected Conrad Dressler's bust of the Queen of Spain. The bust was subscribed for by 40 peeresses, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, as a wedding gift to King Alfonso. The marble is now in Madrid, the bust the Exhibition Committee rejected being the original plaster model for which the queen gave sittings at Cowes. As soon as the bust was rejected, it was offered to the New London Gallery and gladly accepted, just as, two years ago, Thomas's statue of Lycidas was accepted by that gallery after its rejection by the Academy. But Dressler's statue had hardly been placed in the New Gallery before the directors of the Academy went to the directors of the rival establishment, begging that it be sent back to the Academy. It had been rejected by mistake, they said. The New Gallery wouldn't give up the bust until the Academy people confessed that they wanted to get it back because the king had commanded that it be shown at Burlington House. It is said there was no sculptor on the Exhibition Committee, the statue having been judged by painters.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, of Boston, one of the young prima donnas, whose success in New York during the past season was almost marvelous, has gone to Paris, where she will sing for the first time at the Grand Opera. Miss Farrar will be heard as Juliette, Marguerite, and Elizabeth, and from there will go to Berlin to sing at the Royal Opera House.

There is not a prettier coin issued, says an English paper, than a freshly minted farthing, and the sixty odd Victorian farthings of consecutive years, perfect and lustrous, are greatly admired for their dainty diminutive portrayal in copper and bronze of Queen Victoria during her long reign.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

No influence that is making for the rehabilitation of San Francisco deserves more consideration than that being exerted by the artists, and no better exemplification of this contention can be found anywhere than in the newly acquired rooms of the Sequoia Club in the Fairmont Hotel, where, from now until the end of the month, the public may see an exhibition of the work of the artist members. While there are no large or very important pictures in it, the standard is high; in fact, there is scarcely a canvas on the walls that would not adorn a home. It seldom happens that a better opportunity is afforded for the purchase of worthy small pictures. The exhibition is of such genuine interest that it is well worth a trip to the hill top, albeit there are no cars to make it an easy one. The rooms are attractively located and have been fitted for the needs of the club. The lurid paper on the walls was changed to a soft, brown gray tint that keeps its place, insuring a harmonious ensemble. Although the only light is from the side, it comes through the low windows of the mezzanine line in a very kindly way, detracting nothing from the quality of the pictures. In fact, there is one thing to commend in this light and hanging,—intending purchasers may know exactly how the pictures will look in their own homes.

Maynard Dixon is represented by three of his characteristic landscapes, one being loaned to add interest to the occasion. They show that his mind is still filled with the beauty of the arid lands. It is true that they never lack charm, but, notwithstanding this, I find myself wishing that his good technique and his brush, always swift, sure, and simple, might occasionally interpret other scenes, a comment made with full appreciation of the poetry of "the land of little rain."

In several sketches done by Alice B. Chittenden, who has spent several months in the East and who is now abroad, there is real joy for the "State of Maine people." Five small landscapes tell pretty little stories of that section held so dear by those born far up in New England. Besides "Autumn in Maine" and "The Maine Coast," the others picture snow, the sunset, and the forest. These oils are good in composition, nice in color, but would be much better than they are if the subjects were treated more simply. Several pictures by Sophie Marston Brannan emphasize the fact that she just misses being conspicuously good, although the progress she has made in the past year gives promise that she ought to win what she is striving for. This does not mean that her present work is not to be commended, but that it is so good it ought to be better. The subjects of her exhibition pictures were all found at Monterey. In composition they are effective, but the painting is too indefinite. Miss Brannan chooses her picture frames with unusual discrimination.

Among the best canvases are those by Bertha Stringer Lee, who has been working most industriously and to good purpose. "Toward Evening, Carmel-by-the-Sea," divides honors with the "Porch Custom-house, Monterey, Before Restoration." Both are interestingly painted. Mrs. Lee shows several small pictures of local interest, among them some of the water-front, which she has studied and painted for years.

Will Sparks chooses to use a different paint and medium from the majority of artists, securing an individuality that is marked. One picture, which he calls "Late Afternoon, Suisun Bay," is most attractive. The others he is showing, although sort of first cousins in conception and coloring, lack absolutely the element of poetry which makes the "Late Afternoon" conspicuous. Maurice Del Mue's "Ingleside" and another landscape have the charm of simplicity. Eda St. John Smitten has made a success of a study of eucalyptus trees. Chris Jorgensen's "Calaveras Big Trees" is much better than his recent Yosemite pictures. Flowers as Sarah Bender de Wolfe paints them are worth while. She has two pieces in the Sequoia exhibition. E. T. Treat, Anna F. Briggs, J. R. McElroy, Ada Romer Shawhan, May Mott Smith Cunningham are among the other contributors of canvases. Rosa Hooper Plotner's three miniatures are attracting considerable attention. Lillian Dixon's deft hand and her ability as a designer are in evidence in the Sequoia

Guest Book, which is now a treasured possession, a "fitting" for the new rooms.

Every once in a while comes proof of the truth of Carlyle's contention that a man truly great in one pursuit could be equally so in any other. This time C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Oregon, is the one who recalls this assertion. When not busy with his profession—the law—he paints conspicuously good pictures, and the pity is that he does not permit them to have their place in the art world. Mr. Wood never goes away from home, unless on business bent, without taking a little kit of colors and brushes. It is not possible for him to see nature compose herself into a picture, glorious in color, or dark in sombre moods without wanting to make a record of it. The result of this is many a portfolio of treasures that are seldom seen by any but Mr. Wood's most intimate friends. Quite recently he sent a collection of water-colors to this city for the perusal and criticism of a valued friend. Among them are several so signally good that the art-loving public ought to see them. One of the smallest is a stretch of land and water over which bang clouds interpreted with rare artistic appreciation and absolute truth. While the form of the clouds and their saturation are faithfully expressed, not an outline is indicated. This bit of a painting is a genuine triumph. Back of it is a keen eye and a masterly hand.

Mr. Wood has at least more comfort in his busy life than the late Collis P. Huntington, who said one day, after watching William Keith painting: "I would exchange all my wealth for the ability to paint a picture as you do."

An interesting commendation of William Keith's work was written recently by Macbeth of New York. Referring to a notable exhibition of Mr. Keith's paintings, held in New York from March 28 to April 14, he says:

"In his far-away studio, I am sure Mr. Keith little suspects how numerous are the friends his pictures have already made for him in the East. He knows how many of his pictures have been purchased from me, but not the effect these have had on those who have seen them in their homes."

Mr. Keith read this unostentatious, but meaningful, notice with pleasure. His long list of successes has not in the least satiated him. Each triumph is as keenly appreciated as if it were the first.

When Madame Dorothea Isaac Roberts, the astronomer, returned to California recently for a short visit to her father, she brought with her a most interesting and valuable gift for the San Francisco Art Association from her sister, Anna Klumpke, the friend and heir of the late Rosa Bonheur. With affection for her childhood's home, and sympathy for all the losses of a year ago, Anna Klumpke picked two of the most beautiful etchings by Rosa Bonheur and asked her sister to present them to the Art Association in her name and in remembrance of the best-known woman artist in the world. It will be some time before these pictures will be shown, not until the Art Association Building, now in course of construction, shall have been completed.

The Crown Prince of Germany is determined not to be imposed on, and is getting himself disliked for being stingy, as the people think. Some time ago he disputed the tax levied on his estate in Oels, and went to law about it; and he lost his suit. While traveling through Bohemia recently he telegraphed to the station at Wessely to have the railway restaurateur prepare luncheon for him and his suite. The luncheon was ready when he arrived, but the Crown Prince's jaw fell when a bill for \$32 was presented. He complained to the Austrian railway authorities that the charge was exorbitant and the restaurateur was dismissed, his license being taken away. The restaurateur appealed to the Austrian Emperor, pointing out that the Crown Prince's patronage cost him over \$200 for new silver and new clothes for his waiters.

Royalty seems to be conducive to long life. Including the Princess Charlotte-Amalie, there are eleven members of royal families who have reached 80 years and upward. The second oldest at present is the Prince Regent Luitpold, of Bavaria, who was 86 years old on March 12.

Love.

Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye;—
Not being but an outward phantasy
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its hough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

—Thomas Hood.

Paganini's Burials.

Paganini died at Nice in 1840, and although he made confession he did not receive the sacrament for medical reasons which the doctor stated in writing. The bishop refused Christian burial to the body, and the son appealed to the Nice tribunal, which upheld the bishop, but a further appeal was made to Rome. During this delay the body, incompletely embalmed, was deposited at the hospital. From thence the coffin was removed to a lazaretto at Villefranche. After a month the authorities there determined to get rid of it, and deposited it by the side of a stream formed by the refuse coming from an oil mill. After some days the Comte de Cessoles, a friend of Paganini, decided to remove the body, which he did by night, having it carried along the seashore in a storm to the Cap St. Hospice. Here it was buried and remained for two years, when the great violinist's son determined to take his father's body to Genoa to be buried there. The ship, however, was refused admittance at this place, as it had come originally from Marseilles, where there was cholera, so the body was put into a hole in the rock of a tiny uninhabited island near Cannes. Five years later the body was taken to Gajona, near Parma, and buried there on Paganini's own property. This was in 1845. In 1853 it was exhumed and re-embalmed; in 1876, thirty-six years after the musician's death, the Papal Court authorized burial in a church at Parma with Christian rites. Twice again was the body exhumed, apparently out of curiosity, and finally a pane of glass was put into the coffin to render visible the face which had been preserved.

Extremely doggy women in New York's fashionable set have taken up with something new in the way of leashes. A little gold clasp fastened to the bottom of the skirt at one side is snapped into the ring of the dog collar. Two women with dogs attached were in one of the uptown department stores the other day. Apparently the dogs had been broken to the skirt leash, for they trotted along at the side without once getting under the feet of the owner and without getting tangled in the crowd. One of the women had her dog fastened to the bottom of a long coat, and this seemed to be better than the skirt clasp, although she had to keep the coat buttoned. A good many persons who saw the women wondered what would happen if two of the skirt-leashed dogs took a notion to mix it up.

Two centuries ago little girls called their toy babies "poppets" or "puppets" instead of "dolls." Probably "popsy-wopsy" is simply another form of the word. "Puppet" is descended from the French "poupee" and the Latin "pupa," a little girl or doll, from both of which have come other English words. "Poupee" has given "puppy," so called because the tiny dog was naturally petted as a plaything; and the Latin word survives in the sense of a chrysalis, and has a descendant in the "pupil" of the eye, the "baby" that any one may see reflected in it.

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VANITY FAIR.

Open confession is good for the soul, and acting upon this principle a society woman indulges in some self-depreciatory admissions on the subject of Lent and Bridge Playing, and thus opens the road for some general reflections as to the feminine attitude toward losses at play. The lady in question remarks quite casually that Lent is not actually a close season for bridge playing, but that it only seems so. This may be a commonplace to the feminine mind, but to the mere man, trustingly credulous by nature, it is something of a revelation. We are frankly told that the only effect of Lent upon bridge playing is that during the sacred season the doors are closed, and that when the six weeks of alleged seclusion and meditation have expired they are thrown wide open again. The playing goes on just the same, although the only observer is the Recording Angel. All this is very sad, and but for the unquestioned authority of the fair penitent it would be incredible.

But there is worse to come. Knowing nothing of the seductive mysteries of bridge, except what may be gleaned from the pages of the instruction manual, it is hard to understand the fascination that it exercises over its devotees. But listen to this:

"We t out the cards as soon as the sun goes down, and we shuffle and cut and deal and make it trump or bridge it and follow suit and so on and so on until the daylight forces its way in between the curtains. Night and day are the same to us; we can watch the dummy with burning cheeks and bated breath and strive to read the backs of our opponents' cards every bit as well by candle light as by daylight.

Bridge is a very scientific game, and if you can play it well and heap up a higher pile than anybody else you prove yourself to be of at least as great mental capacity as Newton or Thomas Edison, and the chances are that you possess a greater mental capacity. Nobody will deny that it takes a very unusual mind to be able to know not only what is in your own hand and the dummy, but also to be able to tell what your opponents are clutching in their tightly closed fists."

Do the women of society actually play bridge all night long, and if so, what sort of explanations do they give to their husbands and their mothers and their maiden aunts? Or is it only the ladies who are free from such embarrassments who indulge in these unholy joys? But note further to what these things lead:

"We have ceased to attend to business or to any of our daily duties. If we do not continue the game after 8:00 o'clock in the morning, we either go to bed to rest up for the next day's scientific performance, or else we steal out to pawn the family jewels and our new set of sable furs (we don't need them for a long time, anyway), in order that we may be able to meet our losses and be able to continue the game when night comes with the same social standing as that which we enjoyed the night before."

Were there no becoming blushes when these revelations were thus tossed to an astonished public, and are they really and truly true? Are we to understand that every morning is thus spent, either in resting from the night's debauch or in furtive visits to the pawnshop with the family jewels or the winter furs, which "we don't need for a long time anyway"? There is something suggestive in the last sentence, something that reminds us grimly of a sphere of existence in which furs will be permanently unneeded, and not merely temporarily.

But, continuing to wade through these distressing admissions, it would seem that women do not like to lose their money:

"But we women do not like this losing business. We 'just love' bridge when we win, and when we lose we are liable to shed a few tears and accuse our opponents of cheating, when the truth of the matter is merely that they were astute enough to hit upon a better system of signals than ours. At such a crisis we generally become very virtuous, and resolve not to play again—until next time, and then we are drawn into the net in the often vain hope of retrieving our losses of the night before."

Of course, it is not pleasant to lose money, but are we to understand that when ladies engage in a little flutter among themselves they accuse each other of cheating, especially with those small hysterical displays which sometimes accompany the mani-

festation of their deeper emotions? And what is the meaning of the reference to a "system of signals"? Can such things be?

Men, of course, are very different. They accept their losses with a stoical indifference, or at least with the pretense of it, but we hardly expected to find this admitted with so much frankness:

"The men seem to have a knack of playing the game quietly, and of taking their losses with the same serenity as they do their gains. They feel the same towards us whether we take their money or they take ours; but we contract a mortal enmity for the man or the woman, once our most intimate friend, perhaps, who walks proudly away with our precious greenbacks, and we are friends for life with the man or woman who empties his or her pocketbook for our benefit—until the situation is reversed, and we empty our pocketbook for them."

But it is not only in bridge that women are, by their own confession, such bad losers. It is the same all along the line. We are told that they always mean to bet on the horse that wins, but that if they lose they can always find a way to evade payment. That, of course, is a matter of common knowledge, but what are we to say to such depravity as this?

"If some kind friend gives us a 'tip' on the market, and we lose through following his advice, we ever afterwards cut him when we meet him on the street. We are always wild to bet 'on a sure thing,' and when told we are not good sports we at once proceed to get grossly insulted. We are convinced, moreover, that no man would think of being so ungentlemanly as to expect a woman to pay a debt (she was only joking, anyhow; he certainly didn't think she was in earnest? the very idea!), but if she wins, she never gives him a moment's peace until he pays her every penny of what he owes her."

The white man's burden is certainly a heavy one.

The British government has appointed a committee to look into the whole question of bogus baronets of whom there seem to be a considerable number on the market, social and matrimonial. It is quite an easy thing in the old country to assume a baronetcy, and it is not easy to understand the laxity with which these usurpations have been treated. The man who pretends to be a policeman, or a soldier, or a lord, will find that his game is decidedly a dangerous one, but almost any one may attach the mystic "Sir" to his name and go unrebuked of God or man. There are a great many men whose families once contained a baronetcy, now extinct, and who jump at the opportunity of a cheap title, with its attendant credit that can be wrung from obsequious tradesmen. There are eccentricities enough among the genuine Simon Pures without enlisting the spurious. There are baronet cab drivers, bar-tenders, and barbers, whose title is unquestionable. These men are usually harmless, but the usurper presumably has contemptible and often sinister motives. The report of the investigating committee will soon be due, and its disclosures are awaited with some heart-burnings and apprehensions.

The Rev. Dr. John Royal Harris, pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of Pittsburg, seems anxious to get himself talked about, for this is a weakness that may sometimes be found in the pulpit, as elsewhere. He has just said that "the churches of some of our millionaires and newly rich are nothing more than Smart Set clubs," and then he went on to remark:

"There is entirely too much snobbishness in some of our churches, and this is not confined entirely to the congregations, either. Our ministers talk about slum work and putting on the form of a servant, and then they go wearing such fine clothes that their appearance belies their sincerity."

This is very deplorable. Evidently there must be a sumptuary law for clergymen. If the churches in Pittsburg or elsewhere are actually being turned into Smart Set clubs, it is the fault of the pulpit rather than of the few, because the fine birds of society will be found only where the doctrines are to their taste. After all, there is a good deal of human nature about ministers, and a good deal of competition between their churches, and the prospect of a Smart Set congregation has, before today, been known to have a modifying effect upon the theology.

New York society women are said to have rendered themselves ridiculous during

the winter by their ostentatious attentions to Teddy Bears. They have taken these uncouth dolls with them to the theatre and they have constantly figured in smart equipages. Now it seems that the tide has turned and the Teddy Bear has given place to the living pet. Monstrosities in the way of dogs and monkeys have now come into favor, and perhaps the change is somewhat for the better.

We wonder it never occurred to these ladies what admirable pets babies make—real live babies. If babies were to cost only half as much as hideous poodles or revolting simians, they would come into vogue without much delay, but it is hard to resist the conviction that anything so cheap as a baby can be other than vulgar. Far be it from us to suggest that this craving for animate and inanimate pets is due to so banal an instinct as suppressed motherhood, but the society lady who finds some otherwise inexplicable solace in hugging a Teddy Bear might find that a baby was a desirable change.

When we learn that divorce is finding favor in the eyes of the noble red man, we can no longer question the rapidity of his progress along the road of civilization. A report from Bonesteel, South Dakota, speaks of twenty petitions from Indians all awaiting hearing and the causes alleged bear an astonishing resemblance to those to which we are so painfully accustomed. Thus we find that James Ghost Hawk has sued his squaw Bessie for divorce because she flirts habitually with a gentleman named Walking Soldier. On the other hand Alice Wood Muskrat alleges that her faithless spouse has eloped with a maiden named Flora Walks-as-She-Jumps, and the lady wants alimony to the extent of ten ponies. She also wants to have her maiden name, Alice High-Kicker, restored.

Josephine Dog Soldier discloses a real tragedy. While she was ill her husband purchased a coffin and made ready to bury her but under such a stimulant as this she recovered but Mr. Dog Soldier then drove her from his tepee and invited another squaw to take her place. Hence these tears.

The Pessimist to the Debutante.

The world's a desert by mirage concealed,
Where wolves in fleecy white do often play;
And in the flower's heart a worm's revealed—
"It is not always May."

The rhinestone takes the diamond's place with pride,
And hair is black or brown which should be gray;
And those should walk who in an auto ride;
You doubt it? Well! you may.

No rose exists without th' attendant thorn;
For wedding invitations gifts must pay;
For every pleasure is a sorrow horn;
You doubt it? Well! you may.

The skirts that rustle are not what they seem;
The bud may be a wallflower, so they say;
And white of egg—in puffs—resembles cream;
You doubt it? Well! you may.

Who treads a measure needs a purse well lined;
The festive rabbit runs the doctor's way;
Your doll is stuffed with sawdust you will find;
You doubt it? Well! you may.

All blessings brighten as they take their flight;
The sweetest flowers bloom but to decay;
The glorious sun is swallowed up by night;
"It is not always May." —Life.

Only a few naturalists and early territorial settlers know that parrots were once numerous in Nebraska, says the *Lincoln State Journal*. Fifty years ago they were still seen along the Missouri River in southeastern Nebraska, but disappeared very suddenly after the first settlement in that region. The Nebraska parrot was the Carolina parakeet (cornus Carolina). It had a beautiful green and yellow plumage, so striking in appearance as instantly to arrest the attention of the early hunter. Besides this the birds gathered in large flocks and were so exceedingly tame and simple that the whole flock was easily killed. Add to this that the birds were fine eating and their feathers attractive trophies of the hunt and the fate of the Nebraska parrot was assured.

Lecturing in London the other day, General Baden-Powell said the Zulus and Basutos were not the men their fathers were. The Zulus of today were the best fighters among the black tribes, but they were not the Zulus of 1879. All the blacks, with increase of comforts, were becoming less warlike.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Georgia professor wrote an arithmetic that contained such tough problems that nobody could solve them. One teacher wrote asking for a key. The professor replied on a postal card: "Dear Sir—It has no key. It's a stem-winder."

"When ex-Governor Pennypacker was still a judge," said a Philadelphia reporter, "he showed me in his uptown house his superb collection of old newspapers. As he turned those faded pages I said: 'Do you think, sir, that our newspapers have improved?' He smiled, his eyes twinkled and he answered: 'They have grown larger.'"

On one occasion, while the bishop was riding in a stagecoach on a Sunday morning to visit a rural mission, he observed men busily working in the hay fields. "Why, Pat," said he to the driver, "are there no Christians in this part of the country?" "Not a one, bishop," was the response. "There are some 'Piscloprians down in the hollow, but devil a Christian!"

The man who applied at headquarters for a "little help" from the charitable association set forth his case with so much tact and moderation that the secretary was beginning to be favorably impressed. "I can't ask them to do too much," the applicant said, modestly. "You see," he continued, in an outburst of delicacy and ingenuousness, "they paid for my wedding last month, and 'twas a real swell one."

When the lady from next door called to complain of Tommy for the persecution of her pet cat, she found the youthful offender sitting on the front steps. "I want to see your father!" she exclaimed. "You can't see pa now," the boy replied. "I shall see him instantly," the lady insisted, advancing. "All right," the little fellow agreed, opening the front door and slipping out of arm's length. "Walk right up-stairs. You'll find pa in the bath-room takin' a bath."

"We fishermen," said Havelock Morton, California's famous fly caster, "are continually being accused of intemperance. The accusation is false. No intemperate man could ever cast a fly. Yet a friend of mine had the effrontery to declare that out walking in the country he had met an angler beside a brook and had said to the man: 'How can you tell the good places from the bad when you come to a stream?' 'By the bottles,' the man answered. 'Wherever the most empty bottles are scattered is the best place.'"

"That was rather slighting," said Senator Beveridge of a certain speech. "It was like the speech of the old Adams butler. When I was a boy in Adams County, Judge Blank was taken very ill. The doctor called regularly, but the judge kept getting worse, and finally the crisis came. The morning after the crisis the doctor rang the judge's bell at sunrise. 'I hope your master's temperature is lower than it was last evening,' he said to the butler anxiously. 'I'm not so sure about that,' the man answered. 'He died, sir, in the night.'"

President Roosevelt at a Gridiron Club dinner is said to have reported this incident: "Two women," he said, "were discussing some new neighbors who had moved into one of the most sumptuous houses in their city. 'They seem to be very rich,' said the first. 'Oh, they are,' said the second. 'Shall you call?' 'Decidedly.' 'You are sure, are you, that they are—quite correct, quite—er—good form?' 'Oh, my dear, I'm positive,' said the second woman. 'They have thirty servants, eighteen horses, twelve dogs, eleven automobiles and one child.'"

The old Breton walled town of St. Malo was formerly guarded at night by dogs. This led to the proverb in regard to persons of whom that part of the body just above the ankle was very thin, "He has been to St. Malo"; on the supposition that the dogs there had bitten off his calves. Once an old lady from St. Malo was going up the steps of the Madeleine in Paris. Now, these steps are very high, the old lady was very fat, and her dress was very short, which led an observing gamin to say she had not been to St. Malo. "Little

boy," replied the old lady, turning round and using revised presidential phraseology, "you are a direct descendant of Ananias and heir to his historic qualities, for I live in St. Malo."

Some little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life. On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary. The writer and his offspring, a week later, were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked: "What place is that?" "The county jail," another answered, promptly. Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father, and aroused the suspicions of the other occupants of the carriage, by asking in a loud, shrill voice: "Is that the jail you were in, father?"

Rudyard Kipling undoubtedly got his wit from his maternal grandfather, the Rev. George B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan clergyman. In the days when young Macdonald was courting the lady whom he afterward married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. Macdonald, when I courted Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." Macdonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

Alexis Alladin, the leader of the Russian Douma's labor party, was marveling in New York at the strength of the labor unions of America. "Now," he said, smiling, "I see the point of a story that I failed to understand coming over on the boat. An American woman said that a young bride was found one afternoon crying bitterly in the smoking-room of her club. 'Why, my dear,' said an elderly matron, 'what is the matter with you?' 'Oh,' sobbed the bride, 'I am going to leave George! I am going straight back home to mother!' 'What!' exclaimed the matron, 'has George already proved unkind?' 'No,' she said, her shoulders shaking with grief, 'George is a dear. He's perfect. But that brute of a Henry Simmons has refused to buy Mrs. Simmons a new dinner gown, and district No. 4 of the Amalgamated Wives' Union has been ordered out on strike.'"

A group of commuters bound for home were discussing the recent controversy in the magazines about Christian Science. One man said that his wife belonged to a well-known woman's club in her town. They had a full meeting and an important discussion was on. In the midst of it one woman rose and asked the privilege of the floor for a moment. It was granted, and as the interrupter spoke with obvious evidences of mysterious agitation, the general curiosity was much heightened when, in a voice strained with emotion, she said: "Is there a Christian Scientist present?" A woman arrayed with laborious magnificence arose on the other side of the room, and, in a stately tone of kindness, said: "I am a Christian Scientist." Then across the intervening space the first woman's sweet voice said: "Would you mind changing seats with me? I am sitting in a draft."

Barber—He admits that he shaves himself; says he's too nervous to let a barber do it for fear the fellow might take a notion to cut his throat. *Man in the Chair*—Ridiculous! Barber—Ain't it, though? *Man in the Chair*—Yes; there never was a barber—ouch!—who had a razor sharp enough to do that.—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argoey and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantio Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	9.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Coemopolitau and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critio and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
Engleish Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Homes Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leelle's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Ont West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Three-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25



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For greater convenience of depositors, we have established branches in various parts of the city as follows: :: :: ::

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West End Branch - 1531 Devisadero
Mission Branch - 2572 Mission, near 22d
Up-town Branch - 1740 Fillmore, near Sutter

French-American Bank

The French-American Bank Building, 108-110 Sutter Street
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

For social life, San Franciscans must leave the city now, as there has probably never been more complete quiet, as regards entertaining, than at the present time. The suburban resorts, particularly San Mateo and San Rafael, are beginning to blossom with all manner of frivolities and gayeties, however, and those who are obliged to remain in town may be seen frequently wending their way boat- or train-ward for a few days out of town. There continue to be "marrying and giving in marriage," in spite of climatic or industrial conditions, however, and each week there are new announcements to be made.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Florence Sharon Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Piedmont, to Mr. Herbert Hamilton Brown, of Oakland. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Chase Bissell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bissell, of Detroit, to Captain William J. LeH. Lyster, medical department, U. S. A. The wedding will be celebrated before Dr. Lyster's departure for Manila, on June 5.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Frances Coon, daughter of Mrs. A. P. Dudley, to Mr. Oliver Kehrlein, will take place at high noon, Wednesday, June 12, at Menlo Park.

The wedding of Miss Sylvia Harris, daughter of Mrs. James Harris, to Dr. Samuel Hardy, took place on Saturday afternoon last, at the Fairmont Hotel, the Rev. Edward L. Parsons, of Berkeley, officiating. Only members of the two families were present. Dr. and Mrs. Hardy left at once for their future home in Tonopah.

Miss Sara Drum was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Peter Allen and Mrs. Harry Farr entertained at a luncheon on Saturday last at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of Miss Gertrude Allen, whose wedding to Mr. Charles Hutchinson will take place next month. Those present were: Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Charles Schoonmaker, Mrs. Joseph Loran Pease, Mrs. Eugene Hewlett, Mrs. Dan Belden, Mrs. John Brittain, Mrs. George Porter Baldwin, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Roland Oliver, Mrs. Charles Bates, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Ruth Knowles, and Miss Ruth Kales.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, who has made her home in New York for several years, arrived in California recently and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William S. Tevis, at the latter's ranche in Kern County.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Dillon, and Mr. Arthur Chesebrough have closed their home on Clay Street and are in Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and her daughters, Miss Eudora Clover and Miss Beatrice Clover, will not come to California this summer, but will leave shortly for London, where they will spend the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels sailed early in the week for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark and their family left town early in the week for

San Rafael, where they have leased a place for the summer.

Mr. Roderick Macleay, of Portland, Ore., is spending some time here as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren and their family will spend the summer months at their cottage at Lagunitas, Marin County. Mr. Samuel G. Murphy left last week for a sojourn of some weeks' duration in New York.

Mrs. Lawrence Pool expects to leave shortly for Napa Soda Springs, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock will leave shortly for their country place at Tahoe.

Miss Susan de Fremery, who has been in New York for several years past, will return to her home in Oakland next month.

Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. William B. Bourn, and Mr. James Ellis Tucker have returned from a brief trip abroad.

Mrs. E. B. Clement and Miss Mattie Livermore, who have spent the winter in Dresden, are at present in Holland, but will spend the summer near Helsingfors, Finland.

Miss Mary Carrigan and Mr. John Carrigan sailed on Friday of last week for the Philippines, where they will remain for several years.

Professor and Mrs. Frank Soule, of Berkeley, have left for a year's stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson and their daughters, Mrs. Randall Stoney and Miss Grace Wilson, have gone to Palo Alto for a stay of two months.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb and Mrs. Ynez Shorb White have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson and Mr. Robert Bruce will spend the summer at San Anselmo.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett left this week for a trip to Mexico.

Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull have returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis, who have been living on Vallejo Street during the winter, have gone to their country place at Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy have returned from a visit to the Orient, and are again at their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease will spend most of the summer in Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Richard Derby has returned from a visit to her son at Reno, and is staying for a time at the Fairmont.

Mrs. W. A. McEnery has gone to Salt Lake City for a month's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney are at Del Monte, visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, who are now established there for the summer.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. T. H. Goodman, Mr. Charles B. Wheaton, Mr. Henry W. Landsberg, Mr. George Wayne Coffee, Mr. A. Dolton Harrison, of San Francisco; Mrs. O. J. Woodward and the Misses Woodward, Fresno; Mrs. Paul Neumann, Honolulu, H. I.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mrs. J. J. Hyland and daughter, Mrs. S. Rau, Miss A. Lewis, Miss P. Lewis, Mr. W. F. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Newbauer, Mr. E. J. Hanson, Mr. F. G. Fitzpatrick, Mr. William J. Conroy, Mr. R. Maertins, Mr. A. Allen, Mr. Otis Parkhiff, Mr. J. V. Albright, Mr. A. C. Hartnack, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Welsh, of Alameda.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, should they carry out the intention with which they are credited of paying a visit to South Africa, will add another to their record of things which no Prince and Princess of Wales have done before. The first prince of the blood to visit South Africa was the Duke of Connaught. Prince Arthur of Connaught made a brief appearance there, in his regimental capacity toward the finish of the war. As Prince George of Wales, the present heir apparent and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, saw Cape Town in their midshipman days, when the *Bacchante* touched.

There is living in Norway, Me., the pioneer orange shipper of California, Mrs. Rebecca Warren. Mrs. Warren, who is 70, went to San Francisco on Vanderbilt's steamer, the *North Star*, and speculated in land. In fifteen years she had \$17,000 at interest. She was the first orange grower to ship fruit by the carload out of the State, beginning with cattle cars, which she had cleaned out and loaded. She later married Mr. Warren and their brand of oranges were known as the "W. H. W."

Attention is called to the change of time in the train schedule of the Mt. Tamalpais Railway on another page. There are many visitors to the heights in this pleasant weather, and the scenic wonders of the route were never more attractive.

Mrs. Savum's Bank Account.

Mrs. Savum, after due consideration, determined to open a bank account and pay all her bills by check. She tested this decision on Mr. Savum one morning, and was rewarded by "That's a very commendable idea;" so a day or two afterwards Mrs. Savum dropped into a bank and started a check account. Her trophies of the day, a neat, clean bankbook and a packet of prettily engraved checks, were shown to Mr. Savum in the evening.

"Tomorrow morning," remarked Mrs. Savum, "I am going shopping with Mrs. Buyley. Just think how convenient it will be to drop into the bank and get some ready money."

Mrs. Savum and Mrs. Buyley shopped the next day until late in the afternoon. The former finally decided that she would purchase a piece of dress-goods which had attracted her.

"I haven't the money with me," she explained to Mrs. Buyley, "and I haven't an account with this store. Would you mind going to the bank with me?"

Mrs. Buyley agreed. They got into a cab, and when the bank was reached Mrs. Savum stepped from the vehicle and gazed in amazement at the barred doors.

"Why," she gasped, "the bank is closed!"

"I could have told you that, ma'am," ventured the cab-driver. "Most banks close at 3 o'clock, you know."

Mrs. Savum, determined to secure that particular piece of dress-goods, hurried downtown with Mr. Savum the next morning. She arrived at the bank. It was locked up tight.

"Can you tell me if this bank is to be closed all day?" she asked a pedestrian.

The man took out his watch.

"It will be open in about half an hour," he explained. "A great many banks open at 9 o'clock. This particular bank doesn't start until 10."

Mrs. Savum confided to her husband the following morning that she intended to withdraw her account from the bank.

"A bank account is a very handy thing to have," she admitted, "but, for some reason or other, I've never been able to arrive at the bank when it was open. I am going down this afternoon and cash a check for the entire amount of my deposit."

Mr. Savum suggested that she give the bank another trial, but Mrs. Savum was obdurate. She reached the bank at 2 o'clock that afternoon and started up the steps. Then she noticed that strong iron gates barred further progress. The bank was closed. Mrs. Savum saw a policeman near by, and she appealed to him.

"Is that bank ever open?" she inquired, testily.

"Well, ma'am, you see this is Saturday," explained the policeman, "an' the bank closes at noon."

Mrs. Savum went home in an unsettled frame of mind. Monday morning she left home shortly after 10 o'clock, and reached the bank a little before noon. She stood in front of the building. From her eyes blazed the fire of a woman scorned, as she read defiantly:

LEGAL HOLIDAY
BANK CLOSED ALL DAY
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Every working day of the year there is printed at Washington an average of more than \$3,000,000 of new paper money. Every day there is destroyed practically the same amount. The presses in the mints at Philadelphia, New Orleans, and San Francisco daily stamp into form about \$800,000 of shining coin. We have then a total of almost \$4,000,000 new money created every day at the money workshops of the government.

Most people imagine that Dickens's stirring exposure of the evils of the English debtors' prisons had resulted in the abolition of imprisonment for debt in the United Kingdom. It appears, however, that such is not the case. Over 11,000 persons were imprisoned for debt last year in England alone, and most of them for trifling amounts.

The St. Regis Hotel in New York, the most magnificent hotel in the world, was completed, including nearly a year lost in strikes, decorated and equipped in four years, at a cost of \$5,000,000. The Waldorf-Astoria, with its 1500 rooms, its magnificent decorations, and its elaborate mechanical devices, cost \$5,000,000.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time and have their glasses re-adjusted.

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Oakland's Beautiful New Hotel

The

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A country home with 8 acres; full orchard in bearing; nearly 3 acres natural woods; lawn, shrubbery, fine oak trees.

Address Box 67, Menlo Park, Cal.

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A family owning and residing upon a nice place in Sonoma County, two miles from R. R. station; beautiful grove with never-failing creeks; water for domestic purposes piped to grove; with daily mail on rural delivery route; would rent camping privileges to not exceeding two nice families for the season. Wood for fuel, milk, eggs, butter, fruit and vegetables can be had on premises. Butcher wagon calls 3 days each week. Situation entirely private. Address F. M., 2031 Baker St., San Francisco.

San Francisco

TO LEASE—Furnished House on north side of Pacific Avenue; 10 rooms and 3 baths. In desirable neighborhood. Uninterrupted marine view. Full particulars, address R. C. P. Office of Argonaut.

FOR SALE

On heights back of Fair Oaks, near the Sharon Estate, a very choice site for a home, overlooking valley and bay, water, electricity, telephone service, electric line building that will pass near the place. Special offer for a short time to the right person. Only thing in the neighborhood that gives good altitude and easy access.

C. L. PLACE, 113 Circle, Palo Alto

FOR RENT

During June and July, a furnished house of twelve rooms and two baths, on high ground, within five minutes of the Key Route Trains, Oakland. Address, 484 Prospect Avenue, Oakland.

Berkeley

Professor wishes to rent his home for June and July. Modern house of 10 rooms; completely furnished; large garden; on car line. Table board, if desired, obtainable within reasonable distance. Address M. 2609 College Ave., Berkeley.

For Breakfast Luncheon or Tea

A few small biscuits easily made with Royal Baking Powder. Make them small—as small round as a napkin ring. Mix and bake just before the meal. Serve hot.

Nothing better for a light dessert than these little hot biscuits with butter and honey, marmalade or jam.

You must use Royal Baking Powder to get them right.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY,
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Wood Rollers

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Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe

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Cor. Post and Leavenworth Sts.

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While the city is overcrowded, take your family to Hotel Del Monte by the sea, near Monterey, and enjoy every comfort. There is plenty of room there and plenty to do for recreation and health. Parlor car leaves San Francisco 8:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M., daily, direct to Hotel. Special reduced round-trip rates. Remember you can easily transact business in San Francisco and live at Del Monte. For details, inquire Information Bureau, Southern Pacific, or of C. W. Kelley, Special Representative of Del Monte, 770 Market Street, San Francisco; phone, Temporary 2751.

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Tiburon or Sausalito Ferry.
All Modern Conveniences.
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Linda Vista Hotel

In Beautiful Ross Valley

50 minutes from San Francisco. Ideal place
Send for folder
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35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY
New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral J. N. Hemphill, U. S. N., who was detached from duty as president of the Board of Inspection and Survey, Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty as commander of the Third Squadron, U. S. Pacific Fleet, sailed early this week from Seattle.

Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., chief quartermaster, Department of California; has returned from a brief trip to Los Angeles.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Brechemin, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant-Colonel William T. Wood, inspector-general, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines Division, and will proceed on the transport sailing from Manila on July 15, via the Suez Canal, to the United States, reporting on his arrival in this country to the adjutant-general of the army for further orders.

Lieutenant Colonel Wilber E. Wilder, inspector-general, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Northern Division, and will proceed to San Francisco and sail on the transport leaving this port on July 5, for the Philippines. On his arrival in Manila he will report to the commanding general of that division.

Major John Biddle, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered, upon his relief from duty as engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia, to proceed to San Francisco and take station, relieving Major William W. Harts, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., Major Biddle is detailed as a member of the examining board at San Francisco, vice Major Harts.

Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., of the Bureau of Navigation, who arrived recently from Washington, D. C., with a draft of two hundred enlisted men who were distributed among the Milwaukee, California, and Buffalo, has returned to Washington.

Captain George A. Nugent, quartermaster, U. S. A., is relieved from detail in the quartermaster's department.

Captain Johnson Hagood, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to San Francisco and Fort Worden for the purpose of consulting with the commanding officers of the artillery districts of San Francisco and Puget Sound, and with the local district engineer officers upon matters pertaining to the fire control installations of San Francisco harbor and Puget Sound.

Captain Charles L. Bent, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had his resignation of his commission as an officer of the army accepted, having taken effect on April 29.

Captain Laurence A. Curtis, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Alcatraz Island, has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect about June 8, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Captain Roderic P. O'Connor, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, went recently to Fort Crook, Nebraska, for temporary duty.

Lieutenant D. P. Manning, U. S. N., sailed from Seattle this week, as aide on the staff of Rear-Admiral J. N. Hemphill, U. S. N., who goes as commander of the Third Squadron, U. S. Pacific Fleet. Lieutenant Manning has been on duty in connection with the General Board, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Philip W. Corbusier, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky, to take effect on August 4.

Lieutenant Martin C. Wise, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John J. Burleigh, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Alcatraz Island, has been granted two months' leave of absence, from about May 25, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Lieutenant William J. Davis, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who was ill at Camp Jossman, Guimaras, Philippine Islands, was ordered to proceed to Manila for observation and treatment, with a view to his transfer to the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

The First Battalion, Field Artillery, consisting of First, Fifth, and Ninth Batteries, commanded by Major E. T. Brown, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., marched from the Presidio of San Francisco on May 1 for Monterey, near which city a camp has been established for the purpose of holding the annual target practice of the battalion.

It is reported that more than 100 Jewish families move into Jerusalem every week. Though most of them are very poor, yet they find means to make a scanty living. Jerusalem is rapidly becoming once more a Jewish city.

The Battleship.

[In recommending the building of more warships, President Roosevelt says everything depends on fighting craft of the battleship type.]

The submarine's a tricky little shaver,
With fifty-seven different brands of wiles;
She mutters "glug" and sinks beneath the water.
And journeys down below the waves for miles;
When it comes to diving stunts she is a wonder—
She can sit on oyster beds and eat her lunch;
But when it comes to work in time of trouble,
The battleship's the lady with the punch.

The torpedo-boat's a spiteful little vixen;
She is long and slim, and saucy as a witch;
She can set the green and slippery sea a-foaming
And can throw a tube and never drop a stitch;
Her elder sister's yonder grim destroyer;
She can show her heels to all the navy's bunch;
But both of them stand back when work is needed—
The battleship's the lady with the punch.

The cruiser is a most engaging damsel;
She can flit across the seas just like a gull,
And when it comes to repartee, she's lively—
The line of talk she hands is never dull;
But cruiser, submarine, and all the others
Must flee when dogs of war begin to crunch;
Yon grand dame is the belle of Neptune's socials—
The battleship's the lady with the punch.
—Denver Republican.

By order of Pope Calixtus in 1455 the trial of Jeanne D'Arc at Rouen, which had taken place twenty-four years before, was reconsidered by a great court of lawyers and churchmen, and the condemnation of Jeanne was solemnly annulled and declared wicked and unjust. By this retrial posterity has been allowed to see the whole life of the village maiden of Domremy as she was known to her kinsfolk and her neighbors and afterward to warriors, nobles, and churchmen who followed her extraordinary career, says an English paper. The evidence so given is unique in its minute and faithful narration of a great and noble life, as, indeed, that life is itself unique in all human history. After all that can be done by the rationalizing process the mystery remains of an untutored and unlettered girl of 18 years old not only imposing her will upon captains and courtiers but showing a skill and judgment worthy of the greatest commanders, indeed of Napoleon himself.

The Shah of Persia owns the most valuable arm-chair in the world. It is of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. As a chair it is useless, being very uncomfortable to sit in, but the Shah keeps a sharp eye on it all the time, because of its beauty and value. One day he noticed that some of the gems were missing from one of the legs, and he went about to find the culprit in a strictly Oriental manner. A number of servants were whipped, with a promise of more to come, and the keeper of the furniture was told that he would be beheaded if the thief were not discovered. Fortunately for the keeper and the servants, the culprit was found, and without any delay he was beheaded, and his head carried on a pole by the imperial body-guard through the streets of Teheran, as a warning to leave chairs alone.

Ants are really very long-lived, considering their minuteness. Janet had two queens under observation for ten years, and one of Sir John Lubbock's ant pets lived into her fifteenth year. Ants are very tenacious of life after severe injury. Following loss of the entire abdomen they sometimes live two weeks and in one case a headless ant, carefully decapitated by aseptic surgery, lived for forty-one days. A carpenter ant after being submerged eight days in distilled water came to life upon being dried, so that they are practically proof against drowning. They can live long periods without food; in one case the fast lasted nearly nine months.

She—Allen married before he had completed his education. He—The same could be said of any man that marries.—Smart Set.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Saphedde—Do you think men have descended from monkeys? *Miss Caustique* Not very far.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Did I understand you to say that my appearance had improved?" "No, I said you looked more like yourself."—*Life*.

"Dear Robert, I intend to share all your cares." "But, my pet, I have no cares." "I mean after we are married."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Briggs—My wife had a birthday yesterday, and we took a day off. *Griggs*—When mine has a birthday she takes a year off.—*Cassell's Journal*.

"Do you know, my husband had a terrible habit of sleeping in church, but he broke himself of it!" "How?" "Gave up going!"—*Sketchy Bits*.

Teacher—What is a coal magnate, Tommie? *Tommie*—I don't know, madam; I only thought those things come in cheese!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? *Cannibal*—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Roberts—Poor Williams died and left a wife and three children. *Jones*—That's nothing. He was too mean to take them anywhere when he was living.—*Life*.

Mrs. Backpay—Good morning, sir. Will you take a chair? *Installment House Calculator*—No, thank you, ma'am. I've come to take the piano.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"When I goes to de co't house," said Uncle Eben, "it sometimes looks to me like de jury was a committee to award a prize to de smartest lawyer."—*Washington Star*.

Friend—I suppose the baby is fond of you? *Papa*—Fond of me? Why he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays up all night just to enjoy my society!—*News*.

First Thespian—And the audience, my boy, you should have seen them. They were glued to their seats. *Second Ditto*—Ah, a good way of keeping them there.—*Bystander*.

"Ever been on the stage?" asked the corner grocery egg. "Sure," answered the cabbage. "I was once cast for the villain and made a great hit."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Diogenes was busy repairing his humble dwelling. "Yes," said he, complacently, "as a general rule I lead the simple life; but occasionally I get out and hoop it up."—*Yale Record*.

First Workman—'E said 'e saw me 'urry. 'E didn't see me 'urry. 'E must have seen you 'urry. *Second Workman* (stung to the quick)—'E never saw me 'urry. I never 'urry.—*Punch*.

First Man—How do you do? *Second Man*—Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me. *First Man*—Yes, I suppose I have. We were engaged to the same girl; but you married her.—*Tit Bits*.

Suburban Host (to unexpected supper guest)—Now then, Miss Hobson, will you have a little of this rabbit pie or—er—or (looking round and discovering there is no other dish)—or not?—*The Tatler*.

"When I was coming home last night," said Miss Skeery, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadow. Oh, how I ran!" "An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother, innocently.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Visitor (to artist's young wife)—Whatever were you two laughing over so just now? *Wife*—Oh, it was such fun! My husband painted and I cooked, and then we both guessed what the things were meant for.—*Tatler*.

Miss Withers—You are blushing, Coya! What was that clumsy partner of yours saying? *Miss Knisely*—Oh, nothing; only that before he met me life seemed a desert to him. *Miss Withers*—That is no reason why he should waltz like a dromedary, is it?—*Town and Country*.

They had been married just seven months and nineteen days by the almanac. "Tomorrow," she announced, "will be my birthday. What are you going to get for me, George?" "I haven't the least idea," he replied. "I read last night's paper about a Kansas man

who got a second-hand overcoat and \$2 for his wife, but I'll probably not be so lucky."—*Chicago Daily News*.

The Eldest Hope—Who's that, ma? *His Fond Mama*—'Ush, 'Orace, that's the gentleman that married me. *The Eldest Hope*—Then, if that's the gentleman wot married you, wot's pa doing in our house?—*The Sketch*.

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Playman," said the young woman, mockingly. "There are other girls, you know. There's Lil Grumplins, Sallie Plimborn, Kate Isnogles, and Fan Biliwink. Any one of them would make a better wife for you than I would." "I know it," he said, swallowing a lump in his throat and turning to go. "If any one of those four girls had said 'Yes,' do you suppose I would ever have thought of coming here for a wife?"—*Answers*.

THE MERRY MUZE.

Remedial.

For rheumatism take a hee,
Then pet it;
The sting is recommended, and
You bet it
Will either cure the pain, or you'll
Forget it.

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The After-Dinner Speaker.

I listen. What he has to say
A sense of sadness brings.
He never has a funny way
Of saying funny things.

—*Puck*.

Wonders of Transit.

I wonder why, when in a car,
The vacant seat by me
Is just the one the pretty girl
Should always fail to see;
And why, if it's a frownsed girl
With wad of gum and squirt,
She starts to reach that very seat
As fast as she can sprint.

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Why?

Questions to paste in a new spring hat
Come as the silly season's due,
Inquiries asking of this and that,
Questions sombre and foolish, too.
Why is the color of heaven blue?
What is the use of a shackled hand?
Here is one that we wish we knew:
Why is the souvenir postal card?

—*New York Evening Mail*.

Dejection.

Nobody likes me any more:
I almost wish I was dead and buried;
The minute I get inside the door
Ma she begins to be kind of worried;
Pa says I'm only a constant care
'N' I guess if the green grass grew above me
They'd none of 'em come to my grave out there
'N' shed tears while they were thinkin' uv me.

Nobody's got kind words for me,
'N' yesterday afternoon the teacher,
Right out in school, said she couldn't see
Why I had to be such a stupid creature.
I guess that if I would be laid away
Out under an elm or a weepin' willow,
They wouldn't nobody come there to lay
Their head on my grave for their mossy pillow.

Nobody cares how sad I feel—
She's went 'n' eloped with an opery singer;
I never told 'er I loved 'er, 'n' she'll
Love him for the money he has to bring 'er;
'N' they've put me out of the game 'n' got
Another pitcher to put 'em over—
I wish I was laid in some quiet spot
Where the hees come huzzin' among the clover.

—*S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald*.

Blecker—You look worried, old man. *Mecker*—I have cause for worry. *Blecker*—What's the trouble? *Mecker*—My wife says if I don't accompany her to the seashore this summer she'll stay at home.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

"What a bright little thing!" exclaimed the society woman, patronizingly cooing at a baby out for an airing in the park. "Whose little one is this?" "Yours, ma'am," replied the nurse. "I'm the new nurse that kem yistherdy."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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	9:45 A	12:16 P	4:14 P
	11:15 A	1:40 P	
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4:45 P	2:15 P	4:40 P	
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Baltic.....June 14, July 11, Aug. 8
Cedric.....June 20, July 18, Aug. 15

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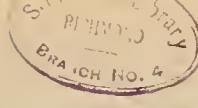
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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 25, 1907.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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Conditions and Effects.

In a comprehensive review of financial and commercial conditions the New York *Sun* in its issue of May 13 speaks as follows:

A great struggle has arisen in San Francisco between the labor unions and the street railway interests there and the government of affairs in the whole city has, it seems, been practically surrendered to the labor agitators. It is a very hard thing to say, but it is nevertheless a just conclusion that at the present time investment in any San Francisco enterprise has become unsafe according to the conservative standards in such matters commonly accepted in the East; and should there not be an amendment in the situation in San Francisco a withdrawal of Eastern capital from the city is practically bound to come. It is not at all improbable that the Union Iron Works, the great shipbuilding plant in San Francisco, will be abandoned by its owners to those who will take it and agree to liquidate the mortgage indebtedness upon it; and a similar state of hopelessness concerning matters there is felt by all people having property rights at stake.

The significance of this utterance—and it is only one of many similar in tone and spirit—is to be

found in a study of our local financial situation. The matter is one which the *Argonaut* for many good reasons would prefer not to discuss; vivisection, however justifiable it may be, is never a pleasant job. But we have come to a point where there is neither diplomacy nor common sense in a policy of reserve. It is a time when we have no choice but to lay the cards face up on the table and take stock of conditions precisely as they are.

We have on hand in San Francisco the biggest job of construction that the world has ever seen. Approximately twenty-eight thousand buildings, great and small, were destroyed by the disaster of last year. The task before us is nothing less than the replacement of this vast demolition. There was not one building too many in San Francisco prior to the disaster; full as many buildings will be required in the new San Francisco. We have made a start in the great work of reconstruction, but only a start. For every building now under construction four more will have to be put up before the colossal job is complete. Only very few of the buildings begun since the fire are more than half done. Up to a month ago, in spite of the enormous cost of materials and labor, no great difficulty had been met at the point of finance. Builders have drawn upon insurance funds, or have marketed securities, or have borrowed from the savings banks. Everything has gone briskly and blithely; lease values have been universally higher than before the disaster; real property values have been so calculated that many losers by the disaster have figured themselves richer than before. To some extent we have been living in a fool's paradise, counting ourselves prosperous—on paper—and passing on the margin of over-charge at every point to the next man with the pious reflection that the devil was welcome to the hindmost.

This sort of thing could not have gone on indefinitely under any circumstances, but it might have gone on for a good while if we had not, through a combination of graft scandals, strikes, and riots, been brought suddenly up to the snubbing-post of dead reality. Now we find municipal conditions confused almost to the point of open warfare, not only between labor and capital, but between the rival projects of capital, complicated with the resentments and the rivalries of the holders of capital. On top of all this we find that our available supply of insurance money is in large measure exhausted; that the local savings banks have sailed as close to the wind as their managers deem safe; that there is no market for local securities of any kind. The world of exchange is not indeed at a dead standstill; things are still doing financially in a limited and moderate way. But there is no money to be had locally for new projects, and many whose projects are only half done are tramping about from bank to bank to scrape up funds to keep things going from week to week. The banks, thanks to a policy of caution and prudence, are securely sound and their managers are wise in holding them to a safe course.

It is the universal judgment of men intelligent in respect to such matters that we have reached a condition of affairs when there must come a universal and painful halt unless confidence in the solvency, the fortunes, and the security of San Francisco shall be reestablished. We must have help from abroad if we are to go ahead. We can not get help from abroad until we can make a showing of industrial peace upon a sound basis with security for capital invested here. The excerpt printed above tells the story bluntly and even brutally, but truly. There is no confidence in the great money centres with respect to San Francisco, and there

will be none until we shall put our house in order. Nobody questions the commercial opportunity here; nobody doubts the capacity or integrity of our larger financial and commercial organizations. Nobody—we hope—seriously questions the ultimate outcome. None the less capital will not come to us.

These facts are easily interpreted. They imply a shut-down of credit, a local reaction that will make stagnation in every street, a rapid and ruinous decline in real estate and leasehold values, the cutting down the prices of everything, including wages. In short it means nothing less than dull times with universal distress.

Now there is a way out of all this. The broad wave of prosperity, the country over, is still at nearly full tide. San Francisco has only to get herself in line with the ordinary standards of credit to have everything she wants from the great money centres. Everything that we had half a year ago is here still; no natural condition has been changed. The one thing needful to be done is to reestablish our credit—to restore conditions here that will stand as a pledge of our solvency, as assurance that whoever shall invest a dollar here may get it back again when he wants it.

First of all the problem lies with what we may call our property class—with our men of capital and of business. In this, as in every community, the men of financial resource—the men of capital—may control the situation to right ends if they will come together in fair and just policies—just to labor as well as to capital—and work to just ends. There is always a majority for law and for security if those who sentimentally stand for law and security will pull together. It is so here. If these elements, leaving the labor element out of the question altogether, who, during the past month, have been clutching each other by the throat, would forget their absurd differences, would put aside their indecent quarrels and give their combined energies to the business of reestablishing our credit and standing in the world, the troubles which threaten to overwhelm us could be exorcised and destroyed in a month, thereby restoring to San Francisco that friendly favor in the world's money markets which is essential to our rehabilitation—essential to the interests of capital and of labor, to the welfare of every man, woman, and child in the community.

The problems of the hour are serious enough, but there is no mystery about them; they stand so prominently in view that the plainest common sense may recognize and name them. The first thing needed is to put an end to the strikes, which would die in a week were they not encouraged and nourished by quarrels among interests which ought to stand together. The second thing needed is so to re-write the rules of industry that a decent man, whether he belong to a labor union or not, may have a fair chance under the traditional American system of earning his living in any work which he is competent and willing to do—this, too, could be done in a week with reasonable coöperation at the hands of our so-called conservative class. The third thing needed is complete reorganization of our municipal government—and this, as well as the other, could be done if there were willingness to work together in reasonable and proper ways to the end of casting out our boodling Board of Supervisors, of substituting some man of capacity and respect for our boodling mayor. We say these things can easily be done; and every man with any close knowledge of the situation knows that this statement is only the simple truth.

There is in truth no problem in our situation which can not easily and speedily be solved if the elements which claim intelligence and respons-

unitedly wish it to be done. We repeat that it is not so much a war between labor and capital that is knifing San Francisco as a vendetta between factions of our property class. The labor war, without the encouragement and stimulus which it gets through the mutual hatreds and quarrels of men of property, would fade out in a week. Its courage, its resource are nothing of themselves. We shall have a new San Francisco just so soon as our men of property will learn to compromise their selfish differences, to come together in the spirit of mutual helpfulness, to reestablish the credit and the prosperity of San Francisco.

The History of a Failure.

Within the week there has been a most interesting effort to solve the problem of San Francisco's desperate civic situation, ending unhappily in complete failure. The *Argonaut* has as little inclination to *post-mortem* discussion as to vivisection; but the circumstances are so extraordinary, their significance so great, that to make the record a clear one it is necessary to recite the story in some detail. It has already been told in these columns how our unsavory mayor, in the crisis which followed the riots of the 8th inst., called to his aid as an advisory board fifty-one citizens, practically the same Committee of Fifty which acted as an advisory council immediately following the disaster of last year. It was a group of citizens representative of every element in the community, including organized labor, and it promptly admonished the mayor to do his duty—to order the chief of police to protect the strikebreakers who were operating the street cars. It was upon the basis of this counsel, emphatically given, that the mayor and Chief Dinan reversed their policy of allowing the mob unrebuked to have its way with non-union street-car operatives and with those citizens who chose to ride on the cars. A little later the Committee of Fifty formulated and declared a statement of rights, very much as they have been presented through the *Argonaut*, thus making an official record of immense value, not only in the present emergency but for the future. Not the least important fact in this connection is this, namely, that the representatives of labor union signed this presentment along with other members of the committee. If the Committee of Fifty had done nothing more than to enforce police protection to non-union workmen and to reassert certain fixed and fundamental principles of legal right and of social order, its participation in our affairs would have been abundantly justified.

But it did more than this—much more. In conference with the mayor, several members of the committee, backed by a stiff majority, told Mr. Schmitz a few plain but unpleasant truths. They told him that he had completely forfeited public respect; that his capability for efficient public service, if it ever existed, was plainly past; they told him that he ought, in the interest of social order, to lay down an authority which in his hands had fallen into desuetude and contempt. And, remarkable as it appears in recital, the mayor so little resented the indictment, so far acknowledged its justice, as to stipulate in writing that if the committee would secure the selection of a suitable group of citizens, he would abdicate his official powers to the extent of surrendering himself completely in his official acts to the guidance of such committee.

Upon the basis of this surrender on the part of the mayor, a sub-committee of the Committee of Fifty sought a conference with representatives of the five commercial bodies of San Francisco, the Merchants' Association, the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Manufacturers and Producers' Association, and the Merchants' Exchange. These five bodies, representative of the business activities of the city, nominated one hundred and fifty persons; and from these nominees the Committee of Fifty selected seven, namely, F. B. Anderson, manager of the Bank of California; Percy T. Morgan, president of the California Wine Producers' Association; F. W. Van Sicklen, of Dodge, Sweeney & Co.; F. W. Dohrmann, of the Nathan-Dohrmann Co.; Henry Rosenfeld; C. Bentley, of the California Fruit Cannery Association, and Judge Charles W. Slack. This com-

mittee, for convenience styling itself the Committee of Seven, entered upon the work of reorganizing the municipal government, upon the written assurance of Mayor Schmitz that in all official matters he would accept its guidance. A leading member of the committee is on record as declaring that the Committee of Seven felt assured of its authority, even to the extent of enforcing the resignation of the mayor if a situation should come in which a proper man could be named to succeed him.

The Committee of Seven set forth at various times and in various forms in the three or four days following its selection a general scheme of policy. It first proposed to reorganize the municipal police by requiring the resignation of certain members of the governing board and substituting for them citizens of unquestioned character. This done, it was planned to take up the various other branches of the municipal government, dismiss the scoundrels placed in them by the Ruef-Schmitz machine, and substitute capable and respectable men. It was proposed, further, to secure the resignation of the self-confessed boodlers of the Board of Supervisors and to name respectable and dependable men in their places. An ultimate purpose, plainly indicated but not declared, was to secure the abdication of Schmitz with the election of a successor at the hands of a reorganized Board of Supervisors.

The carrying out of this programme was possible only by gaining the approval and cooperation of the graft prosecution of Messrs. Spreckels and Heney. Even before the matter could be presented to these gentlemen the committee ran upon the shoals of adverse criticism. It was urged that the committee was representative only of the commercial interests of the city, leaving all other elements, including labor, out of the reckoning. To this it was answered that the Committee of Seven did not propose to govern the city; that its plan was to substitute a good government for a bad one, and that in the details of reorganization, every interest, including labor, should be represented. Further, the practical capability of the committee to do the work proposed was questioned on the ground that there was no guarantee that the mayor would do what was required of him. The reply to this was that the committee, from all the circumstances of its dealing with Mayor Schmitz, felt entirely assured at the point of its own mandate.

The Committee of Seven early sought a conference with Messrs. Spreckels and Heney. These gentlemen held, and still hold, the real key to the situation, since through their conditional grant of immunity they hold absolute authority, backed by the powers of criminal prosecution, over the actions of the boodling supervisors. Conference followed conference, explanation and argument followed explanation and argument. But the result was complete failure. Messrs. Spreckels and Heney would not yield their own position in control of the existing Board of Supervisors; they would not consent to a project by which their authority should be used to force the boodlers out of office and so permit the Committee of Seven, representing the commercial organizations of San Francisco, to name the successors of the ousted officials. Details of the conferences are withheld; to the public there is given only the outcome—the failure of the Committee of Seven and of Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney to reach a common basis of action. Mr. Spreckels's public explanation is that he believed Mr. Patrick Calhoun, of the United Railroads and Mr. William F. Herrin, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, to be the hidden springs behind the Committee, and that for that reason he must decline to have anything to do with it. "I must decline to act," is the phrase in which he is quoted as finally dismissing the negotiations.

With respect to Mr. Spreckels's fears about the hidden influence of Messrs. Calhoun and Herrin, the members of the Committee of Seven replied with spirit that no one of them had anything to do with the persons named. They knew of no possible part that either Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Herrin had taken in connection with their selection. They denied and scouted the suggestion as a mere pretense or a bogey. They declared collectively and indi-

vidually their entire independence of Messrs. Calhoun or Herrin, or of anybody else, emphatically asserted their representative character as citizens and men of affairs. It was all to no purpose; Mr. Spreckels would not yield. Realizing that without his cooperation, without authority to enforce the resignation of the boodling supervisors, their position was an impossible one—absolutely impotent, subject to every species of misconstruction. Upon the basis of this situation the Committee of Seven withdrew from the field, tendering its resignation to the bodies represented by it, ceasing any further effort to participate in the work of reorganizing the municipal government.

The *Argonaut* will not presume to render judgment as between the Committee of Seven and Mr. Spreckels. It will only declare its profound regret and grief that a way was not found by which social forces which ought to work together for common ends could not come together and act in concert. What Mr. Spreckels's private motives may be is merely matter for speculation. As to the reason publicly announced, it appears to the *Argonaut* not only inadequate, but trivial. We find ourselves totally unable to understand why Mr. Spreckels should not have entered with eager cordiality into an arrangement that would have put out of commission that wretched group of self-confessed criminals whose continued authority as public officials is not only a menace to social order, but a moral reproach and a material discredit to San Francisco. We would have supposed that Mr. Spreckels would grasp at the chance to relieve himself of a grievous burden, and of putting the affairs of the city in the hands of a body of representative and capable officials, chosen by the Committee of Seven, in cooperation with himself and Mr. Heney. We would have supposed that Mr. Spreckels would be more than pleased to be relieved at the point of an onerous extra-legal authority and would have welcomed the chance to get free of it with leave to concentrate his energies upon the task of prosecution, in which a brilliant success has rewarded his efforts and which is for him the plain line of legitimate and of approved public service. That he should have elected to retain, even in nominal authority, that group of boodlers exposed by his own resolution and energy; that he, a private citizen, should be willing to carry for one hour longer than necessary the burden of an extra-legal authority and of a grievous responsibility—these things surprise and amaze the *Argonaut* beyond words. Mr. Spreckels may have adequate reasons. If so, he should give them to the public. Failing to do this, he must not complain if the public shall come to its own conclusion. Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* will only say that in declining to take a road leading out of our anomalous civic condition to a condition of government, reorganized upon a decent and representative basis, Mr. Spreckels has assumed a very extraordinary and a very solemn responsibility.

Spreckels and Calhoun.

Apologists for Mr. Spreckels in his refusal to cooperate with the Committee of Seven, justify this refusal by reference to an utterance of Mr. Calhoun on Saturday of last week addressed, with a touch of true Carolinian grandiloquence, "To the American People." In the course of this address Mr. Calhoun arraigned Mr. Spreckels with an emphasis and a bitterness well calculated to stir resentment. After asserting that no official of the United Railroads Company "ever bribed any one, authorized Mr. Ruef or any one else to bribe anybody, knew of any bribery, or approved of any bribery," Mr. Calhoun proceeded, without reserve, to grill Mr. Spreckels and his associates on the basis of sinister motives and purposes in connection with the graft prosecution. He charged a calculated prostitution of the office of the district attorney to "further the plans of private malice" in the interest of the Municipal Street Railway, a company organized by Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan just before the disaster of last year. He charged that in furtherance of the plans of the "private prosecutor" to incriminate the United Railroads, the district attorney had been willing "to purchase testimony" by grants of immunity to self-confessed criminals, etc. He charged that the district attorney entered into personal consultation with the

boodling supervisors in regard to holding up the Geary Street Railroad Company unless it should yield to the demands of its striking employees. He charged that while the best element of the community was seeking to uphold law and order, the district attorney was in secret conference with self-confessed criminals giving aid and comfort to the strikers.

These charges were presented in vigorous phrases, in a tone revealing a mood of intense resentment and rancor. Some little license may in kindness be allowed to one in Mr. Calhoun's situation. A man with his back to the wall does not make nice of the things he says about those who are opposing him. Mr. Calhoun finds himself pursued, not only by the forces of organized labor, but by the graft prosecution, and he has turned to fight both assailants. He would, we believe, better have held his temper in check, better have maintained a dignified reserve, leaving the facts to make their own impression and to enforce their own lesson. His aspersions upon the graft prosecution were unquestionably in bad temper, and, we think, a mistake in tactics.

And yet, it must be said on the other hand, that the provocation was great. Mr. Calhoun is making a fight, not more in his own private interest than for the good of San Francisco as conservative men see it. As the *Argonaut* has hitherto said, he is entitled in this special fight to whatever support anybody can possibly give him. He was entitled, if not to the coöperation of the graft prosecution, who presumably represent conservative interest and sentiment, at least to a respite from active prosecution on the score of charges previously made. This much was tacitly conceded by Mr. Heney when he declared, on May 8, that "Mr. Calhoun may rest assured that there is no intention on the part of the prosecution to force the trials of the trolley cases at this time, while the United Railroads is embarrassed by the strike situation." This statement, it will be noted, is worded carefully, so carefully, indeed, as to discriminate between the urgency of trials and the urgency of indictments. The point may be good for a lawyer, but it is rather fine for the lay mind. If there was a reason why "trials" of Mr. Calhoun and his associates should not be urged during the strike and its embarrassments, then there was reason why there should have been respite in the matter of indictments. The prosecution must have known what was plain to everybody else, namely, that in haling Mr. Calhoun before the Grand Jury on the very day the strike was declared, it was weakening his moral position and thereby contributing "aid and comfort" to the strike cause. And the prosecution surely can not fail to understand that its unceasing activities since the strike has been on, with the widely quoted private remarks of its leading figures, have tended in a prodigious way to injure the cause for which Mr. Calhoun is fighting and correspondingly to help his enemies.

It is unfortunately a case in which there has been something to criticize on either side, and we must add, regretfully, that in our judgment the first and the more serious fault was on the part of the graft prosecution. Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney ought not, in the crisis in which San Francisco has found herself, to have placed the moral weight of the powers in their hands on that side adverse to conservative interests and to the cause of social order. Nor is this fault to be condoned because it may have been committed without comprehension of its effects. Men have no right to deal with great forces without such knowledge and such poise as enable them to control these forces to wise and just ends.

Compulsory Arbitration in Practice.

In spite of an opposition manifested in a hundred desperate forms the United Railroads Company has operated its cars in the streets of San Francisco during the past two weeks. It has succeeded in maintaining its service in tolerable efficiency in the face of conditions which have never been paralleled in this or in any other city. This experience tends to confirm the oft-asserted theory that no great strike can be won unless the strikers may have leave to employ intimidation and terror as factors in their behalf. This theory is vehemently denied, but the record does not justify the denial. If strikes may

be won without lawless violence, then why do strikers invariably resort to lawless violence? Either the principle of the strike as an industrial or social weapon is at fault, or the forces which resort to the strike are practically deficient in the moral qualities of self-control. In either case—if the strike idea is an unsound one, or if the class which strikes be morally disqualified to enforce a strike by orderly and lawful methods—then the strike must, from the legal and social standpoint, be regarded as untenable and illegitimate. A thing which inevitably works out in forms of violence and lawlessness, which owing to the infirmity of human passion or for any other reason can not carry itself within limits of propriety, with regard for lawful rights and with common social safety, can not command the respect of mankind, can not claim for itself the right to existence as a principle of social action.

The logic of all this is plain as daylight. If the strike, as a device for the enforcement of social justice, be not a safe and legitimate thing, something that is safe and legitimate must be substituted for it. Those who have grievances must, not more for their social protection than for the welfare of society in general, have some means of presenting and adjudicating these grievances. If common sense and the demand for social safety taboo the strike, they must provide some other system, some mechanism, both efficient and safe, by which differences between employers and employed may be worked out to the end of common equity and justice. To taboo the strike without providing a substitute for it would, in the abstract view, involve social injustice, and in practice it would be an invitation to anarchy.

There is today one country in which there are no strikes. It is a country peopled like our own, with men of the Anglo-Saxon breed, resting like our own upon the highest traditions of civilization and of social order, founded like our own in its political organization upon the sovereignty of law. In the forms of its organization and in the social character of its people there are some striking differences between New Zealand and the United States, but in any broad view of the two countries it must be conceded that a principle which works with tolerable efficiency in one ought to be workably effective in the other. If a compulsory system of arbitration is a good thing for New Zealand, then it is a good thing for us. Minor differences in the social organization of the two countries, it may be readily conceded, call for minor variations in their systems, but a principle, if good in one country, is surely good in both.

New Zealand has been working under compulsory arbitration some twelve or fourteen years, and we have the authority, not only of official records, but of critical social observers, that on the whole it works well. Nobody asserts that it has discovered or developed any new principle of amity among men; nobody claims for it that it is ideally perfect. Nevertheless the record shows that within the period of its existence as a rule of law in New Zealand it has protected that country against the unhappy experiences of industrial warfare which previously made it a battle-ground between capital and labor, and that in doing this it has contributed vastly to the integrity of social order, to the prosperity of industry, and to the common welfare of the people.

The New Zealand compulsory arbitration law did not spring out of theory. It was devised as a way of escape from social embarrassments which in the year 1890 had "brought New Zealand within a day's journey of anarchy." The country had been ravaged by industrial conflicts to a degree described by a high authority as "more terrible in their sum total of losses than a foreign war." The conditions of the country had deeply impressed a thoughtful and patriotic man, the Hon. William P. Reeves, a man whom the accidents of politics had made an official of the provincial government, a man who we take pleasure in pointing out, was, before he entered politics, a working journalist; not indeed a trafficker in vulgar sensations, but a student of social problems, a scholar, a thinker, a patriot, one whose energies were given not to the business of amassing money but to public service in its higher forms. After much study of the labor question Mr. Reeves found but one solution of its difficulties—that of arbitration. In the principle of arbitration he found but one vital deficiency and that was—

compulsion. A Massachusetts commission had established the principle of arbitration; New Zealand, under the lead of Mr. Reeves, began where Massachusetts left off—it went a step further by enforcing what Massachusetts had simply recommended.

The theory of the compulsory arbitration law of New Zealand is that the majority must rule. Under this theory three parties are vitally interested in every industrial dispute: labor, capital and the State. Whichever side the State finds right is therefore in the majority. The New Zealanders are not sensitive about compulsion. Democratic people though they are, they believe that whatever compulsion is necessary to prevent the minority from ruling is justifiable and right. They see that compulsion is only another name for law—that taxation is compulsion, that sanitation is compulsion, that education is compulsion. "The compulsion," says one who has studied this matter in all its bearings, "which any citizen can avoid by behaving himself and doing right is not a compulsion which need worry respectable people."

The main points of the New Zealand law are, first, procedure for voluntary arbitration with no publicity, if the parties can thus settle their differences among themselves. If their differences are irreconcilable then the parties must arbitrate if either of them so elects; fight—in the sense that we are fighting in San Francisco—they shall not if either wants arbitration. The compulsion of the law is threefold: compulsory publicity, compulsory reference to a disinterested tribunal, compulsory obedience to the law's demands. The State has no power to intervene in any dispute, even for inquiry of its own motion. Those concerned sue and are sued as in other courts. A specially interesting fact in connection with the New Zealand system is that it presumes the existence of labor organizations precisely as our American political organization presumes the existence of political parties. It is the theory of the law that it is better for each side and for the public that the parties to an industrial dispute shall be organized committees rather than an unorganized mob. Only workmen who organize and register under the arbitration law are subject to it. Compulsory arbitration is, therefore, after all, voluntary arbitration, so far as the workmen at least are concerned, for the act can not be invoked by or against any group of workmen who are not organized into a trades union. There is a Board of Conciliation in each of several districts into which the province has been divided, and before these boards disputes between employers and employed are first tried. Failing to attain settlement before the Conciliation Board the case goes up to the Court of Arbitration, which sits for the whole colony.

Both the Board of Conciliation and the Court of Arbitration in their make-up contain representatives of the contesting parties. The presiding officer of the Court of Arbitration is a judge of the Colonial Supreme Court. By this arrangement both sides to a controversy are guaranteed representation by men of their own class, familiar with all the circumstances of their calling. Lawyers are not allowed to appear for either side, except by the consent of both sides. Care is taken that the proceedings shall be cheap, prompt, and untechnical. The law directly charges that decisions shall accord "with the common sense and equity of the case," and that awards shall not be framed in a technical manner.

Now comes a point of great importance. While the arbitration is in progress the industry must go on. Neither employer nor employee can stop work to escape the conciliation or arbitration proceedings nor to do so to evade an award. The law even reaches back of the time at which its intervention is invoked. At any time within six weeks after workmen have struck or employers have locked out, the aggrieved party on either side can go to the Arbitration Court and obtain an award. By this device the court can stop a strike or a lockout, even after it has begun. The employer can not get out of a dispute with his men by discharging them and putting on new men.

Of course this law does not attempt to go to the extreme of compelling men to work against their will or of requiring employers to continue in an unprofitable business. The workman or employer

who does not want to obey the award of the court need not do so. There is no compulsion at this point; but the employer who closes his factory or his business, the workingman who leaves his work can begin work again only in exact compliance with the terms of the award, which is usually made for two years. Labor and capital under the rule of private war—as we have it now in San Francisco—occupy themselves by trying to starve each other out, indifferent to the public interests which are also being starved out. This sort of policy is futile in New Zealand because, as Mr. Henry Lloyd remarks in the book from which we have taken all these facts, “the State can not be starved out. Any workman may stop work and any employer may shut down during an arbitration or after an award for any good reason other than to escape or defeat the jurisdiction of the court, but it will be of no use for him to stop work or shut down with any hope of evading it. The workingman can come back to work, the employer can continue his activity only by obeying at all points the decision of the court.”

In testimony of the working of this law Mr. Lloyd quotes the Prime Minister of New Zealand as follows:

“With us,” he said, “a strike of the miners is impossible, as it is also impossible for the owner of the mine to shut down. That is a condition of things which does not prevail anywhere else. There is a safeguard for you. The result has been this, that even the employers, who were the first to object to that legislation, are today the strongest in favor of it, because where they have strikes of any kind where there is a large amount of capital invested, the effect of that capital being laid up for weeks, and exactions being demanded which that capital could not bear, would be as disastrous as it would be to our mining. The law, as it stands now, has prevented disputes which, if there had been an industrial struggle, must have meant a loss of about a million of money to us as a small community, whereas the whole cost of the proceedings would not amount to £1000.

“The employers, most of them, like compulsory arbitration. It enables them to make their business arrangements for months or years ahead with certainty, and without the necessity of putting ‘strike clauses’ in their contracts. It relieves business of one of its most harassing annoyances—the perpetual friction with labor. A little easy maneuvering with the men brings cutthroat competitors before the court, and puts them under the compulsion of law to pay the same wages and give the same treatment to their men as decent employers do.”

Writing of his own observations Mr. Lloyd says, with respect to the workingman's side:

The workingmen like compulsory arbitration. It ensures them at all times and under all circumstances a full and fair hearing for their demands. When they are resisting a reduction or demanding an increase of wages, it enables them to learn the facts of the situation and all of them. It fixes the product of their labor, not by a false “law of the market” as interpreted by the greed or the whip-hand of a master, but by the true “law of the market,” never before ascertainable. For the first time in civilization the organization of labor is not merely tolerated, but given a premium. The law fixes a living wage or a minimum wage, and yet allows the superior man all the advantage his strength and skill deserve. Again, for the first time in history the toiler has found a place where he meets his employer on equal terms, with no temptation to cringe or to bully. This law puts in the hands of the workman an irresistible means of stamping out, the moment it appears in any industrial center, the first tendency to sweat the working people.

This New Zealand law is the first of its kind, and nobody has ever claimed for it that it is ideal or final. Few human institutions are ideal or final; but a system which checks industrial warfare at its inception, which prevents strikes and lock-outs, which prevents widespread business and social demoralization, is at least worth thinking about. The New Zealand law might not work well in all its details in this country, but it provides a basis upon which we ought to be able to build up a new structure of law in accord with American conditions and answering American needs.

Ruef and His “Confession.”

The value of what comes out of a man's mouth is dependent mainly upon who the man is, what his relationships and his character, and the conditions under which he speaks. Now, who is Abraham Ruef? He was born in San Francisco of French parents, well-to-do as the world goes, and able to give their son, who early showed evidence of mental attitude, the best possible education. At eighteen he was graduated from the State University, being the medalist of his class. He studied law and quickly acquired a large professional business.

His was not what lawyers call a first-class clientele. He was hardly more a legal than a business adviser, for he had a kind of pawn-brokering commercial instinct, combined with a polyglot accomplishment, which found a rich field in San Francisco's populous Latin Quarter. He soon became well known as the “dago lawyer,” and he waxed rich out of the multifarious small business which came to him from under the morning shadows on Telegraph Hill. It was not strictly a clean business; much of it was somewhere near the borderline of criminality. But it paid well, and Abraham Ruef was not scrupulous. It was a kind of business which brought the man who did it into immediate personal relations with a closely united alien element—and this led the clever and thrifty Abe into ward politics, where he soon became an important though hardly a dignified factor.

By the time he was thirty-six, or thereabouts, Abraham Ruef had become rich, after reasonable standards. Without growing out of touch with his North Dupont Street clientele, he had acquired an element of better class legal practice. He was in a position where he could practically have chosen his career; he could, if he had wished, easily have taken a first-class position at the bar, for he had experience, fair talents, and capital; or, if he had chosen to enter public life upon a decent basis he might easily have commanded distinction in that field. It is hardly needful to recite what Abraham Ruef, thus advantageously placed at thirty-six, or thereabouts, really did. What he did was not because he was under any compulsion to do it, but because he liked that sort of thing. He went into vulgar criminality as a business, purely from choice, because that career matched his taste and his propensity. It may be said of some criminals that circumstances forced them into a course of wrongdoing; this can not be said of Abraham Ruef. He is a criminal from choice.

After a career almost without parallel in its abandonment of the virtues and decencies of manhood, Abraham Ruef, a few weeks back, found himself in prison with three-score and more criminal indictments against him, face to face with a body of incriminating evidence impossible to evade or misconstrue, up against a prosecution too able to be baffled, too determined to be frightened, too honest to be bought off. Under our ridiculously elaborate and confused criminal procedure he could, perhaps for a long time, have postponed the day of judgment, but in the end it was certain. Nobody knew this better than Abraham Ruef—perhaps nobody so well. He saw before him, if the law should take its course, nothing better than a career of stripes, extended enough to cover the natural period of his life. It was a prospect before which any man might quail. For a man of the type of Abraham Ruef it was a veritable nightmare of horrors.

There was one way out—not out in a precise sense, but out in the sense of being a short cut to liberty. Abraham Ruef's prosecutors had invited him to “confess”; and suggestive hints—if nothing more—had been dropped that if his testimony should enable the prosecution to “get” other and more respectable game, for which it was eagerly on the hunt, there might be granted to him such a measure of immunity as would, after a brief imprisonment, give him his liberty, with leave to retain and enjoy the enormous increment of his crimes. If Abraham Ruef had been what his admirers have called him, a man of “nerve,” a “thoroughbred,” a “gentleman,” this invitation would have meant nothing to him; but Abraham Ruef is not a man of “nerve,” he is no “thoroughbred,” he is no “gentleman.” He is just a cheap and vulgar criminal, differing from other criminals only at the points of having an alert if not profound mentality and a workable smatter of culture. The quality, the propensity, the tone of the man is and has always been of the lowest.

Now, what is the value of “evidence” given by such a creature and under such conditions? Some value it has undoubtedly. It may be useful in pointing out lines of profitable inquiry and of directing attention to persons of credible character whose word may be worth believing. But, taken by itself, the word of Abraham Ruef, under the circumstances under which it has or may be given, can have little moral weight. No man among us would believe him as against the word of any man

of decent character. No fair-minded jury would possibly convict anybody upon the testimony of a creature of the history and in the position of Abraham Ruef. By his own confession he is the most pitiful of liars, for while in one phrase he pleads guilty of a specific crime and invites punishment for it, in the next he declares his innocence of it. Abraham Ruef's testimony may indeed be useful as a help toward getting testimony from better men; but his own word, under the circumstances in which he stands, can have no independent value, no power to incriminate, unless it have corroboration from others. Who, let us ask, would consent that the word of such a man, under such conditions, could smirch the character of any citizen of fair and decent repute?

The *Argonaut* is glad to note that in all the gossip about immunity for Abraham Ruef in payment for his “confession,” there has come no confirming word from anybody authoritatively connected with the graft prosecution. Thus far the whole talk to this end has proceeded from irresponsible and trivial sources. And in this connection the *Argonaut* ventures to say what it has said before, namely, that already we have had immunity enough and to spare. What good are we, as a community, to get out of this graft prosecution if open, shameless, and colossal criminality shall have leave to go its way, or to escape with brief and trifling penalty, to enjoy its ill-gotten accumulations? The graft prosecution can hardly fail to know that San Francisco is in no temper to grant immunity either to Ruef, to Schmitz, or any other of the high-ups. To let these prime scoundrels go would be—and here we speak the voice of ten thousand—to discredit the whole proceeding, to nullify its moral purposes, to make mockery of its achievements.

Just a Suggestion.

We hear among conservative men universal criticism of the daily newspapers of San Francisco on account of ill-considered, sensational, and damaging reports, with false coloring of events as published from day to day. Really the matter is not serious if the so-called conservative men of San Francisco will assert themselves. Let the large retail dry goods dealers of San Francisco, or the banks and real estate operators, these classes together or singly, pool their advertising business for three years and give it for bestowal into the hands of an executive committee of not more than three—say the editor of the *Argonaut* as chairman (without pay)—and we will guarantee a conservative, decently mannered and helpful newspaper press for every day of that period—say after thirty days. The trick is easy, gentlemen. All you need to do is to reach out for it. But please don't all speak at the same time.

The Political Outlook.

In other columns we have exhibited the workings of an unhappy conflict which in the hour of San Francisco's supreme need separates the forces of conservative sentiment and tends to nullify their efforts. The relationship of this state of facts to our immediate fortunes in the political sense is obvious. This is an election year. In October we are to choose a new municipal government. Already preliminary arrangements for the coming event are under way. Now, the *Argonaut* believes that in spite of the fact that many thousands of our conservative men maintain their voting relations across the bay, and elsewhere outside the city, there is still a majority whose sentiments and wishes are on the side of sound principle and social order. If our so-called better class—it seems necessary to use this phrase, much as we loathe and despise it—will work in harmony towards a common end, that end will be attained. But if within the better-class element there is to be distrust and antagonism, there is hardly a chance of carrying the election. Labor union has its inside controversies, but it knows how to come together on election day and vote in concert. Great as is its strength at the point of numbers, it has not power to overbear and overwhelm the conservative element, provided the latter can go into the fight with solid ranks. Fellow-citizens of San Francisco—fellow-citizens of conservative spirit—here is a situation which we would do well to consider. If we can not get together, the government of San Francisco will fall again into hands

selected by a combination of organized labor and the tenderloin. This is the plain truth of the situation and there is no reason why it should not be stated plainly.

Trial of Schmitz.

The trial of Eugene Schmitz, mayor of San Francisco, on a charge of extortion in connection with the French restaurant cases, began on Monday and is still, as the *Argonaut* goes to press, on Wednesday night, in its preliminary stages. There had been some expectation that Schmitz would follow the example of his grafting partner, Ruef, and "confess" under some arrangement or hope of leniency at the hands of the graft prosecution, but up to Wednesday night there has been no such development. So far Schmitz is putting up a bold front and there is the prospect of a long and bitterly fought contest. On Tuesday, in connection with this case, prosecutor Heney presented an affidavit of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels denying any private purpose in the graft procedure. In this affidavit Mr. Spreckels asserts that he neither expects nor desires by reason of his participation in the graft procedure any franchise; that it is wholly false that he expects to control the politics of San Francisco. The conclusion of this affidavit is as follows:

I have no wish or behest or command, nor have those associated with me, pertaining to the defendant Schmitz, except the wish that he may be dealt with exactly as the law may direct and as justice will command. I have no plan or schemes, or plans or scheme, nor have my associates, or any of them, except the plan and scheme of ridding the city of San Francisco of official corruption and punishing those who have been guilty of that corruption, so far as our efforts may contribute to that end; and we welcome the cooperation of all good citizens in this work.

AN UP-TO-DATE LULLABY.

By Carolus Ager.

Lullaby, my darling,
Daddy's gone to-day,
Working on a building
And getting double pay;
Sleep and dream of Daddy,
He dropped an iron bar
On some one else's baby
Riding in a car.

Rock-a-hy, my precious,
If you don't sleep soon
The Bugahoo will eat you,
A great big, black calhoun;
Sleep and dream of sister,
(How her tongue can stab!)
Dressed like any lady
And calling "Dirty scab!"

Hush-a-hy, my baby,
Little Refugee,
Though our home be humble,
We have had it free;
Lu-la-lu-la, sleep, now,—
Mother won't go far,
Just to get a cobble
And soak a trolley-car!

About the Argonaut.

Nothing can be foreign to Californians which concerns the *Argonaut*, the most interesting publication on the Pacific Coast, and one of the few distinguished weeklies of the country. Its long continued success of esteem—for while it has never been a rabble-chaser, its readers have been of the best class and of the most faithful; and have taken it, if not for gospel, at least for indispensable—has been one of the most reasonable prides of the West. Its literary standards have been high; and its editorials have ranked, both for ingenuity and for virile English, with any in the country. It has had its political and social vagaries, as journals are wont to have; but all in all it has been a great power for good, intellectually and ethically.

The name of Frank Pixley has perhaps unduly overshadowed the fame of the paper he founded and to which he undoubtedly gave its prime character. But the *Argonaut* has been better since Pixley dropped out—no less forceful, but much less erratic.

The real character of this remarkable paper, as we of recent years have known it, has been due to Pixley's understudy, Jerome A. Hart—who began as associate editor in the second year of the *Argonaut*, and maintained that relation for twenty-seven years—while for fifteen years he has been editor-in-chief. Mr. Hart was a young man when he yoked up with that astonishing, rough, forceful personality who founded the *Argonaut*. Without mental servidness, he took the coloration of the bigger, rougher mind; but reflected it through the clearer and subtler prism of his own. Fully as fearless as Pixley, more judicious, far more ingenious, far more clever—he is the man to whom the *Argonaut* probably owes very much the more. Of legal mind and training, and fine literary taste and quality, and humor distinguished alike by courage and a little cynicism, he may safely be ranked among the leading editors of the country.

It is all the more interesting when such a man lays down his pen—not by force of old age, but for reasons which throw a curious light on the fetish of partisanship. These reasons he sets forth frankly in a San José paper. With him it is a matter of conscience.

Whatever we think of his decision and its reasons, no one who cares for and knows the literary life of California but will be grateful to Mr. Hart for the large work he has done; and wish him well in whatsoever further activity.

—Chas. F. Lummis, in *Out West for May*.

OLD FAVORITES.

By Bret Harte.

The Willows—After Edgar A. Poe.

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear;
It was night in the month of October,
Of my most immemorial year;
Like the skies, I was perfectly sober,
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear—
At the Nightingale—perfectly sober,
And the willowy woodland, down here.
Here, once in an alley Titanic
Of ten-pins—I roamed with my soul—
Of ten-pins—with Mary, my soul;
They were days when my heart was volcanic,
And impelled me to frequently roll,
And made me resistlessly roll,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
In the realms of the Boreal pole,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
With the monkey atop of his pole.
I repeat, I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and sear—
My thoughts were decidedly queer;
For I knew not the month was October,
And I marked not the night of the year;
I forgot that sweet morceau of Auber
That the hand oft performed down here;
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber
With the Nightingale's music by Shear.
And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,
And car-drivers hinted of morn,
At the end of the path a liquescent
And hibulous lustre was born:
'Twas made by the barkeeper present,
Who mixed a duplicate horn—
His two hands describing a crescent
Distinct with a duplicate horn.
And I said: "This looks perfectly regal;
For it's warm, and I know I feel dry—
I am confident that I feel dry.
We have come past the emeu and eagle,
And watched the gay monkey on high;
Let us drink to the emeu and eagle—
To the swan and the monkey on high;
To the eagle and monkey on high;
For this barkeeper will not inveigle—
Bully boy with the vitreous eye;
He surely would never inveigle—
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye."
But Mary, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this har I mistrust—
I fear that this har does not trust.
Oh, hasten! Oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly—let us fly—ere we must!"
In terror she cried, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.
Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,
And tempted her into the room,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the warning of doom—
By some words that were warning of doom.
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
At the opposite end of the room?"
She sobbed, as she answered, "All liquors
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."
Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,
As the streets were deserted and drear—
For my pockets were empty and dear;
And I cried, "It was surely October
On this very night of last year—
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a fair maiden down here,
On this night of all nights in the year.
Ahl to me that inscription is clear;
Well I know now, I'm perfectly sober,
Why no longer they credit me here,
Well I know now that music of Auber,
And this Nightingale, kept by one Shear."

The Ballad of the Emeu.

Oh, say, have you seen at the Willows so green—
So charming and rurally true—
A singular bird, with a manner absurd,
Which they call the Australian Emeu?
Have you
Ever seen this Australian Emeu?
It trots all around with its head on the ground,
Or erects it quite out of your view;
And the ladies all cry, when its figure they spy,
Oh, what a sweet, pretty Emeu!
Oh! do
Just look at that lovely Emeu!
One day to this spot, when the weather was hot,
Came Matilda Hortense Fortescue;
And beside her there came a youth of high name—
Augustus Florell Montague:
The two
Both loved that wild, foreign Emeu.
With two loaves of bread then they fed it, instead,
Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,
Which once was its food in that wild neighborhood
Where ranges the sweet kangaroo:
That, too,
Is the game for the famous Emeu!
Old saws and gimlets but its appetite whets,
Like the world-famous hark of Peru;
There's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,
And nothing its taste will eschew,
That you
Can give that long-legged Emeu!
The time slipped away in this innocent play,
When up jumped the hold Montague:
"Where's that specimen pin that I gayly did win
In raffle, and gave unto you,
Fortescue?"
No word spoke the guilty Emeu!
"Quick! tell me his name whom thou gavest that same,
Ere these hands in thy blood I immerse!"
"Nay, dearest," she cried, as she clung to his side,
"I'm innocent as that Emeu!"
"Adieu!"
He replied, "Miss M. H. Fortescue!"
Down she dropped at his feet, all as white as a sheet,
And wildly he fled from her view;
He thought 'twas her sin, for he knew not the pin
Had been gobbled up by the Emeu;
All through
The voracity of that Emeu!

COLONIAL PREMIERS IN LONDON.

Their Visit is a Social Success, but a Fiscal Failure.

The Colonial Conference has been a success or a failure according to the point from which it is observed. It has been a success, in so far as it has harmonized the strings of sympathy between the colonies and the mother country, and it has been a failure, because the colonial representatives found that they could not shake the free-trade policy to which the home government is pledged under the stern mandate of the people at the last election. There is no doubt that some of the seven commonwealths will be disappointed by the uncompromising denial of their hopes for the Zollverein that would establish a system of fiscal preferences throughout the empire. But at least the wives of the premiers have been pleased, although some of these ladies are keen politicians. They have been fêted and dined; they have seen the sights of the city under the most charming escort, and they have been made to feel that their presence was a delight to their hosts. What more could they wish? Lady Laurier, from Canada, says: "Every one is so kind, everything is so delightful." Mrs. Deakin, from Australia, says she "has never seen anything like it"; while Lady Ward, from New Zealand, admires "your beautiful English homes and the lavish hospitality." Miss Moor, the only daughter of the Prime Minister of Natal, prefers private invitations and dances to "the heavy banquets and the solid speeches," and perhaps some of the other ladies wished that they had the same maidenly right to be frank and outspoken. Miss Botha, from the Transvaal, admits having had a delightful time, and it may be said that the daughter of the great Boer general is a delightful young lady and with all the accomplishments of a Belgian education.

This conference is to be repeated every four years under the presidency of the British Prime Minister. All the self-governing colonies will be represented, and it is to be remembered that the British colonies are divided into three classes. First, the crown colonies, which are governed entirely from London; secondly, those that have representative institutions, but where the crown exercises a veto; and, thirdly, those that are entirely self-governing in spite of a nominal veto power and the appointment of the governor. Under this latter classification come Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal. These seven have a total area of 7,500,000 square miles and a population of 16,000,000, and their trade with the mother country in 1905 amounted to the very respectable total of \$782,000,000.

The demand for reciprocal tariff relations has, of course, awakened the protection controversy that was momentarily laid to rest at the general election. It is by no means dead nor likely to die so long as an important party exists in British politics that hankers for a return to the fleshpots of the tariff. The position of the colonies, or of most of them, is clear enough. They say that they prefer to buy from England all that they can not manufacture at home. They give English goods an advantage over those of the foreigner, and as a result they incur the hostility of foreign powers. For example, Canadian exports are penalized in Germany because Canada differentiates in favor of British goods, and yet while the colonies are thus displaying their friendly sentiments toward the mother country, England folds her hands and chooses the position of a non-combatant in a fiscal struggle from which she has so much to gain.

All that is, of course, clear enough, and the colonies have a case which they do well to present with some force. But the contention of the average British voter is equally strong, and he has a vote which the colonies have not. Before we denounce British stupidity in clinging to free trade and remaining deaf to colonial pleadings, we have to remember that conditions in England are quite different to those prevailing either in the colonies or in America. We have to remember that the great bulk of British voters, those upon whom a decision in such a matter ultimately rests, are in a condition of poverty hardly understood elsewhere. The average British taxpayer, when he receives his monthly salary check or casts up his monthly accounts, must ask himself, not "What can I now buy?" but "What can I now do without?" He asks himself what will be the immediate result of a tariff upon the price of bread and upon the housekeeping bills in general. It is useless to tell him that a protective tariff would ultimately mean larger trade returns, or an extended volume of business with the colonies. He may be quite willing to admit this, but it is the immediate present that presses upon him, and no proposal could be more unpopular than one that threatens even the smallest addition to an expenditure—a domestic and housekeeping expenditure—that leaves him in perpetual bewilderment as to ways and means. The average taxpayer does not make reconduces into political economy. All he wants to know is whether he will be asked to pay an additional halfpenny for his bread. Any project involving such a catastrophe as that stands self-condemned.

Then again it has to be remembered that the ordinary Englishman is very little interested in the colonies. Take the first ten well-dressed men whom you might meet upon Cheapside, and probably not more than one of them would have the slightest idea where Winnipeg is situated, or whether it is in British territory or not. The rest would not know and would not want to know. The colonial who visits England is usually aggressively loyal and is something of a bore to his stolid hosts, who rarely enthuse upon anything, and who look upon the colonies as an abstract proposition like the equator.

LONDON, May 11, 1907.

PICCADILLY.

Weight for weight, pine wood is stronger than iron.

"EIGHTS WEEK" AT OXFORD.

By Jerome A. Hart.

The intercollegiate boat-races at New London and at Oxford are both exciting and interesting spectacles, but it would be difficult to draw two pictures differing more widely than the races on the Connecticut river Thames and those on the English Thames [called "the Isis" at Oxford]. The only point of similarity is that during the races both the little towns are crowded. Still one can get accommodations in and around New London, but unless reserved in advance it is practically impossible to secure shelter in Oxford during "Eights Week," the period of the races.

Whatever your lodging-place may be, it would pay you to dine at the Randolph, the largest and most expensive place in Oxford. Although the minor inns are cheaper, the fare they give you ranges from not very good down to very bad.

Nearly all the Oxford hotels and inns seem to have women for proprietors or managers. This would not be odd in the case of boarding-houses, but it is so in the largest and most pretentious hotel in Oxford, the Randolph, which is run by Miss M. J. Crewe. This establishment, by the way, caters largely to Americans; hence they advertise that they have an "American elevator," instead of a "lift," as the English term it. The Isis Hotel is managed by Miss A. Jeffery; the Wilberforce Temperance Hotel, by Miss Iorns; the Golden Cross Hotel, by Mrs. C. Ball; the Mitre Hotel, by Miss K. Thornton; the Wolsey House is run by a coy lady who shrouds her identity under the single word "proprietress"; the St. Aldate's Hotel is run by Miss D'Aye.

The Randolph Hotel is like London in its brazen flunkies, its brass-bound porters, and its high prices. Greedy lackeys with outstretched hands await you at every turn. It is impossible to get anything at all without tipping.

At and after dinner at the Randolph, during "Eights Week," the gathering is largely made up of swells, male and female. The scenes in the public rooms of the Randolph, both during and after dinner, are very odd to an American. The college men seem scared and the girls seem shy. Some of the men are uncouth and brusque; I observed that when ladies approached to join groups where they were seated the men did not rise.

One evening, at a table in the Randolph dining-room, I saw seven or eight Jews. They were all good-looking, two elderly men particularly so. Among them were two young men who were Oxonians, from their caps and gowns. It is not so very long since the disabilities were removed permitting Jews to enter Oxford University. The laws against them were at one time almost barbarous. It seemed odd to see Jews as students in a semi-monastic place like Oxford. There is a place there called "Jews' Mound," where Jews were once burned.

One of the peculiarities of "Eights Week" is a reign of bigger prices. At the Randolph during "Eights Week" dinner is ten shillings and sixpence. The day after the end of "Eights Week" it falls to six and six.

The river at Oxford is so narrow that there is not room for even two boats' crews to pull side by side. Therefore they conduct their races by a system of what is called "bumping." New College, say, will start at a hundred and twenty yards ahead of Wadham. If Wadham gains sufficiently to overtake the New College boat she will "bump" it in the stern, which is a sign she has beaten. After each year's races the numbers of the colleges are rearranged. Thus you may tell the order of the year before by the printed programme. On this particular occasion New College, Christ Church, and Magdalen were at the top and Wadham at the foot.

Elsewhere I speak of the Yale and Harvard crews at New London carrying their boats out of the water. At Oxford there were many servitors, and they, instead of the oarsmen, carried the racing shells. There were numerous other points of difference. Along the Thames at New London, Connecticut, the spectacle of the intercollegiate boat-race is a remarkable one; many thousands of people may be seen on the river and along the banks. The railway company runs a train of cars with sloping seats, something like those in a circus tent, and this train follows the racing boats along the course. Usually the racing shells are also followed by hundreds of craft of every description, from large excursion steamers down to gasoline launches, although sometimes, owing to accidents, this is prohibited—after the accidents.

At Oxford there are no such crowds. On one bank of the river there is a long line of college barges flying flags bearing the college arms. The barges look much like the Henley house-boats, and are equipped with all sorts of luxuries and conveniences. During "Eights Week" they are the scene of brilliant gatherings, and the very flower of young England, masculine and feminine, may be seen aboard of them. On the opposite bank of the river there is a well-beaten path looking like a canal tow-path. You see no railway train on the river-bank, but along it streams a procession of humanity—young, middle-aged, and old—following the boats. You will see many a gray-beard, his college colors on his cap, running briskly along the path, shouting "Well rowed, Oriel!" or "Bravely done, St. Johns!"

Aside from these decorous shouts, the only noises I observed came from little rattles which some carried in their hands. I could but smile with pity when I compared them with our American undergraduates at similar gatherings. I thought of some of the football battles of Stanford, Berkeley, Princeton, and Yale. I looked with scorn on these effete Britons. I bethought me with pride of the dreadful noise-engines my young countrymen affect at these athletic gatherings; of the twenty-foot fish-horns

through which they bray forth their college yells, resting them the while on the shoulders of three or four comrades; of the megaphones through which chrysanthemum-beaded youths assure the agitated benches that "Smith's all right"; of the wild-eyed leaders who beat batons in front of "the bleachers" to the monotonous obligato of "Rah! Rah! Rah!"; of the perhaps unmelodious, but certainly energetic, brass bands which consist principally of trombone and bass drum. How Mozart and Mendelssohn and those other dead and gone composers must writhe and shudder in their graves when they hear our undergraduates' music! Compared with it, the mild and decorous noise of these English youths fills one with contemptuous pity.

It is quite evident that these poor English never have national conventions. It is plain that they never have to nominate a ruler, as we do. For at our national conventions, Democratic or Republican, where our Presidents are nominated almost entirely by noise, much of the superhuman prescience displayed by the delegates is doubtless due to their early training at colleges. I do not mean that which they derive from sitting in class-rooms listening to the wise words falling from the lips of professors. I mean their training in noise-making on the athletic field.

How astonished these mild English youths would be were they to attend one of our American football matches, or one of our American national conventions. The ordinary noises produced by individuals in ordinary ways have completely lost all significance in convention deliberations. At the last convention there were noise-engines worked by electric motors, and wires were run into the great buildings for the purpose of operating these President-producers. Thus the proud reporters of our metropolitan dailies were enabled truthfully to say—after the mention of the name of each favorite son—"then the convention went wild," or "for fully twenty minutes pandemonium reigned."

Apropos of young men in boats on the Cherwell (usually abbreviated to "Cber," an affluent of the Thames) the sights there were unusual to me. I have seen college boating in a good many places, including ordinary pleasure boating and likewise training preparatory to racing. For example, on the Thames at New London, Connecticut, I have seen the Varsity and Freshman crews of several universities, including Yale and Harvard. I have seen a muscular crew come in from their trial spin in their cedar shell, lift the long, beautiful boat out of the water at the word, hoist it on their shoulders, and stride in with measured cadence to the boat-house, whence, emerging, every man would go overboard like a flash, being all ready for swimming, having nothing on but bathing trunks. Likewise I have seen that time-honored institution, "A fellow and his girl," boating in various parts of the world. But never elsewhere have I seen exactly the sort of sights I saw on the Cber at Oxford. The Cber, by the way, is one of those toy rivers, of which you see so many in the Old World; they are carefully walled, embanked, and locked, probably to keep them from getting away. Along this lazy stream you shall see two young men in a comfortable, broad-beamed boat—beautiful young men—young men with scarlet lips and pink cheeks, turquoise eyes and yellow curls—young men clad in garments like Joseph's coat of many colors—other young men more chastely garbed in spotless white flannel or serge. You shall see these pretty creatures in pairs in these boats, one of them sitting or lying on cushions, smoking a short pipe and reading a novel under a Japanese umbrella, while the other gorgeous young man paddles the reading Magdalen softly along. This on a stream about ten yards wide. Along its banks may be seen people seated or walking, gazing at this semi-byzantine spectacle, while the beautiful young men paddle languidly by, looking neither to the right nor to the left, seeing naught. At times one may see on the bank manless maidens—lone, lorn maidens—maidens without any young man—gazing mournfully on this spectacle. I do not know with what feelings their virginal bosoms are rent as they think of all the men there are on the Cber and all the girls there are on the bank. Perhaps they are only town girls or "co-eds," and therefore unnoticed by the young gownsmen.

By the way, the term "co-ed" is unknown at Oxford; I use it because it is short.

It is only fair to the punting young men to say that at certain seasons they become cognizant of the existence of the other sex. During "Eights Week," for example, one sees plenty of girls in punts and canoes. These are the other kind of girls evidently—not town girls or "co-eds." They are the equals of the students, and therefore to be taken on the river much as ordinary young men take out or "chase" ordinary girls. This sight, however, presents no points of difference from the ordinary one of "A fellow and his girl." But the young man under the umbrella paddled by another young man—this sight for me possessed entire novelty. It certainly seemed a little spectacular.

There are four colleges (or Halls) for women at Oxford—Lady Margaret, St. Hughes, St. Hilda's, and Somerville College. They accommodate about two hundred students, and have dining-halls, drawing-rooms, music-rooms, libraries, croquet-grounds, tennis-courts, and hockey-fields. Most of the young women also indulge in boating. The social life is confined entirely to intercourse between the women's colleges. Nearly all of the young women are fitting themselves to earn their livelihood. Only the woman of leisure is the ideal English lady, in the eyes of most of the young men at Oxford. Therefore they are said to look down on the women in the Oxford colleges. There is no social intercourse between them. As to the degree of affiliation between the women's colleges and those of the university proper, there is no absolute union. The university libraries, laboratories, and lectures are at the disposal of the women, but only by the courtesy of the university authorities. Magdalen College

still refuses to receive women, and the department of medicine is not open to them. The examinations for B. A. are open to them, but if the women pass they secure only a diploma, while the men receive a degree.

In Oxford the male students gaze with an unfriendly eye on the "co-eds." These learned ladies are extremely independent in some particulars. One day there I saw a young woman in a mortar-board mounted on a motorcycle—the first time I ever saw a woman on that sort of vehicle.

It may be the semi-monastic traditions of Oxford explain why the students consort with each other rather than with girls—in public. Theoretically, the Oxford students are under strict discipline. If they wish to be outside of college bounds in the evening, they may not leave after nine o'clock. Few porters are daring enough to risk allowing a student to depart after that hour, even for large bribes. But they may come in late. Students are required to wear the mortar-board and gown, but they rarely seem to do so in the evening. They are liable, however, to be pounced upon at any time for this and similar misdemeanors. The Vice-Chancellor has two college Dons, called "Proctors," who look out for the manners and morals of the undergraduates. These grim guardians have a large force of "bull-dogs," and whenever the students become too frisky the Proctors gather them in with their bull-dogs. Sometimes the Proctors descend on drinking-houses and attempt to capture the carousing students, whereupon hand-to-hand fights ensue; but, as a rule, the college authorities wink at visits to public-houses so long as these houses are maintained according to certain unwritten regulations. In fact, it would be ruin for any publican to oppose the college authorities.

The Vice-Chancellor has a large measure of authority over the town of Oxford. He may even punish a citizen by imprisonment. He may close a theatre or a public-house. Apropos of what is above remarked about girls, quite a wave of indignation ran over England, not long ago, when an undergraduate was arrested for walking with a young woman of Oxford along the river one evening. The young woman also was placed in durance vile. The matter was brought up in Parliament, and threats made of taking away from the university this curious mediæval power over the persons and liberty of British subjects. I do not know whether anything was done about the matter.

In Oxford the Town is dominated by the Gown—to what extent these few notes will show. On the Gown side "Convocation" means the entire body of Oxford graduates. On the Town side the "Incorporation" means the municipal government of the city. It is made up of mayor and other municipal officers and thirty councilors. The councilors are elected by the burgesses, or citizens; the councilors then elect the other municipal officers, including ten aldermen. To form the thirty-four ruling officers of the "Incorporation," two are elected by "Convocation," or the Gown; ten by the heads of colleges, also by the Gown; eleven by the Corporation, or by the Town; and eleven by the United Parishes, largely controlled by the Gown. With the appointment of the various other boards, commissions, and benches of magistrates, the Gown has more to do than the Town. The university sends two members to Parliament. The town of Oxford sends two. The county sends three, which are practically controlled by the Gown.

Oxford is the oldest Anglo-Saxon educational institution in the world. True, there are older in Salamanca, Padua, and Paris, but we Anglo-Saxons always look down on anything that is not as Anglo-Saxon as ourselves.

Oxford as a primitive seat of learning dates from the time of Alfred the Great. Some writers date it even earlier. But the original town was completely wiped out at the time of the Danish conquest. Modern Oxford goes back only to the time of William the Conqueror. The monasteries founded there about that time were practically the beginning of the present colleges. Oxford is monastic. Even the town plan is cruciform—four wide streets lead out toward the points of the compass from the central placed called "Carfax," a corruption of *quatre voies*, "four ways."

Oxford and Cambridge differ diametrically from Harvard and Yale. The American universities are homogeneous. The English universities are heterogeneous. The American universities are made up of a president and faculty ruling several thousands of students on well-defined lines. The English universities are made up of some score of colleges, each college with a different foundation and differing radically in customs and rules.

A student from one of the Oxford colleges is much more apt to say that he is an Oriel, a Merton, or a Magdalen man than that he is an Oxford man.

Volumes have been written about each of the single colleges and halls, of which there are some thirty odd, making up the University of Oxford. It would be impossible, therefore, to write about all of them in the limits of a newspaper article. However, here are a few dry facts and figures regarding them:

University College, tradition says, was founded by Alfred the Great in 872. History, however, can go back no farther than 1280 and find any traces of University College.

Balliol College was founded by John Balliol, father of the King of Scotland of that name, in 1226. Much restoration is to be noted in this college, and the halls are new. Andrew Lang was graduated at Balliol.

Merton College was founded in 1264. It has two quadrangles and a large and imposing chapel. It is called the oldest college at Oxford.

Exeter College was founded in 1314. It has a timber roof in the hall which is regarded as very beautiful, and its chapel has a spire which is a copy of La Sainte Chapelle at Paris. Within the chapel hangs that marvelous piece of tapestry, "The Adoration of the Magi," executed by Wil-

liam Morris from the design of Burne-Jones—both honorary fellows of Exeter.

Oriel College was founded in 1326.

New College dates from 1380. It is considered one of the finest architectural piles in Oxford. It has fine cloisters and a handsome chapel and magnificent choir. Its beautiful gardens have been made famous by Hawthorne. The great west window of its chapel was painted by Jervais in 1777 from designs by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Queen's College was founded in 1431. It hall was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The members of this college from time immemorial have been summoned to dine in hall by the sounding of a trumpet, instead of by the chiming of a bell as elsewhere.

Lincoln College was founded in 1427. This was John Wesley's Alma Mater.

All Souls College dates from 1437. It has two quadrangles and a magnificent chapel with a fine reredos, which was walled up in 1664 and for two centuries lay concealed.

Magdalen College was founded in 1457. It has a beautiful bell tower, fine cloisters and gardens, and is noted for what is called "Addison's Walk" along the Cherwell. It is famous for the evening choral service in its magnificent chapel.

Brasenose College was founded in 1512.

Corpus Christi College was founded in 1516.

Christ Church College was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525. Part of this foundation is the Cathedral of Christ Church, which once was the Church of St. Frideswide's Priory. In the tower is the bell known as "Great Tom," which weighs seventeen thousand pounds. There is an immense quadrangle and fine library and pictures, and attached are the beautiful Christ Church Meadows, over fifty acres in extent, on the Isis and Cherwell Rivers.

Trinity College, founded in 1554, also has fine gardens, walks, and chapel.

St. John's College dates from 1555, and is noted for its Gothic architecture; it also has fine gardens.

Jesus College, founded in 1571, is attended largely by Welshmen.

Wadham College dates from 1613.

Pembroke College, founded in 1624, was Samuel Johnson's Alma Mater.

Worcester College, founded in 1714, has a lake in its fine gardens.

The baby among these ancient institutions of learning is Keble College, which was built as a memorial to the Rev. John Keble in 1870. Those who may not readily remember who Keble was may place him when they are told that he was the author of "The Christian Year." In the chapel of Keble hangs Holman Hunt's original painting called "The Light of the World."

A MARRIAGE FOR PAPA.

How a Snare for Two Entangled Four.

To Madame Gabrielle Dalcens, 27 calle Major, Rio de Janeiro (Brésil)—MA CHERIE: From my little Gabrielle! From my dear little Gaby! How can I tell you the joy your letter gave me! Then it is true that you have not entirely forgotten your little friend, Toinon? After three years of silence in that far-off America, some good fairy has inspired you to write; and now I know that you love me as tenderly as when we were schoolmates in the dear old pensionnat at Montreuil-sous-Bois. Is it possible that we have not written in all this time—three whole years! I am fairly dying of chagrin that you were first to break the silence. And what mighty changes have taken place, my dear. You are married, you say. Accept my felicitations. A heap of things have happened to me, too, and the greatest of all is—but wait, I shall tell you everything from the very beginning. Let's pick up the threads where we last left off.

I'll go back to that first day at school, when you and I were drawn so closely together because of our common bereavement—the loss of a mother. You were doubly an orphan, chérie; but you had an elder sister, and there were no women at all in my family—just my papa—the dearest papa in all the world. Do you remember how lavish he was with me, and how frequently he visited the school? Really, our separation cost him dearly. He had wanted to keep me with him, but he was a very young papa, you must remember, and a young widower at that! And such a big daughter was something of an embarrassment, to be sure, and my education had to be looked after. Then, there were his business affairs, the iron works and what not to take up his time—oh, my papa was very, very busy—and, to do him full justice, I was better off in school.

But, after all, it was charming having such a young father. We understood each other so well. There was an adorable frankness between us, not at all like the often too stilted affection between parent and child. We were the best of comrades, the dearest of friends. Never could a father and his grown daughter have been more loving, more sympathetic, more—but how I ramble on! Surely, I do not know when to stop when I begin extolling papa. I go on, and on, and on. Let's see—where was I? Why, I have not even commenced!

Now, for a start. It is three years since I left the boarding-school—just three weeks after your departure—when I was eighteen years old. Papa had just discharged his old housekeeper (she was quite unbearable), and expected me to assume my duties as mistress of his house. At first it was lots of fun, but it grew monotonous after a bit. Papa was away a good part of the time. He spent the days at his office; the evenings at his club. Sometimes he tried to spend an evening with me; but a man can not easily discard a habit of fifteen years' standing. Despite his best intentions, he would feign a headache by nine or ten o'clock, and decide to take a little walk. I would pretend to be sleepy, and he would jump at the chance to get away.

Of course, this left me many hours of solitude. Papa

realized it, and proposed that I engage a young lady companion. I accepted with joy. Some one had spoken to him of a lady—the young widow of an army officer—whose reduced circumstances made it obligatory for her to seek employment. How fortunate for us! Eight days later, the lady was installed in our house.

I believe in affinities. From the very first I had a firm conviction that Mme. Marguerite Bérizel and I would become friends. She was a woman of about thirty, a blonde, very refined, and altogether charming. I began to love her at once, and I felt overjoyed that she returned my affection. She was like a devoted elder sister, my adviser in all things, and my instructor as well. She taught me the many important little things that one can learn only from another woman. Nor was this all. Her experience was so much wider than mine that little by little I began to defer to her in matters pertaining to the house, and begged her to relieve me of the charge. She did so, and promptly accomplished wonders, not only with the servants, but with the house itself. Up to then merely a residence, it became a home under her direction.

Nor was it surprising, under the circumstances that papa, too, should interest himself in the home. One by one, he began to give up his bad habits. First, he began to stay in a little while after dinner; then he took to spending entire evenings with us. These evenings were delightful. Sometimes I would read or play the piano, and papa would talk to Marguerite. Sometimes, indeed, I would slip away to bed, leaving them still talking. One evening I sat watching them with fondness, and suddenly a charming idea came to me. What if papa were in love with Marguerite! The thought gave me infinite pleasure. I was perfectly willing that the gracious elder sister should become a kind of *petite maman*. I watched more closely papa's manner with Marguerite, and that of Marguerite with papa. I had become thoroughly convinced that things were going along just as I wished, when something happened that dashed all my hopes to the ground.

One fine morning papa calmly informed me that Marguerite was about to leave us, that she was going to the province at Reims, where she had been offered a fine position as *directrice of a pension*. I was stupefied and desolate. I asked the reason for her sudden departure. Papa was terribly embarrassed trying to make excuses, and when I put the same question to Marguerite, she did not do any better. They were concealing something from me, and I resolved to find out what it was. Perhaps, after all, my hypothesis had not been far from right, and papa was laboring under the misapprehension that his remarking would cause me sorrow. I decided to come straight to the point.

"Father, I am going to speak to you on a very delicate subject. I am terribly grieved over Marguerite's approaching departure; and all the more so because I had let myself fondly hope that she might remain with us always. I was under the impression, papa dear, that a very tender sentiment existed between Marguerite and you, and that I might some day unite my love for you both."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"At any rate, I am certain that such a sentiment does exist on Marguerite's part, and it is not right to let her leave us like this."

"Hush, child—you must!"

I had decidedly guessed right, and papa only imperfectly concealed his emotion. I redoubled my efforts: "Father, I would have been so happy to have her for my dear little mother."

"No, no! Hush! It is impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

You may rest assured that I did not cease until I had found out. Tears filled my father's eyes. I insisted and insisted, until he finally told me.

"Because, I tell you, it is impossible my child. I promised your mother that I would never marry again."

My heart gave a great throb. "Never, papa?"

"At least, not before you yourself should marry. Your mother was fearful of a stepmother's influence over you. During the long illness that preceded her death, she often expressed her apprehensions on the subject. She was far too delicate to exact a formal oath on my part; but I forestalled her wishes, on several occasions, and promised faithfully that I would not contract another union, if it would conflict with my duty to you, and my duty to you will not be terminated until you are married. After that event takes place, I shall not hesitate to consider myself free from my promise, and I vow to you that if on that day Mme. Bérizel should be of the same mind as now, I—but until then nothing must exist between us. I have been loyally frank with her—and she leaves tomorrow. It is best that she go. Of course, you will tell me that if your mother could only have known her—but this is a scruple of my own conscience, my dear, and such reasoning is of no avail."

"Alas! no."

Mme. Bérizel left us the next day.

Nevertheless, papa had said: "On the day when you shall marry—" That, then, was the question, I must admit that it took me entirely unawares; for up to that moment I had never even considered marriage for myself. I marry? Yes, assuredly, it was obligatory that I marry at once; for on that condition hung my father's entire happiness. Marry—yes—but whom? It is not an easy matter, let me tell you, to find a fiancé in twenty-four hours. I had no preference among the young men who occasionally called at our house, and, what was more to the point, not one seemed to have any preference for me. Assuredly, I could not force a man to his knees in order to get a proposal. That is one of those chances on which it is not very prudent to count. With not even a possible suitor in sight, my position was most difficult, especially

as I could not consult my father on the subject. He had ordered me to think only of my own happiness, when I wanted to think of his. But what could I do? Just what? I certainly could not put an advertisement in the newspapers!

During this time my poor papa became sadder and sadder. Despite his efforts to dissimulate, I knew he was wretched on account of Marguerite's departure. He manifested no desire to return to the club; but continued to spend his evenings at home. I did my best to entertain him. He feigned to be amused, and even smiled at some of my sallies; but his smile was so sad that we both wanted to cry.

It was unfortunate, too, that just at this period papa's business required less of his time than usual. The son of his late partner, Dubourg, had recently returned from Germany, where he had gone to open a branch factory. He now took his father's place as my father's partner, and assumed half the business. My father had religiously kept this place for him. He was a young man, twenty-six years old, with big blue eyes, very soft and gentle in their expression. He often called on us, for my father took a lively interest in his welfare, treating him like one of the family. He soon observed the only too apparent sadness on the part of his elder friend, and interrogated me on the subject.

I knew the deep esteem in which he held my father, so I felt no hesitancy in telling him just how matters lay.

"And he is very unhappy?" asked the young man, with a sincerity that touched me.

"Very unhappy, Monsieur Richard! Surely you can see for yourself. But what can be done?"

"And you have no intention of marrying, Mademoiselle Antoinette?"

"Since it would bring about my father's happiness, Monsieur Richard, you must know that I would ask nothing better than to marry. But to marry one must have a husband. A young girl can not discover a fiancé at a day's notice."

Richard's eyes flashed with sudden comprehension. "Merely a fiancé, Mademoiselle Antoinette. That ought not to be difficult, since it is not absolutely necessary that the fiancé become the husband."

"What do you mean?"

But I had already divined his thought, and we were soon deep in our little plot. Richard would pretend to pay court to me and I would pretend to accept his attentions—then he would ask my hand in marriage, etc. The only difficulty would be to persuade my father that his marriage must take place some time before mine. That accomplished, we would immediately seize on some pretext to break our engagement. The scheme required some genius, and much application, but our courage was excellent, our motive, my dear papa's lifelong happiness; and we felt very sure of success.

In truth, the scheme worked like a charm. Richard enacted his rôle marvelously well, and I was not so bad myself. Of course, his visits became more and more frequent, and we had many long talks together. Oh, we became very well acquainted—so much so that I frequently found myself lost in admiration over the many fine qualities he displayed. Finally, he boldly asked for my hand.

Papa, frankly, was overjoyed. I shall never forget that evening; it was as good as a play to watch him. Suddenly he thought of Marguerite, and promptly decided that the two marriages must take place on the same day. He changed his mind the next instant and insisted that mine must be first. It required all the wit and genius we possessed to get him out of this idea. We had to trump up all kinds of excuses and delays, even going so far as to employ a notary in one instance; for we feared the whole ruse was going to fall through. Finally, I put forward the plea that Marguerite, in the rôle of my real mother, could be of inestimable benefit to me before my marriage. This last argument won him over, and he yielded.

The day following papa's marriage I had an interview with Richard. The next move was to break our engagement on some pretext or other—but what? Now that my dear papa's happiness was no longer at stake our thoughts seemed to move sluggishly. Really, we had given this side of the matter very little thought. I puckered my brow a long time. "I can't think of a thing," I said dully.

Richard seemed infinitely sad; his voice broke, and I am afraid my eyes filled a little, when he said: "And is it all to end only in a comedy?"

I can not begin to tell you how deeply his words affected me. It was as if—but will you understand? You know happiness is contagious; we had caught ours from papa.

"A comedy, Monsieur Richard—would you be sorry?" I asked.

"And you?"

"Perhaps!"

What more shall I tell? Sometimes it takes a great deal to alter a destiny—sometimes very little. You may say that my marriage resulted from one of those sudden gusts of passion—the kind we used to discuss at the old pensionnat, with our noses stuck in a forbidden romance. But I love my husband with all my heart, and have for him, moreover, a great deal of esteem and admiration. Some day you shall see.

But I am at the end of my paper. The important thing was to let you know that henceforward you must address your letters to Mme. Richard Dubourg—but to you I shall always be

TOINON.
—Translated from the French of Albert Fresquet by Mabel Haughton Collyer.

President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor said recently that he failed to see any signs of disturbance in the industrial situation.

A STRANGE TALE OF A CAT.

Some Phases of Oriental Life Are Well Set Forth in an Original Romance.

Who knows much about Siam? The number of the instructed is not a large one, nor are there many fiction mongers who have selected that part of the world as the scene for their romances. In writing "The Siamese Cat" Mr. Rideout probably had no intention of removing popular ignorances of Siam nor of doing anything more than telling a vigorous story of stirring incidents. This he has done unusually well, and incidentally he has torn a vivid page from native Siamese life that leaves the reader with the qualifying sense of knowing more than he did before.

There are four characters in this book. There is Mrs. Holborow, who is on a pleasure tour through the Orient, and there is her niece, Miss Holborow, who accompanies her. Then there is Owen Scarlett, the representative of certain commercial interests in the East, and there is a man named Borkman, who is acting as the ladies' courier, who knows everything that can be known of the under side of Siamese and Chinese life, and who is a scoundrel and a philosopher of the first water. These four play a drama, with a Japanese cat in the centre of the stage from start to finish, and when, upon the last page, we learn the secret of the hell upon the cat's neck, we must admit that it is a story worth telling and excellently well told.

Miss Holborow wants to buy a Siamese cat, and the trouble begins right at that point. Scarlett and Borkman accompany the ladies to the bazaar as hargainers and interpreters, and the cats are produced in bulk:

Poured sprawling upon the platform, the cats tried vainly to bolt, then sat ruffled and indignant, darting side glances of sullen light.

"Isn't he a beauty?" cried Miss Holborow.

"Careful," Scarlett warned her. "Don't admire. Let me do the hargaining; may I?"

"The big fellow is the only one to buy, sir," Borkman advised. Before the ladies, his manner seemed unnaturally subdued, his genius reuked. "Don't buy the little ones, Mr. Scarlett, that's all. The big chap would fetch fifty to a hundred pounds in London, as he stands."

"But the two small ones are blue," said Mrs. Holborow, forgetting her general objection in a particular. "And the king has officially declared that blue cats are—"

"Oh, Aunt Julia," cried the girl, reproachfully, "just see the other. He's a dear."

The dear uttered a "Yaou" of unearthly volume, and stared up with the ice-blue eyes of a goblin. He was not of the royal hue, but fawn colored, with seal-brown face, paws and tail, hat ears, and bristling moustachios of snow white.

"He heard me," said Laura. "I must have him."

"No enthusiasm," commanded Scarlett. "Let me."

Then, turning to the Chinaman, who sat in a fine oblivion, smoking a Malacca tin pipe like a long-spouted silver tea pot:

"Ni teng ha," he said, and pointed to one of the blue cats. "Miu chai gi do?"

"Yit ha hat," sang the pawnbroker, with a quick gleam in his beady eyes.

"M—hai," Owen laughed in scornful good humor. "Ngo gin po scai a."

Negotiations ceased. Scarlett turned airily and surveyed the crowd outside.

"What did you tell him?" asked Miss Holborow, amused.

"I asked how much can cathee this cat," Owen replied. "He wants a hundred tics—absurd; so I told him to lower his price. Don't be impatient."

The pawnbroker suddenly resumed the chaffering.

"Ni, ni," he cried vehemently, suspending by the scruff of his neck the fawn-colored cat, who squirmed and clawed like a dragon. "Ni, Mau. Gi do?"

"M—hai," Scarlett shook his head indifferently. "M—se—ne. No wantchee."

The Chinaman returned calmly to the blue "miu-chai." And so the hargain tossed and wavered, while the chuckling crowd muttered gibes. At last Scarlett changed his mongrel speech to English.

"Well," he said, "you can buy the big chap for forty ticals. He's an unusually good one—probably stolen. But before you close the hargain, I must tell you that it's a risk; they often die going home, they're quarantined in London, and probably not even admitted by our delightful authorities in New York."

But the cat is hought, and Borkman gallantly contributes a silver bell bracelet for the adornment of its neck. From that moment we have a continuous and bewildering series of attempts upon the part of the natives to recover that cat. The attempts begin at once, while the party are having their tiffin in the jungle on their way back to the hotel:

The tinkle of soda hottles, and the harsh crackle of dry palm tops in the hot breeze, disturbed the dreamy noon. Suddenly loose bricks rattled down close by in a scrambling rush.

"Oh, stop him," cried Laura.

In the doorway glare, a pair of yellow arms made one desperate thrust, seized the dozing cat, and vanished. Owen caught the flash of a muscular hack and the switching of a black queue.

Both men leapt to the entrance, slid breakneck down the steep rubble. But with a flying start the thief had ten yards law; and gaining their feet on solid ground, they saw his saffron hack and blue trousers vanish into a clump of bamboo. Scarlett plunged through it next, Borkman at his heels. Guided by the crashing ahead, they fought their way as it were through a white-hot furnace, affixed criss-cross with dry stalks and rasping leaves, and burning to the touch, but incombustible and tough as pen-rate.

Borkman swerved to the right.

"No, no; this way," cried Scarlett, and held his course,

plunging and tearing. Straightway his chase grew confused, his hearing puzzled, deceived by twofold sounds of crashing: which was the Chinaman's flight and which the guide's pursuit? He panted on, blind and dizzy with the heat. His temples throbbled as if to burst.

Suddenly he ripped and fell through into a clearing, just in time to see Borkman dive into the opposite side, well to the right.

"He may have struck it," thought Scarlett, as he ran through the open. The thief could have cut across to any point in the compass; all trails were now equal.

Nevertheless he pounded across doggedly; pierced again into the smothering jungle; wrestled through a wall of thorn hushes; tripped, fell, rose again, and stumbled forth into another clearing, with face and hands bloody. The futility of the chase flashed upon him so clear and sudden that he stopped, swore, mechanically listened. The Chinaman might be hidden, chuckling, in some thicket far behind; or far to their left, he speeding down a free jungle path. The parched crackle of palm fronds continued, sharp as the rattle of carriage wheels. His thorn cuts smarted with salt sweat. Once—if it was not the dizzy thumping in his ears—a strange gabbling cry sounded away to the right. He tramped wearily in that direction; shouted, listened, shouted again, but with no answering sight or sound.

"Foolishness," he muttered, angry and chagrined. "Wouldn't run in this heat for twenty coolies with twenty cats."

Yet, when he had scouted fruitlessly for Borkman, and through the bewildering sameness of jungle and ruins, had toiled back to the archway by the great Buddha, it was with a downcast face that he reported failure.

"Lost him," he said, gloomily. "Stupid."

But the cat was not lost. It would have saved a lot of trouble if he had been:

It was a tedious time before footsteps crunched without on the heap of powdered masonry. Scarlett and the girl sprang to the entrance. Red as with apoplexy, smiling, flourishing his big tamarind stick in triumph, up marched Borkman, with the cat clasped to his ample breast.

They applauded, but he bore his honors meekly.

"My word," he puffed, "that chap could run. Yes, Miss, he's safe and sound, not a scratch."

"But you're not," exclaimed Laura. As he restored Chao Phya to her shoulder, the palm of his left hand showed raw and bleeding.

"I say," he cried in a curious tone of surprise. "I am flayed a hit, eh?"

"You must have run through Mr. Scarlett's thorns," said the girl.

"Of course," he boomed. "That was it. Jumped into a bramble bush. Well, rather."

He returned to the tiffin baskets as though nothing had happened.

"Did you? I hope you didn't hurt that poor thief," Laura continued, stroking the ruffled cat.

"Er—no," said Borkman, over his shoulder, as he stooped. "Er—by Jove, the ice has gone full—clean melted. I dropped it in the sun. Why, that chap got away clear, Miss. He could run. Saw game was up—dropped the cat—off like a shot. This heat, too, poor devil—my word, he ran."

But the "poor thing" was hurt, very much hurt indeed. Scarlett and Miss Holborow, working their way through the cane-brake found proof positive of this:

It was here that the flies were humming. Close under the wall, half covered by vines burnt hard as wire, a man sprawled prone—the Chinaman, dead, with a clotted knife wound in the back.

Owen whipped in before the girl.

"You can't do anything here," he commanded. "Let me. Wait round the corner there."

With a queer catch in her breath she obeyed. Owen stood staring. He had seen violent death before, but this—

Gently, in a nausea of repugnance, he turned the body over. As it rolled limply on its back, something scratched his hand. The queue bristled with long sharp pins. Oil shone on the naked breast. Scarlett whistled thoughtfully. "Come prepared, didn't he? Regular burglar's make-up."

The Mongol face, more inscrutable even than in life, gaped at the blazing sky, idiotic and daunting. He had been run almost through the body, pierced as if by a lance.

Borkman, of course, had killed him, but why, and with what weapon?

Miss Holborow finds that the Siamese cat is a dangerous possession, and so Scarlett takes charge of it. Scarlett finds the same thing. He is nearly stabbed by a flying assassin, and a basket of fruit, purporting to come from a friend is found to contain enough poison to dispose of a healthy young army. Every day's guardianship of that unspeakable cat discloses some new terror expressive of native determination to recover it, and the ubiquitous Borkman is connected in some intangible way with every attempt. The last attempt of all is just when victory is within sight. Mrs. Holborow and her niece are on the ship. Scarlett is there too—and the cat is missing. Scarlett makes a desperate chase. He sees a sailor carrying the wretched animal into a boarding house. He follows and claims it, but his claim is disputed and he has to fight the cat's captor to establish his own rights:

In the first minute, at the first onset, the whole affair seemed over. Reckless, and with the fatal folly of had temper, Owen had rushed in, driven straight at that taunting smile the full force of his left, and met a staggering countershock that jarred his head backward as if on a bad hinge. His vision swam hazily; and in a ringing confusion the sailor's onslaught swept him back with a whirl of battering, half-guarded blows—drove him to a corner, penned him, forced him to clinch. Hugging the smooth, hard-wrenched body, he heard a cool chuckle of triumph; then—as with straining muscles they pushed asunder, cautiously—a vicious jab, just above the belt, sent him sick and hopeless to the floor.

It slanted like a deck while he labored dizzily to hands and knees. Above the tumult the nasal cry of his friend from Salem rang, indignant, "Foul, a foul." He heard a slow voice counting "Five, six, seven."

"No," he gasped. "No foul. No, no. A fair blow."

He regained his feet somehow, dodged unsteadily, but swiftly from the attack, slipped away, skirted the room full circle. A lucky instinct made him duck below a ferocious swing; and the whiff and wind of it, passing over his crown, seemed miraculously to clear the air. He bobbed up a fighting man again, cool, amused, anxious to win, and to keep a painful smile on cracked and puffing lips.

The downfall had done him good. Presently, in the exchange of feinting and checked blows, his fist landed true on the jaw. "Andy work, mate," grunted his opponent, cheerfully. And spurred by that contempt, but without hurry, he landed three times more on body and head. He had begun to enjoy himself, and the sailor to puff somewhat, when the hell rang and the loud talk broke out.

Relaxed in a chair, he submitted his face to the mopping of the second, who chatted steadily: "You're all right . . . but didn't I tell you not to mix it . . . plain straight counter that got you first . . . child's play . . . I thought 'twas all off . . . That was a shore way o' doin' things, wasn't it?" Flapping his towel punkah-wise, he fanned vigorously. "Don't you try that no more. . . . Put your right hand to him . . . mind what I tell you . . . lick him yet. . . . Hear that? He said he didn't expect no second round."

On the billiard cloth Chao Phya sat blinking. He gave a cavernous, pink yawn, then started nervously as the Scotchman bammed the plunger of the table-bell.

At the first stroke Cutts rolled out to his place, and before the last he was plunging forward, greedy to give and take. This time, however, Scarlett danced free, just beyond reach, "with wanton beard and giddy cunning" placed a light blow now and then, romped round the sailor, and stepped aside from his heavy charges, as a chulo evades a bull. Once or twice laughter rose. And, as Owen had hoped, the sunburned face that swayed before him took on a settled scowl. For two minutes he skirmished thus. "That's the game," crowed his hacker, repeatedly. At last, with a snarl—"Fight, damn ye"—Cutts ran for him wildly, lashed out at full stretch.

The glove rasped hot past Owen's neck, in the same instant that, with all his power, and to the impetus of both bodies, he gave the cross counter. The sailor staggered back with chin uplifted, swayed for an interminable space as though undecided which way to fall, then gently collapsed like a limp bolster.

Of course the cat is recovered, and Scarlett triumphantly rejoins the Holborows at a later port of call. Miss Holborow, by the way, is beautiful and with all the other qualifications of a heroine, and Scarlett has been in love with her from the very first page. Therefore, from the sentimental point of view there is no need to tell the end of the story, but to understand why "The Siamese Cat" was an all-sufficient dowry for the bride, the book itself must be read, and there will be no temptation to skip even a single page.

"The Siamese Cat," by Henry M. Rideout. Published by McClure, Phillips & Company, New York; \$1.25.

A correspondent of the London *Chronicle* was given this answer when he asked which is the most common form employed in the carrying out of the death sentence. The probability is that most people, if asked, would at once say the gallows, yet this is far from being the case. The favorite mode appears to be the guillotine, which is employed publicly in France, Belgium, Denmark, Hanover, and two cantons of Switzerland; and privately in Bavaria, Saxony, and also in two cantons of Switzerland. The cheery gallows come next in the running and are favored publicly in Austria, Portugal, and Russia, and privately in Great Britain and the United States of America. Death by the sword obtains in fifteen cantons in Switzerland, in China and Russia publicly, and in Prussia privately. Ecuador, Oldenburg, and Russia have adopted the musket all publicly; while in China they have strangulation by the cord, and in Spain the garrote, both public; and in Brunswick death by the ax, and by the electric chair in New York and Ohio. In Italy there is no capital punishment.

After coming all the way from Mississippi to secure apartments for his mother in Boston, ex-Senator C. William Hinds, one of the most prominent colored educators in the South, is fairly discouraged by Boston's attitude toward those of his race, remarks the Boston *Traveler*. After visiting nearly every real estate dealer in the city and suburbs, even offering to rent a good-sized store in a half dozen different localities, in order to secure a house, too, he has failed in every effort. In one case a prominent dealer told him outright that they would not rent to a "nigger." Dozens of others have tripled their rents in the attempt to discourage him.

A Coney Island showman has arranged with London capitalists to build a great amusement resort on the banks of the Thames, and it will be patterned after the American "Dreamland." It will be the first resort of the kind in England, and if it is a success others will be built in Liverpool and Manchester.

One of the objects of an expedition which the Duke of Orleans will make into the polar regions early in June is to seek an island which he believes exists in the Sea of Kara.

The Korean government has decided to grant the right to work gold mines to citizens of England, Germany, France, the United States, and Italy.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, of New York, has purchased the Paris house of the late Baron Hirsch in the Avenue Gabriel. The price is said to have been \$600,000.

It is only about four years since Robert J. Wynne, who resigned as Postmaster-General to accept the post of Consul-General in London, was a newspaper correspondent in Washington.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, who gained much notice by her musical setting of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," has recently gained distinction in London in a concert of her own compositions. The occasion was a notable one in British musical circles and it gained new laurels for the woman composer.

Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador to Washington, is one of the finest piano players in Washington. When a youth he studied music in Paris under the finest teachers. He and Paderewski, the great Polish pianist, are warm friends, having been drawn together years ago by their mutual love for the piano.

Dr. Maier, a stonemason's daughter of Wurtemberg, after leaving school went to England and mastered the language while serving as a housemaid. Thereafter, with the aid of some friends, she prosecuted medical studies at Edinburgh University and has passed all her examinations with distinction. Fraulein Maier will shortly leave for China, where she will act as doctor to a mission.

The French government has entrusted to Mme. Laurence Fiedler, of Paris, a mission to make an exhaustive investigation into the social and industrial conditions of women and children in America. The purpose of her work, Mme. Fiedler says, is to raise the standard of women's wages in France, as well as the social standard of her countrywomen in every department of industrial and commercial work.

Jesse Grant, third son of the great general, is a quiet, unassertive man of about medium height and rather inclined to be stout. Comfortably off, he is engaged in the gentle art of making the time pass pleasantly. Mr. Grant lives at the Prince George Hotel, New York, belongs to one or two clubs, and says of himself: "I am a splendid loafer. With a good cigar I can stare at the wall contentedly for hours."

B. P. Cheney of Boston, J. P. Morgan and other New Yorkers are members of the Wootten Land Company, which has just bought an immense tract of land on the Colorado-New Mexico line for a game preserve and hunting park. The tract will be at once inclosed with a barbed-wire fence which will hold deer, bear, and other wild game, numbers of which are already roaming through it. More game will be added.

Mother Stewart, the founder of the W. C. T. U., has just celebrated her ninety-first birthday anniversary. She was postmistress under General Jackson, the first woman known to hold a federal office. She was the first woman to ask for police matrons. She began the temperance crusade in Springfield, Ohio, in 1873, singing and playing in the saloons. She has written four books, the last one in her eighty-ninth year.

There is an interesting romance in the family history of Queen Louise of Denmark. Her grandmother, who died in 1860 as queen of Sweden and Norway, was born plain Mlle. Desiree Clary, daughter of a Marseilles stock broker. She refused the hand of the great Napoleon to accept that of M. Bernadotte, who subsequently became the great French general and who was adopted as heir to the Swedish throne by the childless King Charles XIII.

Sheffield Ingalls, son of the famous Senator of Kansas, the late J. J. Ingalls, was a member of the last Kansas legislature and took high rank in that body among its ablest men. His home is at Atchison, where he began the practice of law not long ago. He is already slated for Congress, although the district in which he lives has only recently elected as its representative the son of another famous Kansan in the person of young "Dan" Anthony. Senator Ingalls's other son, Ralph, is practicing law in Kansas City, Mo. The widow and daughter live in the old family homestead at Atchison.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is to be second in command of England's Medi-

terranean fleet, would have lost his life in Bulgaria some years ago but for his coolness. His brother, Prince Alexander, was ruling that turbulent state and Prince Louis happened to be with him when a mob broke into the palace. The ringleader held a revolver at Prince Alexander's head and ordered him to abdicate on the spot. Prince Louis came to the rescue and got the mob in hand. The result was that a few months later they offered him the throne. His answer was brief and to the point. He preferred a ship with the British flag at the masthead.

RECENT VERSE.

At the Window.

The birds troop black across the sky,
Their wings are many, the sky is one,
The little lamps come twinkling out
After the lordly sun.

The yellow lights lie on the hill.
The lights are gone, the hill doth hide;
O love, the fancies in my heart
Go roaming far and wide.

And golden dreams come gleaming by,
The dreams are many, my heart is one,
The hill is dark, but love brings light
After the day is done.

—Stark Young.

Hallgerd's Hair.

"Shafts are thick in the April air,
Lend me a lock of thy yellow hair,
Wife of mine whom I had to win
Out of the hands of her nearest kin,
Hallgerd, Hallgerd.

Here I stand in my tower alone;
Look out and see how my foes come on.
With a stringless bow I am undone,
Hallgerd!"

"Though they come as thick as a swarm of bees,
Honey they have not for me to seize.
Nothing to do and nothing to say
Have women watching men wound and slay,
Gunnar, Gunnar.

Why should I stem the tide of blood,
Or waste my hair for Gunnar's good?
For you my questions are too shrewd,
Gunnar."

"My foes are nearer; they multiply.
Lend me thy hair or else I die.
Closer and closer grows the trap.
Behold, my life is within thy lap,
Hallgerd, Hallgerd!

Like a rat in a trap I soon shall fare
Unless thou lendest thy yellow hair
For ladder out of the window there,
Hallgerd."

"I have knotted my hair with silken twine.
Loose it I will not for need of thine.
Never again shalt thou see it shed
Upon my bosom and on thy bed,
Gunnar, Gunnar.
Once, for my silence, thou didst smite
Me on the cheek in pride of might.
For that same blow shalt thou die tonight,
Gunnar."

Sorrow befall thee who hore the blow;
Gunnar of Lithend lieth low.
Sorrow befall thee, Gunnar's wife,
Shame and sorrow and long, long life,
Hallgerd, Hallgerd!
Scorn for thy garment shalt thou wear;
After thee shame as a shadow fare.
Blood is upon thy yellow hair,
Hallgerd!

—Nora Chesson.

To a Silent Poet.

Where are the eagle-wings that lifted thee
Above the ken of mortal hopes and fears,
And was it thou who in serene years
Framed magic words with such sweet symmetry?
Didst thou compel the sun, the stars, the sea,
Harness the golden horses of the spheres,
And make the winds of God thy charioteers
Along the roads of Immortality?

Art thou dead, then? Nay, leave the folded scroll,
Let us keep quiet lips and patient hands;
Not as sheer children use, who would unclose
The petals of young flowers, but paying toll
At that high gate where Time grave gardener
stands

Waiting the ripe fulfillment of the rose.

—Austin Dobson.

The Storm.

What do they hunt tonight, the hounds of the
wind?

I think it is joy they hunt, for joy has fled from
my heart.

I only remember the hours when I sorrowed or
sinned.

I only remember the hours when I stood apart
Lonely and tired in difficult dreams entranced,
And I forget the days when I loved and laughed
and danced.

Gray hounds of the wind, I hear your wistful cry.
The cry of unsatisfied hearts hungry for happiness.
The house is full of whispering ghosts as you
hurry by.

And my soul is heavy and dark with a great dis-
tress,
For heaven is far away, and hope is dead;
And the night is a tomb of tears, and despair, and
dread.

Oh, hunt no more, wild hounds of the wind and
rain.

For my soul is afraid of the sound of your hasten-
ing feet.

And surely under the stars a beautiful joy is
slain?

Fly! black wings of sorrow, . . . wet wings
of the night that heat

At the shuttered windows and swiftly fly away.
Before the Sun-God gathers the golden flower of
Day.

—Olive Douglas, in *London Academy*.

I find it gives an appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish. I like it on Soups, Stews and Hashes. It greatly improves Steaks, Roast Meats and Chops.

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"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It would seem as if the most prominent figures today among the actresses on the American stage are women of mature years. In one way it is not a new thing to see players, no longer young, bearing the palm as the popular favorites; but what continues to grow more and more surprising is the grace with which these acting women of the 20th century, who, speaking accurately, are of middle-age, retain the appearance and the charm of early youth. It is very uncomfortable, almost distressing, and certainly disastrously disillusionizing in what should be the temple of illusion to see a woman who has lost all claim to youthfulness of appearance essay a romantic rôle, and essay it in vain. No body of people is more ruthless in its condemnation than a theatrical audience that has paid for something it didn't get. Nobody, however, who witnesses performances by Mrs. Fiske, Lillian Russell, Maude Adams, Annie Russell, Viola Allen, and many others whose names the managers conjure with, ever wants to remember as he comes away how many years these perennially youthful ladies have been before the public. It is too hard to believe. There is a great charm in fresh, adorable youth, but the mature actresses of our time have learned the secret of wonderfully preserving it. It is not alone in looks, in figure, in physical contour that they retain the charm, but they seem to have treasured up and carried with them through the years some precious essence from the elasticity and joyousness of the springtime of life that makes them truly seem to be the young creatures they impersonate.

Or so it is with Henrietta Crosman, who, from the moment she sets her foot upon the stage is all the spirit of girlhood and flashing, ebullient, impetuous youth.

It is only by the aid of the opera-glass that one discovers, with a sensation of surprise and almost incredulity, that all this is a simulation of a time of life that Miss Crosman has left behind her. And with the discovery one promptly forswears the use of the glass. For Miss Crosman is altogether too delightful a girl for the beholders to be willingly instrumental in casting even the tiniest cloud upon the glory of her radiant youth. She comes in, of course, with an armful of flowers. All heroines do now-a-days. And I must add that they frequently make very clumsy and purely perfunctory arrangements of the blossoms that are introduced as a set-off to their beauty. But Peggy settles down luxuriously to arranging her armful, flower by flower, instead of hastily crushing it into an unfilled vase, and proceeds to horrify a group of horribly proper people by the recital of an innocently unconventional escapade, while she critically surveys her growing nosegay, and, without elaboration or over-emphasis, makes plain to the spectators just the sort of heedless, harum-scarum leap-before-you-look bundle of impulses that "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" is.

Peggy O'Mara is, of course, an Irish girl, and continually drops into a dainty little brogue. It is rather an affair of the theatre, this brogue, and in spite of its merits, not nearly so correct as the one with which Mattie Ferguson embellishes the part of the plump and palavering widow of Professor O'Mara, F. R. S. It is quite sporadic, also, and I rather suspect that Miss Crosman occasionally forgets it. When she suddenly remembers, she claps on a "sh," and has all the air of believing that "shtop," "shtanding," and "shtill" are copied from life. It takes something more than Irish descent to assist in the correct imitation of that indefinable but delightful raciness of accent which characterizes the speech of the Irish gentry. It is not made perfectly apparent in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" just what claims to birth and breeding the O'Mara family have, but Miss Ferguson's brogue, cleverly as it is assumed, would fit better into a lower social stratum than that which Mrs. O'Mara adorns, with her appropriately mature comeliness.

Except for the little matter of her brogue, Miss Crosman is an absolutely perfect Peggy. The play is no great thing; merely a light, dexterously rolling vehicle for the display of a particularly attractive personality. But such is Miss Crosman's charm as a comedienne, so mobile are her features, so much variety and unexpectedness does she introduce into Peggy's sudden outburst of guilelessness and fresh unworldli-

ness in the revelation of the motives which animate the Irish girl in the midst of her changes of mood, there is such a pretty tangle of love and broken conventionalities that during its representation it is easy to overlook the comparative sleaziness of the play in consideration of the abounding charm of its heroine.

The piece, which is by Ernest Denny, is a cross between comedy and farce and is written with an effect of grace and gaiety, and is, except for a short season of dullness in the final act, deftly constructed. The plot and situations amount to a sort of see-saw of the sentimental possibilities between Peggy and her young man, who is such a very nice young man that against all of Peggy's intentions and convictions she finds herself in one of her all-of-a-sudden attitudes, rapidly skating into the state of being in love. This condition, usually so desirable to young ladyhood Peggy "catches" as one would the measles, and she finds to her dismay that it declares itself suddenly, "just like a rash." As may easily be deduced from the above, the play does not deal in large emotions or heroic attitudes. But Miss Crosman is so at one with the character of Peggy, and Peggy is such a thoroughly desirable person to have around, that the beholder eagerly places this spirited portrait of vivacious girlhood in his gallery of art memories.

And, "Is she pretty?" you would ask, you who were not there. For not many were, there being a mere handful at the first matinée and opening performance, rather a surprising state of things, when one remembers how the confirmed theatre-goers of the city have been barred out from their favorite amusement during these troublous times of war and brickbats, when it is next to impossible to get around the city at night. Those who were there were deeply interested in Miss Crosman's looks and her age. One woman declared that she was fifty. She said you could tell it by looking at her hands. Yet, not only first impressions, but plenty of subsequent ones, always provided the opera-glass was tabooed, made out the actress to be a merry, laughing, slender girl, with a countenance of such vivacity and charm that one accepted it as pretty without stopping to analyze the features.

Miss Crosman is a little woman with a small face, large eyes, expressive hands, and a quantity of fluffed and frizzled blonde hair. She has to a degree the swift, impetuous, darting directness of gait and gesture that sit naturally upon the youth and characteristics of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

I have often noticed how difficult it is to carry in the memory one fixed portrait of a born player. Women like Julia Marlowe, Margaret Anglin, and Henrietta Crosman turn a dozen different faces upon you in the space of an hour. And their portraits are as variable as their faces. I have seen numerous pictures of Miss Crosman, but I never should have recognized her from one of them, until she momentarily fell into an attitude of repose.

Serious emotions do not become her, and Peggy was not pretty when she wept. But she was still bewitching, and as unexpected as ever. And furthermore, the art of the comedienne, it was evident, includes that larger art which permits the indication of feelings that are neither the superficial nor the stereotyped imitations of emotion that we so often and so comfortably accept without a pulse-beat of sympathy. So that one who has witnessed Miss Crosman act in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" would go to see her in a play of greater weight and more serious purport, confident that an actress of such instinctive yet studied artistry would meet the issue with the skill of one who is mistress of her many-sided art.

We shall have no chance, however, to see Miss Crosman in any other rôle during her present engagement. It is cause for regret, for more reasons than one. Miss Crosman is supported by an excellent company, and every part, even to those of the servants, was assumed by players the finish of whose work gave pleasure.

Miss Jane Marbury, a handsome, black-haired girl, had a very subsidiary rôle, but she never lapsed into a piece of furniture, and by all sorts of little instinctive motions, attitudes, and gestures conveyed the idea of how habitual was Millicent Keppel's disapproval of the several trying members of her family. Frank Gillmore, in the rôle of a manly and chivalrous young Englishman, was pleasant to the eye and the understanding, and formed a sufficiently pronounced contrast to his brother, a lord of entomological proclivities, whom

Ernest Stallard depicted as a very unlord-like personage, although the portraiture, which was a very amusing one, and very skillfully presented, was in harmony with the more farcical aspects of the piece. Kate Meek gave a very life-like and unfarcal representation of a formidable dowager. Perhaps these two extremes in one piece were artistically unreconcilable, but each in its own way was thoroughly clever and very enjoyable.

A brief but telling piece of work was Genevieve Reynolds's impersonation of the Honorable Mrs. Colquhoun, a lady of London society, whose conversational powers were as comprehensive as the sweep of Mrs. Pardiggle's skirts and before whose secure eminence in the centre of the stage even Peggy was obliged to bow.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

By George L. Shoals.

With such sterling attractions as Nat C. Goodwin at the Novelty Theatre, Henrietta Crosman at the Van Ness, both in new plays, a thoroughly enjoyable comedy, "The Charity Ball," at the New Alcazar Theatre, and an entertaining programme at the Orpheum, the present week has been a notable one for play-goers. The attractions offered for next week are no less important and the near future promises a continuation of this run of good things. Unlike the theatrical seasons of the East, there are no lapses in dramatic appreciation and patronage in San Francisco.

The "Duel," which Otis Skinner and his company will produce next week at the Van Ness Theatre, is a play that has been widely discussed since its first presentation and immediate success in Paris several years ago. It describes the struggle for the love of a young married woman by a free-thinking scientist, who is opposed by his brother, a priest, bent on saving the heroine. Mr. Skinner has the powerful rôle of the spiritual adviser in the play, and among those who support him are E. M. Holland, Keith Wakeman, and Walter Hitchcock.

In "The Undertow," which Messrs. Belasco & Mayer will produce at the New Alcazar Theatre next week, a practically new comedy of politics and newspaper life will be offered. The play has been completely re-written since its presentation in Los Angeles a short time ago, and while it made a sensation in that city in its original form, it is believed that the revision has strengthened it in every way. The story of the play concerns the discovery and routing of corrupt leaders in municipal politics by a newspaper man, and its situations and lesson have almost a local application at this time. Bertram Lytell will play the part of the reporter who follows the trail of the franchise buyers, and Laura Lang will be the society editor of the paper who aids him in the work. The entire company is well fitted in the several parts.

Next week, the second of his engagement at the Novelty Theatre, Nat C. Goodwin will appear in five of his most successful rôles. On Monday and Tuesday evenings "An American Citizen" will be given; Wednesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday matinée, "When We Were Twenty-one"; Friday night a double bill composed of the trial scene from "Merchant of Venice" and the new comedy, "What Would a Gentleman Do?"; on Saturday night the last performance of "The Genius," and Sunday night, closing his engagement, that prime favorite, "The Gilded Fool."

Manager T. Daniel Frawley is in the city and busily engaged with preparations for the opening of the season of his company at the Novelty Theatre, June 3. Marie Shotwell, his leading lady, will make her appearance in "Leah Kleschna," the play selected for the first week of the engagement.

The really clever monologue man or woman is, after all, the ever-enduring joy of vaudeville. True, there are not many of them, but when one of the stars comes there is no habitué of the Orpheum who does not inform himself soon after he takes his seat of the place given that particular attraction in the programme. James J. Morton is the head-liner in that rôle next week at that temple of vaudeville, and he will renew old memories. The Four Fords, dancers, the Sutcliffe troupe of acrobats, pipers, and dancers, and Werden and Glad-

dish, in illustrated ballads, are the other new people in the hill. Valerie Bergere and company remain and will give that favorite piece, "A Bowery Camille," and Papinta and her dances, the Royal Musical Five, and Carroll and Baker will continue through the week.

The production of the Passion play, "Nazareth," at Santa Clara College, has awakened such an interest that it has been decided to give additional presentations. Special performances are announced for today (Saturday) afternoon and evening, and special coaches and reduced rates have been secured for those who wish to go from this city to see the play. Seats are now on sale at Kohler & Chase's music store.

The last performance of Henrietta Crosman and company at the Van Ness Theatre in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," is this (Saturday) evening.

Otis Skinner and company will give Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances at the Van Ness Theatre next week.

Orders by mail for seats for the approaching engagement of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," at the Van Ness Theatre, are already pouring in upon the managers.

Most of the leading theatres in New York have already closed for the summer, but at the Belasco Theatre the great success of Frances Starr in "The Rose of the Rancho" is prolonging the season at least a month.

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In the International success and most important drama of Modern Times, THE DUEL. 200 nights in Paris—100 nights in New York.
June 3—Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night."

NOVELTY THEATRE

Beginning MONDAY, MAY 27—Second and last week
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and his N. Y. Co., including Edna Goodrich—Monday and Tuesday nights "An American Citizen;" Wednesday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinée "When We Were Twenty-One;" Friday night, double bill "What Would a Gentleman Do?" and Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice;" Saturday night "The Genius;" Sunday "A Gilded Fool." June 3—Opening of Frawley Season with "Leah Kleschna"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Mr. Bryce's question, "Where are your poets?" will perhaps strike harshly upon the ears of some of our versifiers who supposed themselves better known to fame than such a question would imply. Mr. Bryce might have addressed a similar inquiry to the world at large, which is certainly in one of those poetically sterile periods for which we can no more account than for the more fertile epochs that lie between. There is no known way in which the supply can be stimulated, nor can we even identify the conditions that conduce to the appearance of poets. We have, of course, many skilled verse-makers and some few of marked power, but there are none who can charm the ear of the whole nation or compel its attention. England is not much better off. Swinburne is the only immortal, and he is an old man. There are no ascending stars, none at least of the first magnitude.

There is a dearth of high literary production of all kinds; we have quantity, but not quality. An age of commercialism, of such commercialism as we have now, is conducive to speed, but not to excellence. The poet, the writer of any kind, must have something more than the power of expression. He must have also the power of observation and the leisure in which to exercise it. Leisure is the one thing that, as a nation, we deny ourselves, and we must, therefore, be content to do without literature and without art in the pursuit of an industry which, without these things, has been said to be mere brutality.

The Demetrian, by Ellison Harding. Published by Brentano's, New York.

This is somewhat after the style of "Looking Backward." A Boston lawyer goes to sleep and wakes up to find that a Socialist régime has been established in New York. He must have been sorry that he did not sleep forever. The cult of Demeter has been established, and the young women of the day have the supreme felicity of being used for breeding purposes, very much as a dog fancier uses his prize stock. Frankly the story is a disgusting one, although it is told with all the delicacy that the subject permits, which is not very much. Socialists of the better kind must pray to be delivered from their friends, for while an organization in which there are no drones is eminently desirable, it would be dearly purchased at a price within the moral reach only of the demi-monde.

The Events Man, by Richard Barry. Published by Moffatt, Yard and Company, New York; \$1.25.

The Russo-Japanese War is not yet ancient history and the true story of a war correspondent in that great struggle is the finest kind of adventure. Stanley Washburn, representing the *Chicago News*, saw as much of the fighting as it was good for any man to see, and Richard Barry, his associate and chum, tells the story of his exploits. Richard Barry could tell a good story himself, but he keeps himself right out of the narrative and devotes himself to his friend's achievements and sets them forth with a fascinating vigor. It is one of the books that should be read.

Ghetto Comedies, by Israel Zangwill. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Zangwill will add to his reputation by this book. Probably he knows more of the Jewish race than any other man living, and he has a delightful facility in imparting that knowledge. His explorations of the ghetto have more of pathos than of humor, more tragedy than comedy, and in spite of its name, there is much in the present volume to depress and sadden. Mr. Zangwill has the welfare of his people at heart, and his remarkable skill is one of the most effective forces now existing for arousing interest and awakening sympathy. This is one of the most notable volumes of short stories that is now before the public.

Ackroyd of the Faculty, by Anna Chapin Ray. Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston; \$1.50.

This is a pleasing story and one quite in keeping with the author's reputation. Ackroyd is a young man who forces himself by his intellectual vigor into a social class to which he was not born and to

which he is too proud, and perhaps too boorish, to adapt himself. The processes by which the crust of self-conceit is broken and the real man developed are well described and there are plenty of stirring incidents which give a vigor to the work. The character sketches are well drawn and of good variety.

Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound, by Edmond S. Meany. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

Captain Vancouver was not a conspicuous figure in the day in which he lived, and it has been left to a later period to pay fitting justice to an intrepid and determined explorer who saved from the power of Spain all the American coast country north of California. Professor Meany has done his work with conscientious care, and the result is a volume full of information hardly obtainable elsewhere and essential to those who would know all that can be known of the early story of the West. The numerous illustrations, chiefly portraits, are of great interest and value.

The Training of the Human Plant, by Luther Burbank. Published by the Century Company, New York; 60 cents net.

Mr. Burbank believes that the training of the child can be undertaken with the same power and success as that of the plant. His little book is full of profound sympathy and wisdom and should be read by those who regret to see the garden of the child's mind overgrown with unchecked weeds. Mr. Burbank knows as much about children as he does about plants, and if his book can receive a warmer encomium than that we should like to know what it is.

A Victor of Salamis, by William Stearns Davis. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This kind of fiction should have a much wider vogue than it has. Glaucon is a citizen of Athens who is unjustly sentenced to death and flies from the city to escape his doom. Under another name he is present at the battle of Salamis and the description of this great fight is the thrilling incident in the story. The book is written with scholarship and is a particularly fine blending of history and fiction. Its perusal is an education in the story of Greece.

Short Cruises, by W. W. Jacobs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Jacobs has a well of humor that seems never to run dry, and his latest collection of short stories has the old and original flavor. Here is a specimen of the philosophy of the old watchman: "Money," he said, at last, resuming his wonted calm and lowering himself carefully to the box again—"money always gets left to the wrong people; some of the kindest-arted men I've ever known 'ave never had a ha'penny left 'em, while teetotaler arter teetotaler wot I've heard of 'ave come in for fortins."

The Reform Movement in Judaism, by David Philipson, D.D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

We have here a valuable sketch of the evolution of Judaism and of a religious reform resulting from the acquisition of secular education and civil emancipation. The volume includes a review of the intellectual movements inaugurated from time to time among the Jews, the linguistic emancipation, and the civil emancipation. It is a clear and concise story and an important addition to history.

Classroom Management, by Professor William Chandler Bagley. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

This book is intended primarily for students of education in universities, training, and normal schools, and aims to provide a comprehensive system for those who are preparing for class-room teaching. It is well and clearly written, from the standpoint of personal experience.

The Short Story, by Evelyn May Albright, M. A. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 90 cents.

This little book will give to the ambitious writer of short stories everything that he needs except imagination and intelligence.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

A new novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is promised for next month by the publishers.

"Travers," to be brought out shortly, is a novel dealing with the San Francisco earthquake and fire. The author, Sara Dean, is one of those who passed through this calamity and felt the impression of it stamped indelibly upon her mind.

The death in Paris a few days ago of Joris Karl Huysmans removes the surviving member of one of the most brilliant, devotedly artistic and, in the minds of its enemies, decadent schools of literature that France has ever produced. It has been held by some critics that had Huysmans been able to combine narrative and dramatic gifts with his descriptive powers he would have been a literary figure with few rivals in his century. But as it is, merely as a master in prose pastel work, his place is no mean one, and it is in many respects unique.

A colossal monument to Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, is shortly to be erected near San Terenzo, Italy, where he spent the last days of his life. The entire design is to be about 45 feet high and it is to be attached to a cliff facing the Casa Magni, in which he and later Byron lived. The work is being executed by the Italian sculptor, Fontana. The keynote is taken from Shelley's tragedy "Prometheus Unbound." It displays the figure of the Titan writing on the rock with the lightning, which, like Jupiter, he grasps in his hand, this inscription: "To Shelley from the World Unbound."

Prof. John Kells Ingram, the political economist and follower of August Comte, and author of the ballad, "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" or "The Memory of the Dead," died in Dublin on May 1. The work by which he is best known and most likely to be remembered is the above-mentioned ballad, which is fervidly written in the Irish revolutionary spirit. Professor Ingram himself is said to have bitterly regretted writing the poem, and it is not named in the authorized sketches of his life; but the work itself could not be suppressed, and it is to be found in most collections of Irish verse.

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The Spread of
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in the

June Sunset

How the new city under the impetus of the rapid rebuilding is moving south, filling the entire peninsula, being helped tremendously in suburban expansion by the Bay Shore Railway Cut-off.

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VANITY FAIR.

A young heiress of New York who needs not be otherwise specified, and who happens to be a ward of the courts, appeals for public sympathy on account of the degrading and demoralizing poverty to which she has been reduced by her hard-hearted legal guardians. This young lady is not yet of age and therefore the bulk of her fortune is withheld until that festive period. In the meantime she is allowed an income of \$13,500 per annum, and against this miserable and niggardly stipend her little soul rises up in rank rebellion. "Thirteen thousand five hundred dollars a year," she is represented as saying with a gasp of justifiable horror. "It is an income for a child; no doubt; but for a society debutante it is absurdly insufficient. How can I entertain my friends on such a paltry sum?" It is hard to believe that such things can be done under the light of day and in a country that calls itself free.

The young heiress—and she is only nineteen—in support of her plea for a more liberal allowance, enumerates the various expenditures that she supposes to be essential to the station in life to which it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to call her. The list is useful as an indication of the rapidity of the rising generation.

Afternoon receptions.

Pink teas.

Bachelor girls' dinners parties.

Box parties at the opera.

Town automobiles.

Touring automobiles.

Dances for debutantes and bachelors.

Forty new dresses a year.

Thirty new hats.

New costumes for every social event.

Bridge whist parties.

Gloves, candy, jewelry.

Perfumes, etc.

So far from \$13,500 a year being sufficient for such a life as such a programme indicates, it is very evident that double the amount would still require economy in its outlay. But what would the debutantes of thirty years ago have said to such ideas as these. White muslin dresses and an occasional tea party were all they ever dreamed of, but those were the days when young ladies still in their teens were supposed to be seen rather than heard and when diffidence and modesty were the chief charms of maidenhood. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*

The opening of the great Century Club in New York has naturally stimulated curiosity as to what actually goes on in a woman's club when the doors are closed and the curtains drawn, and when mere men are out of sight and sound and mind. It is an unholy curiosity, but it is justified if its results show that these meetings are by no means the monotonous affairs that the unimaginative might suppose. Of course, there is nothing monotonous about bridge playing, nor is there likely to be so long as it is a rule of the game that some one has to lose, but it seems that there are other and unforeseen incidents that sometimes impart a liveliness to an atmosphere that should be wholly decorous. Here, for instance, is an Eastern investigator who tells some strange stories of occurrences in women's clubs, and he says that if one-half of such stories are to be credited, there is enough material in the average session of one of these clubs to keep a vaudeville house running for an entire season and to crowd half the closets in town with skeletons. He tells us of a woman who "got tangled up with a handkerchief" at a club meeting where whist was played. All those present were friends and they had a real nice sociable time with only the usual amount of personalities. "One of the ladies had a very fine handkerchief; probably a number of them had fine handkerchiefs, but only this particular handkerchief played a part in this little incident. The little lace and embroidery trifle was remarked by several of the ladies, and admiringly commented upon. After the play, and when the ladies were buzzing about for the last half hour of leave-taking, the lady who owned the handkerchief laid it on a bed while she put on her wraps. Now it seems that there happened to be one woman present about whom some of the company had 'heard things.' Her married life had not been all smooth sailing and other troubles had come her way, so that altogether, she was just a little bit out of class socially by most of those present. She saw the costly mouchoir on the table, and picked it up, at the same time

saying, 'Is this my handkerchief? I think I dropped it here.' Said the owner: 'I beg pardon, but that is mine; I just laid it there.' 'Why, you have your handkerchief in your hand,' was the rejoinder. 'I frequently carry two with me,' was the response, and the owner turned to speak to another lady, leaving the handkerchief still on the bed, where the covetous one had replaced it. A few minutes later she left the room, and noted casually, as she did so, that she left the covetous one there alone. Turning at the door she actually saw the other woman pick up the handkerchief, but thought only that she was admiring it. A little later she returned for the handkerchief and it was gone. Still she hesitated to think anything wrong, and only the next day, when a thorough search of the house where the whist party was given failed to find the handkerchief, did she allow herself to be convinced. The owner of the handkerchief and the hostess talked it over. Of course, the hostess was terribly chagrined to think that such a thing could happen in her house, and was in favor of a thorough inquiry. To this the loser of the handkerchief objected, saying, she would rather suffer the loss than bring about the exposure. But the next meeting of this particular set of whist players was not graced by the presence of the covetous one, nor has she been honored with invitations to the two other meetings that have followed. She must, of course, know why; at least everybody else in the bunch knows; and it is my honest opinion that they all pity her, at the same time they are wondering how she can get any good out of the handsome trifle. It is almost sure to be recognized if she ever uses it in public."

It appears that the French *cuisine* is by no means above reproach. No less an authority than Dr. Yorke-Davies says that most middle-aged Frenchmen have a tendency to what is politely called *embonpoint*, and that this is due to the unwholesome French cookery. On the other hand it is urged for the defense that the deplorable condition referred to is due to a lack of exercise and that if the Frenchman he-stirred himself a little more his dimensions, even in middle-age, would be more symmetrical and harmonious. It must also be remembered that the Frenchman has only two "square" meals a day, and that he usually abstains from meat on Fridays.

The traveler in France forms his ideas of French cooking from the restaurants, but to know how the Frenchman actually fares he must be visited at home, where he is always called into consultation as to the dinner for the day. The first item is usually a very simple clear soup, and then there will be a consultation as to whether there shall be fish or meat, or both, for a Frenchman eats what he is inclined to eat, and not what fashion dictates. Maybe a trout will be decided upon, and as this is a dish rich in butter, veal cutlets, with a little brown sauce and a salad of young lettuce will follow it, and then a dish of *haricots verts*, with something sweet to follow. There is nothing alarming about all this. The Frenchman will eat a good deal of butter, but he will eat very little meat. On the other hand he is liberal with the vegetables which will be well cooked and served hot.

The King of England is acting the enviable rôle of peacemaker among the fashionable couples whose domestic disagreements are in danger of divorce court settlements. As a result he is incurring the resentment of those to whom revelations of this kind are as the very breath of life. Two such cases have recently been settled by royal mediation, one of them being that of a well-known young countess whose indiscretions were becoming notorious. The king has taken up an emphatic position that the guilty ones will no longer be received at court, while those who foment disagreement, or who in any way figure in scandal, will have cause to regret their actions. In this respect he is following the example of his mother, who drew the strings if anything a little too tightly, but who none the less set a fashion of domestic propriety that was salutary in the extreme.

What must the old walls of Covent Garden have thought when the London opera season opened with twenty-five out of sixty-six grand tier boxes occupied by Americans? Here was innovation with a vengeance, declares the *New York World*.

In the year of the Constitution, 1789, the

104 boxes of King's Theatre, divided into "the King's side" and "the Prince's side," were nearly all held by persons of title. Where a commoner intruded, the list of box holders issued for the curious of that day usually denied him the dignity of two names and set him down as "—Smith, Esq." No American had a box; Lord Howe, who had seen America and had promoted a theatrical enterprise, "The Mischianza," in Philadelphia when he was there with the British army, doubtless sat in the box of his brother, Earl Howe. The only republican hero among the box-holders was Gen. Paoli, the Corsican.

One hundred years ago the famous Catalini received for the London season, including benefits, \$25,000. This helped break the manager. Managers usually went broke. Taylor managed opera from "King's Bench" limits. "My dear fellow," he once asked a friend, "how could I possibly conduct it if I were at liberty? I should be eaten up, sir—devoured!" In 1828 Cam-poresi, the soprano, received only \$11,825, and Velluti, the Caruso of that day, \$11,500 for the season. There were sixteen men and twelve women, costing altogether less than \$3,000 for the season, in the chorus. A committee of noble lords represented the patrons. Dancers were obtained from Paris by the intercession of the British ambassador.

Nowadays money talks. The titles sit in the stalls, and the lords of soap and

steel, the counts of coal and cocoa, the barons of beer, and the knights of nitrate take the best—that is, the most conspicuous—places. Yankees from New York, the only city which has supported two great opera companies at once, hlow over from the Metropolitan and Manhattan into London and fill 40 per cent of the tier boxes at Covent Garden.

Zauber-Duft.

(FRAGRANCE-MAGIC)

What heart but fears a fragrance?

Alien they
Who breathe in the white lilac only May;
For there be other spirits unto whom
Fate's kiss lies dreaming in each stray perfume!

Who mock at ghosts of odor—poor they be!
Bereft the scented balms of memory,
For unto one in April's rain-blasted earth
There starts for aye the sharp, glad cry of birth;
And Love will find in rooms unbarr'd for years
Familiar sweetness loosing sudden tears,
Clasping the will in mastering embrace
As in the presence of a phantom grace.

Then there be odors pungent—fires in Fall
The gipsying of boyhood to recall;
And there be perfumes boly—nay, but one
Whose pang is like none other 'neath the sun
To drown the sinking senses in a joy
Beyond all time to weaken or destroy!
Odors there be that swoon, entreat, caress—
Elusive thrall, to doom or stab or bless;
Each vagrant scent that holds the breath in fee
Doth wed the heart in Life's eternity.

Who fear no wafts of fragrance—sorry they!
Who breathe in lilac odors only May;
For there be other mortals unto whom
White magic wanders in each stray perfume!
—Martha G. Dickinson Bianchi, in *Smart Set*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English tourist traveling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor." "Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've just to dee a natural death!"

A man who is always on the lookout for novelties recently asked a dealer in automobiles if there was anything new in machines. "There's a patented improvement that has just been put on the market," replied the dealer. "A folding horse that fits under the seat, for use in emergencies."

A city man went hunting. After he had banged away for some hours without success two boys who had been following him approached him and the older said: "Say, mister, if you're out for sport and ain't afraid to pay for it, my brother'll let you shoot at him for two hours for a quarter."

A little boy told his friend, another youngster, that his mother was accustomed to give him a penny every morning so that he should take his medicine in peace and quietness. "Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend. "Mother puts it in the money box until there is a shilling." "And what then?" "Why, then mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."

Two duelists were taking the early train for Fontainebleau, their place of meeting. "A return trip," said the first duelist to the ticket agent. "Single for me," said the second man quietly. "Aha," blustered the other, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you? As for me, I always take a return." "I never do," said the second man. "I always take my return half from the dead man's pocket."

A visitor to a lunatic asylum saw a young man running about catching flies. "What is he?" said the visitor, "an entomologist?" "No," said the superintendent, "he is an aeronaut." "An aeronaut?" "Yes, sir. Very sad case. The difficult questions put to him drove him mad in the end. It is his idea now, when he catches enough flies, to harness them to a soap box and so fly over the wall and escape."

Several ladies sat in their club a few evenings ago discussing the virtues of their husbands. "Mr. Bingleton," said one of them, referring to her life partner, "never drinks, and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits." "Does he ever smoke?" some one asked. "Yes; he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose, on an average, he doesn't smoke more than once a month."

A criminal whose dread day of hanging had arrived was asked by the jailer if he had any last request to make. "I have," said the condemned man, "and it is a very slight favor, indeed." "Well, if it is a slight favor I can grant it. What is it?" "I want a few peaches to eat." "Peaches!" exclaimed the jailer. "Why, they won't be ripe for several months yet." "Well," said the condemned man, "that doesn't matter. I'll wait."

In the lobby of a New York theatre a few days ago a well-known actor stepped up to the house manager and said: "Say, I have an uncle and aunt down from the country. They have never been to the theatre in their lives, and I'd like to get them in if I possibly could." "Well," said the manager, "send them around at 8 o'clock and I'll do what I can for them." In due time a man and a woman entered the lobby. The man was a portly personage, with loud clothes, a two-carat diamond stud and a very prosperous look. "You are the manager?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, I'm Mr. Cox." "Oh!" exclaimed the manager, "you are Mr. Blank's uncle?" "Uncle! Nothing!" sputtered the prosperous one. "I'm his butcher, and he owes me \$24."

"At a meeting of Oregon Short Line directors," said a broker, "E. H. Harriman made a fine speech on economy in railway management. At the end he told an appropriate story. He said that a keen business man bought at a low price a theatre that had long been unprofitable and by economical management put it immediately on

a paying basis. But he was very economical. He watched the expenses with the sharpest eye. The first month's expense account contained the item: 'Meat for cats—to protect the scenery and properties from the rats' ravages—\$2.' The proprietor struck this item out, writing on the margin: 'If the cats eat the rats, wherefore the meat? If they don't, wherefore the cats?'

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was once on an electioneering tour in Ontario and as the elections were bitterly contested every effort was made to stir up race and religious prejudice. One day a Quebec liberal sent this telegram to Sir Wilfrid: "Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial." To this the premier replied: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Senator Spooner once told this story in a case in court, to show how, with a good motive, one might still do a lot of harm. He said that two aged Scotch ministers sat talking one day over their churchwarden pipes. "Last Sawbath," said the younger of the two old men, "only three folk cam' to my kirk and, since it was an awfu' cauld, snawy, stormy mornin', I juist took them over to the manse, read a chapter, gied them a prayer and then, to ward off the rheumatics, a guid stiff glass of the best whisky." The other minister smiled. "Awcel," he said, "ye will hae a fine congregation, my brither, the next stormy day."

A musical critic was congratulating Caruso on the fact that his rates next season will be doubled. "Yes," said the artist, "I am a good man of affairs. I can make a bargain. I am like the druggist they tell of in Rome. This druggist has a shop on the Corso and his excellent business methods are making him rich. One afternoon a lady, returning from the Pincio, got out of her carriage, entered the shop and bought of the druggist a bottle of liniment. 'It will be 85 centesimi,' said the man—'75 for the liniment and 10 for the bottle.' The lady frowned. 'But,' she said, 'I paid nothing for the bottle the last time I got liniment here.' 'In that case,' said the druggist, 'it will be 95 centesimi.'

Jim Jackson was brought before a Western judge, charged with chicken stealing. After the evidence was all in the justice, with a perplexed look, said: "But, I do not understand, Jackson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard." "Hit wouldn't do yer a bit o' good, Jedge, for me to 'splain how I kotched dem chickens, fer ye couldn't do hit yerself ef yer tried it foity times, and yer might get yer hide full er lead. De bes way fer ye ter do, Jedge, is jes ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same ez odder folks do, and when yer wants ter commit any rascality do hit on the bench whar yo' is at home."

A "Battery Dan" Finn story, and a true one from New York, sets forth the circumstances of an arraignment of several sons of the sod after an especially hilarious celebration. The charges were the usual in such instances. Two prisoners had been fined and the third came to the bar. The light through the windows of the Tombs Court shone upon the prisoner, but not upon the magistrate.

"Well, what have you got to say to this charge against you?" asked Finn. "Well, bless me sowl," said the arraigned, "if it ain't Danny Finn on the bench. Sure, I didn't know who 'twuz until I heard the voice. Whot have I got to say to me old fri'nd Finn? Whot? Why, I'm goin' straight home! That's what I have to say."

He went, too, without any interruption from the magistrate.

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Clubbing List for 1907

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Horse Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Portland Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.25
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25



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 Mission Branch - 2572 Mission, near 22d
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 Potrero Branch - 19th and Minnesota

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The French-American Bank Building, 108-110 Sutter Street
 Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

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The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.
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526 California St., San Francisco
 Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, \$ 2,578,695.41
 Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
 Deposits, December 31, 1906 38,531,917.28
 F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The lethargic condition of affairs in the social world continues, and the only items of interest that may be chronicled are the departures from the city of the well-known people who are leaving for Europe, the East, or their country places. June promises to be a month of weddings, and dates of marriages within its thirty days are being announced each week. Several of these will be important social events and will be the means of gathering together many San Franciscans from here and the near-by towns.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Persons, daughter of Medical Director Remus C. Persons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Persons, of Mare Island, to Assistant Naval Constructor Sydney H. Henry, U. S. N. Their wedding will take place during September.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Beda Sperry, daughter of Mrs. Austin Sperry, to Mr. Charles A. Bodwell, will take place on Monday evening, June 17, at the home of the bride on Pacific Avenue. There will be no attendants and only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present at the ceremony.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Lucy Maria Mighell, granddaughter of Mrs. Israel Kashow, to Mr. Thomas James Churchill, will take place on Saturday, June 1, at the home of the bride, 2500 California Street. The ceremony will be celebrated at high noon by the Rev. Cecil Marrack of St. Stephen's Church. Only the members of the families will be present at the ceremony, but a large reception will follow.

Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle was the hostess at a reception on Thursday of last week in honor of Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols and the Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's Church. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. William Peyton, Mrs. Harry M. Sherman, Mrs. Morrow, Miss Ida Bourn, and Miss Mary Hath.

Miss Alice Knowles and Miss Ruth Knowles entertained on Thursday of last week at their home in Oakland at a tea in honor of Miss Gertrude Hutchinson. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. H. J. Knowles, Mrs. Harry Gordan, Mrs. William Watt, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Arthur Tashiera, Mrs. Roy McCabe, Mrs. McClure Gregory, Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Jr., Mrs. Charles Bliss, Mrs. Harry Adams, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Claire Chabot, Miss Caroline Oliver, Miss Marian Walsh, Miss Louise Cooper, and Miss Elsie Marwedel.

Miss Frances Coon was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at which she entertained Miss Jane Dudley, Miss Dorothea Coon, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Natalie Blauvelt, Miss Amy Bassett, and Miss Roma Paxton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson have returned to their country place at Burlingame, after a stay of several weeks at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn and Miss Maude Bourn will leave next week for their country place at Grass Valley.

Mrs. William Peyton is at Monterey for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness are now in New York, but will sail soon for Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson are in the Yosemite Valley on a motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley left early this week for six weeks' travel in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip will remain in Berkeley during the summer.

Mrs. Edward Griffith has returned to her

home in Ross Valley from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. E. B. Cadwallader and Miss Linda Cadwallader left on Thursday for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick and Miss Redmond have gone to Santa Barbara for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore will spend the summer at their country place, "Montesol," in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Henry Ashe Tilghman, formerly Miss Alice Merry, has arrived from Europe and has joined Mr. Tilghman in Nevada, where his mining interests will detain them for a time.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick spent last week in town as the guest of her sister, Mrs. James M. Allen, but has returned to Pleasanton.

Miss Christine Pomeroy and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman have recently been the guests of Mrs. Alexander McCrackin at Mare Island.

Miss Elsie Sperry has returned from a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mr. B. Chandler Howard has arrived from Yokohama for a visit here.

Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. Alston Hayne, and Miss Ida Bourn will leave next month for their country place at St. Helena, to spend the summer.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the State University, and Mrs. Wheeler left this week for the East, going first to Providence, R. I., for a visit.

Mr. James D. Phelan has gone to Washington, D. C., and New York for a stay of several weeks.

Mrs. Maynard McPherson has given up her apartment here and gone to Mare Island to spend the summer as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Alexander McCrackin.

Miss Maude Howard is at present the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Paxton Howard, in San Rafael.

Mrs. E. H. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport are at present at Carmel-by-the-Sea for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. H. P. Gregory and her daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Richardson, are at their country place near Sequoia for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maude Payne have returned from an automobile trip to Del Monte.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. Gale will leave shortly for a sojourn of a month's duration in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frank Lewis, Mrs. Daisy H. Hare, and Mrs. Margaret Lees left on the *China* on Friday of last week, to spend the summer in the Orient.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Sam Hopkins, of Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Sweigert, Mr. Jas. A. Snook, Mr. Geo. Sweigert, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Dr. L. D. Baegalupi, Dr. Wm. Fletcher McNutt, Jr., San Francisco; Mr. W. W. Shannon, of Sacramento; Dr. C. C. Shinnick, of Oakland; Dr. J. W. Stitt, and Dr. C. A. Meeks, of Berkeley; Dr. James P. Tormey, of Haywards; Mr. and Mrs. John T. Welsh, of South Bend, Wash.

Golf at Del Monte.

During the past week the competitions for the Del Monte cup for men and the men's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association were held on the Del Monte links. The Del Monte cup for men was won by M. A. McLaughlin and Lindsay Scrutton captured the runner-up trophy.

Charles E. Maud of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club defeated Thomas D. Mumford of the Pasadena Country Club in the competition for the amateur championship for 1907. Mr. Maud received a gold medal of the association, Mr. Mumford a silver medal, and Lindsay Scrutton and Dr. C. H. Walker of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San José received bronze medals. This is the second time that Mr. Maud has won the amateur championship, he having captured it in 1903, when the contest took place on the Presidio links, which were then occupied by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Quite a number of automobilists spent the week end at Del Monte, among them being Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Obeare and Mr. L. R. Works, of Los Angeles; Mrs. W. B. Tubbs and Mrs. Tubbs, of Burlingame, who were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Woodruff, Miss Mildred Woodruff, and Mr. J. H. Woodruff; Mr. R. M. Tobin, of Burlingame; Mr. Harry N. Stetson; Mr. John Parrott, Jr., of San Mateo; Mr. A. M. Allfrey, of London; Mr. T. A. Driscoll; Mrs. Driscoll, Miss Brewer, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Finnigan, and Mr. R. G. Hanford, of San Francisco.

Mme. Melba has written the story of her beginning in musical art for the *Century Magazine*, and the article appears in the June number.

What the Philanthropists Are Doing.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has presented three diplodocusses and a pterodactyl to the Charity Organization Society at Hohokus.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has let it be known through private parties that he will give \$8.75 for every fifteen cents raised to build a pipe line to carry Lawson's manuscripts from Boston to the Long Island Crematory.

As a result of his recent visit to Rome Mr. J. P. Morgan will present what remains of the Forum, and six miles of the Catacombs, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, provided they can be got out of Italy without attracting too much attention.

An anonymous donor has presented a complete set of the public speeches of Vice-President Fairbanks, bound in full calf, to the New York *Herald's* free ice fund. They will be distributed as occasion requires.—*John Kendrick Bangs, in Philadelphia Ledger.*

Eminent Book Thieves.

A Paris correspondent, writing to a paper in Berlin, says: Paris is the home of the great book thief. It is just sixty years since Count Libri, a librarian of the National Library, fled to England, taking with him books to the value of 2,000,000 francs, belonging to the library. He was sentenced "in contumaciam" to ten years' imprisonment, but never served a day and never returned a book. The directors had to purchase them from people to whom they had been sold, and paid large prices for them. A similar theft has recently been discovered in the library of the École des Beaux Arts. Here also the thief remains unpunished because he died before his crime became known. A good name covers much and the thief, who was M. Thomas, an officer of the Legion of Honor, architect of the Grand Palais and recipient of the Roman prize, was at liberty to plunder the library at will. He was an enthusiast on the subject of old engravings and bibliographic curiosities, and could satisfy his desires in that direction without molestation on the part of the eustodians. His method was to tear engravings from books or to carry away the whole work. In this manner he acquired books and pictures to the value of about 200,000 francs. The Thomas thefts brought to light the fact that no inventory had ever been made of the Beaux Art Library, and that instead of a modern catalogue, antique slips and memoranda furnished all the information as to the valuable collection.

A country school for town children, a recent outcome of the interest in education in England, has proved so unqualified a success as to invite imitation in this country. A building has been provided by private gifts in the neighborhood of Manchester, where 120 children are housed, fed, and educated for a fortnight on payment of \$1.75 each. They are accompanied by their regular teachers, and the instruction follows the ordinary elementary school curriculum. One thousand six hundred children will be received this summer.

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A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL of 80 rooms, with 2 years' lease yet to run. Absolutely the best location in Berkeley. In splendid running order. New and fresh. Never a vacant room. Cash proposition. Write to General P. O., Box 358, Berkeley.

For Rent to Campers

A family owning and residing upon a nice place in Sonoma County, two miles from R. R. stations; beautiful grove with never-failing creeks; water for domestic purposes piped to grove; with daily mail on rural delivery route; would rent camping privileges to not exceeding two nice families for the season. Wood for fuel, milk, eggs, butter, fruit and vegetables can be had on premises. Dutch wagon calls 3 days each week. Situation entirely private. Address F. M., 2031 Baker St., San Francisco.

FOR SALE

On heights back of Fair Oaks, near the Sharon Estate, a very choice site for a home, overlooking valley and bay, water, electricity, telephone service, electric line building that will pass near the place. Special offer for a short time to the right person. Only thing in the neighborhood that gives good altitude and easy access.
C. L. PLACE, 113 Circle, Palo Alto

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Professor wishes to rent his home for June and July. Modern house of 10 rooms; completely furnished; large garden; on car line. Table board, if desired, obtainable within reasonable distance. Address M. 2609 College Ave., Berkeley.

PALO ALTO

FOR RENT—For the summer months, a delightful home. Rent very low to the right party. C. L. Place, 113 Circle, Palo Alto.

For Rent—Ross Valley

An 8-room furnished house with 4 acres beautifully wooded, garden, orchard, garage, etc., close to Ross station. Rent \$125. Also a 7-room unfurnished house, rent \$60. Apply MRS. WORN, San Anselmo, or Croker & Co., Ross Station.

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Newest Spring Ideas in Knitted Sweaters, Knitted Coats, Norfolks, Blouses, Etc.

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While the city is overcrowded, take your family to Hotel Del Monte by the sea, near Monterey, and enjoy every comfort. There is plenty of room there and plenty to do for recreation and health. Parlor car leaves San Francisco 8:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M., daily, direct to Hotel. Special reduced round-trip rates. Remember you can easily transact business in San Francisco and live at Del Monte. For details, inquire Information Bureau, Southern Pacific, or of C. W. Kelley, Special Representative of Del Monte, 770 Market Street, San Francisco, phone, Temporary 2751.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, inspector-general, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as inspector-general of this department, and by letter to the commanding general of the Department of Columbia, for duty as inspector-general of that department, retaining station here. This order is issued in view of the fact that when the divisions are abolished all inspectors-general are to become a part of the department staffs, instead of the division staffs as heretofore.

Colonel D. L. Brainerd, U. S. A., who is under orders here as chief commissary of the Department of California, will be delayed in his arrival here until the second week in August.

Colonel Albert S. Cummins, U. S. A., is assigned to the command of Fort Worden, Washington, and of the artillery district of Puget Sound.

Colonel Joseph Garrard, U. S. A., recently promoted, has been transferred from the Fourteenth Cavalry to the Fifteenth Cavalry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Marsh, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty at Fort Mott, New Jersey, and will proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Woodward, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, and ordered to proceed to Fort Terry, New York, for duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Ayres, U. S. A., recently promoted, has been transferred from the Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., to the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Major Charles H. Hunter, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been commanding officer at Fort Miley, left this week for Key West Barracks, Florida, where he will command the post and the artillery district of Key West.

Major William N. Harts, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., upon being relieved here, will proceed to Chattanooga, Tennessee, for duty.

Major George W. Gatchell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Sam Houston, Texas, is ordered to proceed to Fort Rosecrans, and assume command of that post of the artillery district of San Diego.

Major E. S. Benton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., recently promoted, has been assigned to the command of Fort Miley, relieving Major Hunter, U. S. A.

Major Elmore F. Taggart, Twenty-fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed as quartermaster and commissary of the transport *Crook* during the voyage to Alaska and return to San Francisco.

Major John L. Hayden, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., recently promoted, has been ordered to Fort Casey, Washington, to assume command of that post.

Major William E. Purviance, surgeon, U. S. A., now in San Francisco, is ordered to Fort Logan for duty.

Captain Hubert L. Wigmore, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., now in Washington, D. C., is relieved from further duty in the Philippine Islands in connection with the coal supply of those islands, and is assigned to temporary duty in the office of the chief of staff, with station in Washington. On the completion of such duty as may be assigned to him by the chief of staff, Captain Wigmore will report in person to the chief of engineers for duty.

Captain Eugene P. Jervey, Jr., Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and report to the commanding officer of the Army General Hospital for treatment.

Captain John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., recently promoted, and permanently assigned to the Coast Artillery, has been ordered to the Presidio of San Francisco for station and is expected to arrive here about July 1.

Captain Lynn S. Edwards, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been recently promoted from a first lieutenant.

Captain Jesse G. Langdon, U. S. A., recently promoted, who has been with the Sixty-fourth Company, Coast Artillery, Fort Miley, has been transferred to the Field Artillery and assigned to the Fifth Battery, Field Artillery, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Elisha G. Abbott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for three months on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Captain Edward F. McGlachlin, Jr., U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended eighteen days.

Captain Rush S. Wells, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended twenty days in view of exceptional circumstances.

Captain Daniel G. Berry, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell; Lieutenant Joseph F. Barnes, Fifth Battery,

Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, and Lieutenant Martin C. Wise, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, are ordered to report on April 22 at West Point for duty.

Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, is ordered to proceed to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for a course of instruction at the artillery school.

Lieutenant Thomas B. Doe, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is placed on the unassigned list of the Coast Artillery and ordered to Fort Monroe for duty until August 28, when he will report at the artillery school at that post for a course of instruction.

Lieutenant Robert K. Spiller, Twenty-sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to relieve Captain Frank J. Morrow, U. S. A., as quartermaster of the transport *Thomas*.

First Lieutenant Samuel C. Cardwell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been recently promoted from a second lieutenant.

Lieutenant David L. Roscoe, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed for recruiting service. He will proceed to Jefferson Barracks for practical instructions for ten days, then to Los Angeles for duty, relieving Lieutenant Timothy L. Coughlan, First Cavalry, U. S. A., who will proceed to join his regiment.

Lieutenant John B. Shuman, Battalion Adjutant, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., who was granted ten days' leave of absence, has had his leave extended twenty days.

Contract Surgeon Julius M. Purnell, U. S. A., Department Rifle Range, Point Bonita, received orders to report to the commanding officer, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., for duty to accompany headquarters' band and First and Third Squadrons, Eighth Cavalry, en route to Fort Robinson, Nebraska. Upon completion of this duty, Contract Surgeon Purnell will return to his proper station. During his temporary absence the surgeon at Fort Baker, will, in addition to his other duties, render such medical attendance as may be necessary at the Department Rifle Range.

Contract Surgeon George H. Richardson, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, received orders to report to the commanding officer, detachment of troops, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., designated for station at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, for duty with such troops en route to station. Upon the completion of this duty Contract Surgeon Richardson will return to his post.

Baked Soft-Shell Crabs.

Select as many soft-shell clams as are desired. Be sure to get very large ones. Scrub the shells clean. Then remove the string and loosen the clam from the shell, leaving it as nearly whole as possible. To each clam in its shell add a few drops of Lea & Perrins' Sauce. Then place a very thin slice of pork over each one and replace the other half of the shell. Set them in a pan and bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly steamed.

One of the residents of the town of Idvor was noted for his parsimony. Let us call him Mr. Smith. There was an old major in Idvor who said to his valet one evening: "Go and tell the cook to get me ready a chop and a poached egg." "Pardon me, major," said the valet, "but have you forgotten that you are dining with Mr. Smith tonight?" The major frowned. "Yes," he said, "I had forgotten it. Tell the cook to make it two chops and two poached eggs."

"Our new chef," said the manager of the restaurant, stopping to chat with the patron who had deep lines between his eyebrows, "is a wonder. I really believe the man could take an old rubber shoe and make an appetizing dish of it." "That so?" asked the patron, tapping meditatively with his fork upon the steak that had been served him. "Suppose you tell the waiter to take this steak back, and ask the chef to fix up a rubber shoe for me."—*Modern Society*.

Richard Mansfield declared to personal friends, just before leaving for his visit for rest in England, that when he returns to the stage it will be as an actor simply, and not as a manager. He feels that he can not do justice to his work when a large part of his energy is necessarily turned toward the preparation of scenery and appointments for his productions.

Percy MacKaye's poetic tragedy, "Sappho and Phaon," in which Madame Kalich is to appear next season, has just been published simultaneously in this country and in England by the Macmillan Company. This is an event of importance in current literary history.

Japan exported last year over \$11,000,000 worth of refined copper.

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Have you observed the enormous quantity of Oregon lumber being used in San Francisco? Do you know that the entire United States is buying Oregon lumber? Do you know the actual cost, on board cars in Oregon and the profits in the business? Why don't you become a producer of lumber, receiving your share of this profit? We are selling a certain amount of stock in a lumber and timber concern here. Safe, solid and profitable. No better investment can be found. Full particulars, with banking references on request. Address Sunset Lumber Co., 206 McKay Bldg., Portland, Ore.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Herwit—What did they charge you a day at that summer hotel? *Jewitt*—I only know the minute price.—*Town Talk*.

He (sighing)—What have I got to live for? *She*—I don't know—is somebody making you?—*Chicago News*.

Park—If I move out to the suburbs, what do I need? *Lane*—A silk hat, a frock coat, a baby carriage and a mowing machine.—*Life*.

First Commuter—What do you do with yourself evenings, old man? *Second Commuter*—I take the 5:03 train from the city.—*Puck*.

Cook—Now we've 'ad words, you'll be lookin' for another cook to keep company with? *Policeman*—Not me. I'll starve first!—*Punch*.

"How was the comic opera?" "My wife thought the costumes were disgusting." "I guess I'll go."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Hadsum—I want a good revolver. *Dealer*—A six-shooter? *Hadsum*—Better make it a nine-shooter. It's for a cat next door.—*Ally Sloper*.

Proud Father—My child is only a month old, and he cries for the moon. *Proud Mother*—Mine isn't a week old, and he cries for the milky way.—*Puck*.

Newed—Don't you believe that marriage broadens a man? *Oldwed*—Well, I don't know about that; but it usually makes him shorter.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Harker (coming out on deck)—Hello, old sport. Four aces just came up in the smoking-room. *Barker* (weakly)—Did, eh? Who—who swallowed 'em?—*Chicago News*.

"What do you consider the chief danger of wealth?" asked the solemn man. "That the other fellow will have it," responded a hearer inclined to flippancy.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Do you regard baseball as a healthful game?" "Well," answered the physician, "I should say it ought to do a great deal toward strengthening people's lungs."—*Washington Star*.

Comparative Stranger—What's all the excitement about? *Summer Boarder*—Nothing; just a lynching. The man who wrote the folders describing this place is coming down on the train.—*Puck*.

Miss Elderleigh—Jane Jones is a mean, spiteful old cat. *Miss Younger*—What's the matter? *Miss Elderleigh*—I told her that my family came over in the Mayflower and she asked me if I was seasick.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mr. McDooley—Faith, an' it do be a question Oi have fer yez, me darlin'. *Miss Clancey*—Pfwat is it, Pat? *Mr. McDooley*—Whin it comes toime for the funeral, how would yez like t' be th' Widder McDooley?—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss. "I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if it doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."—*Washington Star*.

"Our engagement will have to be temporarily suspended," announced the summer girl, calmly. "Oh, impossible," the young man vowed. "It will have to be. My husband writes that he is coming down for a week."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Russian Official—You can not stay in this country, sir. *Traveler*—Then, of course, I will leave it. "Have you a permit to leave?" "No, sir." "Then I must tell you that you can not go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."—*Tattler*.

Mrs. Egerton Blunt—But why did you leave your last place? *Applicant*—I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum. *Mrs. E. B.* (shocked)—Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then? *Applicant*—Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im, it was me an' 'er.—*Answers*.

The New Cook—Plaze, mum, the butcher did be tellin' me somethin' this mornin' th't I'm not afther understandin' at all, at all. *The Old Mistress*—And what was that? *The New Cook*—He towld me he'd give me a commission on all the meat I'd eat av him. Phwat does that mean?

The Old Mistress—It means that we're going to have a new butcher.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Wilhelm—Well, old man, I haven't seen you for an age. And how do you find matrimony suits you? *Johann* (sighing)—It's an expensive joy. If I had only known what I had to pay in milliners' bills—*Wilhelm*—You would have remained single, eh? *Johann*—No. I would have married the milliner.—*Lustige Blätter*.

"That city man spent Sunday with you, didn't he?" said Farroway. "What did he say about your place?" "Oh," replied Subbubs, "he talked nonsense; said it was a pity I didn't buy a place nearer the station." "Well, well!" "Yes; I told him the real pity was that my place wasn't near enough to the station to sell."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Homer had just smitten his blooming lyre, and burst into tears. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Homer, sympathetically. "I have just realized," he sobbed, "how puny I must seem alongside of Theodore Roosevelt when it comes to smiting lyres." Whereupon, to ease his soul in forgetfulness, he chortled out six books of the *Odyssey*.—*The Gadfly*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Reality.

If life's a dream,
I'd like to know
What makes the tooth-
Ache hurt me so.
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Otherwise Engaged.

Do chickens sit or do they set?
Perhaps they could do either,
But in my garden plot, you bet,
My neighbor's chicks do neither.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The One Who Knows.

I sometimes think that never glows so Red
The Dawn as when the Weather Clerk has said:
"Tomorrow—Cloudy; Heavy Winds, and Show-
ers!"
And Sol comes out Right dazzlingly, instead.

Ah, Lovel couldst Thou and I somehow conspire
To grasp this Weather Bureau Scheme entire;
Would we not quickly get on to the Job,
And then remold it to our Heart's Desire?
For He no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But anything that strikes His Fancy, goes;
What others think is neither Here nor There—
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!
—*Munsey's Magazine*.

The Office Boy's "Boss."

When things go easy, he just santerers round
At ten o'clock or so; then reads his mail,
Dictates some half dozen letters to the girl,
Tosses us each a word, or maybe two,
Looks at the papers, lights a good cigar,
Phones to a friend, and then goes out to lunch.
And I go home and say to maw—"Gee whizz!
I hate to work. I wish I was the Boss!"

But my, when things go wrong! Maybe a strike,
Or prices down, or some hank goes busts,—
Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at eight!
Then he don't take no time to read the news,
Nor eat no lunch, but keeps us all a-jump.

Then he shoots letters at the girl till she
Gets flustered red spots on her cheeks; and makes
Even old Chief Clerk bustle; you know him,
That fat one, with the sort of double chin.
And me—why, I'm greased lightning when he calls.
And when night comes, then he looks kind er pale
And anxious like, and yet so full of fight,
I get a sort of aching in my throat
Like something choked me, when I look at him.
And I go home and say to maw—"Gee whizz!
Bizness is tough. I'm glad I ain't the Boss!"
—*Geraldine Meyrick in Harper's Magazine*.

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"But, Gladys, we should not let your mother's prejudice stand in the way of our marriage. What is money to true love?" "I know, Alfred, that money is not all, but hunger is something. Last night you walked past three restaurants on the way from the theatre and never said supper once. But mother had something for me to eat when I got home."—*Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*.

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1:45 P	9:45 A	12:16 P	4:14 P
	11:15 A	1:40 P	
SATUR- DAY	12:45 P	3:10 P	SATUR- DAY
4:45 P	2:15 P	4:40 P	9:34 P
	3:45 P	6:40 P	

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STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

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St. PaulJune 1, June 29, Aug. 3
New YorkJune 8, July 6, Aug. 10
St. LouisJune 15, July 13, Aug. 17
PhiladelphiaJune 22, July 20, Aug. 24

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
FrieslandJune 1, WesterlandJune 15
MerionJune 8, HaverfordJune 22

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
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MinneapolisJune 8, July 6, Aug. 3
MinnehahaJune 15, July 13, Aug. 10
MesabaJune 22, July 20, Aug. 17

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RydamJune 19, July 24, Sept. 4
PotsdamJune 26, Aug. 7, Sept. 11

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FinlandJune 15, July 27, Aug. 24
ZeelandJune 22, July 20, Aug. 17

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ArabicJuly 4, Aug. 1

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Hand of Esau.

The past week has been marked by so many sensational developments in our local situation as to work something akin to confusion even in well-ordered minds. Incidents of importance have trodden on each other's heels and tumbled over each other until all sense of order and sequence has been lost. It is only when one turns from the confusions of the record to a broader outlook that the sense of blur gets out of his mind and he discovers that some real progress has been made towards an end which still lies beyond the horizon. On the face of things the strikes are where they were a week ago. Approximately twelve thousand iron workers, whose normal earnings are rated at \$252,000 per week, are walking the streets. Two thousand carmen, normal wages \$50,000 per week, are idle—at least they are not operating the cars. They are active enough, heaven knows, since masses of them are busy gathering and throwing bricks and stones, while other masses, whose hands have become blistered by this sort of work, are now

blistering their tongues with a still fouler kind of exercise. Some five hundred electrical workers, normal wage \$12,000 per week, are on strike; with five hundred beer bottlers, wage \$10,500 per week; three hundred coopers, wage \$6300 per week; one thousand seven hundred laundry workers, wage \$30,600 per week; three hundred drivers, stablemen and others affected by laundry work, wage \$5400 per week; five hundred telephone girls, wage \$4000 per week; persons in other trades affected by industrial troubles, two thousand or more, wage \$35,000 per week. In the trades alone there must be full twenty thousand persons on strike; and probably half that number of clerks, salesmen, etc., have been thrown out of work by the incidental stoppage of general business. San Francisco in all its ordinary business movements is dull beyond precedent. The situation is being further complicated by a knock-off in building operations; for while there is no strike in the building trades there is, as a result of the general troubles, such a stringency in the money market that work has had to be stopped on many structures already partly built.

The street car strike is wearing itself out. With two hundred cars in operation on thirty-two routes, and with upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand persons riding each day, with strikers returning each day in small numbers to their work on a non-union basis, it may fairly be said that the battle has been won—this, in spite of the fact that hoodlumism is still rife in certain streets where union sentiment is strong, and that the cars are not operated at night. It has been demonstrated beyond any question that with police protection the car service can be maintained independent of the unionists. It is now only a matter of time when the service will be completely reestablished, probably with a return to their work of two-thirds of the strikers upon the terms offered at the beginning, with this difference, namely, that unionism will no longer have a monopoly of street car work, or, in fact, anything to do with it in a direct way.

Whether or not we are to have in San Francisco a return to American standards in industry—to the open shop—is as yet not determined. The reason is that both in industry and business we have so large a jellyfish element that concert of action is slow to be attained. At a meeting of contracting builders held within the week, a motion to enforce the open-shop principle failed, not because the judgment of the meeting was against it, but because there was a deficiency in the element of backbone. The timid ones were too many; and while the project to return to a system of equity and decency under which any skillful and willing man may work without asking permission from any labor union, was not dropped, it was put into abeyance.

The meaning of this is more delay, more loss, more shame. The open-shop principle is the one enforcement that would save San Francisco and immediately restore her prosperity. If the weak-kneed and the cowards shall rule in our industrial councils, if there shall be some patch-up of our troubles with further knuckling-under to the unions under the closed-shop rule, we may have a truce in the pending warfare, but it will be only a truce. It will be temporary, because it will be founded in bad faith on both sides, and because it will be lacking in economic soundness. Prostrate as she is, exhausted in resource as she is, San Francisco can not go forward unless she shall find a way to command anew the confidence of the country, and so be able to secure money from abroad. Now it is useless to talk about restored confidence, about getting money from anywhere, until we can show to the

world that the men who own San Francisco are the masters of her conditions. Capital has many faults but it is no fool, and it will not go to a city which permits an irresponsible element and an immoral system to dominate its life. The owners of property, the men who want to build houses, the men who do business in San Francisco, would do well to paste this precept in their hats. Nothing is ever settled—really settled—until it is settled right. We are not going to reestablish our city in relations of confidence and credit, we are not going to call back prosperity, we are not going to set the wheels of industry and progress again in dependable motion until we shall find the courage to cast off the tyranny of a debauched trades unionism. Not until we can hang out the sign of the open shop can we hope for such restoration of self-respect and of outside respect as our need calls for. We can not expect the world to credit us when we are too weak to deserve credit; we can not expect the world to pour its money in upon a situation where it may be subject to the rule of a mob, especially of a mob whose irresponsibility, extravagance, abandonment, and folly have given the lie to every principle we call American and have made a mockery of the names of peace, security, justice, and decency. Men and brethren of San Francisco take heed! You would better take this lesson to heart now than to suffer its enforcement by months and years of waiting and suffering.

Developments in the graft prosecution have matched the developments in the strike situation—or something worse. In truth the graft proceeding has come to be a more serious fact in its relation to the general confusion than the industrial war. Within the week the Grand Jury has returned indictments for grave crimes against forty-seven persons, most of them leading men in finance and business. Under any conditions an event so extraordinary would tend to weaken all sense of moral security and to the break-up of confidence and of business. Under the special conditions of the time the effect is almost paralyzing. This is not saying that the prosecution is not right in carrying out the job of house cleaning which it originally undertook. Criminality must not be condoned because its punishment makes trade dull. Yet in the developments of the week there have appeared some evidences of departure from that mood of devoted moral purpose with which the graft procedure began. Conflict has its own special vices; it tends to inspire in those who engage in it an asperity, a bitterness, a malice, at odds with moderate and honorable aim. With profound regret we say it, something of this degeneracy as the days go by marks the spirit and the mood of our graft procedure. The poise and the calmness of moral purpose seem to have given way to a partisan rancor, to the ugly spirit of vendetta. There appears to have come over the prosecutors a thirst for blood, a wish to find the things which, if found at all, ought to be found not in exultation, but in sorrow and grief. There appears to have risen in the mind of the prosecuting agents an ambition not only for victims but for conspicuous victims. In brief, the ardor of the chase appears to have vitiated the moral aim which distinguished this movement at its beginning, and which gave it, up to a certain point, a backing of absolute and universal respect.

Let nobody misunderstand. The Argonaut has full sympathy with this movement so far as its purposes and its methods are unselfish and worthy. It would have the graft prosecution pursue criminality wherever it is to be found, in whomever it is to be found, without fear and without favor. It wants no guilty man, however low or high his head or what his name and place in the world, to stand

immune. On the other hand it wants to see no man lightly accused. It has no sympathy or patience with the spirit of vendetta; it insists that those who have taken into their hands the machinery of social vengeance shall guide it, not by the motives of private passion or resentment to the purposes of business selfishness, to the aims of politics, or to any other end apart from, or out of harmony with, the high conceptions in which the work was begun and by which it was justified.

Mr. Spreckels's refusal, ten days back, to lay down his extra-legal and anomalous authority in the municipal government has been followed by other incidents equally at odds with the declared high aims of this whole procedure. We pass by the untimely and hostile urgency of prosecution against Mr. Calhoun in the stress of the strike, to even more positive evidences of coöperation with that element to which San Francisco owes if not all at least the worst of the troubles now afflicting her. The Board of Supervisors, as everybody knows, is controlled absolutely by the graft prosecution, which holds over the heads of thirteen of its eighteen members the menace of San Quentin. The boodling supervisors are "good dogs" who must bark or lie down at the voice of command. This same gang of "good dogs" subject, as we have seen, to every snap of Mr. Spreckels's finger, first tried to force the Geary Street Railroad Company into meeting the demands of the strikers; failing in this effort they have, by resolution, taken the first step towards confiscation of the property of the Geary Street Company—this in revenge because the company would not knuckle under to the demands of the strike managers. Mr. Spreckels, or Mr. Heney, or Mr. Langdon, could have called off their "good dogs" by the lifting of an eyebrow. They have not done it. Again, we have the statement that the graft prosecution has given "preliminary approval" to a project to municipalize the Geary street road at a cost to the taxpayers of \$720,000—this at a time when our streets are so broken as to be almost impassable, and when a hundred interests of municipal development and protection, including protection against fire, cry aloud for money. Is there a man among us so blind and deaf as not to see the hand of Esau in this extraordinary proceeding? But this is not all. Mr. Langdon has declared his personal and official "satisfaction" in the course of the trade unionists in the matter of the pending strikes—a period marked every day, if not every hour, by the foulest outrages, known to Mr. Langdon as to every one. And above and beyond this we have a statement by Mr. Spreckels, given to the public on Friday last, so extraordinary that we will reproduce his own words:

I think the union men of this city are earnestly endeavoring to preserve the peace, and should be encouraged to continue to do so, instead of being incited by statements intended and calculated to anger them. I believe the citizens should take steps to prevent Patrick Calhoun from issuing the inflammatory statements that he is giving to the press, which tend only to stir up the resentment of the car men and their sympathizers. Governor Gillett's statement that if there were no brickbats there would be no shooting may apply to Mr. Calhoun. If he did not incite union men by his statements in the press there would be less cause for acts of violence on the part of the sympathizers of the car men. The citizens should induce Patrick Calhoun to cease throwing his kind of brickbats.

In these instances we have testimony more than enough in demonstration not only of the sympathy but of the direct coöperation of Mr. Spreckels and his associates with the unionists and their cause. Mr. Spreckels, we are told, justifies himself upon the theory that the street car strike is a thing of Mr. Calhoun's own bringing on, and that it is part of an effort to throw dust in the eyes of the prosecution, and, at the same time, to enlist public sympathy and favor. It is a theory stupid enough, one which ought to be beneath the conception of a man who assumes the right to control large forces. It marks Mr. Spreckels not only as a man in alliance with the forces of social demoralization, but as one lacking the mental and the moral grasp which alone can justify the assumption of large public powers.

The secret of this whole matter is plain enough. Jeckling itself upon the basis of high moral purpose, denying motives of business interest, and,

above all, of political aim, we see Mr. Spreckels and his associates seeking to get themselves into working alliance with the elements of disorder—the same elements which gave to us Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz and the infamies associated with their names. The prosecution has entered the political game; apparently it likes the power which control of the "good dogs" has given to it; it seeks to perpetuate this power by coddling and cajoling the mob in the hope of effecting alliance with it. How else are we to explain the untimely and unnecessary grilling of Calhoun, the personal and official "satisfaction" of Mr. Langdon, the license given to the "good dogs" to mulct the Geary Street Company, the grant of \$720,000 out of the municipal funds in pursuance of a Socialistic experiment, the flatteries and cajolements of Mr. Spreckels to the unionists in the statement above quoted? There is but one explanation. The prosecution is flirting with the mob; as it has coöperated with the unionist conspiracy in the matter of the street car strike, it will, if it can do it, make partnership with the mob in the coming election.

To what ends and for what ends the prosecution has thus turned from its originally declared purposes we can only conjecture. Mr. Calhoun, in the heat of partisanship, declares that it is a conspiracy against him and his interests. Others advance the theory of a private water project calling for a prodigious expenditure on the part of the city. The *Argonaut* does not credit either theory. In its view the whole situation, marked by the developments of the past two weeks and exhibiting an extraordinary departure from the original purposes of the prosecution, is a product of that vitiating spirit of conflict which takes complete possession of certain orders of mind, and which, as it inspires fierceness and stubbornness of spirit, depresses and weakens the moral sense. We believe that these young men who have taken upon themselves the solemn responsibilities of prosecution have grown drunk with excess of authority and power, that they have lost the balance, the moral poise which alone can give to extraordinary authority the restraint and the dignity essential to hold it within just bounds and in wholesome spirit. We say this regretfully, even sorrowfully. The *Argonaut* had hoped much from this moral upheaval; it has been profoundly rejoiced at its extraordinary successes; to the extent of its powers it has given approval and support to the work as it developed in the line of its declared purposes. The *Argonaut* is grieved indeed to find at the end of this brilliant bow of promise, not the pure gold of sustained moral purpose, but a dross of selfishness and stubborn arrogance.

Let us say again that in its purpose, as originally declared, that in its development along the line of this purpose, in its exposures of criminality, the graft prosecution has the full and hearty support of the *Argonaut*. We would permit no guilty man, high or low, to escape the penalty of his crimes. In so far as the graft prosecution aims at the punishment of criminality, let its work go on. It deserves the commendation and support of every decent citizen. But outside of the detection and prosecution of crimes against society, the agents of prosecution have no mandate and no justification. If they would command the approval of worthy men, let them abandon their boyish theories, let them put aside the malice of conflict, let them put aside political purpose, let them avow not by words but by acts their freedom from selfish purpose; let them drop affiliation with the mob; let them withdraw the sanction of their authority from the support of hoodlumism, let them wash their hands clean of these extraneous and contemptible distractions and concentrate their energies on that high public service upon which they entered with such full approval and in which they have won such splendid success.

The theory of the graft prosecution, manifest in its treatment of persons within the range of its activities, is that a higher degree of moral responsibility rests upon the man who yields than upon the man who receives blackmail. To thirteen self-confessed, bribe-taking supervisors it has found reasons for granting immunity. To the master briber and boodler it has granted many courtesies, including continued maintenance at

heavy cost to the public in a private and luxurious "prison." Before the "confession" of Abraham Ruef there may have been reasons justifying the expenditure of one hundred or more dollars per day for his safe-keeping. But there are no such reasons now. As a convicted criminal the parlor-boarder phase of his imprisonment ought to be brought to an end. He ought to be put behind bars like any other felon. But the prosecution makes no movement. It houses, attends, and amuses him like a very prince, and allows the public to pay the bill. It is indeed curious that those who can find reasons for granting immunity and favor to such men as Ruef and Gallagher and their crew of associated criminals can find no reason, even for a temporary respite, in the case of a man, criminally charged though he be and possibly a criminal indeed, who is making a fight against the forces of social disorder in the interest of San Francisco. Here, indeed, is a phase of this whole situation anomalous from every natural standpoint, explicable by no theory which does not reflect upon the judgment, the conscience, and the civic spirit of the graft prosecution.

The man who yields blackmail is not to be defended upon any moral ground. In the most positive sense he stands an enemy to social order in its integrity. He stands, too, condemned as a traitor to that principle upon which conservative interest must depend. The man of property who debauches government, who bribes a judge, who leaps over or breaks down the safeguards which society has reared for its own protection, is to be condemned by every principle and every standard which appeal to the mind or the conscience of worthy manhood. We have no word of condonement for the bribe giver. But let us ask where is there room for charity for men like Abraham Ruef and Jim Gallagher, the highwaymen and professional looters of politics, as against men who coöperated with them in the character of victims? Both were wrong; there can be no justification at either end of the transaction. But is there a man among us so insensible to relative values of things as not to prefer if the case were one of his own brother that he should belong to the one class rather than to the other? The *Argonaut* can not consent that the bribe taker is a better man, more deserving of charity and immunity than the bribe giver. It can not consent that there is rhyme, reason, or decency in a policy of wholesale immunity for that group of men officially commissioned by San Francisco as against others brought by their greedy infamy within the sphere of criminality.

Men and brethren of San Francisco, there is no light in which we may look at recent developments, no matter where or what our interests, our affiliations, our private sympathies, in which there does not appear a grievous and an oppressive fact. It is this awful fact, namely, that in the doing of things in San Francisco there has long prevailed a system as revolting in its moral aspects, as demoralizing in its social aspects, as criminal in its political aspects as that system which two thousand years ago took the moral fibre out of the people of China and has since held them to a life cramped and limited in its every phase. We have allowed the cancer of political and social corruption to strike wide and deep. Its branches extend into almost every department of our affairs. So universal has the thing become as to confound wholesome and natural conceptions of right and wrong. Graft has become a byword and a joke. Men who love their families and say their prayers find for themselves justification either in the doing of forbidden things or in sharing the profits of such doing. How many of us who, in recent years have held shares in certain great companies, have not known in our hearts that somewhere within the line of their operations there was corruption and dishonor? Who among what we may style our property class can hold his head so high as to say that he has been no sharer in these infamies? If these reflections should give us charity, they should as well give us pause. We can not go forward on the basis of recent years and maintain here the worthy civilization which our fathers brought here and passed on to us. If integrity of life is to remain with us, if our children are to live in a

city and a country fit to live in we must find a way to cast forth the monster of corruption which, as we plainly see, has become a pervading force in the municipal and even in the business life of San Francisco. We are not bound to accept the whimsical or empasioned theories of the particular group of prosecutors who have taken an immediate place of authority with us. But—we have got to find a way to better things.

A Critic and His Answer.

It is not often that the *Argonaut* needs to explain what it says. The kind of man who cares anything about the *Argonaut* is commonly a man able both to read and to understand plain print and straightforward speech. In truth the *Argonaut* is addressed only to this sort of man and cares little about the opinions of any other sort. It would seem that ignorance and prejudice should find an ample sufficiency to their needs in our daily newspapers and that they should pass by the *Argonaut*, leaving it to that class, more limited than we could wish, which owns some obligation to intelligence and conscience. We say this by way of introducing the letter of one A. L. Diel, which may be found in another column. After first misconceiving and then misstating the attitude of the *Argonaut* toward organized labor, Mr. Diel proceeds with kindly impertinence to administer to the editor a lecture on history, morals, and social justice. We print the letter in full by way of showing into what confusion the mind of misinformation and prejudice may fall when it reads with blind eyes and when it reasons from the standpoint of imaginary fact. We can not believe that there are many readers of the *Argonaut* capable of so misunderstanding its position with respect to organized labor; but to the end that there may be no possible mistake about it in future we shall be at the pains to set forth a few considerations and principles which we hope even Mr. Diel may be able to comprehend.

In an earlier period of American life the relationship between employer and employed was not merely a close but a domestic one. Nobody conducted a business, large or small, unless it belonged to him; every conductor of a business stood in a personal, indeed almost a paternal relationship to those who wrought on his farm, in his shop, in his storehouse, or in his home. It was a man to man proposition; there was in the relationship between employer and employed the mutual understanding and the sympathy which come from personal contact and mutual interest. If now and again there was a cold-blooded and hard-fisted employer, so now and again there was indifference, laziness, and bad temper on the part of the employed. The condition was not ideal, for nothing this side of paradise is ideal, but it was wholesome. Its social product was a population, which at the points of character, intelligence, spirit, capability, prosperity, and self-respect has never been matched in any other country or at any other time. He who today looks back upon the America of his grandfathers sees a condition unique in the relationships existing, not between class and class, but between man and man.

Under the newer order of life and industry things are done in a bigger way. The wagon-maker no longer works in the shop alongside his home, with two journeymen and an apprentice, turning out four or mayhap five vehicles in a year. Wagon-making is no longer a strictly personal business; the print of the manufacturer's own hands is no longer on his product; he no longer works side by side with his journeymen nor at noonday seeks companionship with them in the shadow of the old elm by the doorway. Indeed, he is no wagon-maker at all but a great financier who has organized the accumulated capital of a thousand—or ten thousand—persons into a corporation, who works through employed agents, who perhaps knows not the name nor the face of one of the ten thousand who make up the army working under his initiative and captainship. Our laws have been kind and helpful to this man; they give him leave to make out of sheer capital a working force, to carry forward his activities upon a basis which precludes acquaintance and sympathy with his men, which allows him to turn out five hundred wagons a day without ever having grasped

any hand among the thousands that have wrought them.

And your modern wagon-maker, as we have pictured him, is only a type—one of whom in manufacture in its multifarious forms, in transportation, in every interest and industry there are tens of thousands all over the country. Industry and business have almost ceased to operate upon the old individual and sympathetic basis. Big things must be done in big ways; and when this sort of thing gets to be the rule of life there is small opportunity, or none at all, for the kind of connection which once existed between employer and employed, which served to keep the relationship between them on a just basis and which tended naturally and inevitably to keep the character, both of master and man, human, wholesome, and sweet.

Now when we concede to capital the privilege of organizing itself into a colossal and impersonal force, when we allow it to go about the doing of things unrestrained by the knowledge and the sympathy which come of close and reciprocal associations between master and workman, we have created an artificial thing which, if left to itself, may develop into a very Frankenstein. Impersonal capital unrestrained, seeking profits, quickly becomes a monster as we have seen in the modern development of great industrial trusts—a monster without the qualities essential to the moral guidance of great forces. It was the progressive development of organization and coöperation on the part of capital which in this country led directly to the organization of labor. The individual workman found himself at a disadvantage when he could no longer treat with his employer face to face and as man to man and upon the basis of a personal relationship long and closely sustained. The organization of labor was a direct and natural consequence of the organization of capital, and it had the same justification in expediency and in morals.

When we concede to capital the privilege of working in the mass impersonally and through hired agents we must concede to labor a corresponding privilege. Neither in social justice nor in social safety can we give to capital a privilege which we deny to labor. Otherwise labor, as the weaker partner in industrial organization, would plainly be subject to exploitation and abuse. Under the corporate system the owner of capital is solicitous only about his dividends; the managers of capital are under overwhelming motives to make whatever business is under their hands profitable, for that is the line of their own advantage. This being so it requires little either of imagination or observation to see how labor would fare under a system in which its protests would have only the weight of individual and ineffective utterance. We have a historic illustration of how this system worked in practice in the day when the professional overseer with the whip in one hand and the branding rod in the other stood between the slave owner and the black bondman. That infamy, thank God, has been wiped out; pray God we may never have another founded upon the helplessness and impotence of any element of our people.

The organization of labor came naturally, as we have already said, in response to the necessities of the wage earner for protection under the new order of life and industry. It was an absolute necessity; it has upon the whole performed a useful and even an essential function. Broadly speaking it has gained for labor a larger share in the rewards of industry under modern conditions. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it has prevented labor from that complete and disastrous submergence which might have been its lot if there had been no hand to stay the greed of impersonal capital, working through rapacious exploiters of the machinery of industry. There have been times when the principle of labor union has served as a conservative force, as a bulwark against the aggressive spirit of colossal capital organized into trusts, caring for nothing excepting its own advantage. Perhaps today organized labor is in its legitimate aims and purposes a social safeguard which we could not afford to be without.

Labor union stands upon a basis as legitimate as consolidation of capital. It has the same right in morals as in law to sell its product collectively, to

deal by and through expert agents, that capital has. These points are conceded by every man of sense and justice. Employers of labor, if we accept those whose spirit would make them the masters of labor, make no protest against labor union when its aims and its activities are limited to legitimate things. The editor of the *Argonaut* has now for many years been a relatively large employer of labor and it may interest Mr. Diel to know that far from objecting to labor union working in legitimate and proper ways to legitimate and proper ends he has coöperated with it to the extent of employing union men in his printing department—this at times when he might easily have non-unionized his business. Under normal and reasonable conditions, with labor union limited to its legitimate sphere as a seller of labor, there are many advantages in dealing with men organized into a guild as distinct from men operating individually. A legitimate labor union in the printing trades—it is only in the printing line that we have any working knowledge—may do much in the way of assembling and disciplining the forces of labor that make for the convenience and the advantage, not only of labor itself, but of the employer as well. It can so regulate a trade subject to its authority or influence as to prevent an unjust and ruinous inequality in the wage rates of competing establishments; it can maintain a definite system under which there may be assurance of the competence and character of individual workmen; it may give to its members a kind of oversight very helpful to those who lack habits of regular industry and whose moral muscles lack fibre with the powers of restraint; it may by an intelligent regulation of the labor supply relieve any given place of the mischiefs of too few or too many hands. These are the nominal aims of labor union in the printing trades as we have known them. In candor we must say that these aims are not always, nor often, carried out in their integrity. A statement of them, however, may serve to indicate a sphere in which organization of labor may be a legitimate and a wholesome thing all round.

The default of organized labor in San Francisco today is not at the point of its original principle but at the point of its unreasonable pretensions, of its arrogant effort to regulate not only its own affairs but the affairs of everybody else, of its selfishness, of its greed, of the arrogance of its leadership, of the subservience of its rank and file, of its false faith, its false practice, its false character. Labor union in San Francisco, far from being a legitimate and a helpful thing, has become a tyranny respectful of nothing but its selfish appetite, willing in pursuance of its demands to debauch or destroy every other element in the community. It has made and it has enforced through the power of numbers and by the social terror it has inspired, a system of life here which every man of brains and conscience sees not only to be inequitable but ultimately fatal to social justice and to social order—to civilization itself. Labor union in San Francisco no longer speaks under the principle of equity in a legitimate interest; it presumes to dominate the whole life of the community. It controls our industry and has debauched it; not only has it injured the capital involved in our local industries but it has degraded the character of the men themselves. No man, no body of men can enact injustice, enforce injustice, profit by injustice, without moral degeneracy and decay. Whoever denies or doubts this would do well to observe the course of current events in San Francisco. Let him note the indifference, the slackness, the wastefulness, the insolence of men at their work—not of all men, to be sure, but of many, perhaps of most. Let him take note of the fact that men representative of the spirit of labor union have, within the period of the street car strike, dropped missiles of deadly effectiveness from high buildings upon non-union men working legitimately upon their own contract. Let him note the daily assaults upon cars as they pass through the streets, upon the men who operate them and those who ride in them. Let him note the foul epithets flung from the mouths of unionists and their sympathizers at women and young girls riding in the cars. Labor union, in so far as it promotes this kind of thing, is an influence tending through degeneracy of character to individual recklessness and made-up to

social disaster. No decent man can defend it; no decent man will even try to defend it. Labor union pretends to condemn it; but its own members are active in the business of petty outrage—and none of the offenders has been disciplined or dismissed.

To catalogue the aggressions of organized labor in San Francisco, its interference in spheres far outside its legitimate place, would be a useless labor. We see the effects not only in the prostration of our industries and in the moral degeneracy of our working people, but in the form of a ruinous economic loss, of our failure to meet the competition of our neighboring cities, in the restrictions which enforce a large part of our youth to grow up unskilled and idle, in the complete demoralization of our politics, in a marked decline of our moral standards. Labor union is largely responsible for all this, not because it has employed the principle of organization among workingmen—the principle of labor union—but because it has grossly abused it.

The forces of industry have the rights of association, of organization, of collective action, the same as other orders and classes of men—the same and no more. We allow bankers, merchants, farmers, and every other order and sort of men to affiliate in societies to ends limited only by the rights of others. None of these would dare assert its right to control politics, to establish fixed rules governing the education of youth, to claim for the members of a particular association or combination of associations a monopoly of any department or line of business. Any effort to enforce such a system would be resented as an invasion of private and of public rights. Labor union is bound to the same limitations and if it passes beyond these limitations it must in respect of the safety of society be driven back from its aggressions, must be forced to return to its legitimate and proper sphere. Civilization in its integrity, with its respect for moral and legal rights, with its responsibility for public and individual rights, can not maintain itself under the system which labor union has devised for San Francisco and which it has for the moment succeeded in carrying into effect. This tyranny must be shaken off. It will be shaken off because it is a vile thing, made up of false principles, of false pretensions, of false purposes and aims.

There is room and place in San Francisco for a labor unionism within the limits defined by the rights of other forces and factors in the community. There is a sphere in which labor union may find work to do—work in harmony with the welfare of its own members and not inconsistent with the rights and the welfare of others. But the labor unionism competent to take up and discharge such duties must be a very different thing from that compound of conspiracy and tyranny which, while denying every responsibility, assumes every privilege. Of labor unionism, inspired by selfishness and class hatred, led by ignorance and folly, debauched in its subservience, abandoned in its influences, criminal in its habits, we have had enough and too much. And if the men of San Francisco are anything better than mere jellyfish they will rise and cast it forth as they would any other vicious thing. They will so reorganize our industry that no man will have to get the permission of a labor union before he is privileged to earn his living in San Francisco.

Governor Gillett's Suggestion.

Governor Gillett, who now for nearly a month has kept in the closest possible touch with San Francisco, confesses his fear that through internal and factional strife we are bringing ruin upon our city. Speaking on Monday he said:

The situation is much more serious than appears on the surface. Eastern confidence must be restored—and that within the next thirty days—or we face disaster. For years the banks of San Francisco have been relied upon to move the crops of the entire coast. The time is short. The producers must have money. Without an immediate change in conditions here the money can not be furnished by the San Francisco banks. If existing conditions are permitted to continue, no new buildings can be started and many of those already under way can not be finished. Just an illustration in point was furnished in the investigation I am having made. A few weeks ago the architects of San Francisco were rushed. The demand for draftsman was so great that the architects were forced to employ men unfamiliar with the English language. Today the men of draftsmen are fruitlessly applying for work. Industry is dead. These conditions must be cured. Until

they are removed there can be no progress. And the cure must be immediate.

Governor Gillett's remedy is a suggestion of concerted action on the part of the business community. He would have us go back to the principle of the town meeting. He would call in the men who have a real stake in San Francisco and have them lay down the law of immediate future action. This plan does not deeply impress the *Argonaut*, and yet we can think of nothing offering a better chance for the solution of our troubles. If the fortunes of San Francisco can not be entrusted to her men of affairs—to the business community—then who is there to appeal to?

We have hoped that out of our immediate confusion there might come a new and better organization of our business forces. We have now five commercial associations but no strong one. If these five associations could be merged into a single organization there might in the very process be accretion of strength.

Death of Mrs. McKinley.

The death of the widow of President McKinley is only a tardy departure from life of one for whom life ceased long ago to hold any meaning. Long before Mr. McKinley became President the mind of his wife had become all but vacant. The death of her two children was a tragedy so profound as to overwhelm a mentality in which the gentler virtues always held dominance. Grief which a stronger spirit would have cast off overbore her mind in early womanhood, leaving her ever after a broken reed. Gentleness, amiability, sweetness—these qualities survived and won affection for one who amid a career of extraordinary social elevation was oblivious to what went on about her and who today could rarely recall the friend of yesterday.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Ringing Word from "Sir Hubert."

LOS ANGELES, May 20, 1907.

Mr. Alfred Holman, Editor *Argonaut*:

DEAR SIR: I respect you and the *Argonaut* for handling the labor situation in San Francisco without gloves; it is the only course. Freedom in the industries is vital. The principle of industrial freedom is just as sacred as that of religious freedom, political freedom, or personal freedom. None of these can be sacrificed in this country while we continue to claim for it the name of republic.

I trust you will keep up the fight with tremendous vigor to the very end; and the end must come, and come with victory for the cause of independent labor, independent manhood and whole citizenship of the sort guaranteed by the constitution and the law.

Yours very truly,
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

An Argonaut Critic.

May 26, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your issue of May 18 you made some comments on the labor situation which will certainly prove a source of surprise to your old readers and of regret to your well-wishers.

One who has carefully observed the progress of the present industrial strife must realize that the hope of the union now on a strike is to convince the neutral part of the community that the struggle is against unionism and not against a particular ill-advised and badly managed union. They hope to cloud the real fight, which has grown into a contest between anarchy and government, and to rally the order-loving and well-intentioned union man to the support of the principle of unionism.

This attempt has met with little success up to this time, and seems on the verge of dying out of sheer inanition, when you throw the weight of your influence to these agitators and give point to the claim and support to their contentions. It is difficult to believe that you seriously advocate the crushing out of trades unionism. An attempt to do this would show an absolute misconception of the trend of modern activity. Just as the Western world has seen one age of religious controversy, resulting in the rise of Protestantism, and another political turmoil, resulting in the establishment of representative government, so now we are in the midst of an economic struggle which will as surely, sooner or later, result in a new division of the product of industry between capital and labor.

The trades union is merely a factor in this movement, but not by any means a new one. It is a century on in its development, and ever since its inception has grown constantly though at varying rates. In every country in Europe the same spirit is displaying itself, sometimes as trades unionism, sometimes as socialism, sometimes as anarchy, all mere names significant of the same steadily developing class-consciousness. The spirit can not be stamped out; if you crush unionists, you make socialists.

There is considerable room, no doubt, for a difference of opinion whether unionism is a good or a bad thing for the community at large, but as to its advantages to the workman, who forms the larger portion of the com-

munity, there can be no doubt. The individual worker is practically at the mercy of his employer, and, while the majority of employers do as much as they can for their employees, all workmen in a particular line, in the absence of combination, are dominated by the most ungenerous employer in their line, for the reason that the hours and wages fixed by him control all other employers who compete with him.

It is equally true that unions have their evil qualities—what human institution has not?—but they are not inherent. To say that unionism is all wrong because one or more unions elect dishonest officials, is to say that democracy is a failure because New York, St. Louis, Chicago, or San Francisco elects dishonest officials. The same results come from similar causes; that is, the better element in such cases have remained at home and left affairs in the hands of the self-seekers.

Your statement that unionism was received cordially and with open arms is incorrect. Unionism was fought and resisted at every stage by the employers, under the cry that the employer would deal only with his own workmen, until forced to recognize the union.

The result you see. The refusal to deal with the union did not crush the union, but it kept the older and law-abiding men, though members, from prominently identifying themselves with its affairs, and left the control to the lawless, the revolutionary, and the agitators.

When they once came into power, the desire for a fair deal had given way to the desire for retaliation. The viciousness of unionism is in every case in exact ratio to the bitterness with which the union was opposed. Remember how Vining fought unionism, and you explain Cornelius.

Of one thing you may be sure, whenever times are good, unions will have the upper hand, for the reason that employers prefer to yield rather than to shut down a profitable business. When times are bad, unions are weak, and the less strongly organized and those of unskilled labor go out of existence, only to resurrect, however, on the revival of prosperity.

As long as the employers and the union each take advantage to the full of their opportunities, there will be a recurrence of industrial strife, until both sides learn moderation and abandon the precepts of the extremists.

In conclusion, you will pardon me for saying that the man who advocates the crushing of unions is as radical as the man who throws a brick, and that both are unsafe guides for a peace-loving community.

A. L. DIEL.

The Shortest-Lived Newspaper.

23-29 BOUVIER STREET, FLEET STREET,

LONDON, E. C., April 30, 1907.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I was very greatly interested in the delightful article in the *Argonaut* on "The Passing of the Epigram." The journalistic incident you narrate is intensely interesting and it involved several men with whom I had the privilege of working—"Chimmie Fadden," for instance, on the New York Sun.

You say *The Epigram* was the shortest-lived newspaper infant of which you have ever heard. May I tell you of one that had even a shorter life. There was published in London on July 9 of last year (1906) the first number of *The Majority*, a daily newspaper for everybody. It was on the lines of other halfpenny dailies like the *Daily Mail* and the *Express*, and was a very first-rate production. On July 14, 1906, the last issue of *The Majority* was published. It lived just five days, which is two days less than *The Epigram*. *The Majority* had a fine staff of newspaper men. It died because its promoters did not realize what a mint of money is required to start and keep going a daily newspaper in these days.

Pray pardon this private note, which is evoked by your most interesting and entertaining article and by my keen interest in newspapers.

Yours faithfully, P.

Governors whose terms will expire in 1909 and whose successors must be elected in the fall of 1908 are Buchtel, Colorado; Woodruff, Connecticut; Lea, Delaware; Broward, Florida; Gooding, Idaho; Deneen, Illinois; Hanly, Indiana; Cummins, Iowa; Hoch, Kansas; Cobb, Maine; Warner, Michigan; Johnson, Minnesota; Folk, Missouri; Toole, Montana; Sheldon, Nebraska; Floyd, New Hampshire; Hughes, New York; Glenn, North Carolina; Burke, North Dakota; Crawford, South Dakota; Patterson, Tennessee; Cutter, Utah; Swanson, Virginia; Mead, Washington; Dawson, West Virginia; Davidson, Wisconsin. On account of a change in the laws of Ohio, Governor Harris will not retire until January, 1909, and will be a candidate next year.

Of the nineteen women just elected to the Parliament of Finland, five are teachers, two are editors and a number are well-known philanthropic workers. Several of the women led their tickets. Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, beloved for her sweet personality and her good works, got the largest vote of any candidate nominated by the Old Finnish party. Another woman who got a big vote and was elected was Minna Sillanpaa, president of the Servants' Union. It is said that women of all parties voted for her because of her extensive knowledge of the conditions of working women.

Situated in the Jura Mountains, with a population of 40,000, lies the city of Chaux-de-Fonds. Its fame as a watch-making centre is universal, millions of watches being turned out annually. Over three-fifths of the Swiss watch trade is centred here.

It has been pointed out that George Harvey's bitter attack upon President Roosevelt has been resented quite as bitterly from Democratic as from Republican quarters.

"THE MIKADO" AND THE PRINCE.

The Lord Chamberlain in Real Life Emulates Poo Bah in Comic Opera.

Never in the life of the theatrical world has there been such a situation as that created by the Lord Chamberlain when he placed his ban upon "The Mikado," and it is probable that at this moment the great dignitary in question is the only one who does not share in the ripple of indignant amusement that has added to the hilarity of nations. Needless to say, the Lord Chamberlain has given no reason for his action. Lord Chamberlains never do. He has simply withdrawn his license for the presentation of the opera, and the public may draw such inferences as it pleases.

Of course, the explanation is simple enough. England was preparing to extend her hospitality to Prince Fushimi of the imperial family of Japan, and the illustrious stranger might have resented a play so lacking in reverence for the royal house of his country. Prince Fushimi is the Mikado's cousin. Besides the family of Mutsu-hito, the emperor, there are thirteen other great Japanese families, and that of Fushimi is the first among them. Japan is Great Britain's ally, and to offend so great an aristocrat might react upon diplomatic relations. The Lord Chamberlain, having only a phrenological cavity where there should be the bump of humor, forbade the play, and in so doing he surprised the Japanese prince quite as much as any one else. Fushimi, being a diplomat and a guest, laughed in private, and he no doubt promptly bought a "book of the words," and then laughed some more.

Of course, the ban was ineffectual. The comic opera was produced in Sheffield and in Leeds, and immense audiences were the only result of the Lord Chamberlain's thunderbolts. The great crowds that thronged the theatres seemed half disposed to believe that fire would fall from heaven to consume those who were daring enough to ignore the ban, but, as in the case of the Jackdaw of Rheims, who was cursed with bell, book, and candle, "no one seemed a penny the worse." The Lord Chamberlain was funnier than the great Poo Bah himself, and a new zest was added to a delightful comedy.

The Home Secretary—unlucky wight—had to bear the brunt of the situation in the House of Commons. The Home Secretary is Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and he was faced with a series of questions that had to be seriously answered in the face of a legislative hilarity in which he must have been tempted to join. Inquisitive members wanted precise and categorical reasons, which Mr. Gladstone could not give, presumably on the principle that "thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know." Other members wanted to know if the ban would be removed, if the Home Secretary was aware that performances would be given in spite of it, if such performances would be stopped, if the right honorable gentleman was aware that the country was being made ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and if a similar prohibition would be issued against "Pinafore," and if not, why not. Mr. Gladstone kept his temper with admirable patience. He knew nothing more than the fact that the play had been banned, but the Lord Chamberlain had informed him that the prohibition might be withdrawn if suitable alterations were made in the text. Then the Secretary to the Admiralty was gently placed on the grill, and he confessed that the "Mikado" music had been forbidden to all naval and marine bands during the visit of Prince Fushimi, and he went so far as to say that the decision would not be reconsidered.

At the time of the injunction "The Mikado" was billed in three cities, Sheffield, Leeds, and Middlesbrough. Sheffield and Leeds took no notice of the Lord Chamberlain except to laugh at him, but Middlesbrough was not so daring. When the temerity of her sister cities was made evident, Middlesbrough became uncomfortable, and the authorities sent the following telegram to the Lord Chamberlain: "Middlesbrough seems to have been made the scapegoat in connection with the prohibition of 'The Mikado.' Public opinion here is much roused, owing to performances being allowed in Sheffield and Leeds. Is there any hope of a similar concession being made to Middlesbrough?" The reply contained cold comfort for Middlesbrough, but as a confession of official ineptitude it is certainly a record. The Lord Chamberlain wired: "If Sheffield and Leeds are performing an unlicensed play, they are doing it at their own risk—Lord Chamberlain." The risk seems to be not a very serious one. The opera was again produced at Leeds on the following night to an overflowing house. As the orchestra began to play there were rounds of applause, and when the curtain rose the audience sprang to its feet and cheered for some minutes. It was a direct and unqualified defiance, and the Lord Chamberlain probably wishes that he had acted a little more heedfully before flaunting his autocratic impotence in the face of the play-going world.

In the meantime, Prince Fushimi and his staff are keenly anxious to see an opera that has produced so much discussion. Unless the Lord Chamberlain has the complaisance to arrange a special performance in London for their benefit, they will have to go to Leeds or Sheffield, and it would be hard to imagine anything more funny than these exalted Orientals traveling some hundreds of miles in order to see a play which has been declared illegal out of deference to their assumed sensibilities. Major Hyashi, the prince's aide-de-camp, has been asked upon the matter, and he says:

"Not one of us has ever seen the opera performed, and we are, therefore, not in a position to criticize it in any way. We have certainly heard a good deal about it recently, owing to its prohibition by the Lord Chamber-

lain. For that reason, perhaps, we have been all the more anxious to see it in order to judge of it for ourselves. We have never heard any Japanese say that he considered 'The Mikado' contained anything offensive to his emperor or to his country. I see there is some talk of getting up a petition to present to the prince in favor of the withdrawal of the Lord Chamberlain's ban. It is a delicate subject, and it is very difficult to say beforehand what action his imperial highness would take were he asked to intervene in this way. Maybe," he added, laughingly, "we will have an opportunity of seeing the play, and then will be able to say what we think about it."

There the matter rests. The whole country is laughing at the Lord Chamberlain, and the Japanese visitors are laughing with it.

LONDON, May 19, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the roblings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once more for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love?
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"—Anon.

Marble deposits in New South Wales are the finest in the world.

Japan's first interurban railroad was recently opened.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Speaker Cannon, addressing the Illinois legislature, was introduced as "The next President of the United States." The demonstration that followed is said to have brought a "broad smile" to the face of Mr. Cannon.

There are rumors that Thomas F. Ryan is about to enter the field for election to the United States Senate from Virginia. Mr. Ryan's friends insist that he has no intention of aiming exclusively at such small game, and that nothing below the presidency will satisfy him.

Governor E. C. Stokes, of New Jersey, while on a recent visit to Washington was asked what position New Jersey would take in the next Republican National Convention. Governor Stokes replied: "New Jersey is a Roosevelt State, and it will be friendly to a man who favors his policies."

To President Roosevelt has been given credit of making peace between Nicaragua and Salvador, as is shown by the following telegram received by him from President Zelaya, of Nicaragua: "Peace signed day before yesterday, Amapala. I thank your Excellency for your great work towards achieving that happy result."

Senator Penrose, who is said to have disclosed the details of the alleged conspiracy against President Roosevelt, has visited the White House, but he states that his conversation with the President was on social matters only. Senator Penrose was asked "What do you think of the third term proposition?" The Senator's reply was "Don't think."

Senator Platt denies that he is a candidate to succeed himself. He says he shall serve out his term and "Then I shall wait for the call to the other side. I have lived my life, and I have done what seemed to me to be the right thing to do. But I realize that there is not much left now for me to do. I would like to settle down and see the world go round."

Minnesota has a candidate for the Presidency in her Democratic Governor, John A. Johnson, who carried his State by 75,000, and his candidacy has been formally announced. His boomers fondly believe that Henry Watterston will declare for him, and that Wisconsin, Iowa, and North Dakota will support him. His secretary, Frank A. Day, is now on the Pacific Coast.

Reports from Washington say that the cordial relations between President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Root have been strained to the breaking point, and that Mr. Root has ceased to be the Executive's chief adviser. He is soured, it is said, because Mr. Roosevelt has failed to observe a pledge to use the power of the administration to create a Root boom for the Presidency.

The recent announcement that a definite understanding had been reached between Mayor McClellan and Tammany Leader Charles F. Murphy, through which political peace between the administration and Tammany was assured, was premature, according to a statement made public by the mayor at New York, Wednesday last week. "So far as I am concerned," said the mayor, "there will be no peace except with honor."

Senator Quay is credited with a sinister prophecy in connection with the building of the new capitol in his State. A firm of contractors asked for his influence in the award of the contracts and the Senator replied: "Better keep out of that altogether. Everybody connected with the State capitol business will be in the penitentiary before they are through with it." It now seems likely that his prediction will be partly fulfilled.

Ex-Representative James W. Wadsworth, of Genesee, New York, is very angry with the President for demanding the resignation of Archie Sanders, the collector of internal revenue of Rochester. Mr. Wadsworth says that the President's policy "is such a flagrant violation of the precepts he has always laid down about his intention to retain efficient men in the public service that I am led to believe that he was merely faking when he announced these lofty principles."

Governor Hughes has made it known that he has no personal ambitions in the matter of the presidency. Speaking at Brooklyn, he summarized his political wishes by saying: "I have an intense desire to see the Republican party redeem its pledges and take advantage of its opportunity as the elected representative of the people. I propose to do my duty by the people, and in this effort I not only welcome but am earnestly desirous to receive the support of all who have the interests of our State at heart."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a facility for repartee that he sometimes turns to good account. He was addressing a meeting on one occasion when a portly individual in the audience, a large employer of labor, interrupted him, charging the premier with "fattening on the sweat of the people." Sir Wilfrid, slim and dapper, waited until perfect quiet replaced the commotion which this remark had made. Then he observed calmly: "I leave those present to decide which of us is the more exposed to that charge."

According to present plans June will be Secretary Taft's busiest campaign month. His peregrinations will then describe an arc stretching from Oklahoma in the Southwest around through Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska to South Dakota in the Northwest. It is now considered possible that his political engagements will so multiply within the next two months that he will be compelled to abandon his proposed trip to the Philippines to witness the opening at Manila next fall of the first Philippine legislative assembly.

THE WHITE LADY'S GONDOLIER.

Zefrino was not the largest gondolier in Venice, nor the handsomest; neither was he ever guilty of winning a prize in the *sondolo* races; but he was not a bit surprised when the very blonde signorina from America picked him out from the crowd of gondoliers who were humping their boats against each other, calling one another pigs and such-like fanciful names under their breath, and shouting to the young lady who stood, half amazed, half disgusted, on the hotel steps.

Zefrino was neat as a pin, young, and good-looking; he neither scowled at his fellows nor pushed his boat far into the crowd. Rather did he stand proudly on the high stern, with the air of a man of gentle blood whom fate had reduced to a meagre, but not dishonorable, trade. Yet that was not the reason of his calmness, and the quiet certainty that she would select him to be her gondolier during her stay in Venice.

There are gondoliers who bear the names of families once mighty in the past, when the Venetian oligarchy influenced the politics of Europe and Asia. But I ask you if ever the Cazzahuhboli were powerful anywhere? No comrade ever called Zefrino Cazzahuhbolo *il Conte* in jest, or so much as hinted that he might arrive some day at honors and fortune. Since the bathers who go down to the Lido had been monopolized by steam craft, and especially since the sacred waters of the Grand Canal had been profaned by ugly little steamboats squeaking and tooting day and night in the ears of the horrified ghosts of the old families, there was little to jest about among the gondoliers. Famine was in their stomachs and rage in their souls; no wonder they rowed languidly, spent most of the day on their backs, and degenerated from the old politeness of their address. Fortunately for him Zefrino was unmarried, and, therefore, had only a father and mother, a grandmother, and three sisters to provide for. Then he possessed a good voice and could sing many stanzas from Petrarch and spout Dante by the yard, so that he was in very fair demand during the tourist season, and was often in sufficient funds to redeem the clothes and trinkets of the family from pawn long enough to present a decent appearance on festal days. What gave a final touch of resolution to his face that morning was a dream.

It was a dream into which he had not yet ventured far in respect to its interpretation; but the little he had seen was marvelous. To be sure, on leaving his room he had met a hunchback (bad luck!), but had he not spoken the *gobbo* fair and managed to touch his hump lightly as he passed? And is not the bad fortune of meeting *gobbi* transformed into the best of luck if you touch their humps? So that wrinkle was smoothed out. The dream had been long, but certain things stood out in his memory. At first he thought that he, the most temperate of men, was drinking a very sweet liquid from a cup of gold and became intoxicated thereby; that meant some great person would love and enrich him. Then a face appeared—a very beautiful face, with blonde hair about it—smiling in a most engaging way; that meant joy and happiness. Next he was walking along a dusty road with the owner of that face—a young woman—and he had a sword in his hand; that was a sign of success. To crown all, he thought he was in one of the detested steamboats, but infinitely big, larger even than the black ocean steamers that come up the Adriatic on their trips between Constantinople and London. This meant honors gained in travel. Judge of his delight when the first person of whom he took any note at all that morning (having been immersed in his thoughts as he lay beside a deserted quay till it was time for the foreigners to have finished breakfast) proved to be a beautiful, a young, a very blonde lady, exactly like her of his dream! Just to see a white lady like that the first thing in the morning denotes liberation from ill-luck! And now all these portents seemed to come together at once.

Zefrino was not at all surprised when his white lady came tripping down the steps quite unattended and entered the gondola as coolly as she might a cab. In the first place, foreigners have a way of doing just what they please, taking no account whatever of the social rules of the Venetian upper class; in the second, Zefrino had heard Venetian ladies discuss American girls a hundred times. He learned that they had a fragile beauty which disappeared early; were very hold and impudent; stared at men as you might at a dog, but could defend themselves; finally—they and their race were barbarians, and that was all about it! Yet he gathered that the Americans were not a bad sort of folk on general principles, being all of them rich, all mathematicians, and most of them geniuses in mechanics. A foreigner might not be flattered by this last; but Zefrino was a true Italian, and the sight of a machine—except a steamboat ruining his trade on the Grand Canal—affected him to the tearfulness of the sublime. He took foreigners to the Rialto bridge, sculled them past the old palaces where faint traces of color marked the frescoes that once deluged their *façade* with light, and his good voice made the small canals resound with "Itali! Premi!" as he wound his boat round corners of houses, green, violet, and pale yellow, with ancient finery and the slow beautification of tiresome things that comes with time. He took the foreigners there because they insisted. What he himself would have enjoyed was a visit to Santa Elena, where the old groves and the moldering nunnery have given place to workshops in which grimy gnomes manufacture locomotives.

Zefrino was a fine sight, as, with nervous strokes, unheeding the sarcasms showered about him in the Venetian dialect by his two less fortunate comrades, he swept the lady away from the hotel steps, and putting his hest on the *forcola*, where the sweep swung lightly but

firmly, shot up the Grand Canal. He knew that this was the first time the fair stranger had ever enjoyed the exquisite, quiet, and steady onward rush of a Venetian boat, for he was only too well aware that she had come late the night before on one of the steam launches from the station—malediction on the promoters of the same, native and foreign! His nerves were strung to the utmost. He scented a great adventure in the air; was convinced that something tremendously important to him would occur through his meeting with the signorina, and for one moment (it made him close his eyes) he had a vision of that dainty gloved hand lying on the edge of the *felse* holding his own, and those sweet, fine lips saying: "Zefrino, I am yours forever." But this thought was too awful to entertain longer than a second. Nor would it ever have occurred to him had he not heard a certain dried-up Venetian lady, lecturing her daughter for desiring to know foreigners and go to their parties and *tife o' clogs*, inform her with asperity that American young girls were so abandoned as to marry whom they pleased—yes, marry a gondolier if he struck their fancy! So his fault, if fault there was, must be laid at the door of that ancient dame of the musty old Montepulcianos.

Not a word had the rose-leaf blonde uttered so far. She seemed to be stupefied by the beauty of Venice—or hored beyond making a motion—and when the dark arch of the Rialto was passed and the lovely palaces on the upper stretch brought no sign from his mute face, Zefrino was a little angry. He stopped rowing, leaned forward, and inquired: "Commandi?"

No; that did not work either. The bead in a perfect honnet hent graciously, and one gloved hand was raised with as much ease as Queen Margherita herself might have displayed. Zefrino seized his oars and set to wondering how he could make her say even a word. Perhaps she knew as little Italian as he did English. What was his surprise, then, to hear her call out to stop as they neared a broad hoat full of vegetables and fruit which was being slowly poled along, and in very slowly spoken but not impossible Italian negotiate for some oranges and pomegranates. It was out of all order so to do. Bread and water for a week would have been the portion of a signorina of one of the real old families who dared to do such a thing. But to Zefrino it seemed to afford the touch of human nature which makes a goddess perfect. He, too, loved to look at, smell at, and eat oranges. Was she already aware that he was no common man; that there was a subtle communication between them; that what was in his mind suggested itself to hers? On catching sight of the fruit-boat his mouth had watered, and he had wished for some. Now the gondola was stocked, and now—no; it couldn't be!—the sweet lips uttered "Zefrino," and the little hand held out of the *felse* window a couple of oranges to the gondolier!

He ran forward a few steps and knelt on one knee to receive them, muttering to himself blessings by all the saints, but was too agitated to say much. Such a glance as she gave him—such a mischievous, bewildering glance! as if she saw right through his body and knew that his heart was thumping. The rest of the *giro* through canals, great and little, back to the hotel was as much a dream as that on which his hopes were built. He hardly came to himself until he was lying on his back on the quay, trying to think it all over. Then, with a trembling hand, he searched his pockets and drew forth a tattered, thumbled book, called "L'Albero della Fortuna," or the "Vero Libro dei Sogni." He had been coquetting with his dream hitherto, perhaps selecting merely the good signs out of all of it that he remembered; now it was time to see coolly and in solemn earnest how much was in it.

To begin with, should he regard his dream or the actual occurrences of the day as the basis for the lucky numbers? Both. Could he buy as many numbers as there were lucky signs in the dream and the events just occurred? He rattled in his pocket the substantial fee the white lady had given him, and decided that at least five might be bought. First, the dream of sweet drink that intoxicated him. His finger ran rapidly over the pages down to B—*Battere, Bere—Beranda dolce*—there it was—Nos. 18, 68, and 85. Turning over the leaves, he came to the woodcuts—rude, as if printed in the fourteenth century—and under 18 he found three stars, under 68 a rose and a butterfly, under 85 a hand discharging a lot of coins. Every one had a lucky sign for love or money. So much for the main dream. His first adventure was seeing the foreign lady. Turning the grimy pages to F, he was somewhat bluffed to find no *forestiera* at all. But there was another list—a general index of things and persons—and there stood *forestiera* marked 2. The woodcut of No. 2 shows a man in a cocked hat issuing majestically from an arched door and receiving a dispatch from a lackey. Could anything be more complete? But wait. Donna Bianca is 38, and at 38 a man stands in the middle of a table reciting a poem with a wine-cup in his hand. That was what Zefrino intended to do when he married—somebody. Here they were, then, the magic numbers, and he wrote them down in the pyramid of the calahists with the stub of a pencil upon his oar, thus:

2
18
38
68.85

Then he saw that in all but one case the number 8 appeared, and turning to 8 in the wood-cuts found, as he expected, the figure of a castle. He rolled over and gazed fixedly at the clouds, as he had a thousand times before, but on this occasion the castle was no shifting spectre; it was a firm fact attested by the "Libro dei Sogni," and about to be made real by way of the lottery. The signorina (hless her little gracious head! he would

he very kind to her when it was all settled and he had hought his castle over there in the Friulian Alps) had not half enough of Venice in one *giro*; but, with the prettiest had accent in the world, had ordered Zefrino to await her pleasure that evening just before moonrise, so that she might be taken on to the lagoon opposite the Piazza, near San Giorgio, and see the double effect of the lights on the square and the moon on the wave. True to the instant, as his boat touched the steps, the white lady appeared. Would she have gone had she known what madness was boiling in the young gondolier? As the first hint of the moon tipped the horizon, her voice came quietly, but not to he gainsaid: "Sing, Zefrino!"

The poor hoy was a very nightingale that night, with his breast against the thorn of love. As he continued, it seemed as absurd and hopeless as possible that he should ever win the woman before him; but as to the lottery and the castle, faith in those things never dimmed. Therefore it was that his melancholy became wonderfully mingled with triumph, and that when he could sing no more the lady was interested enough in the singer to ask him something about himself. He was going to tell her all—grandmother, father, mother, sisters, and all—when the dream came to his mind, and it flashed upon him that now—now was the occasion to make utterly sure what numbers he should play in the lottery.

The lady did not understand all he said, but the dream, the way she was mixed up in it, and the deductions he drew by consulting his cabalistic book struck her fancy immensely, and perhaps alarmed her a little to boot. The matter had reached a crisis with Zefrino, that was certain. Should she try to dissuade him, argue him out of a faith quite as deeply fixed as that in which he was born, and refuse to have anything to say about the numbers he should buy? Thinking thus, she wrote down the five numbers he showed her on the oar and gazed at them in the brilliant moonlight. Strange! She was just eighteen, and two of the other numbers were just the ages of the two persons who stood nearest to her in life! It was a shock. Perhaps there was something in it.

"Zefrino, buy 2 and 18 and 38."

As they rowed back, Zefrino was so voluble, so incoherent, so excited that the white lady began to suspect that something else besides moonlight and the lottery had entered the head of the gondolier. Was it coquetry that made her tell him that she would not go out next day, or a vague feeling that he was not all that he looked? Zefrino waited till the last hour of the closing of the *lotto*, and then, rushing frantically into the shop, put all he possessed into tickets for 2, 18, and 38. At cock-crow the day after, he was on the little square upon which hangs the bulletin where the numbers of the lottery are marked as fast as they are drawn in Rome and telegraphed to the other cities. He had neither slept nor eaten, and now alternated between feverish attempts to talk with cooler gamblers and fits of apathy, during which he reviewed the past forty-eight hours as if the days had been dreams and the phantasms of the night the only reality. The white lady smiled on him and offered him a basin full of gold pieces—no, they were oranges. The moon looked down in anger—or was it joy? Finally, late in the afternoon, he glanced up at the bulletin and saw that 38 had drawn a big prize, so large, indeed, that the portion represented by his ticket was to a gondolier a fortune.

The white lady was roused from the delicious reverie in which moonlight in Venice steeped one. Boats came down the canal in a knot, from which rose the twangling guitars, and formed a background for two cries. One was "Zefrino," the other "La donna bianca." That was what Zefrino had called her, and she had been amused theret. But the boats stopped at the hotel, and before the porters could hold them in parley, the revelers had picked Zefrino up and carried him bodily on to the terrace to render thanks to the white lady, who had counseled him so well. For poor Zefrino, when the strain gave way, must needs blab of her to whom he firmly believed his fortune was due. As the excited men rushed up, a tall figure rose in a leisurely way from a chair, and, taking the white lady's arm in his, faced the group with no very amiable countenance.

"Who are these insolent heggars, my dear?"

"Hush," said the white lady, putting her hand over his mouth. "This is my gondolier, Zefrino, whom I advised to buy a certain number in the lottery, and he has won, I see."

"So that is the way they spend their money!"

"Oh, dear, you old goose, will you never stop being such a Briton? They are like children, don't you see?" Zefrino was white and trembling, but he plucked up courage to thank his saint, his liberator, his patroness, his goddess, for having brought him luck and made him a rich man. Then he stopped, and said, timidly:

"And to your *zio*, illustrious white lady, I—"

The white lady burst out laughing and said, in a low tone:

"George, do you hear? He takes you for my uncle."

"Humph! See nothing child-like in that!"

"Zefrino, this gentleman is my husband, and his age is one of the numbers I chose from the five you selected."

"Marito!" cried Zefrino, with a quaver that let all the persons present into a secret he would have done better to bury deep in his breast. One or two began to feel the awkwardness of the whole proceeding, and by a happy diversion caused the whole party to retreat under a volley of thanks and compliments. On the hotel steps Zefrino was like a dazed man.

"After all," he muttered, "he is not so young—he may die." And then in a louder voice, as he put his hand to his head, remembering something: "I know what it comes from—that *gobbo*."

CARUS.

THE SANTA CLARA PASSION PLAY.

By George L. Shoals.

It is a far cry from Oberammergau to Santa Clara, from that remote Bavarian village to the California college town on the suburban fringe of San Francisco, but there is a slender thread of connecting interest. The Passion Play of the Bavarians is generations old; it has been given many times at intervals of ten years and its fame is world-wide. The Passion Play of Santa Clara College is only six years old, but it bids fair to become established as one of the vital traditions of the old Mission seat of learning. It was given as a part of the programme of the Golden Jubilee week of the college in 1901, was repeated in 1903, again this year, and will be given hereafter at intervals of three years. Each repetition of this drama of sacred history stirs a wider circle of interest, and the number of representations demanded by the public on its revival steadily increases. In 1901 there were three presentations of the play, in 1903 there were five, and this year the curtain has risen nine times upon the impressive scenes pictured and peopled by the playwright.

Clay M. Greene, a student of Santa Clara College in 1868, and a dramatist who has proved his skill in numerous plays of general interest, wrote "Nazareth" and dedicated it to the Reverend Robert E. Kenna, S. J., a classmate who had advanced to the head of the institution in the years since the two studied together. Mr. Greene put into his Passion Play not only the ripest fruit of his experience as a dramatist, but as well the evidence of his deep religious feeling and firmly founded faith in the cardinal doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The result is a drama that appeals especially to his fellow-believers, while it offers to the merely casual play-goer something more than a spectacle of true dramatic interest in a setting of vivid charm. In many respects it is a remarkable production. At no time does the great central figure of the tragedy appear to the view of the audience, but the presence is suggested several times and always effectively and with reverence. Male characters only are presented, but there is a wide range of human passion in the motives that actuate the dominating figures. Not merely the convictions that are affected by the birth of a new religion in the midst of a priest-governed people, but such universal springs of action as filial love, fraternal association, ambition, pride, avarice, and the remembrance of benefits bestowed, move the actors in the drama, and there are many situations of tense interest.

The theatre at Santa Clara College is a big, rectangular hall with a wide balcony on three sides. The stage is not large, the proscenium arch having a span of not more than twenty-five feet, and in depth there is even less space between the footlights and the wall at the rear, but the devices of scene-painter and stage-director are made the most of to present the illusions of wide outlook in the open-air pictures and of massive architecture in the throne-room and temple scenes. The narrow limits of the frame expand with the first glimpse of the plains of Judea, and only when the dull red curtains close in at the end of the chapter does the spectator realize that the platform upon which the actors move and the settings are ingeniously arranged is not rimmed by the blue sky in which blazes the Star of Bethlehem.

There was no unseemly crowding forward of ticket-holders at the door of the theatre last Saturday evening, the occasion of the eighth performance of the Passion Play this year. Up the steps at the entrance, lighted by the glare of an electric sign, "Nazareth," swinging above them, the people moved decorously, and then, turning, on up another flight to the auditorium floor, with all the solemnity and hush of a church entrance. Ushers of grave demeanor, though with schoolboy faces, led the arrivals down the aisles and pointed out the seats reserved for them in the rows of benches and chairs. From eight o'clock to nine the audience grew steadily in numbers, till the balcony showed a serried bank of faces and on the lower floor there were few vacancies.

Suddenly, from the gallery at the front, separated from the stage by the length of the hall as well as by a great height, came the first notes of the overture by organ and orchestra, and a few moments later a woman's voice, clear, sweet, and true, sang the prelude to the first scene. At the beginning of the music the stage curtain lifted silently, displaying the red draperies that filled the proscenium opening and bore the inscription, "I N R I." As the last notes died away two heralds appeared from the sides and sounded their trumpets and then the red curtains parted and swung upward and back to the wings. Like a dim picture hung against the wall seemed that night view of the field where the shepherds watched their flocks, in the distance an eminence upreared against the sky, and over the valley, at its base, a steady, glowing star. Soon the crouching shepherds stir and speak, and show their interest in the strange light in the heavens. One quotes the prophecy of the coming Messiah, and then, as if in answer to their questioning and doubts, close beside them appears a brightly shining angelic form, and the true meaning of the star is unfolded. The angel disappears as silently and mysteriously as he has come, and the doubters now speak their belief. The wise men from the East enter and a little later the entire party start for Bethlehem to search out the resting-place of the divine child.

The second scene is in the throne-room of King Herod's palace. Here, to the king is brought the story of the birth of Jesus, and the stirring of the people by the prophecies now being fulfilled. With the monarch are his son, Archelaus, his old friend, Jechonias, and the son of the latter, Athias, friend of the king's heir. Herod decrees the death of all infants, and when the young Athias cries out against the cruelty of such an edict he is first disowned

by his father and then attacked by Archelaus. The struggle ends with the wounding of the king's son and Athias leaves his father and the court to seek out and join the little band that already builds hopes on the birth in Bethlehem.

With the entry of Christ into the city of Jerusalem, thirty years and more later than the events already shown, the drama takes up the history in its third scene. There is a gathering in the council-hall in the palace of Caiaphas, chief of the high priests, and before its balcony, only the spears of the soldiers and the waving palms of the procession showing above its railing, passes the multitude following the Galilean and shouting his praise. A little later, Judas, one of the disciples, is brought in and tempted by the priests to betray the Master, but he rejects the offers made to him.

The Mount of Olives at sunset is the next scene, where ten of the disciples are met and await the coming of Athias, now Matthew and one of the twelve, and prepare to attend the Last Supper. After they have gone their way Judas comes, is met by the high priests, and this time accepts the proffer of thirty pieces of silver. A second view of the same scene shows the disciples returned from the Supper and records the prophecies made at the board.

Next is shown once more the court of the king, where Archelaus, now Herod II, is in power. A letter from Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem, is brought to the king, and in it the case of Jesus, the Nazarene, is referred to him for final disposition. Matthew and his father, the aged Jechonias, now converted to the new faith and reconciled to his son, appear and plead for the Master, and Herod listens to them and agrees not to interfere. But he commands that Jesus be brought before him, and as the light that precedes the sacred presence shines into the throne-room the curtains fall.

The court of Pontius Pilate is next presented, filled with a turbulent throng that demands the execution of the Nazarene. Pilate refuses to accede to its wishes, but when the law is invoked that releases a prisoner on the petition of the people, he gives up Barabbas and permits the carrying out of the sentence of death on the object of the mob's fury, the priests and money-changers urging on the cruel decision.

An open place on the way to Calvary shows the disciples gathered in sorrow and despair. A wall screens the roadway, and soon along its course comes the frenzied multitude accompanying the Master on his way to the crucifixion. Amid the cries of the populace and the brandishing of spears and staves above the wall is seen the cross, borne slowly past the hiding-place of the apostles.

The last scene is the Holy of Holies in the temple of Jerusalem. It is nearly the third hour after the crucifixion, a sudden darkness has fallen on the city and thunder and lightning heighten the terror of the people and the soldiers. Caiaphas appears and orders the arrest of those who have come into the temple for protection. Pilate rushes in, remorseful and terror-stricken, and begs the prayers of the priests for his safety. Then the roar of the elements increases, the temple rocks, and suddenly the front falls, displaying in the distance, outlined against the lightning-illuminated sky, the three crosses on Calvary. The disciples enter, and in their midst Peter raises his hands above the kneeling, abject Pilate, while a stream of pure white light from above rests upon him. As the curtain falls the orchestra and choir begin a "Te Deum" that swells in power and beauty from its sudden opening.

Throughout the play the scenery and settings are notably beautiful, and the costumes of the actors are scrupulously correct. Of the novelty and careful management of the lighting effects it would be difficult to speak in too high terms of praise. They are equal to anything seen on the stages of metropolitan theatres, and add immeasurably to the impressiveness of nearly every scene. The earthquake and storm in the last chapter, and the resultant destruction of the temple, are triumphs in the way of mechanical effects. Until the installation of electric lights became common, such results were unknown, even in the stage-world of ingenious illusions. To the Reverend Richard H. Bell, S. J., is due the credit for this remarkable adjunct.

Among the many actors in the play there are some who should be commended for good work. It is not to be expected that college students would present examples of finished dramatic art, yet at least four of the rôles in the Passion Play could have been made little more effective. James F. Twohy, as Athias, the young publican and afterward Matthew the disciple, was, in bearing and speech, most satisfactory. Upon his shoulders rested easily the burden of sustained interest, and in all of his many difficult situations he never receded from the commanding position assumed in the first scene. James A. Bacigalupi, as Jechonias, the father of Athias, was fully equal to the exacting requirements of the part. His dignity, his loyalty to his king, his love for his son, and his final acceptance of the faith, were skillfully portrayed. John J. Ivancovich, the Judas, played the forbidding rôle with earnestness, care, and discrimination. It would have been easy for him to lower the stature of the tempted man, to weaken the effect by over-acting, but he escaped such faults. Lee J. Murphy, as Pilate, had only two scenes of interest, but his portrait of the weak-willed governor was excellently done.

Under the direction of Mr. G. C. Buchrer the accompanying music was an important auxiliary to the stage pictures and action. A prelude was sung for each scene, sometimes a soprano solo, sometimes solos by bass and tenor with choir accompaniment, but always rendered with true musicianly feeling. The voices in the choir were notably well trained, and the selections from Gounod, Mozart, Barrett, Adam, Faure, Mercadante, Dubois, and Tinel, were not merely appropriate but illustrative of the scenes about to be presented.

As the years go by and the Passion Play gains in power

by the application and practice of those who take part in its scenes, it will become more and more worthy of study. At the present time it falls little short of the highest appreciation of its audiences. Its author performed a great work for the college in his creation, and the institution may well preserve his memory and add to its reputation by painstaking and reverent study of the work.

When the audience, just before midnight, slowly emerged from the theatre, it discovered that the college, the Passion Play, and their friends did not represent all the religious activities of the old Mission town. The fiesta of the Portuguese Espirito Santo Society began that evening, and the streets were illuminated with ropes of electric lights in honor of the event. There had been a procession, escorting the queen of the fiesta to the hall where the exercises were held, and the celebration of the ancient historical anniversary was still in progress. Hundreds of communicants from other cities in the State were present, and the next day was to see the culminating religious ceremonies of the occasion.

"I Wonder What Day."

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what week of the year,
Will it be the midnight or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

What a hideous fancy to come,
As I wait at the foot of the stair,
While Eleanor gives the last touch
To her robes or the rose in her hair!

"Do I like your new dress, pompadour?
And do I like you?"—on my life,
You are 18 and not a day more,
And haven't been six years my wife!

Those two rosy boys upstairs,
In the crib, are not ours! To be sure
You're just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine and snowy and pure!

As the carriage rolls down the dark street,
The little wife laughs and makes cheer;
But I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what week of the year!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

From Rome the cable tells that a German professor has laid before the Italian government a plan for the excavation of the ancient towns of Locri and Crotona in Magna Græcia, says an editorial writer in the New York *Evening Post*. "The former is famous as the place where the first written code of laws, drawn up by Zaleucus, was promulgated." It was this code which provided that the proposer of a new law should stand forth in the public assembly with a rope about his neck, and that, if the law was rejected, the would-be legislator should be strangled. Tradition reports that a popular chief archon of the city, who had introduced a measure dealing with the proper administration of the aqueducts, the baths, the open wrestling place, and other public utilities, was in danger of meeting with the prescribed fate, owing to the machinations of his opponents, who were known as the Sable Horsemen from their undoubted affiliations with Pluto, the king of subterranean ways and means. This astute archon, however, by permitting the plotters to proceed with their schemes to amend the measure out of all recognition, soon placed them in the position of appearing as its virtual authors, over whom in turn the dread fate impended in case of failure. The opposition of the Sable Horsemen thereupon disappeared, and the archon's will was achieved. To this tradition is probably due our common proverb about giving a thief rope enough.

Captain W. Bentley, of Grand Forks, N. D., makes the startling statement that fully one-third of the Hindoos who have thronged to Grand Forks in hundreds are women disguised as men. The Hindoo women wear precisely the same mixture of native, British India, and Occidental garments worn by the men, and both sexes affect the same style of head-gear. Outwardly there is nothing to indicate difference between men and women, according to Captain Bentley. He says the female Hindoos are much better toilers than the men. In most instances the women have sought employment as woodcutters, an occupation with which they are familiar in India. The discovery has been made that the bulk of the Hindoos employed at Fisher's railroad camp on the Kettle Valley lines of the North Fork extension are females. Timekeeper Dunlop recently declared that this gang was doing excellent work, and the fact is accounted for by Captain Bentley on the ground that most of them are women, who are more intelligent, painstaking, and industrious than their consorts.

A concerto, explains the New York *Evening Mail*, is a symphony wherein one instrument is given persistent prominence; in other words, an extended instrumental solo with orchestral accompaniment, often taking three-quarters of an hour to perform. It is the dedication of a single instrument—the highest achievement its player can attain. A concerto is to the pianist, violinist, or cellist what grand opera is to the singer. It is a tone-drama in three acts—energetic, tender, then climactic. There are brief intermissions between these three "movements," and during these pauses the player receives applause like a "star"—bowing and smiling—until again the baton raises, the orchestra starts in, and the performance goes on.

The American forces in Cuba will join the Spaniards in erecting a monument to General Vara De Rey, who was killed in action at El Cancey on July 1, 1898. The general fought stubbornly to maintain a hopeless position and was killed while trying to extricate the remainder of his command.

RAILROAD AND THE "GREAT FOUR"

A Romance of the Central Pacific and the Men Who Made It.

The doings of the "big four" of California—Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, and Charles Crocker—are never likely to receive a more pleasing tribute than that given to them by Sarah Pratt Carr, in "The Iron Way." After all, history is best taught in fiction. In no other way can it so powerfully lay hold of the imagination or impress itself upon the memory. "The Iron Way" is a faithful picture of the true birth of California and of the vast constructive and transportation work that actually made it one of the States of the Union. But there is no ostentatious display of history. This is not a "book with a purpose." It is a frank and an altogether charming bit of fiction, based upon actual historical deeds and upon the men that wrought them. Alfred Vincent is the hero and Stella Anthony is the heroine. He is a young Easterner eager to enter the service of the Central Pacific Railroad, and she is the daughter of a station agent somewhere on the stage route "up a western rampart of the Rocky Mountains." Alfred's introduction to Stella is preceded by one of those gruesome adventures familiar enough to pioneer life:

The mile was semi-perpendicular, and brought them alongside a brawling stream, willow hung, with splashing trout in the still pools, and wild ducks skimming a large pond at the edge of a small mesa. After welcome draughts for man and mule they veered away to another climb. The gorgeous evening pageant was nearly over when the team swung around a sharp, rocky point, and one of the leaders shied far out in the road. The driver brought them about to a quick standstill, facing back.

"There's fresh blood ahead. That Cooley mule can smell it a mile; it's the only thing he shies at. Hold these ribbons, young felleh, while I prospect a little."

He came back presently, his weather-beaten face sobered and stern. "Wake up in there. Them Injuns has blocked the road again."

Phineas, suddenly disturbed from his long and noisy nap, climbed out with poor grace. "The old man has no business to send passengers overland without escort. It's an outrage. It isn't my business to clear the road."

"Here, come up here and hold the team. I'll help the driver," Alfred called.

"No. I can't trust my team with him. He don't—"

Uncle Billy interrupted.

But authority rang in Alfred's tone. The change had been made, and he was already stalking after the driver.

Around the point the sight he suddenly came upon made him reel—turn sick and white.

"I knew it would be too much for you, boy; but, now you're hyah, get to work. We haven't a minute to lose."

The road here was a narrow rock cut. Two white men lay across it, one scalped, the other with his throat gaping horribly, and more than a dozen arrows buried in his flesh. Beyond, the ruins of an emigrant wagon blazed lazily.

"We can't stop for anything but to clear the road. These tracks come from Anthony's, and they're fresh and a heap of 'em. The arrows are nearly all different; that means a lot of tribes." He spoke in low, tense tones while, as fast as possible, he threw the burning debris—wheels, bent iron, charred wood—over the lower side of the cut.

Alfred said nothing, but joined in the labor with a quick skill that made Uncle Billy revoke his opinion of the small hands. Alfred's back was turned, yet he could feel—see—the gruesome spectacle behind. What could be done? How should they be disposed of?—but there was no time for question.

"Can you beah a hand hyah, Vincent, and quick?"

He turned. The driver had already lifted the shoulders of one; Alfred took the feat.

"Right fo'ward hyah, round the point."

"You—you aren't going to—to leave—"

"Yes, we'll have to, if we don't want to look the same way mighty soon."

"Can't we put them in the stage? It's awful to leave them."

"It may be worse to take them; and I'm afraid we'll need the stage for the living if—if we get through."

Alfred said no more, and Uncle Billy warned to him as he saw the clear-cut jaw set, and a steely light creep into the dark violet eyes.

"He's game," Uncle Billy whispered to himself.

Alfred had brought a letter of recommendation from Mr. Huntington, and he presented it to Governor Stanford, who was then in the thick of the great fight for the transcontinental road and confronted with the opposition and the intrigue which have become historic:

Alfred studied Governor Stanford's face keenly while the latter re-read Mr. Huntington's letter. It said in part: "For three years I have closely observed this young man, and found him, I believe, peculiarly adapted to business of a delicate nature, for which we shall have growing need. He is older than he looks, and wiser than his age. His character does not altogether show in his face, and few would suspect such a slender youth of his capacity for the affairs you may require of him."

Alfred was gratified at what he saw in the governor's eyes as he looked up from the letter.

"Young man, because of Mr. Huntington's strong letter we're going to trust you beyond your years. It will be a varied and difficult task. Do you think you will be equal to it?"

Alfred waited a little before replying. The interview had been searching—the more trying since a third, the general superintendent, was present. But Alfred had received as well as given pledges of fidelity; for the two men had of necessity disclosed the incredible straits their company had survived, the tremendous obstacles yet to be surmounted before the transmontane road could become a fact.

"All that I can do, sir, is to promise my best effort and ask you to try me."

"Can you take hectoring good-naturedly?" asked Mr.

Crocker. "You can't go far on such a shape as you have, out West here; there's too much Harvard College and ballroom in it."

The governor spoke at once. "I believe Vincent will safely weather remarks concerning his shape; he'll be in cities most of the time anyway. Have you good health?" he continued, addressing Alfred. "You look a little—"

"I can endure as much as the ordinary man," Alfred returned, as the governor hesitated. "Though I appear delicate, I am well; and I rely greatly on that appearance. Don't you think, sir, the more weakly and—green, you say, don't you?—the more green I look, the less men will suspect me of secret business?"

"Yes," the governor said, musingly, pausing a moment before continuing. "It's not nice work we're putting you to, Vincent. You'll have to meet craft with craft, scheme with scheme. And some of Cadwallader's schemes—they're the schemes of the men behind him, yet they don't sweeten in his hands—are far from savory. But we'll not ask you to do anything for us that's less than honest."

"That's only safe, sir. You'd hardly trust me if I accepted any other terms."

Vincent takes hold of his duties and performs them with marked success. He makes himself familiar with every department of the vast construction work in progress and with the diplomacy, political and other, which was called upon to overcome interested opposition, a great part of which is, as the governor said, "far from savory." And Vincent keeps in touch with Stella, with whom he has been very heartily in love ever since he first met her at the lonely station-house when the murder of her father by Indians had left her well-nigh friendless. Incident follows incident with startling rapidity, and we have a recreation of the stirring days when California was newborn and the great railway was the sustaining artery of her life. Here, for instance, is the story of a race against time of the coach driven by the same driver to whom we were first introduced:

Today no luxurious passenger, speeding fast asleep through forty miles of snowsheds, may know the magnificence of that vision, the splendor of that morning flight down the zigzagging steeps. A mile and a half as the crow flies, and but three miles over the crooked wagon road, to the beautiful blue lake that mirrors alike heaven and tragedy. The way was too steep and tortuous for speed; yet the horses kept their steady gallop, the coach pressing hard upon them; and now and again the wheels upon one side or the other whirled high in air as they swung around some sharp point or into a clashing gorge.

The roar and rattle of the stage could be heard from crest to lake. Forewarned by every section man, the heavy teams were on the turnouts waiting. And as the mail coach rushed by, each lonely teamster took up the cheer wafted from his fellows behind, and sent it gaily on to the next.

Uncle Billy spoke no more. His arms were straight, his strong, pliant fingers guiding, steady, now checking, now urging the speeding coursers. He was holding on his slightest motion the fate of his passengers, Stella's dear life. His foot moved on the brake only to press it the harder against the screeching wheels.

"Hold on to Miss Anthony, Montague," he commanded, suddenly.

Stella looked—turned cold and faint. Ahead of them were two men in a light buggy. Heedless of warning they had tried to make one more turnout. Now they were caught on the narrow grade.

It was impossible to stop. To go on meant—

There was no time for nice reasoning. Uncle Billy's the right of way; theirs the transgression; they must pay.

He swung his team cruelly close to the perpendicular inner wall, his hubs and whiffletrees grinding the rock alarmingly. But of no avail. The frail vehicle was caught, tossed like an eggshell, and men and beasts went crashing down into the dark abyss.

One more incident of these stirring days must suffice, and there are many such incidents that fall naturally and unsought after into the narrative:

The grading was finished. Engineers, their occupation gone, had already started for new barrens to measure. Bridge-builders followed. Men of the pick-axe and shovel, drillers, strikers, teamsters, Chinese, cooks, scullions, camp movers—a long procession faced westwards toward "California, God's country." The most of these were honest, law-abiding men. Yet among them were some criminals, the scum of this sturdy human stream; and into the towns by the way, as flotsam caught by eddies, this element settled, to inoculate with the germs of activity whatever of criminality might be lying dormant.

Hotel patrons had eaten and gone. Bill Bernard was out on an errand, and the house was deserted save for the cook and the scullion, and the two women at their late breakfast. The sun had not yet thawed the frost of the night when a shot rang out from Sally B.'s barroom.

She caught her pistol from some near nook and rushed out, Esther flying after her.

"Go back, child," Sally B. said sternly, from the doorway.

"Not unless you go," Esther returned, in a voice as firm.

"Foller still, then," the other whispered, seeing opposition useless, and they entered the barroom noiselessly.

A man with beetling eyebrows and fierce, resentful eyes stood with his back to them, holding a big revolver somewhat unsteadily over Shack Newbigin, whose hands were high in air. The intruder's clothes were soiled, his boots dusty and cut from much walking over rock. Notwithstanding his vicious, threatening attitude, his body drooped as from intense fatigue.

He did not hear the women, and his savage, low-spoken command showed him dangerously sure of himself.

"Give me ten dollars out of that till. Do it quick, and keep still. And don't try shooting next time when a man asks you for money; you might get your wooden overcoat sooner'n you like. Hurry up, there."

"Drop that gun, pardner," Sally B. said, quietly.

She had waited barely a breath on the threshold, yet Esther had smelled burned powder, seen Shack's pistol on the floor, his dishevelled hair, and the bullet hole in the

marauder's hat. Shack had had the first shot. How had the other mastered the situation?

The man wheeled, with blazing eyes, to meet Sally B.'s pistol-barrel almost at his head. His own weapon, unconsciously lowered, left him helpless, though he made a slight motion as if to lift it.

"Drop it, I say. Let go." Her revolver touched his temple, and her black eyes blazed a message that compelled obedience.

He returned her look for an instant, lowered his eyes sullenly, glanced covertly about, and, stooping, laid the pistol on the floor.

"Now, git into that cheer."

It is no unfair disclosure to say that Vincent marries Stella. Of course he does, being a young man of discernment and Stella a delight to eye and mind. There are no psychological problems in this story. Amid tense human activities there is no room for such problems, which grow only from the soil of human idleness and luxury. It is fresh, natural, breezy from start to finish, a book to read and a book to remember.

"The Iron Way," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

Lahore, India, the centre of a disturbance which a few days ago threatened, as some thought, to ripen into another great rebellion against British rule, is now quiet. With only one white man to a thousand natives, the British authorities in India are able to quell an insurrection in less time than it takes American authorities to put down the disorder incident to a labor strike, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. And the loss of life and property in one of our strikes is usually greater than in an Indian insurrection. The difference is that Britishers in India never toy or palter with mobs. The natives know that there Authority does not bear the sword in vain, and that the police and soldiers never fire blank cartridges or shoot over the heads of a mob. In our cities, on the contrary, the authorities and police are more anxious to curry favor with the lawbreakers than to enforce the law.

Charles M. Schwab has tired of his \$3,500,000 castle, which covers the entire block on Riverside drive, between Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets, in New York, and is willing to sell the structure at a sacrifice. The property has been put in the hands of brokers, and while no definite price has been set, it is understood that it can be purchased for a million less than it cost. Before the house had been completed it began to wear on the owner's nerves, strikes and disputes about building expenses causing annoyance and delay. The land on which the house stands cost the steel magnate \$800,000, the building of steel, marble, and stone cost \$1,000,000, the outlay for the interior work totaled \$1,500,000, and the furnishings cost an additional \$200,000.

When dueling was an actual factor in the social order of this country it had many worthy and notable exponents, including no less distinguished personages than Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Stephen Decatur, and others of the same type; but nowhere on this continent was it so much an established institution as in that peculiarly romantic old city of New Orleans. It was woven into the very fabric of the life of the community, and many a crumbling tombstone in the antiquated Creole cemeteries bears grim and silent witness to the fact, though to understand the situation more clearly one should breathe, so to speak, the atmosphere of the period.

After the first of July no special delivery stamp will be required to expedite a letter through the postoffice. Ten cents worth of postage stamps of any denomination will make the letter "special." It is to be hoped that when the ruling goes into effect the department will take some pains to redeem its implied promise, says the San Francisco Chronicle. As managed at present, the payment of ten cents scarcely secures as rapid delivery as the ordinary letter enjoys in many foreign countries.

The historic plains of Abraham will be dedicated as a national park at the celebration next year of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, provided those most prominent in the commemoration are able to have their way. At present the plains are marred by a rifle factory, and instead of listening to the demand that they remove to another site, the owners of the plant demand more room.

The one and two-cent postage stamps, specially issued to commemorate the Jamestown exposition, are now seen often in the mails. They are a trifle larger in size than the ordinary postage stamps, the one-cent being printed in green and the two-cent in red. The first bears a portrait of the famous Captain John Smith, and the second a picture of the founding of Jamestown in 1607.

The direct male succession to the throne of Spain was assured on May 10 by the birth of a son in the royal palace at Madrid. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria were married May 31, 1906, and the king reached the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday a week after his son was born.

G. G. Guthrey, of Wynnewood, Ok., is a candidate for the Democratic senatorial nomination from his district. Guthrey says: "I have been everything from a cropper in Arkansas to mayor of Wynnewood. You can run that up or down, just as you like."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ernest Thompson Seton has started northeasterly from Edmonton for a 1000-mile canoe trip in Canada, with the barren lands beyond Great Stone Lake as his destination. He has a companion and the trip will take six months.

Professor John Adams, who holds the chair of education in the University of London, and Dr. J. M. E. McTaggart, lecturer in moral science, Trinity College, Cambridge, will take part in the work of the summer school of the University of California, which opens June 24.

The man who next to Booker Washington is looked upon as the leader of the negroes north and south is George H. White, a former congressman, now practicing law in Philadelphia. He has begun a campaign in New York for the religious and social betterment of his race.

King Frederick of Denmark is a giant in stature, while his consort is the tallest royal woman in Europe. She is also the richest, having inherited a great deal of property from her father, the late King Charles of Sweden, besides the immense fortune of her mother, who was one of the richest heiresses of the nineteenth century. Her majesty is deeply religious.

Among the attachés who will accompany the United States delegation to the second peace conference at The Hague is Miss Margaret A. Hanna, who is private secretary to Mr. Adee, the second assistant secretary of state. She is said to be the first woman who was ever honored with such a position. Miss Hanna has an intimate knowledge of international law, precedent, and policy.

Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, has accepted an invitation to visit Vicksburg, Miss., at an early date and deliver an address at the unveiling on the battle-field there of a monument to the Minnesota soldiers who participated in that bloody siege. If his official duties at St. Paul will permit him to extend the trip several days he may visit other parts of the south and make some speeches.

Emperor William has conferred the crown order of the second class on Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, professor of Christian morals at Harvard University, who was selected by the University of Berlin as the first professor from Harvard in the international exchange of professors which began in 1905. The professor returned to the United States early last year after delivering his course of lectures.

Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Nebraska, formerly of Stanford University, has been elected a member of the Institute Internationale de Sociologie. The meetings of this learned body are held triennially and its membership is restricted to 100. As a matter of fact, the actual membership has never exceeded about seventy. Only six or seven of the foremost sociologists of the United States have enjoyed the honor.

Although Don Enrique De Creel, Mexican ambassador to this country, has an enormous fortune, his wife also having an income of about \$5,000,000 a year, they live simply with their children, Mme. De Creel disdaining everything that savors of display. Early in his married life Señor De Creel gave his bride titles to some mining claims which since have turned out to be fabulously rich. Already they have yielded \$200,000,000 worth of ore.

Governor Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia, will have the busiest summer of any of the State executives. He will be expected to officiate at practically all of the ceremonies at the Jamestown exposition. Mrs. Swanson, like her husband, is also kept very busy, her duties as hostess at the governor's mansion in Richmond and the Virginia building at the fair, consuming practically the whole of her time.

Count Raben-Levetzau, the foreign minister of Denmark, who is now in London, said he was taking advantage of a pleasure trip to see some of the British officials and assure them that there was no foundation for the recent report that Denmark had entered into an agreement with Germany to close the Baltic in case of war. He even went further, and said Denmark would not make any agreement in any way unfriendly to Great Britain. Count Raben-Levetzau is making arrangements for the King and Queen of Denmark to visit England. They will arrive in London on June

8, crossing from Flushing in one of the British royal yachts.

James Rudolph Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, was standing by the side of his father in the Pennsylvania railroad station in Washington on that fateful day in July, 1881, when the assassin's bullet for the second time dealt death to a President of the United States. The secretary was then only 17 years old—just the age when the average mind is most susceptible to impressions. Close friends say that the horror of that hideous tragedy has never fully left Mr. Garfield's mind, and some of them believe that its effects account for the half-sad expression that always lingers in his face, even when he smiles or laughs.

RECENT VERSE.

Gipsy Song.

Under me the grass,
Over me the sky,
I can sleep and dream until
The night goes by;
Till the shadows pass,
Till the stars depart.
Let a roving gipsy fill
His hungry heart!

Voices in the vines,
Visions in the vales,
It is mine to know them all
Along green trails;
When the morning shines
Like a rose above,
Let me hear the gipsy call
Of birds I love!

Murmur of the stream,
Whisper of the tree,
I can understand the song
They sing to me;
Mine the blissful dream,
Builid of delight,
Let the gipsy's day be long,
And brief his night!
—Frank Dempster Sherman,
in *Munsey's Magazine*.

The Hill.

I am home-sick for a hill,
For a barren hill and bare.
I have dreamed of it through days
Of the blinding city glare,
When my tired-lidded eyes
Ached for something far to see,
I have dreamed of how it stood,
And how cool its shade must be.

Now I know the north winds come,
Meet the winds from out the west,
And upon its barren slope
In gigantic battle wrest.
From the city let me go
On its heathered face to lie,
That the winds may sweep my soul
Clear as they have swept the sky.
—Lucy Cappinger,
in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Thief.

Over the fields when skies are blue
His voice upcalls dead hours anew;
Gay music he brings from woods remote,
For he's stolen a song from the thrush's throat.

When day's end and the twilight's gloom
Slip glamor over hush and bloom,
Through the fragrant peace his notes come still—
The dusk-dreams of the whippoorwill.

And romance follows in his wake
When sweet and low ere day doth break;
The wind comes through the valley dark
With stolen gladness of the lark.
—Andrew Shaughnessy,
in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

A Day in the Open.

Ho, a day
Whereon we may up and away
With a fetterless wind that is out on the downs,
And there piping a call to the fallow and shore,
Where the sea evermore
Surgeeth over the gray reef, and drowns
The fierce rocks with white foam;
It is ours with untired feet to roam
Where the pines in green gloom of wide vales
make their murmuring home,
Or the pools that the sunlight hath kissed
Mirror back a blue sky that is winnowed of cloud
and of mist!

Ho, a day
Whereon we may up and away
Through the orient distances hazy and pied,
Hand in hand with the gipsying breezes that blow
Here and there, to and fro,
O'er the meadows all rosy and wide,
Where a lyric of flowers
Is sweet sung to the frolicking hours,
And the merry buds letter the footsteps of tip-
toeing showers;
We may climb where the steep is beset
With a turbulent waterfall, loving to clamor and
fret!

Ho, a day
Whereon we may up and away
To the year that is holding her cup of wild wine;
If we drink we shall be as the gods of the world
In the blithe days of old,
Elate with a laughter divine;
Yea, and then we shall know
The rare magic of solitude so
We shall nevermore wish its delight and its
dreams to forego,
And our blood will upstir and upleap
With a fellowship splendid, a gladness impassioned and deep!

—L. M. Montgomery,
in *The Outlook*.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

What is an immoral novel? It has been denounced so often as to stimulate a vague curiosity as to its meaning. The uninitiated might suppose the immoral novel to be the one whose tendencies conflict in some way with the established canons of morality, but those who use the term most familiarly seem to attach to it a much more narrow and restricted definition. We have plenty of novels in which murder and bloodshed run riot, but they are not described as immoral. There are others—many others nowadays—in which high finance gathers in its victims by the thousand, and the substance of widows and orphans is ruthlessly devoured by those who sit in high places. But no one calls them immoral. There are novels that depict an almost incredible cruelty and baseness, that even glorify them, but no one calls them immoral. The term immoral, as applied to a novel, means one thing and one thing only, and that one thing is by no means the greatest of human errors. No novel is "immoral" unless it touch illicitly upon sex, and there can hardly be a touch so light as to escape the ban. It is time now that we ceased to be mesmerized by a tradition so narrow. By all means let us eschew immorality—in novels, in paintings, in music, even in our own lives—but let us eschew it in bulk and not only in selected detail. A good novel is a work of art, and the canon of true art is that it shall point the way upward and onward, and not downward and backward. It may show the shadow, but it must also show the light beyond. It must prove the power to grow, it must give the hope of progress, and this is the immortality in human nature. When for ourselves we establish such censorship as this there will be few immoral novels, whether sexual, financial, or social.

Shakespeare, by Walter Raleigh. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

It is strange that the English Men of Letters series should have waited so long for the Shakespeare volume that has now appeared. A too long anticipation gives to criticism an edge and a point, and to that extent Mr. Raleigh is unfortunate in the place assigned to him. But he is also unfortunate in his handling of a subject that should at least have called for a perfection of arrangement and a workshop finish, and both of these essentials are sometimes uncomfortably lacking. The chapter on "Story and Character," for example, is woefully overcrowded, containing as it does the argument on all but three of the plays. The biographical chapter, too, is overweighted with guesses and underweighted with facts. Shakespeare may have been descended from King Alfred, but as we can hardly believe that such a fact is answerable for the skill with which he handles the characters of aristocratic ladies, we must confess an indifference as to the reality of the royal link in the chain. There are similar superfluities in many places, and they mar the effect of Professor Raleigh's obvious scholarship, his immense knowledge of his subject, and the enthusiasm with which he approaches it. In his generalizations he seems peculiarly liable to slipshod expressions. What, for instance, does he mean when he says "there is no moral lesson to be read, except accidentally, in any of Shakespeare's tragedies. They deal with greater things than man; with powers and passions, elemental forces," etc. We can only wonder what Professor Raleigh means by a moral lesson. Does he mean to confine morality to the Thirty-nine Articles or the Westminster Confession? If the book were less brilliant, such obscurities would be unnoticed. In spite of them it remains a masterly essay and one that no Shakespeare lover can afford to be without.

Chinese Life and Customs and Chinese Thought, by Paul Carus, illustrated by Chinese artists. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

These books will commend themselves to students of Oriental life and literature, and will go far to explain why the yellow races object to be swallowed up by the white and refuse even to admit their inferiority. Acquainted with Chinese thought such as these books impart, goes far to increase our sense of its importance and dignity, and the

author is to be commended on the completeness and the erudition with which he has handled an obscure subject.

Race Prejudice, by Jean Finot. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$3.

The aim of the author is frankly humanitarian and reconciliatory. He wishes that human dignity and fraternity shall triumph over the barriers between the races that have been erected by science—anthropology and psychology—as much as by unreasoning antipathies and prejudices. Science, he says, tries to set races in opposition to each other by examining the shapes of skulls and noses, and therefrom arguing in the direction of a natural and proper antagonism. The conception of race destiny, that was once innocent, has now cast a veil of tragedy over the earth.

In support of his contention the author gives us a mass of argument founded upon well-presented data, anthropological and ethnological. The value of this must be the subject of exact study and determination, but the author has no doubt that it points irresistibly to the conclusion that there are no barriers between race and race except those of opportunity; that there are no inferior or superior races, but only races and peoples living outside or within the influence of culture. As the differences among men are thus only individual, there will be no more room for racial hatreds and we shall have a solidarity and a true equality founded on a rational sentiment of human dignity.

Mother, by Maxim Gorky. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

In spite of its unquestionable power, this book will not be received with interest in America. It is a brutal picture of debased Russian life, and every literary artifice is used to display it in its most repulsive light. No one will question that it is a true picture of a bestiality that actually exists in the dark places of Russian life, but we are content to get our knowledge of these things in a more general way, and so to be spared the detailed horror and the stench of it all. Gorky is, of course, a special pleader, and characters and incidents are adroitly selected to serve a revolutionary aim. "Mother" was written by the revolutionist and not by the literary artist. It deals with one section of life only in a vast empire, and we know that there are other and greater sections of that empire where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth are not always the order of the day.

The Lords of the Ghostland, by Edgar Saltus. Published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York; \$1.25.

A useful book for those who desire a cursory knowledge of the gods of antiquity—Brahma, Ormuzd, Amon-Râ, Bel Marduk, Jehovah, Zeus, and Jupiter. But the treatment is too brief to admit the result of modern scholarship, while its tone conveys a suggestion of flippancy.

The Stolen Throne, by Herbert Kaufman and May Isabel Fisk. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A capital story of a mythical kingdom in Europe and how a beautiful princess came to her own through the gallant daring of a young American.

With the Tourist Tide, by Arthur B. Cooke. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

Descriptions of European travel have been woefully overdone, but there are no dull pages in this book, and it may be usefully taken over the ground as guide, philosopher, and friend.

The Tree of Heaven, by Robert W. Chambers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a collection of short stories that were originally unconnected, but that the author has cemented together by a preliminary story, but the cement is rather faulty. Some of these sketches are in Mr. Chambers's best style, but the attempt to give them homogeneity somehow suggests the book was prepared in a hurry.

German Ideals of Today, by Kuno Francke. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a collection of papers, of which the greater number have already appeared

in magazines. The author writes as an American, although with all due loyalty to his native land. His tone is that of critical optimism, and his work is a notable aid to the comprehension of the German national mind.

The Anthology of French Piano Music. Published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston; 2 vols., \$1.50 each.

Although the genius of art knows no favorites among the nations, it is undeniably true that the various branches of art have their special national soils. England, for example, has never produced a preëminently great composer, and while France is a musical nation, the same general statement is applicable to her. The two volumes that have now been issued under the editorship of Isidor Philipp are a notable collection of French composers, and, if there are none among them that occupy quite the same attitude as the great German masters, the value of their work is very great and their influence a noteworthy one. Over fifty of these composers are represented and the competent biographical notes are a useful feature.

New Publications.

"The Lovers' Club," by Philetus Brown. Published by the Old Greek Press, Chicago.

"At the Actors' Boarding-house, and Other Stories," by Helen Green. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"Strange Stories of 1812," by W. J. Henderson, S. G. W. Benjamin, Francis Sterne Palmer, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers; 60 cents.

"Strange Stories of Colonial Days," by Francis Sterne Palmer, Hezekiah Butterworth, Francis S. Drake, G. T. Ferris, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; 60 cents.

"Strange Stories of the Civil War," by W. J. Henderson, Robert Shackleton, John Habberton, Captain Howard Patterson, L. E. Chittenden, General G. A. Forsythe, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; 60 cents.

"Strange Stories of the Revolution," by Molly Elliott Seawell, Howard Pyle, Winthrop Packard, Percival Ridsdale, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; 60 cents.

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OTIS SKINNER IN "THE DUEL."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Henri Lavédan's powerful drama, "The Duel," has been translated by Louis Parker with too deep a sense of appreciation and respect for this remarkable play in its original form to weaken it by foolish concessions to American standards. The play as it stands is much as it was when seen in Paris, and is just so much more vital and interesting to the theatre-goer who desires to keep in touch with continental ideals. The study of a struggle between spiritual and materialistic forces for the possession of a woman's fighting soul—this is a spectacle that we are not likely to meet in the American drama in its present condition.

The Anglo-Saxon is singularly shy of invoking the shadow of religion—for shadow it is to the average American—into the domain of the drama. To the Latin, familiarized to the idea of priestly counsel influencing the currents of his domestic life, it is much more a matter of course. But it has remained for Henri Lavédan to show in dramatic form the forces of religion aligned against the pagan exactions of the flesh, in a conflict in which the gage is openly thrown down by layman to cleric. The battle is fought by two strong men, and the woman, "striking sorrowful, and beautiful," may, in contrast, seem weak to those who, unaccustomed to invoking spiritual counsel during the hour of the soul's temptation, might deem her of feeble spirit, since she deeply distrusts her ability to resist the tempter, love, unbacked by ghostly counsel. She is not wholly so, but her thwarted, frustrated womanhood secretly leaps to recognize and welcome the passion of a strong, dominating nature that is made for victory, and is the most irresistible force that she is called upon to face and fight.

Women of introspective tendencies, who are accustomed to the luxury of freeing the soul of its spiritual disquietudes by unpacking it upon some trusty bosom counselor, are not wont to choose rigorous confessors. The Bishop Bolène—impersonated by E. M. Holland with a skill and a finish that made the character of the venerable, calm, wise, benignant churchman wholly reconcilable with the marked and almost unescapable individuality of the player—turns upon the self-accusing woman the mirror of kindly truth, and intimates to her that she is dramatizing her emotions. To some extent the reproach is deserved, but this type of high-minded, emotional, devotional woman, so admired by the French, has also its charm to our more practical ideals, and compels admiration and sympathy.

The Abbé Daniel, the young priest who is her confessor, is the brother of Dr. Morey, the physician of the Duke de Chailles, a degenerate wreck whose uselessly prolonged life casts a shadow and blight upon that of his duchess. Dr. Morey represents a type of modern France. Strong, keen, intellectual, arrogant, a hater of priests, a believer in man's right to happiness, "which," as he tells the duchess, "is love," he is a powerful obstacle to the obtaining of that heavenly paradise the woman hopes eventually to win.

But there, on the other hand, is the militant priest, who puts the weapon of spiritual renunciation into her hand, and fires her soul with the white-hot ardor of his own moral force. It is the representation of this character that falls to Otis Skinner's share, and superbly does he meet the issue. It is not until one has carried away the impression left by the impersonation that it is possible to realize how completely the actor is one with the part. He is all priest, equally in repose or the glow of the passion of horror, anger, and agonizing self-suspicion which closes the second act. This is the moment of culmination in the conflict, in which the antagonists fight with two-edged swords. Conflict is the dramatic life, and here the acting of Otis Skinner and Walter Hitchcock shows the pulse at its most rapid beat. Art and mimicry for the time are not thought of.

Mr. Skinner is not wholly naturalistic in his methods. There is often a touch of artificiality to his style, but in this scene of flaming defiance, of spiritual revolt, the quivering voice, the blazing eyes, the sweeping gestures, seem to be the inspired expression of a haughtily pure soul, outraged by sudden contact with worldly pollution.

One of the apparently minor points in the impersonation is the admirable complete-

ness with which, during all of the priest's interviews with the woman, there is kept in the foreground a perception of the purely priestly relation which he bears toward his penitent. It is almost as visible as the cassock he wears; a garment which, no doubt, assists in the conveying of the idea, which, nevertheless, owes its success to some subjective art on the part of the actor.

The agonies of a sensitively self-reproachful soul, which bares itself in abasement before the judicial kindness of the young priest's ecclesiastical superior, are indicated in later scenes by acting which, although less passionate in expression, carries the same stamp of vital sincerity. Walter Hitchcock has almost as taxing a rôle as Mr. Skinner, and is an able associate in the development of a dramatic conflict in which a weak player would inevitably go to the wall. If there is an element of hardness and fierceness in Dr. Morey's wooing of the duchess, due, perhaps, to some quality of temperament on the player's part which antagonizes sympathy, this very quality causes the lover to seem, in the moment of conflict, all the more able, resolved, and relentless an aggressor upon the spiritual territory of the priest.

Keith Wakeman has several qualities which adapt her to the rôle of the duchess. She is a woman of dignity and presence, and seems thoughtfully appreciative of the psychological subtleties which differentiate the conflict in "The Duel" from the more stereotyped situations in which dramatic heroines customarily figure. Miss Wakeman, besides, is a skilled actress, amply equipped with the technique necessary to the polished expression of her art. She plays the duchess in a subdued key; and rightly, for there is no joy for this woman to express. Her life is renunciation, and tyrant conscience fights for the mastery during the few brief avowals of her love. If the actress could blend with this artistic restraint some indication of the intensity of emotion and feeling which would sway a woman of Gallic blood, one who was a true daughter of the church, long starved of love, yet barred by her religious convictions from accepting the gift which her heart passionately impels her to grasp, there would be a greater sense of relief and sympathy in the dénouement.

The final solution is complete. All problems are solved by a timely stroke, which has not at all the air of being the mere invention of the dramatist. But, as so often happens in plays of this class, the author begs the question, and we leave the theatre ignorant as to whether the heart or the conscience of the duchess would have finally triumphed if fate had not intervened.

Nat Goodwin always has the spirits of a schoolboy, and it is as easy as ever for him to make people laugh, whether he acts or not. Which is perhaps the reason that he is appearing in such cheerfully shameless trash as "The Genius." Farcically the piece has its points, but I doubt if it would carry without Goodwin or some one equally amusing. The general performance becomes dull when he leaves the stage, but the chorus of hilarity breaks out the instant he reënters. Fortunately, he is on the stage a good part of the time.

With his usual intrepidity, the comedian has himself thrown out in contrast against a bud and a beauty; for Edna Goodrich, although rather limp and lackadaisical as an actress, is a beauty of the first water. She is of the "You must wake and call me early" type, and is suggestive of roses in springtime. She is, relatively, contemporary with an opening rosebud—she looks as fresh as roses newly washed in dew, and is as pretty as a red, red rose. She has velvety brown eyes, rich dark hair, a creamy skin, a delicately moulded figure, and an unconsciously conscious air of possessing these various perfections which shows that she has not yet mastered the accomplishment, so common among pretty girls, of appearing sweetly unaware of the admiration that ascends like incense in her daily pathway.

To her, as Nell Graham, the model, Jack Spencer makes love à la Goodwin. Which means that just as he has sunk his voice to a deep, manly note, and everybody is being worked into a sentimentally receptive condition, the comedian punctures the bubble. Never does his public love him so well as when he breaks in upon these moments of stagy solemnity with an explosion of irrepressible American irrever-

ence. Never does it fail him in its instant appreciation, which is perhaps because, in return, he never fails his audience. Age can not wither nor custom stale the perennial freshness of his humor, nor the in-born hilarity which bubbles up from his inner consciousness during these psychological moments of arrested and diverted sentimentality.

"The Genius" is devoted to burlesquing the banalities of false art enthusiasms, and recalls the yearning aesthetes of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." Not in merit, be it parenthesized, but in motive. The company is uninteresting as a whole, and the three artists whose works are appropriated by "the genius" could never for a moment rival even the stage semblances of Du Maurier's trio from "Tribly." Messrs. Lonsdale and Livingston, however, each gave quite a neat sketch of an enthusiast squirming in the throes of an art "yearn," and better players were not missed in the sum total of rôles of such an exceedingly light calibre.

Foyer and Box-Office Chat.

Nat C. Goodwin is giving a round of his favorite rôles this week, the second and last of his engagement at the Novelty Theatre. This may be the last opportunity to see the comedian for a long time, as it is asserted that he will retire from the stage permanently with the close of his season, his final appearances being named for Goldfield, the place he has selected as his home after retirement. The public hopes for a reconsideration. It would much prefer to have him say, "Farewell, forever—or not exactly forever, but till next season," as the burlesque has it. There are not many comedians now, and none of Mr. Goodwin's stature in art.

Viola Allen will play the rôle next week at the Van Ness Theatre from which she was named—that of Viola in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Miss Allen comes of a family long and honorably connected with dramatic art, and her own career has won for her the admiration and esteem of playgoers everywhere. When a very young girl she was leading lady for John McCullough, and the most thrilling yet saddest memory of the stage to those who recall it is her experience as Virginia in the tragedian's *Virginian* in that last, broken week at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. Miss Allen's predilection for classic rôles is warranted. They are suited to her, and in them she has won her greatest triumphs. She brings a good supporting company, among the members being William K. Harcourt, Sidney Herbert, C. Leslie Allen, and Alison Skipworth. The Shakespearean comedy will be well mounted on the Van Ness stage. There will be matinée performances Wednesday and Saturday.

The New Alcazar Theatre has a genuine sensation this week in "The Undertow," a drama of political and newspaper life that has local application at this time. Some of the characters among the grafting politicians of the play have more than an accidental resemblance in appearance and situation to well-known figures of the present civic upheaval, and the audiences have shown a thorough appreciation of its telling shafts of satire and humor. Newspaper reporters expose in the drama the schemes of the grafters, and the ending is a complete victory for the moral forces. The play will run all next week and will continue to be discussed for a much longer time.

A novel swimming and submarine act is the leading attraction of next week's bill at the Orpheum. The Finneys, James and Elsie, perform several mysterious feats in a big glass tank, and justify their title of champion swimmers. Les Kiners Moulin, French equilibrists; Emerson and Baldwin, comedy jugglers, are also newcomers. James J. Morton, the monologue artist who is artistically silly; the Four Dancing Fords; the Sutcliffe pipers, dancers, and acrobats; and Werden and Gladdish, remain over from last week. Valerie Bergere and company, for the third and last week of their engagement, will present a new sketch never given before on any stage. It is said to give Miss Bergere the sort of an opportunity that she knows well how to make effective. Matinée every day in the week.

Maudie Adams says that Peter Pan is the best loved of all her stage creations, and this in spite of the witching memories of

Babbie in "The Little Minister." Most of those whose memories reach back to Suzette, in "The Masked Ball," have a long gallery of Maude Adams portraits in various guises, and there is an individuality to all of them, with "L'Aiglon," Juliet, and "The Pretty Sister of José" in prominent places. "Peter Pan" comes to the Van Ness Theatre June 10 for a two weeks' stay, and there are few play-goers in the city who will miss seeing Maude Adams in her latest creation, the fairy boy.

"New York is bounded on the north, south, east, and west by the State of Divorce," says one of the characters in the new play, "The New York Idea," which Mrs. Fiske is presenting this season. It comes to the Colonial Theatre June 10, and will be welcomed. Mrs. Fiske is certain of her audience at all times, whatever the play in which she appears, and though this latest comedy seems something of a departure from her usual line, it is worthy of attention or Mrs. Fiske would not appear in it, and her part will be made attractive no matter what the playwright has planned for it. Her supporting company is the original New York cast.

Dr. H. J. Stewart announces an invitation concert by his pupils, at the Knights of Columbus Hall, Pine Street, on Monday afternoon, June 3. An interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music has been prepared, and among those who will take part are Mrs. Josephine Aylwin, Miss Louise Smith, Miss Leola Stone, Miss Helen Wilson, Miss Lenor Burke, Mrs. A. J. Harrington, Mrs. Z. R. Jenkins, Mrs. Carolyn Crew Rasor, Miss Viola Van Orden, and Miss Corinne Goldsmith.

Margaret Potter, who is but 26 years old, has written "The Princess," her eighth novel. Mr. W. D. Howells, who is 70 years old, has written over sixty books. The work per year for their working years figures the same.

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VANITY FAIR.

There seems to be a good deal of human nature about, and it is distributed without much reference to national frontiers. Feminine influence of the aristocratic variety in army circles is not quite a new story in America, while in England it seems to be recognized as a serious detriment to the service. A correspondent of *Truth* takes the bull squarely by the horns, and says that divorces among military people are far too numerous for the good of the army. He points out that in Oriental countries it is the custom to place a valued wife under lock and key, and the advantage of this is that you always know exactly where she is. Civilization has "improved" upon that custom, and one of the results is the divorce court. Among ourselves in the present day too many wives think that their chief vocation in life is to "have a good time" at their husband's expense. This is especially true in army life. If the husband objects, or if it seems likely that some other man could give them a better time, the wives argue that they have only to misconduct themselves in order to effect an exchange—still entirely at their husband's expense. I have heard of women actually demanding divorce as a right after conducting themselves in this way. In the army, the wives who are bent on "having a good time" want to be always out at dances and other frivolities. If the husband's heart is in his work, he may not have the time or inclination to join in these dissipations. His wife then goes gadding about with his chums—or hers. Husbands grow suspicious and unhappy under these circumstances, and can not properly devote their minds to their duties. Of course, ladies in this country can not be kept under lock and key. But if we only agreed with Roman Catholic divines, and many of the Church of England and other denominations, that divorce is contrary to Christian teaching, and that only judicial separation should be allowed, our women would not be so ready to play up for a divorce. Feminine influence in the army is, of course, by no means confined to the divorce evil, although that may be the chief form it takes in America. During the army reorganization agitation that followed the military fiascos in South Africa it was freely alleged, and uncontradicted, that incompetent and highly placed officers owed their undeserved positions to the intrigues of a knot of aristocratic ladies, who regarded the army as the legitimate field of reward for their favorites. Of course, such statements made a scandal. In fact, the air was blue with scandals, but nothing was done and presumably the ladies in question are still dangling military rewards as the price of social obeisances. Truth hastens to point the moral and adorn the tale, and the editorial preaching may be read with equal advantage upon this side of the herring pond. "My correspondent shows with irresistible force how closely the business of preparing for war may be connected with that of preparing for the divorce court. He shows us, on the one hand, the married officer who, in spite of all temptations, has achieved the one thing needful in his class—keenness in his profession; on the other hand, the butterfly wife who has joined the army only as the most likely means of 'having a good time.' They are like Jack Spratt and his wife, she wanting all the fat, he caring only for the lean. Whenever he wants to prepare for war, his better half wants to get ready for a picnic or a ball. The poor wretch is torn between the conflicting claims of love and duty. If he goes with his wife, farewell to preparation for war. If 'keenness' triumphs, and he hands the conjugal duty over to a 'pal,' there he sits in his lonely bungalow till she comes back in the small hours, vainly endeavoring to concentrate his attention on tactics and strategy, with the sound of a waltz in his ears, and his wife always dancing before the page with another man's arm around her waist. As my correspondent justly observes 'husbands grow suspicious under these circumstances, and can not properly devote their minds to their duties.' In other words, they might just as well be dancing with their wives themselves so far as preparation for war is concerned—indeed, very much better, for in that case the 'pal' might be preparing for war, which neither warrior is doing as it is. It must be remembered that from the point of view of military efficiency, the influence of the lady is doubly mischievous. A correspondent may have in him the mak-

ing of a first-rate officer as well as a petitioner. The giddy respondent distracts both their minds from the stern pursuit of duty, and gives us, in place of two budding Wellingtons or Marlboroughs, a pair of good-for-nothing candidates for the next sensational army divorce case."

A number of Chicago jurists have been invited to give their opinion on a delicate point of legal propriety. To ask a man for his opinion—a despicable cynic says that women usually give opinions without being asked—is to offer a delicate and subtle flattery that few men are able to resist—unfortunately for themselves. The point under immediate discussion was whether a man is justified in committing perjury in order to defend the honor of a woman. Of course, it has often been done, and such guilty witnesses have not as a rule been very much ashamed of the dereliction. The present King of England, when he was Prince of Wales and a witness in a divorce case, was said to have "perjured himself like a gentleman," and now the Chicago jurists have been invited to say if the principle of *noblesse oblige* can ever compel a gentleman to swear falsely.

Judge Willard McEwen takes up the startling position—for a judge—that a lie under oath is permissible, and even obligatory, when the honor of a woman is at stake. Judge Theodore Brentano says the same thing, and so does the assistant state attorney. On the other hand, Chief Municipal Justice Olson "can see no way for a man to violate the oath he takes on the witness-stand, even to protect a woman's reputation." Judge McKenzie Cleland puts the motive upon one side altogether, and says that the witness who deliberately says what is untrue is guilty of perjury. Among the laymen who were consulted upon the same point Dean Hall and Professor Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago take the same view.

It is a knotty question and one upon which the strict ethics of the law and those of the world at large may find themselves diametrically opposed. The witness who allows himself to reflect upon a woman's character is likely to find that public opinion holds him in disfavor, while upon the other hand it must be admitted that strict veracity is essential to the administration of justice.

There is, of course, a direct and easy way out of the dilemma, or, to speak more accurately, there is a direct and easy way not to get into the dilemma. The man who orders his life in the approved way is never likely to find himself in a position where it is necessary for him to "perjure himself like a gentleman."

The great world of dress is threatened with an attack of what has been called "tinselitis." Last season the corresponding malady was known as "sequinitis," but the sequin as a dress decoration has now given place to tinsel.

An authority upon such matters allows himself to say that women love to glitter. The tinsel fashion began with the postal cards of actresses, in which the jewels were picked out with tinsel. The favorite picture postal card is now a blaze of glittering powder. The well-known French costumer quoted above says:

"There is an innate desire in the feminine heart to glitter. The millionairess can indulge in diamonds. 'Tinselitis' will be the pet disease of the enormous number of women who can not afford real diamonds and will not wear paste.

"The most delicate effects can be obtained on dresses by tinsel powder. We are making a debutante's gown for the next drawing-room of white chiffon on which are scattered tiny silver tinsel rosebuds. Gold tinsel poppies on black tulle is also one of the latest designs.

"Many ladies are adding tinsel work to their knowledge of fancy embroidery.

"Tinselitis" has also affected millinery, and 'flower' toques are now made, the centre of each blossom being filled with silver, gold, or jet powder."

From Russia comes the news that the Czar has cashiered a young officer of the Imperial Guards for the offense of reckless card-playing. This young hopeful is said to have won \$50,000 in less than an hour, and with such a comfortable sum in his pocket he probably did not care very much whether he was cashiered or not. High play has done as much to deteriorate the Russian army as any other cause. It had become such a passion during the re-

cent war with Japan it was sometimes difficult to persuade the young officers to leave the card-table in order to attend to pressing military duties. It may be that the Czar, or those who speak in his name, are anxious to discourage a practice so subversive of military discipline and efficiency. It is said that Count Potocki lost \$800,000 in a single evening at the Jockey Club in Vienna, having already lost \$150,000 upon a previous occasion. There can be no doubt that the increasing stringency of military necessities has drawn the attention of more than one government to a source of very real weakness. Thus we find that a young English guardsman has recently been requested to send in his papers on the fact becoming known to the authorities that he had lost \$55,000 in the course of two evenings.

Probably no jewel ever seen in New York has aroused so much comment as one worn in the cap of Kang Yu Wei, former adviser of the Emperor of China, says the *Evening Post*. With his beautiful daughter, Kang Yu Wei was a guest at the recent peace dinner in the Waldorf. His gorgeous robes, proclaiming him a mandarin of the highest class, the peacock embroidered on his mantle of turquoise blue, the curious jewels his daughter wore, were as nothing to the jewel which flamed and flashed in the front of his blue skull-cap, with the pearl button at its top.

Kang Yu Wei is the grand president of the Chinese Empire Constitutional Association, and is at present touring the world in the interests of the emperor. He has advanced ideas, and is allied with the reform movement, without, however, arousing the hostility of the dowager empress.

Dr. P. C. Chen, the mandarin's private physician, and C. S. Linn, his secretary, who is a graduate of Harvard, were asked what was the history of the wonderful jewel. Linn said that there are only nine perfect stones of the sort in the world, and that the one which adorned the blue cap of Kang Yu Wei had been in his family for six centuries, and was esteemed by him as his most valuable possession. When Kang Yu Wei arose and left the banquet-room the jewel seemed to shed an apple-green light, turning to purple, pink and red—all the colors of the rainbow were diffused about it.

Dr. George F. Kunz, an expert on precious stones, was asked about the jewel. He recognized the description of its appearance at once.

"Here is a tray full of them," he said. "This stone is a rubellite, belonging to the tourmaline class. We have several varieties in this country, coming from Maine and California, and we get others from Brazil. The stone worn by the Chinese is considered by them of great value, principally because of the rank and class it signifies."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Nelson's famous signal—"England expects every man to do his duty"—was given at Trafalgar, a Scottish sailor complained to a fellow-countryman, "Not a word o' puir auld Scotland." "Hoots, Sandy," answered his friend, "the admiral kens that every Scotsman will do his duty. He's just giving the Englishers a hint."

At luncheon with the President the other day, informally, was Ambassador Bryce and Ben Daniel, an old Western friend, now United States Marshal of Arizona. The President said: "Mr. Ambassador, allow me to present to you my friend, Ben Daniel, of whom I am genuinely proud." Ben is reported to have said, as he thereupon grasped the ambassador's hand, "The President ain't no prouder of me than I am of him."

Bishop Brewster, of Connecticut, tells of an old reprobate who decided to repent, and announced to every one that whatever wrong he had done should be made right. So a man whom he had cheated out of a large sum of money went around at midnight to demand it. "But what did you come at this hour for, and wake me up? Why not wait till tomorrow?" said the old sinner, crossly. "I came now," replied the man, "to avoid the rush."

A friend of the family had been summoned to testify, much against his will, as to certain domestic disturbances in a Chicago household. "You saw those blows administered?" asked counsel. "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?" "I did." "When was it?" "Six years ago." "Six years ago! How is that possible?" "I was a guest at their wedding," said the witness.

At a big luncheon Beerbohm Tree sat next to the dean of Manchester. Said a guest: "Well, Mr. Tree, what have you been doing today?" "Oh," replied the actor-manager, "I went for a long motor ride this morning and I lost a bet." "Indeed," remarked the dean. "May I ask what the bet was?" "Certainly," said Mr. Tree, "I made a bet that we should pass through 400 different odors and we only encountered 399." "Ah," was the quick reply, "you missed the odor of sanctity."

Congressman Blank and his wife had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing. "Where's my umbrella?" she demanded. "I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the Congressman. "It must still be in the train." "In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"

"Silent Smith," said a broker, "was a good, kind man, but a busy one, a foe to bores and time-wasters. He used to fish occasionally at Shawnee, and a Shawnee farmer, on a junket to the city, once made bold to visit him in his New York office. 'Wall, Josh, how'd Silent Smith use ye?' they asked the farmer at the general store on his return. 'Fellers,' said the old man, warmly, 'Silent Smith is the perliest cuss I ever see. I hadn't bin settin' chattin' with him more'n a quarter of an hour 'fore he'd told me six times, be goshtnightry, to come in an' see him ag'in.'"

"Paul Bourget, the French novelist," said a magazine editor, "thinks he understands American women. But he does understand American men pretty well. Once at a dinner that Richard Harding Davis gave in his honor Bourget said that we were too lax and boorish toward our wives. He said we often treated a pretty, yellow-haired typewriter girl hired yesterday with more gentleness and courtesy than we gave to wives of twenty or thirty years' standing. He instanced the case of a man who sat reading the evening paper one night, a cigar in his mouth, and his feet on the sofa. 'Darling,' said his wife, 'do you love me?' 'Yes,' he answered, without looking up. 'As much as ever?' 'Sure,' said the

man, as he struck a match and relighted his cigar. 'Why?' the woman pursued, tenderly. 'Oh, I don't know,' said he. 'Habit, I suppose.'"

An Indiana admirer, who called to pay his respects to Mr. Bryan, asked a pointed question as to whether he was to be nominated for the presidency next year. Mr. Bryan good naturedly said that the question reminded him of the darkey who reported to his master in detail about feeding the horses and the cows with hay, and that they had eaten it. "Did you feed the ducks and geese?" the master continued. "Yaas, marster." "What did you feed them?" "I fed 'em hay." "Did they eat it?" "Naw, sir; I wouldn't ezactly say they et it, but they was talkin' about it when I left."

Brigadier-General Andrew S. Burt is an enthusiastic sportsman, his especial hobby being baseball. At one time he was colonel of a colored regiment, two companies of which were having a game. Colonel Burt took the place of a poor player, but the men on the coaching lines did not shout to him as they did to the privates. The colonel took off his uniform coat and demanded to be treated like the other players. Shortly he came to bat, hit the ball, and started for first. "Run, you skimpy-legged, sawed-off mud turtle," yelled a coacher. "Get a move on you, you miserable runt." Colonel Burt got around the bases to this sort of accompaniment. Then he put on his coat again.

President Roosevelt on his last trip South stopped at Charlottesville, and a negro approached the President's car and passed aboard a big basket of fine fruit, to which was attached the card of a prominent grower. In course of time the orchardist received a letter of acknowledgment from the White House, expressing the President's appreciation of the gift and complimenting the donor upon his fruit. The recipient of the letter was, of course, greatly pleased, and feeling sure that his head gardener would be much interested in the letter, he read it to him. The darky who served in the capacity mentioned listened gravely, but his only comment was: "He doan' say nuthin' 'bout sendin' back de basket, do he?"

There is a druggist of general acquaintance who has the somewhat irritating habit of associating personal references and recommendations with his wares. A short time ago a crusty customer asked for a certain toothache cure, and, as the druggist was wrapping up the vial, he remarked in a patronizing way: "I think you'll find this very satisfactory. It cured a toothache of mine last Sunday." Then the customer asked for a cake of a certain brand of soap, and the smiling shopkeeper replied: "Well, we don't keep that any more. But this is a very superior article," presenting a shiny, scented box. "My wife uses it and says it's the finest soap made." "Indeed," said the customer, sarcastically, "and I suppose if I asked for rough-on-rats you would say you had administered it to your mother-in-law with most satisfactory results."

The city council of Los Angeles has instructed the city attorney to prepare an ordinance making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both, for a landlord to refuse to rent property to a tenant because the latter is possessed of children. The council also directed the clerk to send a copy of the ordinance to President Roosevelt. Members of the council were doubtful of the constitutionality of the act, but decided to enact the law and allow the courts to pass upon it.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been presented to full houses at Terry's Theatre in London.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Affairs matrimonial continue to supply the only interest in social life in the city now, and neither threatened municipal revelations nor uncertain financial conditions seem to cause any serious fluctuations in the faith in the future demonstrated by those whose engagements and wedding dates are being announced.

The events which are taking place at the near by suburban towns are all small and informal, and it would seem that there is a sufficient amount of excitement in the vicinity without that supplied by social functions.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Menefee, daughter of the late Lieutenant Menefee, U. S. N., and Mrs. P. D. Menefee, of Mare Island, to Ensign Martin K. Metcalf, U. S. N. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Edna Foote to Mr. Porter Garnett will take place today (Saturday) at the home of the bride, near Calistoga.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Hendrick Swigert, niece of Colonel Swigert, U. S. A., retired, to Captain Jarius Moore, U. S. A. No date is announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Mabel Poett, daughter of Mr. Alfred Poett, of Santa Barbara, to Mr. Carl Francis Edwards, of Los Angeles, will be celebrated in Santa Barbara on Wednesday evening, June 5.

Invitations have been sent out for the marriage of Miss Mabel Anais Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo A. Watkins, to Captain Orrin Rawson Wolfe, U. S. A., on Tuesday, June 11, at noon, at Christ Church, Sausalito. A reception will follow at half-past 12 o'clock at the bride's home, Cliffe Haven, Bulkeley Avenue.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Adaline Ricks, of Eureka, to Mr. Walter B. Murphy will be celebrated on Wednesday, June 12, at the bride's home.

It is announced that the invitations to the wedding reception of Miss Louise Redington and Dr. Albion Walter Hewlett, whose marriage will take place on Wednesday, June 12, will be recalled, owing to the recent death of Dr. Hewlett's uncle, Mr. Albion W. Whitney. A large number of guests will be present at the ceremony at Trinity Church.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, who went abroad a few weeks since, left London early this month for Bad Nauheim, Germany.

Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Philip Van Hoene Lansdale, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith will leave today (Saturday) for a fortnight's stay in Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who have been at Miramar, Santa Barbara, for several months past, have returned to their country place, "Stag's Leap," in the Napa Valley, for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Marshall Flint, who have been abroad for some months, are traveling in England and Scotland, after having visited Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Flint's aunt, in Paris.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln will spend the summer at their country place at St. Helena.

Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. Alston Hayne, and Miss Ida Bourn, have gone to their

country place near St. Helena for the summer.

Miss Claire Nichols is spending some time as the guest of friends at Menlo Park. Miss Cornelia Kempff went up last week to Mare Island for a visit.

The Rev. Edward Morgan, of St. Luke's Church, left early in the week for New York and will sail next week for a stay of three months in Europe.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin are in Paris, after spending some weeks in Italy.

Miss Azalea Keyes, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Keyes here, has returned to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have been touring Southern California in their motor, going as far south as San Diego.

Mrs. Robert McCreary, of Sacramento, sailed for Europe on May 7, to remain abroad indefinitely.

Mrs. Thomas Jaggard, Jr. (formerly Miss Helen Kline), has arrived from her home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kline, in Berkeley.

Mrs. Webb Ballard (formerly Miss Gertrude Jones), has arrived home from Minneapolis, and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at their country place in Ross Valley, for the summer.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace will spend several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, of Honolulu, returned this week from a motor trip and stay of a week at Paso Robles and Del Monte.

Mrs. John Galen Howard went recently from her home in Berkeley to Santa Barbara, for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., has arrived from the East, and is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pickering.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maude Payne will leave shortly for San Rafael to spend the summer.

Mr. Herbert Jones has returned from Southern California and Arizona, where he has been for the past year, and is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, in Ross Valley.

Miss Edna Davis and Miss Sidney Davis, who have been in town for several weeks, left during the week for Santa Barbara, to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. George Dodge and Miss Mabel Dodge, of San Rafael, are spending the summer at Bolinas.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., is a guest at the Hotel Regina, in Paris.

Mrs. William B. Wilshire has been staying at Paso Robles Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman D. Rideout went last week to Marysville for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bolton will go a little later in the season to Blythedale, for a stay of two or three months.

Captain H. Whitehead, U. S. A., with Mrs. Whitehead and three children, are spending two or three weeks at Del Monte before leaving for the Philippines.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mrs. Helen Tilden, Mrs. Bothin, Mrs. E. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Oxnard, Mr. Albert Maskey, Mr. W. F. Dunphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foote, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Briggs, Mr. W. P. Buckingham, Mrs. L. Booth, Mrs. W. Sanger Pullman, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Hugh McDonnell, of Belmont.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. Theo. Goodman, Mrs. Goodman, and Marjorie Goodman, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. W. Harts, Mr. and Mrs. George Hatton, Mr. T. A. Richard, Mrs. Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Richard, Dr. A. B. Grosse, Mr. and Mrs. William Grosse, Mrs. B. Pamperin, Miss J. Pamperin, Mr. E. C. Johnson, Mr. D. L. Westover, and Mrs. Westover, of San Francisco; Mr. C. Tossi, of Paris; Mr. Julius Berliner and Mr. W. Berliner, of Berlin; Miss E. G. Perry, of Toronto, Canada, and Mrs. Virginia Phillips, of Berlin; Mr. Paul Baerwald, Mrs. V. D. Williamson, Miss Cotter, of New York; Mr. Harry C. Cotter, of Butte.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Pacific Division, and Major William W. Harts, U. S. A., Chief Engineer Officer of the Pacific Division, have returned from the Japanese Commission to the Jamestown Exposition, to Washington, D. C.

Colonel Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brechemin, are now in Europe and will travel there for three months, spending some time at Carlsbad for the benefit of Colonel Brechemin's health.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood will spend the summer at Blythedale, going over on July 1.

Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Glassford, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the Department of California, vice Colonel Richard Thompson, U. S. A., has arrived here from his former station at Seattle.

Commander C. J. Badger, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as assistant to the bureau of navigation, Navy Department.

Lieutenant-Commander G. B. Bradshaw, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Kentucky* and ordered to his home in San Diego to await orders.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., is ordered, upon the discontinuance of the Pacific Division, to report to the commanding general of the Department of California for duty.

Major William W. Harts, U. S. A., chief engineer officer of the Pacific Division, upon his relief from duty here by Major John Biddle, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and relieve Lieutenant William G. Caples, U. S. A., of the river and harbor works in his temporary charge, together with the money, property, and records connected therewith.

Major Ira A. Haynes, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., now on duty at Atlanta, Georgia, will, as soon as relieved there, proceed to the Philippines for duty.

Major Guy L. Edie, surgeon, U. S. A., is detached as a member of the examining board at the Army Medical Museum Building, Washington, D. C., for duty during the examination of Lieutenant Robert Smart, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., only, vice Major Charles Lynch, surgeon, U. S. A., who will continue as a member for all other purposes.

Pay Director R. T. M. Ball, U. S. N., is commissioned pay director with rank of captain, to date from May 3.

Captain Ethelbert L. D. Breckinridge, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., is designated as a special disbursing agent, pay department, for the post of Fort Egbert, Alaska, to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Henry B. Moon, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., of that duty, on or about June 15.

Captain William C. Davis, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is designated as a member of the artillery board, to take effect upon the completion of the joint army-militia coast defense exercises in the artillery district of San Francisco, and will then proceed to Fort Monroe, for duty.

Captain John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Captain Ross L. Bush, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters of the Pacific Division, has been ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer there for duty at the military prison.

Captain Edwin C. Long, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., late first lieutenant Thirtieth Field Battery, and aid to General Funston, U. S. A., is assigned to Seventieth Company, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Arthur T. Balantine, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is transferred from Seventieth Company, to command of Forty-seventh Company, Fort Hunt, Virginia.

Assistant Naval Constructor C. W. Fisher, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, and ordered to home and leave for two weeks, thence to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Philip W. Corbusier, Squadron Adjutant, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is granted three months and fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect after completion of target practice.

Lieutenant George F. Rozelle, Jr., Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for four months, to take effect when his services can be spared by his post commander.

Lieutenant Jarvis J. Bain, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is ordered to remain on duty at Fort Mason after the departure of Companies C and D, First Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A., until such time as will enable him to take the transport to sail from San Francisco about October 5, when he will proceed on that transport to the Philippine Islands for duty with his battalion.

Lieutenant Charles T. Smart, Field Artillery, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Columbus, Ohio, and ordered to proceed to San Francisco and enter upon recruiting duty here, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Foster, Field Artillery, U. S. A.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

What must be acknowledged a substantial nucleus for one of the most promising picture galleries of the West is that recently established in Piedmont Park. Primarily, it was a development for the glory of that beautiful section, but after all its most important mission will be for the benefit of art in California. The approach to the gallery, through gardens that are fairly enchanting, puts the visitor in a fitting frame of mind to enjoy the pictures, and the quiet of the gallery invites contemplation of them. A nominal entrance fee covers the cost of maintenance of the building. Specific notation on each picture of importance, telling its name and its creator, does away with the oftentimes weary search through a catalogue.

The Piedmont gallery, which is commodious as well as attractive, is said to be but the forerunner of one that will stand comparison with the best ever contrived by architect, artist, and artisan. As it stands today, the value of the Piedmont gallery to the communities about the bay lies in the fact that it contains some good examples of the work of many of the men whom the consensus of opinion in the world has placed among the "masters." These valuable pictures seem to have been "loaned" by the men interested in the success of the venture. Perhaps there is no time limit on the courtesy, so the really good canvases may be regarded as assets of the gallery, destined to be a splendid influence for good in the artistic world.

There is no gainsaying the fact that there must have been a disposition to cover the extended wall space, because, taking the exhibition as a whole, there is considerably more quantity than quality in its make-up. If the Piedmont gallery would fulfil its destiny, there should be a day of elimination before this healthy infant takes off its swaddling-clothes. In size, appointments, and lighting, this gallery is a pleasant surprise. The entrance does not indicate the area it covers. The building really meanders through the garden and when several large rooms seem to indicate the end of the series, a turn brings another vista of well-arranged small galleries.

California artists have not been neglected in getting together the material for this exhibition, but even the best are not adequately represented. Take William Keith, for instance. Hanging conspicuously in one room is a tremendous panoramic canvas of Yosemite Valley, which he painted many years ago. It is a heroic work, most carefully and intelligently painted, and is entitled to a place and an honorable one in the gallery, but it belongs to the years when Keith was a splendid painter, not the poet-painter he is today. In those earlier days Keith was a portrayer, faithful and sympathetic, of nature; now he is its loving interpreter. One of the finest masterpieces of his mature years, the years that have brought the fullest acknowledgment of his genius, should be secured to give distinction to the Piedmont gallery. There is nothing by California's other master, Arthur F. Mathews. Jules Pages, who has devoted his time to genre painting, may be judged by his "Interior of a Normandy Cottage," although its treatment is not quite so subtle as that in some of the work that has brought him fame at home and abroad. A painting by Cadenasso, hanging in the Home Club collection, is a literal affair of a definite scene painted "to order." Cadenasso should have better representation. The collection holds a triumph by Charles Rollo Peters, a moonlight of "Santa Inez Mission." Amédée Joullin, who now holds rank among the first for his paintings of the Indian and his life, will surely be interested and perhaps amused at his evolution as it is shown in the Piedmont gallery. It is difficult to think of one of Joullin's big Indian pictures side by side with a stiff little bouquet of jacqueminot roses, which he painted a long time ago, and which is proudly hung today by its owner. Another phase of his development is seen in his rendition of the Vega Canal, and still another is a carefully considered landscape. Joullin's recent work is deserving of a place in the gallery. A particularly fine Martinez—a scene in Paris—has been loaned by its owner. Two pictures by Thad Welch show how well and how ill he can paint, almost in the same breath. Among the portraits and ideal heads done by Californians are some pleasing ones by J. W. Clawson, Lillie V. O'Ryan, Eva

Withrow, and Margaret C. Herrick. Both John M. Gamble and Elmer Wachtel have good pictures, well hung.

In this unusual aggregation of pictures, a really interesting feature has been presented in work with distinct historical value by California artists of the generation gone. Foremost among them are pictures by William Hahn, by the elder Nahl, and by J. H. C. Partington.

But be the representation of California artists good or bad, several pictures by the world masters make the gallery a shrine and the pilgrimage to it worth while. There is nothing more beautiful in the gallery than a landscape by Japy, in whose work is always found that unusual combination—strength as well as delicacy in handling intelligently conceived compositions. But besides the Japy landscape there is a delicious Corot, also a little Diaz, the latter a riot of fine color.

The charge has been made that the work of Corot and Diaz and their contemporaries is not easily understood by all the picture-lovers of this day. If this be true of some Californians, they will have ample time to study the widely different styles of these master men, and will surely come under the elusive charm of Corot and the royal coloring used by Diaz. Too few works by these men come to the West, so its people should be enthusiastic about the privileges offered by the Piedmont gallery. Mauve and Jacque, foremost among the men who have interpreted "animals in art," are among the artists whose canvases have been secured for this gallery. An expression of Rosa Bonheur's genius is also there to be enjoyed.

Two presumably original portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds are among the treasures of the collection. Several heads by A. Asti, who died a few years ago, are distinctive canvases. Among the marines, one by D. J. Gue, which he calls "The Edge of the Surf," is notable. The theme of the sea is always difficult to handle, but this artist has solved all the problems it holds for the painter. He gives adequate expression to the ceaseless life and the dignity of the water. Wachtel does some interesting marines, but he never goes "out to sea" for his subjects. He hugs the shore, but makes good use of the material he selects.

There has been an attempt at classification of the pictures outside of collections, making comparison interesting.

Californians will be interested to learn of the distinguished success Charles Walter Stetson has been making for the past several years in Rome. While in Los Angeles, where he formerly lived, he was considered a leader among impressionists. Stetson is still a colorist, daring, but always creating fine harmonies. Before he left for Europe, a collection of his pictures was shown in Vickery's, attracting the analyses from those who understood him and those who did not. Stetson has settled permanently in Rome.

Shenstone's Loved Inn.

The best known of Henley's inns, the "Red Lion," stands near the bridge across the Thames. Surly, kind-hearted Dr. Johnson was often a guest there; and so, too, was Shenstone, the poet. It was on a window-pane of this inn that Shenstone scratched the much-quoted doggerel verse:

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

This is now said to be a libel on English hospitality; but those foreigners who have lived most in England have always observed that John Bull will say things of himself which, if uttered by others, he would vigorously challenge.

The opinion has been frequently expressed that the best operatic work by far ever written in England is Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," with its delightful Irish music. This opera has at last found its way to Germany. It was performed at Breslau on April 12, with such success that the curtain had to be raised no fewer than twenty times in the course of the evening.

The automobile road between Oakland and Byron Hot Springs, via Hayward, Dublin, Livermore, and Altamont, is in excellent condition, and many parties have taken advantage of this and made the run during the past week, some returning via Antioch, Lafayette, Walnut Creek, and the Tunnel road.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why is Jones growing a beard?" "Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."—*Punch*.

"My husband is really very attentive. Yesterday he bought me a dozen veils."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"The editor kept my poem ten years." "You're in luck. He didn't keep mine ten minutes!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Do you think we should let women vote?" "Certainly. Why not? We let them earn money all other ways."—*Life*.

"So she's about to be married again. Do you know who is the lucky man?" "Yes, the dead one."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Man—None of their relatives will speak to them since their elopement. *The Girl*—They ought to be a very happy couple.—*Puck*.

Little Girl (after a domestic scene with her mother)—The best thing for us to do, mama, is to agree to a separation.—*Transatlantic Tales*.

Duff—Rowell believes in the eternal fitness of things. *Cuff*—That's so; he wouldn't run for a car if he had a walking suit on.—*Town Topics*.

"Papa, are we all worms of the dust, as the preacher said?" "Well, son, perhaps we're all worms, but some of us are shy on the dust."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Do you favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."—*Puck*.

Clara—You may not believe it, but I said "No" to seven different men during the past winter. *Moude*—Oh, I don't doubt it. What were they selling.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mother-in-Law—Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet? *Son-in-Law*—Yes, indeed, he has already made his apologies.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Little Girl (telling of the Garden of Eden)—Yes, Mummy, Adam and Eve lived very happily there till the Evil One came in the form of a servant.—*Canadian Courier*.

First Little Girl—When you grow up are you going to advertise for a husband? *Second Little Girl*—No; I'm going to be a widow. They don't have to.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Massachusetts Minister (visiting Kentucky)—My friend, this is a very bibulous State, I hear. *Native*—Lord! there hain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"We made a big hit in Salt Lake." "How was that?" "Our press agent got out some extra printing and billed us as singing 'The Chimes of Mornmondy.'"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Now that your son's in college, I suppose he'll be getting very exclusive; he'll be getting into the 400." "Oh, he's more exclusive than that already; he's on the nine."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Yeast—Our boarding-house lady has been taking cooking lessons, and she says next week she is going to try her hand in her own kitchen. *Crimsonbeak*—Is that a threat or a promise?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

First Boy—Did you really win three prizes at school? *Second Ditto*—Yes, and one was for my excellence of memory. "How did you win the others?" "The others? I forget what they were for."—*Black and White*.

Father—Well, how does your husband succeed with his art? Does he sell any pictures? *Daughter*—I should think so! Why, there is not a single one left of those you gave us for a wedding present.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mrs. Goodart—I always feel so sorry for those poor shop girls; they're so overworked, you know. *Mr. Goodart*—Well, my dear, the best way to help them is to keep away from bargain sales.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Wise—He's very wealthy. *Mrs. Wise*—Yes, and very stingy and mean. *Wise*—Come now, you're not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes. *Mrs. Wise*—I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Can you give bond?" asked the judge. "Have you got anything?" "Judge," re-

plied the prisoner, "sence you ax me, I'll tell you; I hain't got nuthin' in the worl' 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no-'count land, a big family, a hope of a here-after, an' the ol' war-rheumatism!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"My good man," said the lady missionary, "do you ever pause to think where you are going?" "Sure ting," replied the unlaundered hobo. "Ef I didn't I might get on de wrong freight an' land back at me startin' place!"—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Train holdups," said the old traveler, "are nothing new for me. I've been in lots of them." "How does it seem to be covered with a revolver?" asked the listener. "Can't say," replied the old traveler. "I've always been held up with a whisk broom."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Jigley—We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbubs remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne. *Citi-man*—The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now? *Jigley*—Pronounces what? *Citi-man*—Quinine.—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE MERRY MUZE.

Army Kicks.

Said an old Colonel up at West Point:
"Our Army is all out of joint;
When they make a B. G.
They never take me,
But instead some young Captain appoint."

Said another one down at Monroe:
"Do you think our dear Congressmen know
That our small Army pay
Is no bigger today
Than it was thirty-five years ago?"
—*Harper's Weekly*.

Brother Dickey's Version.

De whale dat swallowed Jonah—
Does you know de reason why?
Jonah wuz a fisherman
In de time gone by;

He tell sich tale erhout de whale,
Dat whale he say fer sho'.
Fust chance he git he'll swaller him,
En den he'll talk no mo'!

En w'en he swallowed him—oh my!
He riz up fum de sea
En lef' him on de lan', en say:
"Yoo mos' too much fer me!"
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Wondering.

I wonder if a statesman's skill
Can ever set the tariff straight;
I wonder if the railways will
Be good and not discriminate.
The party quarrels which one sees
Will they at last be set aright?
But more, far more, than all of these,
I wonder if the fish will bite.

My thoughts are dutifully bent
Unto life's more important things;
The struggles of a parliament,
The stern and stubborn pride of kings.
But when the lud is on the hough
And ripples catch the laughing light,
Attention wanders sadly now;
I'm wondering if the fish will bite.
—*Washington Star*.

The Season Opens.

Excuse me fer wishin' to want to go fishin';
Excuse me fer wishin' the trees were a-swishin'
The bloom and the berry down over my head
On the bank of the stream that sings there in
its bed!

Excuse me fer wishin'—my heart is a-fishin',
I'm not fit fer workin' in such a condition,
It's nothin' hut wishin' and swishin' and fishin'—
Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me fer wishin',
But, dad blame it all, I just will go a-fishin'!
—*Baltimore Sun*.

The prodigal had returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?" "No," responded the Old Man, looking the youth over carefully, "no, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

"I'd be ashamed to go around begging," said the prosperous citizen. "Takes all kinds uv people t' make a world," rejoined the hobo. "Here you is too proud t' beg, an' I'm too proud t' work."—*Chicago Daily News*.

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St. Paul June 29, Aug. 3, Aug. 31

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Ryndam June 19, July 24, Sept. 4
Potsdam June 26, Aug. 7, Sept. 11
New Amsterdam (new) July 3, Aug. 14, Sept. 18

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP

Vaderland June 8, July 6, Aug. 3
Finland June 15, July 27, Aug. 24
Zeeland June 22, July 20, Aug. 17
Kronland July 13, Aug. 10, Sept. 7

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Baltic June 14, July 11, Aug. 8
Cedric June 20, July 18, Aug. 15
Celtic June 27, July 25, Aug. 22
Arabic July 4, Aug. 1, Aug. 29

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Oceanic June 5, July 3, July 31
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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Week.

The most important incident of the week directly connected with the strike situation is the adjustment of differences made between the employers and the men in the metal trades, with the reopening of the Union, the Risdon, and other large establishments. Under this adjustment some ten or twelve thousand men are returning to their work under the conditions as to hours and wages offered by the employers at the beginning. So far it would appear that the strikers had been beaten; but this is not precisely the fact, since the settlement is based upon an agreement which concedes, after the familiar fashion of the instalment plan, certain demands, although it postpones the concession to a future time. The life of the agreement is to be three years. Nine hours shall constitute a day's work until December 1, 1908. From December 1, 1908, to June 1, 1909, eight and three-quarter hours shall constitute a day's work. From June 1, 1909, until December 1, 1909, eight and a half hours shall constitute a day's work. From December 1, 1909,

until June 1, 1910, the schedule is to be eight and one-quarter hours, and after June 1, 1910, eight hours. The agreement makes no reference to unionism, it being the understanding that the armed neutrality hitherto prevailing in the larger establishments shall continue. Nominally the great shops are "open"; practically a few non-union men are employed, but they are so annoyed, harried, and set upon by unionist associates as to make their work practically ineffective. For example, in the Union Iron Works, a man who has to make use of any special tool is required to receipt for it and to be responsible for its value. There is, in theory, no hardship in this rule, but in practice it works badly; for no sooner does a non-union man lay down his tool and turn his back than some unionist workman, schooled in the ethics of organized labor, seizes the tool and hurls it into the bay or somewhere else out of sight. This is just a sample incident, exhibiting the spirit under which the so-called open-shop system is maintained in the metal working establishments in San Francisco. Incidentally it sheds some light upon the moral influences of unionism as related to its own members.

Speaking for itself the *Argonaut* is not much pleased with this settlement; it does indeed set a good many wheels in motion; but it has the fault of being a patched-up compromise, which leaves the great and vital point undetermined. It is a kind of settlement which prepares the way for future troubles. It will indeed start up the works, but it will not tend to that restoration of confidence, either at home or away from home, essential to the reestablishment of San Francisco's moral and financial credit.

Another incident of importance is the general reopening of the Oakland laundries upon the non-union basis. We do not—for what reason we do not know, if cleanliness be next to godliness—commonly look upon the laundry business as one attractive to the very highest type of recherche pretensions, or as tending to develop and sustain topofical character. True, one or more very handsome fortunes, with their accompaniment of high social rank, have been built up upon this basis in San Francisco, but in these later days it is not considered good form to refer to the matter. Nevertheless the Oakland laundrymen have exhibited a stouter spirit, more starch if you please, than the ironmasters, for they have told the unions to go hang, or words to that effect. They have added something to the wage scale, but they will not, so they declare, have any further dealings with a unionism whose influences tend to oppress employees, harass employers, disturb and confuse business. This is the right spirit; it is profoundly to be regretted that the ironmen were not infected by it.

In the telephone strike, which the public was beginning to forget owing to the service being fairly well maintained in spite of it, there has entered a new condition. Two hundred line repairers, in sympathy with the five hundred striking operators—the ratio being two sweethearts and a fraction to each man—have gone out. The telephone managers say that this last feature of the situation is not serious. In spite of this combination of strikes the service will be maintained on a fairly effective basis.

The street car strike is practically broken since the cars run regularly everywhere, giving opportunity to everybody who wishes to ride. The strikers and their sympathizers are still in angry mood and break out somewhere every day in outrageous acts. On Saturday night, with the assistance of a policeman, they killed a non-union carman off duty, in the heart of the city. Old-fashioned people might

take so tragic an event seriously, but we have got to a point where a little thing like assassination—if the victim be a "scab"—is looked upon by a large element of our population as an act of divine justice. In the special case above noted it was a policeman who fired the fatal shot. That it would have been more in keeping with his duty to have turned his weapon upon the assailants rather than upon the assailed, probably never occurred to him. Such is the reversal of all moral ideals and standards produced by unionism as we have it in San Francisco, that a "scab," a man who declines the domination of the unions and maintains his right as a citizen to earn his living, is regarded by that element of the community from which come most of our policemen as a creature who may legitimately, and even meritoriously, be hunted and shot down as one outside the pale of sympathy and of law.

The sharp turn in public sentiment toward the graft prosecution developed in connection with its effort to enter into combination with the mob, has drawn from Mr. Heney an extraordinary appeal "for patience and the chance to make good." The Geary street incident, the effort to nullify the United Railroad Company's franchises, the grant of \$720,000 out of the municipal funds for a socialistic experiment, above all the declared approval by Mr. Spreckels of the course of the street car strikers—these things, in conjunction with a general policy of giving to the street car strike such support as it could, has turned many enthusiastic friends of the graft movement into open critics of its course. The feeling is universal that the prosecution has become enamored of the exciting game under its hand and that it is not only willing but eager to sacrifice every other interest in the promotion of its purposes. That the agents of the prosecuting movement have felt a chill in the air is made evident by Mr. Heney's letter, which is long and persuasive in its tone. In truth its tone is rather that of a professional sermonizer than the clean-cut work of a lawyer. It is in sharp contrast with Mr. Heney's ordinary methods, either of argument or expression. It illustrates an extraordinary departure from his every-day professional and mental moods. It was effective only in so far as it was an appeal; at the point of serious argument it was weak to contemptibility. Of the flirtation between Messrs. Spreckels and Langdon with the mob, of the effort to put the graft prosecution into a working political partnership with labor unionism, of the over-much accusation in public and private talk of men not criminally charged—of these things Mr. Heney's appeal made no mention at all. It distinctly lacked the moral quality of candor, the most notable thing about it being a bald evasion of the real points of criticism, with absolute disregard of facts that are in every man's mind. It was a rhetorically wrought play upon sentiment, designed to win back a confidence lost, not, we believe, so much through the fault of Mr. Heney himself, as of others with whom he is associated.

Readers of the *Argonaut*, we believe, will be interested to know the impression made by this appeal away from San Francisco and upon one competent to view such matters not only without passion, but with a keen, analytical and practiced eye. On Saturday morning the Los Angeles *Times*, in an article headed "Mr. Heney's Hysteria," speaks as follows:

Public opinion is at last awakened in San Francisco. It could scarcely be otherwise. The city is facing a crisis. Without desiring, much less attempting, to condone the wrongdoing of any person, rich or poor, or to say one word to shield an offender of either class from the punishment justly his due, the *Times* has insisted and continues to insist that the question in that city which

overtops all others is the conflict between the labor unions under the leadership of men like Richard Cornelius, backed up and protected by their creatures, the felonious mayor, chief of police, the police force under Chief Dinan, and the Board of Supervisors, and on the other side those who control and operate the industries of the city. Until this conflict is settled, and settled in one way, there is no possibility of peace, progress, or prosperity for our northern neighbor.

Here is the only point of conflict between Mr. Heney and the people of San Francisco. They have stood by Heney, believed in Heney, and let Heney have his way during this whole effort on his part to unearth the corruption that has settled on the city and to bring the corruptionists to punishment. Mr. Heney may look at it in one way and Mr. Spreckels, in his dull attempt at reasoning, may see it in a certain light. But any conflict between Mr. Spreckels and his prosecutor and the public of San Francisco is directly of their own creating. However it may appear to the eyes of this millionaire citizen and this astute and earnest prosecutor in his pay, the people of San Francisco, in our opinion, are quite naturally apprehensive, and indeed resentful, as they see this prosecution day after day take more the shape of a farce than of an earnest and wisely conducted effort to rid the city of its corruption through ridding it of the corruptionists.

We have had grave misgivings for weeks past at seeing one city official after another, though reeking in their own self-confessed corruption, treated still as if they were worthy of confidence, worthy of holding and administering high official functions, charged with the government of the city, effusively embraced by grand jurymen, not simply tolerated but cordially welcomed on every hand, as if the purest and most patriotic citizens. We have not done yet. We do not forget, we can not forget in the face of Mr. Heney's oft-repeated proclamations, that he is after some person or persons whom he designates as "those higher up."

What the public of San Francisco now see as the right thing to demand is that this investigation and prosecution be not one-sided. Mr. Heney, in a fit of hysteria, screeches about the confidence the public are withholding from him. Is it any wonder that the real people of that city, its taxpayers, business men, men of affairs, men of achievement, the men on whose action and judgment the industries and prosperity of the city depend, should be apprehensive and in a measure resentful as they contemplate the awful possible result, so far as any human eye can see now, of the practical acquittal of this whole infamous clique of labor union office holders, reeking with their corruption, fattened by robbery and graft, and not only their escape from punishment, but their possible indefinite continuance in office? Side by side with this apparently certain result, there arises also the even graver possibility of permitting these labor unions to maintain their grasp, to increase that grasp upon the business of the city.

Let us assume that Mr. Heney, backed by Mr. Spreckels's guidance and purse, will reach these men "higher up." Let us assume that they have something besides the testimony of a gang of perjurers, confessed liars, and thieves, upon which to base the prosecution of certain business men of the city. Let us assume for the purpose of this argument that they will succeed in putting Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Mullally, and half a dozen other rich men in a suit of stripes. Supposing all that is done, and the yellow-dog supervisors, with that arch-conspirator, grafter, and thief, Ruef, his partner, Schmitz, the indescribable Gallagher, the stupid, blundering Dinan, and all the rest of those who have brought such trouble upon San Francisco, shall go free, or practically free, then we say that in such an event the public will have more than just cause to hold in contemptuous disrespect and in bitter, unforgiving resentment this investigation, prosecution, and all connected with it.

Such an outcome of Mr. Heney's activity and of the expenditure of Mr. Spreckels's money would be to fix for years to come the grasp of the labor unions upon the city of San Francisco. It would be to saddle upon it as the controllers of its industries and destinies, and as the indirect administrators of its municipal affairs this gang of vicious, cold-blooded robbers and murderers who have been making its streets a hell.

We have thought it worth while to reproduce this notable comment of the Los Angeles Times, long as it is, because it reflects a judgment unaffected by local interests, friendships, animosities—by immediate influences of any sort. Furthermore, it comes from a source entitled to consideration and respect. The comment of the Times may well be taken as showing how this whole business looks from the standpoint of disinterested intelligence and conscience.

Speaking for itself the *Argonaut* will only add its regret that since Mr. Heney has taken it upon himself to discuss this matter in its public phases, he has not dealt with it in completeness or candor. We are profoundly regretful, too, that he attempts to ignore the whole question of motives back of this prosecuting movement. Argue as one may, it is impossible to carry forward any such project as this prosecution with disregard of the motives back

of it. There is no principle of legal practice or of common sense more fixed than this, namely, that bad motive on the part of prosecution is a direct contribution to the resource of defense. No American jury, however artfully matters may be presented, will consent to ignore the motives of prosecution. Bad motives inevitably destroy the moral power of those actuated by them; bad motives on the part of prosecuting agents play directly into the hands even of the most guilty when they can be summoned as a support to defense. In this case the danger is that through betrayal of bad motives and of direct malice, the moral power of the prosecution will be so vitiated and broken that even the prime criminals—even Ruef and Schmitz themselves—may escape the punishment which they so richly deserve.

Again we must regret that Mr. Heney in commenting upon the personnel of the Committee of Seven, with whom the prosecution declined to cooperate, has seen fit to cast unworthy reflections upon certain members of that committee; and this phase of his letter is all the more remarkable because Mr. Spreckels had previously declared his entire confidence in every member of the committee. If, for any reason, Messrs. Spreckels and Heney were not satisfied with the make-up of the committee it was within the legitimate privilege of their position to ask for the substitution of other names. They had no right to proceed as if the graft prosecution were a mere private enterprise and that it included among its assets a right of control of the Board of Supervisors, as if it were a thing in which the public has no interest or concern. Again, looking at the matter in its broadest aspect we can not forget that if the graft prosecution had consented to work in cooperation with the commercial bodies of San Francisco—with the Committee of Seven—we should now have in the City Hall, not a gang of confessed criminals, but a decent Board of Supervisors. That San Francisco is governed as it is today is a fact directly due to the stubborn refusal of the graft prosecution to join forces with the Committee of Seven. No possible cunning in the form of statement or argument, no "appeal," can distort or weaken the moral emphasis of this fact.

Governor Gillett, whose course from the very day the strike troubles began in San Francisco, has been singularly wise and helpful, has in a moral sense practically superseded Mayor Schmitz in all those authoritative functions which lie above technical and routine official action. It is not too much to say that to the full extent of his moral powers he commands the situation absolutely. This fact gives especial importance to an effort now making on his part to bring the telephone and street car strikes to a culmination. He has summoned Messrs. Calhoun of the United Railroads and Scott of the Telephone Company, to meet representatives of the Civic League, a voluntary organization of citizens which had much to do in bringing the iron-masters and iron-workers together, in a conference looking to a settlement of the matters at issue. This conference is in progress as the *Argonaut* goes to press on Wednesday evening. The Governor is very much in earnest in his demand for peace. He sees in existing conditions not only an immediate injury and a future menace to the welfare of San Francisco, but a blight upon the whole State. He has not minced matters in talking about conditions as they stand. Whatever may be done through his suggestions and persuasions will unquestionably be done.

The *Argonaut*, however, can but question the value of any settlement which bears the character of a compromise, in the spirit of mutual accommodation and concession. It is not, we think, a situation in which any compromise could be fair or final. The issue has gotten far beyond any mere difference at the points of hours and wages. It is a question of open shop or closed shop; it is an issue with reference to which the opposing sides stand on grounds diametrically at odds with each other. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* it is vital that these strikes be settled, if at all, on a purely non-union basis, in full accord with the American principle of equal rights and equal privilege in our industries for every man. Settlement upon any other basis, we think, would be no

settlement at all. It would be only a postponement of an irrepressible issue; it would, in effect, be storing up wrath against a day of wrath. The *Argonaut* believes it infinitely better for the permanent interests of San Francisco to fight this fight out to a finality, if literally it takes all summer. There is no possible peace with honor in which there shall be any element of compromise upon the principle of individual rights, of freedom in our industries. Furthermore, there would be no real and permanent advantage in it; it would not give confidence to our own people; it would not reestablish confidence away from home. These considerations are as important in policy as the principle involved is important in morals. No matter to what consideration or persuasions they may be subjected, neither Mr. Calhoun nor Mr. Scott ought to make peace by a compromise of principle. They can not do it and be faithful to their own convictions or to the support and friendship which their gallant stand in this battle has won them. It is further to be said that practically and morally their fight has already been won; if the forces which oppose them are now ready to compromise it is because they know themselves to be whipped.

Governor Gillett, among other expressions illustrative of his practical discretion, has within the week declared his conviction that some system of enforced arbitration between employers and employed is essential to the future welfare of California. Stating frankly that the matter is to him a new one in the sense that he has neither studied nor thought it out to definite conclusions, he nevertheless asserts his purpose to urge upon the legislature some project of compulsory arbitration. He only goes so far in the matter of defining a plan as to suggest an elective board of arbitration. Here, we think, is plain evidence that the Governor, with all his good intentions, needs to study more and think more on this subject. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* an elective commission would tend only still further and more deeply to confuse and corrupt the situation. Enforced arbitration, with an elective board of arbitrators, would throw the whole matter headlong into politics and tend inevitably to such an era of political debauchery as would incline all men to whom anarchy is unbearable to gather together the wreck of their fortunes and fly the country. In New Zealand, boards of arbitration are formed of three persons, one selected by each of the parties in interest, with one drawn from the higher judicial department of the State, the State member being an appointive functionary and representative of the highest available ability and character. We had precisely such a board here a few months back in Judge Beatty and his associates in the street car arbitration; and it is in contempt of the findings of this board that the present unreasonable strike of carmen is now in force.

Just as the *Argonaut* closes its forms there comes a report to the effect that Governor Gillett has summoned Mayor Schmitz to a straight-from-the-shoulder-talk, and that he has demanded the dismissal of the Police Commission and the Chief of Police, with the substitution of men in sympathy with law and order. The Mayor, it is said, has tentatively consented and the prospect is that before the next *Argonaut* goes to its readers our police department will have cast out its devils.

All the incidents of the present trouble, not to mention the incidents of previous troubles, go to confirm what the *Argonaut* has again and again asserted, namely, that labor union, as we have it in San Francisco, is a tremendous menace to the integrity and the peace of society. It is wholly lacking in moral responsibility. Demanding every privilege for itself it does not consent that any other element of the community has any right which it is bound to respect. It is so debased in its interrelations as to be subject, not to the control of its wisest and best, but of its hotheads and its cut-throats. It was not the best element, but the worst, in the local carmen's union that brought on the present strike; again, it was not the best element, but the worst, in the linemen's union that brought on the strike declared within the week. The moral spirit of labor union, as we have it here, is so low as to permit it to lend its forces without question or limit to any artful demagogue who will bid higher than some other of his kind for its favors—bear

witness the relation between labor union and Abraham Ruef, established nearly six years ago and renewed in two elections after the infamous character of the man was a matter of plain demonstration. If further testimony to the demoralizing influence of labor union were necessary, it is to be found in that prodigious economic waste which results from enforced limitation of production, from the slakness, the slothfulness, the slovenliness, the inefficiency of union men in their daily work, their barbarous treatment of non-union associates in the few shops where they work together, and in the violences which have attended the present street car strike.

Labor union, in the development which it has attained here, is plainly a thing unworthy of confidence or respect, a menace indeed to the peace and order of society. Not upon any promise it may make, not upon any compromise, can we as a community trust it without such hazard to our material and moral interests as we have not the right to concede. Men and brethren, let us have the courage and the manhood to raise the standard of no compromise with irresponsibility and infamy! Let us fight this fight to complete victory! Now is the time, now is the chance, not only to fight for but to win permanent peace. There will be time to talk about compromise when unionism shall have purged itself of its sins, when it shall have eliminated the agitator and the mischief-maker, when it shall have acquired the virtue of a decent self-restraint, when it shall consent to make itself not only morally but legally responsible.

A Sound Word from the President.

In all his career President Roosevelt has never put forth a wiser utterance than that in his Lansing (Michigan) address of Friday last upon the dignity of labor and of the necessity of preparation for it. It is, he said, a curious thing that our industrial training has tended to the production of high-grade men at the top rather than in the ranks. Our engineering schools, he pointed out, compare favorably with the best in Europe, but "we have done almost nothing to equip the private soldiers of the industrial army—the mechanic, the metalworker, the carpenter." Proceeding he said:

Too often our schools train away from the shop and the forge; and this fact, together with the abandonment of the old apprentice system, has resulted in such an absence of facilities for providing trained journeymen that in many of our trades almost all the recruits among the workmen are foreigners. Surely this means that there must be some systematic method provided for training young men in the trades, and that this must be coordinated with the public school system. No industrial school can turn out a finished journeyman; but it can furnish the material out of which a finished journeyman can be made, just as an engineering school furnishes the training which enables its graduates speedily to become engineers.

Here is a word rightly conceived and justly spoken. It comes to the *Argonaut* with a special sense of approval because it is in precise line with what over and over again has been urged in these columns. We have said so many times as almost to have wearied our readers that the educational system of California and of the United States has tended rather to distract and enfeeble the working forces of industry than to concentrate and inspirit them. Having long argued to deaf ears, it comes as a refreshment of the spirit to hear the President of the United States put the matter with such clearness and to give it the moral backing of his high authority.

What with our educational system training up our boys and girls exclusively for the ornamental uses of life; what with labor unionism shutting the shop door against enterprising and industrious youth; what with the department store taking our girls from domestic life and its duties and inspiring them with tastes beyond the means of any but the rich—what with all these things, should it surprise anybody that the moral tone of American society, at least of such society as we have in our cities, should decline and that social and individual demoralization should be a characteristic mark of our time and era?

Society has no other duty comparable at the point of solemnity with its duty to train up its youth. We have allowed the schoolmaster and the collegian to interpret this duty in a one-sided way; we have allowed an arrogant labor unionism

to deny it altogether. We have permitted commercialism in the most sordid spirit to make merchandise of our youth to its degeneracy and debasement. And on every side we see the effect of these delinquencies in a product of young persons deficient in mind, morals, and in manners. It is useless to shut our eyes to it; and in view of recent developments as we have seen them here in San Francisco, it would be criminal longer to do it. The President has sounded a note which ought to ring through the country like the cry of an alarm bell. It is indeed time that we should take heed of our youth; that we should consider its needs—its real needs as distinct from its artificial needs—and that we should make provision for the training up of the rising generation, not merely in the arts and sciences, and in the graces of life, but in that working capability which is the only sound basis of individual welfare and the only assurance of individual character.

Here in California we need to cast aside the fetish of scholasticism with the academic folly which dominates and demoralizes our system. We need to devise a system for the training of working forces in agriculture, horticulture, mining, mechanics, and the working of ships. These names define the working needs of the country. They are vastly more important in what they stand for than the things upon which we have been spending and largely wasting our time and our money.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ANGELES, Saturday, June 1, 1907.

TO THE READERS OF THE ARGONAUT: I ran down here yesterday with two thoughts in mind. First, I wanted, even though only for a few hours, to get out of the atmosphere of social confusion, of class hatred, of struggle and conflict, of criminal suggestion. I wanted again to breathe the air of social order, to see the wheels of industry in normal movement, to rub elbows with cheerful and happy people, to listen to hopeful talk about things present and to come. Second, I wanted to find out why things are as they are in Los Angeles, while conditions in San Francisco are what they are.

I had not gone the short half-mile between the Arcade Station and the California Club before I saw substantial evidences of much that we have been hearing lately about Los Angeles. The streets were thronged with well-dressed people, all looking as if they were going somewhere for some purpose. Corners quite familiar two or three years ago I could not identify, because the shacks of an earlier period have given way to skyscrapers. Looking in any direction the air seemed literally full of steel frames, about which busy men were climbing, and joining, and welding, and hammering, precisely as in San Francisco two or three years ago. Pervading everywhere and everything there was the hum of human activity on a large scale—the clamor of the street-car bell, the toot-toot of the automobile in endless numbers, with ten thousand other evidences of an eager and orderly life. The Los Angeles people have never been noted for backwardness in telling about their wonderful town; I have heard the story in its infinite variations over and over again, and have been wont to smile inwardly at the enthusiasm of our friends and neighbors, who have brought the Chicago spirit along with a whole lot of Chicago money, and have reestablished both where the Los Angeles River (which one must see with the eye of faith) joins the Pasadena Arroyo (which, old settlers say, once ran knee-deep for forty minutes).

The Los Angeles type is not without its humors but—it hasn't overtold the story. The population of Los Angeles today, one editor told me, is 260,000. Another editor put it at 180,000. Still another told me that it was a "round three hundred thousand." I shall not attempt to reconcile these differences, partly because I don't want to set the dogs of journalistic war to baying in Los Angeles, and partly because it doesn't matter. Whatever the census man or the boomer may figure out in the matter of numbers, the fact is apparent that there is a prodigious lot of people in Los Angeles; and, what is far more important, they are busy, prosperous, united in spirit, hopeful, and happy. Their town is getting ahead at a prodigious rate, and every mother's son of them feels himself a contributor to the universal welfare. Here are a few figures:

The number of manufacturing plants, great and small, in Los Angeles was at the last reckoning 1537; capital invested in manufacturing, approximately, \$35,000,000; estimated annual value of products, \$50,000,000; annual payroll, \$14,700,000. In the year 1906 the country of which Los Angeles is the centre dispatched to the world's markets citrus shipments estimated in carloads, 21,000; value of these shipments, \$17,000,000. Los Angeles has thirty-nine banks, with a combined capital of \$17,075,142; deposits (a record of some months back), \$90,874,845.72. The bank clearings for a period of nine months are reported at \$421,350,997.98. Building permits for a period of nine months aggregated \$14,259,263. Three transcontinental railroads compete for the business of Los Angeles. The local street railway and suburban system aggregates 885 miles, of which 365 miles are double tracked. In Los Angeles there are 229 churches and missions, 71

schools, 20 institutions styling themselves "colleges," 24 hospitals, 14 theatres. The first of last year there were enrolled in the public schools 34,220 pupils. These figures are impressive, truly. I don't wonder that the Los Angeles man is a loud talker; I profoundly wish that we might import something of the exuberance of his spirit into San Francisco. There are a few of us, temperamentally disposed to a quiet life, who would have to retire into obscure corners; but perhaps the town wouldn't miss us much, and it would be immensely helped by that spirit and habit which see things in their best aspects and which invariably walk on the sunny side of the street.

I haven't let the grass grow under my feet this day and a half since my arrival in Los Angeles. I have gone to bankers, manufacturers, workmen, editors, publishers, merchants, and real estate boomers, and have put this question squarely to them—How do you account for the splendid activity of Los Angeles, your freedom from social conflicts, your exemption from strikes, the efficiency and respectability of your government, while San Francisco, your nearest neighbor, suffers so continuously and so terribly? I have asked this question of no less than twenty men within the past thirty hours, and shall attempt to reflect, in the form of a composite statement, the answers that have been given me: Los Angeles is active, in all the departments of its life, there is peace and progress here because, broadly speaking, there is good-will and co-operation between the elements of labor and capital. Neither is dominant; neither controls nor attempts to control the other. The city government, with Mayor Harper, a Democrat, at its head, commands universal respect. The sheriff, a Republican, is a man of unimpeachable character, prompt and thorough in all his official relations. The municipal police, under an efficient head, is impartial and unswerving at the point of its duty.

The "open shop" principle prevails in Los Angeles. There are labor unions without number, but unionism has no monopoly of industry. Efforts to give to unionism the same autocratic authority that it holds in San Francisco have been made again and again, but they have failed. In a few instances there is positive discrimination against unionism. The *Times* newspaper will tolerate no unionist, although it pays higher wages than any union printing house in town. The Huntington Electric Railway system will not employ any member of a union. These are exceptions. The rule is in all trades to deal with labor on the open-shop basis—that is, to buy labor, either individually or collectively, without discrimination or inquiry at the point of union affiliations.

Los Angeles does not attempt to limit the rights of labor. It does not say to labor that it must not organize, but it does say to labor that it shall not by weight of organized arrogance destroy the integrity of social order. To the striker it says, Your rights cease when you lay down your work; the rights of the public begin at that point. Assert your demands as emphatically as you like; employ in the urgency of these demands every resource which lies within the law; but at your peril do not lift so much as a finger to enforce your demands by illegal or violent methods. This system works effectively, because the peace officers do their duty. It goes without saying in Los Angeles that the mayor, the chief of police, the sheriff, will promptly take into custody any man who seeks to enforce or to intimidate any other man. In Los Angeles the rule of non-interference is not only broadly but strictly enforced. No group of foul-mouthed hoodlums of either sex is allowed to hang about places under the disapproval of unionism for the purpose of enforcing a boycott. They have a way of so strictly interpreting and enforcing the laws of misdemeanor as to cover these forms of social disturbance and to make a quick job of jacking up whoever violates them. It is not left to individual policemen to determine whether they shall or shall not act in any given case; stranger still, the police practice addresses itself to the aggressors of an assault rather than the victim of it. I am told that there is no instance in the recent history of Los Angeles where a policeman has shot down a working man going about his business because a gang of hoodlum strikers have set upon him. Strange that there should be in Los Angeles a practice so out of harmony with what we are accustomed to in San Francisco!

Noting these answers, I have asked as to the conditions of labor thus under compulsion to live in accordance with the Constitution of the United States and in decent respect for the rights of others. I find, first of all, that labor does not shun Los Angeles, but that there are men in reasonable numbers for every work calling for co-operation of hands. I find that the general wage scale is as high as in any other American city, if we except San Francisco since its demoralization began. The average working day is a compromise between the eight- and the nine-hour systems, although in many industries the eight-hour rule prevails. Bricklayers get \$6 per day; carpenters, \$3 to \$5 per day, this difference marking a discrimination between the qualities of workmen; first-class journeymen plumbers get \$5 per day. Street-car work is on a scale running from 24 cents an hour for beginners to 30 cents an hour for trained men. An expert man working ten hours gets \$3 a day, with the usual extra pay allowances for overtime.

So the story runs all through the wide range of industrial occupations. Wages are as liberal as they are anywhere else in the world. And here let me note a very important point. In Los Angeles no working restrictions are allowed. If a man can lay any given number of bricks per day he is allowed to do it, and to get any special rate of pay which the employer may allow to expert and exceptional capability. Under this system, a first-class mason will lay 1500 bricks per day.

I have been told that in San Francisco no man is permitted, under the rule of unionism, to lay more than 450 bricks per day. Let the reader with a taste for figures do a little calculating and take note of the general economic loss inevitable under this stupid and immoral system of restriction. I call it stupid, because there is neither rhyme nor reason in it; I call it immoral, because it enforces laziness, dilatoriness, the spirit and the practice of a cheap fraud, and inevitably rots at its core the character of every man who works under it. Let me go further still; it is in effect treasonable, because it is a blow at that system of social and personal liberty which attaches to the theory and to the fabric of our American system. Under this oppressive rule no man can rise to better rewards and to higher levels of achievement and character through capacity and diligence. It holds every man who accepts it a bondsman to a course of life based upon the capacity of the slowest and least efficient. Viewed broadly, it stunts the growth of citizenship, and thereby cheats government by the people of the special character and special talent essential to its maintenance in the full and broad measure of highest integrity.

Let me ask how would American history read if this tyranny had ruled our life in earlier times? Most of the great figures which adorn our civic record—the men who have given us wise laws, who have led our national life, who have fought our battles with sword and with pen—most of these, I say, would have been smothered in their powers and in their ambitions by a system which fixes the rule at the capability of the lowest, which locks and bars the door against advancement, which holds back the eager and the strong, which ultimately and inevitably vitiates and depreciates every workman to the level of the least capable. Under their cruel system, we should have had no Lincoln in the White House. No Grant would have marched at the head of our armies. No Seward would have guided our councils with the nations of the earth. No Beecher and no Greeley would have inspired us with manly courage. No Whittier, rising from the cobbler's bench, would have sung the songs to which a million freemen marched with guns in their hands to God's bloody but just and necessary work. If the capability of the least efficient shall become the rule of American life; if men of exceptional energy, resolution, diligence, hardihood, and courage shall not be permitted to seek and win that which their powers and merits entitle them, we have already seen the best days of the republic. For no nation which represses intellect, character, capability, can maintain itself upon that high plane whereon our fathers established the United States of America.

I have exhibited the working of the Los Angeles system in its relations to the public peace, to material progress, and to the welfare and the character of the individual citizen. Let me glance briefly at a few of its effects upon individual enterprise, for it is out of individual enterprise that every good thing has come to Los Angeles. There was pointed out to me today a nine-story building, comparable at all points with the Mills Building on Montgomery Street, complete as to walls, roof, and everything excepting windows and interior fitting, with the information that for this building ground was broken in November last. In its construction there has been no hour of embarrassment from first to last. There has been perfect cooperation between owner, contractor, and the twenty or more trades employed in the work. Calculations made before the ground was touched have worked out to the cent. There has not been one hour of delay; there has been no waste of energy in conferences, protests, demands, or anything else. From start to finish the thing has gone like clockwork. I was assured by the owner of the building that the construction had been a "real pleasure," and that as soon as he got his job done he intended to take up another, just because he "liked to be doing things."

It would be easy to duplicate this story twenty times, for all over town building on a great scale is going on with perfect cooperation between all the elements and forces in any way related to these enterprises. The situation is one in which every blow that is struck, in which every ounce of energy that is expended, and in which every thought contributes to progress. The capitalist is not lying awake nights worrying over the uncertainties of his undertaking; the contractor is not worried and fagged by the cares and burdens of his part of the work; the mood of the workman is not dominated by discontent and by enmity to his work; nor is he taxed to support a brood of walking delegates and other blood-suckers. Whatever energy of mind or body is directed toward the particular job on hand, that energy counts toward getting ahead. Need anybody wonder that under such a system building is a "real pleasure" to the capitalist, that there is spirit in every phase of the work, that the town in which this sort of thing prevails goes on, and on, and on?

I asked a merchant of Los Angeles today to define the force which holds the municipal government, including the police, and the county government, including the sheriff, to the line of responsibility and duty under which trades unionism has been prevented from doing here those violent and unlawful acts by which San Francisco has been, and is being, so terrified, humiliated, and injured. The reply was prompt. We have in Los Angeles, he said, a public sentiment which discriminates against cheap and characterless men on election day, and which gives to men in office an inspiration which holds them to their work. Public sentiment in Los Angeles is no timid and spineless thing; it knows where it stands, and it never hesitates to assert itself. I will not venture to say, he continued, what might happen to a chief of police who should prove unworthy to his duty under the law. It is unthinkable that a man here should pursue in a crisis a course com-

parable with that of San Francisco's Chief Dinan who, I understand, is a product of tenderloin life, a hoodlum by instinct and practice, a criminal by affinity, association, and habit. We have, you see—he pointed to the nearest corner—a very firmly planted system of lamp-posts. Probably, should the need arise, we should know how to make effective use of the one nearest at hand in such a crisis. There is no saying what we would do, because there is no danger of our having to do it; for no man of the criminal class could get to be chief of police, and no such man could possibly remain in office. There is a positive unanimity of sentiment among our business community, and it is a sentiment in which the great body of our industrial population are full and worthy sharers.

By way of illustrating the united spirit of the business community, another merchant gave me a detailed account of an incident only just now a month old. On May 1 of this year there was a strike of teamsters upon the basis of demands which the business community could not accept as just. There was no violence, no picketing, no resort at any point to unlawful methods, but there was widespread embarrassment. There are few idle men in Los Angeles, few who can be picked up to do any unusual work. It was found impossible immediately to supply the places of the strikers, and for a few days business was very much hampered and hindered. Consulting their immediate interest the employers of teamsters were in the way of coming to a compromise, of yielding where the judgment of the business community in general was that there should be no concession. The employers were advised to hold fast, but they pleaded poverty and the urgency of their need. At this point public sentiment and community spirit stepped in. Within three hours a fund of \$50,000 had been provided, not secretly and sneakily, but openly and boldly, with the names of the parties opposite their contributions. This fund was put into the hands of the employers to be used in compensation of any losses which they might sustain through a firm stand for equity and decency. There were many subscribers to the fund, one notable one—Mr. Henry E. Huntington—who stipulated that his contribution of \$5000 was contingent upon a definite and positive determination to fight the fight out to a finish with no concession at any point. The rest of the story is soon told. The strikers, seeing themselves beaten, returned to their work. It developed in this connection that the initiative of the strike and of the demands upon which it was based, was not with the teamsters themselves, but with an itinerant agitator representative of national unionism, who thought that a time when San Francisco was in such confusion would be a good time to insert the thin edge of the labor union wedge at Los Angeles.

I come now to the most interesting part of this whole story, to consideration of the conditions by which, and under which, public sentiment in Los Angeles with respect to industrial freedom was created and has been maintained. Ask any man in Los Angeles why sentiment is what it is, and he will answer promptly in two words—"The Times!" The Times newspaper stands in Los Angeles in a curious and unique character. It is, par excellence, the newspaper of the city, hesting its several contemporaries at every point of journalistic efficiency, and double-discounting them all taken together as a social force. It gives to Los Angeles an intellectual and moral leadership much like that of the *Oregonian* in Portland, of the *Tribune* in Chicago, of the *Evening Post* in New York, of the *Transcript* in Boston, of the *Constitution* in Atlanta, of the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville. The Los Angeles Times is not a popular newspaper, in the sense that everybody approves it at all times, or that everybody likes the color of its editor's hair. You don't need to go far in Los Angeles to find men who don't like the Times, men who denounce it as opinionated, obstinate, partisan, etc. But go where you will, ask whomever you will, and you will find no man to say of the Times that it is faithless as a newspaper, that it is a bearer of false lights, that it panders to sensationalism, that it corrupts youth, that it knuckles under to influence, that it cowers to the mob. The Times conceives the duties and the responsibilities of journalism in accordance with time-honored standards—the standards of Horace Greeley, of Samuel Bowles, of Henry J. Raymond, of Lawrence Godkin, of Harvey W. Scott, of Henry L. Pittock, of Edward Haldeman, of Henry Watterson, of George Jones, of Joseph Medill, of Adolph Ochs. Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times, is of this high breed. He belongs to it by identity of brains and moral courage; and what the man is, the Times is. General Otis has some whims and some hobbies—there are many in Los Angeles who will tell you that he has too many. First and foremost among his fixed ideas is a respect and a veneration, indeed, almost an idolatry for the principle that "every citizen has the lawful right to pursue, unhampered and undisturbed, any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way, and to be protected in that right by the whole power of the State and of the nation, if need be."

General Otis's fight for industrial freedom in Los Angeles has been no holiday affair; it did not come to its finish in a single round. It has been attended by every species of difficulty and moral trial that interest and malice could devise; it has struck far and wide in the social and political life of Southern California—and elsewhere—and it has made scars which perhaps nothing but the progress of time with the amnesty of a thousand funerals can wipe out. But out of it all there has come a consequence so vast and so beneficent as to have made the work of Harrison Gray Otis, in one corner of our great country, in a new and relatively limited field, one of the fixed stars of journalistic achievement in America. To have given to one city the tradition of industrial freedom, to have made a pattern for all other American communities, to have set up a

beacon light to the journalism of today and of the future—this is truly an achievement of tremendous significance and of imperishable distinction.

The unique and victorious fight of the Los Angeles Times for industrial freedom, for its rights under the Constitution and the law, had its inception on August 5, 1890. The struggle continued for sixteen and a third years; it continues today, in the sense that the Times still wears its armor and carries its sword in hand, meeting every suggestion of aggression, whether related to itself or to anybody else, in the old spirit and with the old valor. In August, 1890, when business conditions in Los Angeles were at the lowest ebb of depression, a demand was made upon the four newspapers then published there that they enter into an agreement to give to the typographical union a monopoly of employment with acceptance of men provided by the union, irrespective of personal merit or of workmanlike performance, to the exclusion of all other workmen in the same line, however superior in all respects they might be. It was a demand for the closed shop, long before that offensive term was invented. No question of wages or of hours was involved in this demand, since then as now the highest rates were paid in the printing trades. The strike was called upon one day's notice upon all four of the Los Angeles daily newspapers and at the same hour. Three of them made a brief stand for freedom; one surrendered to the strikers at the end of three days; a second succumbed a little later; the third held out for about two months. The Times stood alone and stood firm, and it has been standing ever since. After a little time there was a lull in the fight, but in 1903 it was resumed with increased vigor and with unexampled bitterness. It was taken up in sympathy by all the labor union organizations in Los Angeles and by the labor union leaders all over the United States. For sixteen years and four months everything that could be done against the Times, at home and abroad, by the malice of organized labor, was done persistently and bitterly. To carry on this warfare organized labor taxed its votaries to the amount of about \$25,000 per year. In one campaign \$40,000 was expended by the unionists. The Times never weakened, even though there were weeks and months when its publication and printing offices were maintained as barracks. In all the years of conflict the Times never ceased to fight aggressively and stubbornly, not only for its own right to conduct its business in its own way, but for the right of every other interest and every citizen to do the same. And in the face of this controversy and in despite of every effort of its adversaries, it built up a commercial business and a moral influence which stand unparalleled in the journalism of the country. Organized labor has thrown up the sponge; it no longer seeks to maintain the conflict; it has withdrawn its boycotts. The Times has yielded nothing. It stands where it stood at the beginning; in season and out of season it maintains the principle of the lawful right of every citizen to pursue undisturbed and unhampered any lawful occupation of his choice.

I had this morning a long and most interesting talk with the grizzled hero of this long fight in his beautiful home—"The Bivouac"—opposite West Lake Park. General Otis is no longer young; he crossed the seventy line in February last, but in body and mind he illustrates the vital value of persistent physical and mental activity. He is firm on his feet, he looks clearly out of his eyes, his voice is as clear as that of the average man of fifty. He has eased himself a little of late. He goes to his office later and comes home earlier than in his more strenuous days. But even when he rests he does it in his own way. I found him in a spacious "den," furnished with trophies of his career in journalism and in war, dictating an address which he was good enough to finish up rather hurriedly and to give me leave to print in the *Argonaut*. It will be found elsewhere in this number, and it may be taken as a message from General Otis to the people of San Francisco in this desperate crisis of their affairs. It is worth the reading of every citizen. Indeed, we shall do well if we take it as a huge note, as a call to arms in the fight for liberty, for the integrity of the Constitution and the law.

General Otis received me with courtesy, and talked with absolute freedom when I asked him, as I had already asked others, to explain the exemption of Los Angeles from the blight of labor unionism. It is, he said, due to the universal respect here for the principle of industrial freedom. Many, he said, have assumed, because Los Angeles is free from labor troubles, that there has been no serious effort to make trouble. There has been here as elsewhere, he said, extreme pretensions, backed by the grossest spirit of aggression. There have been many attempts, in various interests and at many times. There have been strikes and boycotts without number, ending always in failure and generally within two to ten days. In instances there have been running fights covering a period of many years, but in every case the outcome has been the same. Passing lightly over the experience of the Times, he pointed out that for eleven years the firm of Hamburger & Company, the biggest department store in town was under boycott for the crime of advertising in the Times. The Hamburgers stood by their guns, never accepted dictation, never ceased to keep or to renew their contracts with the Times. "You may have noticed," added the veteran, with a touch of pardonable pride, "that splendid steel structure going up on Eighth Street, some seven, or eight, or nine stories, with a floor space of something like twenty-five acres—that building is for the Hamburgers. You see what the fight did for them."

"Our people," added General Otis, "deserve an immense amount of credit for their firmness in these matters." I suggested to him that they had been carefully educated. He replied that that was so, but that they had had a

splendid capacity to assimilate education and to build up community character upon sound lines. The *Times*, he said, had fought its battle for liberty and law with a logic which could not be resisted, and which had become absorbed and fixed in the very fibre of the community. The walking delegate system, he pointed out, was an exceedingly effective one where employers are not armed to meet it. It literally talks the life out of the individual employer when he is left to stand alone. The chief service of the *Times*, he said, had been to arm the public with arguments, to meet the walking delegate with a knowledge as complete as his own and with a spirit quite as valiant. It has enabled them to knock out the ignorance, the fallacy, and the dishonesty of unionism at the points of its unwarranted pretensions. The *Times* had been a factor in the fight because it had furnished the powder and the shot, and had stiffened the backbone in those to whom these resources were given. The ridiculous part of the whole business, he said, rests upon the fact that unionized labor is only a pitiful minority of the labor element of the country—less than fifteen per cent all told. There is never anywhere, or at any time, he said, an instance where employers may not win if they will be just and honest, if they will take the pains to be informed, and if they will work in decent respect of and for each other. Speaking of his own long fight, General Otis said he had never attacked labor because it was organized, he had never lifted hand or pen against it except where it was lawless.

The talk turned to San Francisco, and here General Otis spoke with sympathy and emphasis. I hope, he said, your people will not think of any compromise, for there is no possible compromise, with honor. I pass over all questions of hours and wages, all minor and temporary issues to the essential principle. You must maintain the lawful right of every citizen to pursue undisturbed and unhampered any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way. You must not allow that any citizen must seek the consent of an irresponsible union, to which he must submit and pay taxes, in the form of dues, before he can have the privilege of earning his living. You, he said, have put it straight in the *Argonaut*; I have never seen it put straighter or more forcibly anywhere. You have pointed out the line of responsibility and duty to your people. It remains for them to accept the lesson, to cast off a tyranny which is oppressing and dragging down your city, to re-establish credit, and restore prosperity by hanging out the sign of the "open shop"—by asserting and enforcing the right of every man to pursue undisturbed and unhampered any lawful work of his choice in any lawful way. It was with this utterance ringing in my ears that I said good-bye to the grizzled old hero.

ALFRED HOLMAN.

Industrial Freedom, Industrial Peace, and Industrial Progress in Los Angeles and Elsewhere.

By the Editor of the Los Angeles Times.

[The *Argonaut* is permitted by General Otis to publish this article from advance sheets of an historical souvenir book to be issued in connection with the meeting of the National Educational Association, shortly to be held in Los Angeles.]

A city that would thrive, expand, and progress to the utmost, on right lines, must have freedom in its industries, and protection to all its citizens pursuing lawful occupations. There can be no real progress, no substantial and permanent prosperity where serious and avoidable industrial disturbances habitually occur. No body of people, however capable, energetic, or industrious, can make headway in their material activities when they are assailed, raided, and harassed by strikes, boycotts, or other forms of industrial disquiet and violence. Repose and regularity are essential to true and complete industrial prosperity.

All citizens who seek to pursue lawful occupations in a lawful way have the right, under the Constitution and the law, to do so unhindered, unhampered and untaxed, save by the city, the State, or the nation. The attempted levying of private burdens by one class of citizens upon another, in the form of enforced assessments, penalties, or arbitrary taxation upon callings recognized by the statutes, no matter what form those assessments may take, is unauthorized, unwarranted, and despotic.

Therefore brain and brawn should be free, industry and enterprise should be free, and capital should be free—all within the limitations of law. And whoever seeks to interfere with any form or class of freedom guaranteed by our American Magna Charta, the Constitution, in a republic where liberty and law are the rule of action and not the exception, is an offender, who, upon conviction, may be punished by law. And when I speak of the punishment of offenders against the law, I mean all offenders, whether high or low, whether operating under cover of one system or another; whether representing organized capital or organized labor, for organized labor derives no superior rights over unorganized labor from the mere fact of organization.

It is nothing less than a shame and an impudent pretense for an organized minority to undertake to dominate the unorganized majority of labor, which constitutes probably 85 per cent of all labor. It would be folly and weakness for our citizens to yield to such a preposterous attempt. They can not and will not tolerate the greatest and most dangerous trust of all, merely because it masquerades under the guise of "the workingman." Lawless organized labor is unsafe; unionism is only tolerable when it is law-abiding.

Los Angeles has achieved a remarkable measure of prosperity through the existence within her borders, during many years past, of comparative industrial freedom. Through this precious and powerful agency, more than

from any other cause, she has experienced a rapidity of expansion and achieved a degree of prosperity which have made her famous throughout the land. I have used the term "comparative industrial freedom," meaning by these words that complete industrial freedom has not yet been attained, even here, though the measure of it secured through the efforts of our brave people is fuller and greater than that which exists in any city of like size within the confines of the Republic. Our men of strength, character and achievement—the men who "do things" by making the wheels go round, never permitting our industrial activities to be paralyzed or put to sleep—have had the good sense to see aright on this great, paramount question, which is the very foremost question before the American people today. And this is true, not only of the leaders in our great industrial campaigns, but it is true also of the men of the line, the numberless independent workmen, both skilled and unskilled, of all classes, who have refused to bow the knee, join the narrow, despotic, monopolistic unions, and wear the badge of industrial servitude.

With this healthy state of things prevailing in Los Angeles, strikes, when attempted, have almost uniformly been unsuccessful; boycotts have proved distinct failures, and campaigns of vituperation, falsehood, and proscription have come to naught. Our people have declared themselves free, and are determined to maintain their freedom at any cost. The great results achieved are significant and telling. I myself have seen our population increase from 12,500 in 1882 to more than 280,000 in 1907.

Those of our merchants, manufacturers, contractors, builders, printers, and other business men, large employers of labor, who have had the courage to proclaim and defend their lawful rights are now reaping their rich reward. No investment can be so profitable or so sure as is the investment in manly business independence.

It is not the payment of liberal or even high wages that our employers object to so much as they resist the attempted wresting from them of the control and management of their business. The man who makes the pay-roll has the right to run the business. The firm resistance to attempted usurpation in this city has resulted in distinct good to all concerned, including the very unionists who have at times made malcontents and disturbers of themselves.

The battle has been not so much against lawful and orderly unionism (whenever that somewhat rare condition may be found) as against lawless, defiant, unscrupulous, despotic, and monopolistic unionism, which, unfortunately, is the dominating species prevailing in these latter days.

The "open shop" largely obtains here, even though that system has its serious defects and is short of the ideal system. Employers of experience know that it is too often true that the unreasonable spirit of labor unionism, once inoculated into the blood of a workman, tends to make him hate every other man who does not belong to the union—the union whose teachings lead members to persistently hack, harass, and annoy their associates in an "open shop" until they are either driven into the union or driven out of employment. It is this sort of unionism that our people oppose and are determined not to tolerate. Rather than tolerate it, they will, if need be, destroy it. It is no wonder, then, that independent workmen have the preference here—workmen who refuse to become "joiners," who do not need to become "joiners," and who are just as competent and vastly more loyal, faithful, industrious, and true, than are their union persecutors.

The contrast between peaceful Los Angeles and other cities less fortunately situated is sharp and striking. Here undisturbed industry has fair, if not full sway. Here legitimate progress is unhindered. Here good conditions for the workman and his family prevail. Here comfort through toil is achieved. Here free homes, owned by free men are seen, and human happiness exists in exceptional measure. These conditions are the normal fruits of industrial freedom.

In some other cities, whose names will recur to the mind without calling them, opposite conditions prevail—conditions that are painful, harassing, unhappy, and needless; for I declare that a bad condition which can be remedied through the cooperation of independent citizens, acting under the law, is a needless condition. The bad state of things which I here describe and denounce is notorious elsewhere. During months and years past the record has been graphically set down in the daily press, wherever that press is free, bold, and independent. The unhappy record too often tells the sad story of a violent, lawless, wretched industrial condition, which might have been completely averted or remedied by the strict and impartial enforcement of law. That same record shows labor strikes without adequate reason, boycotts without warrant (for there is no warrant anywhere for a boycott); industries interrupted or completely stopped, business paralyzed, manufactures restricted, trade and commerce unsettled; and, more than that, the same unhappy record shows gross personal outrages committed by rampant and law-defying unionism; honest labor pursued and persecuted; assaults, maiming, and murder done; women and children brought to want and even to the very verge of starvation; suffering, agony, and distress needlessly and wickedly brought upon the innocent, and widespread harm visited upon cities, towns, and communities in a land boasting that it is, *par excellence*, the land of liberty and law.

The situation is deplorable, and I do not hesitate to declare that it is needless, for the brave, independent, determined citizens of any city or town are in every case strong enough, when united, to conquer and suppress industrial disorder and bring about industrial peace.

As for San Francisco, let nobody make the mistake of thinking that I would laugh at her calamity or mock when

her fear cometh. On the contrary, I deplore her sad industrial and political plight as much as though I were one of her citizens, and would rejoice over her disenfranchisement. She can be free if her strong men so will it; but in order to be free they must first fight.

I could wish San Francisco no greater good fortune than to have the *Argonaut* converted into a daily newspaper, so that it might bravely proclaim the truth every morning in the year, instead of only once a week, as now. A daily investment in its splendid and fearless cry for industrial disenfranchisement, peace, justice, and repose, and for civic reform, would be of priceless benefit to all San Francisco and to the State at large.

I here reassert and reaffirm the declaration which I have so often made through the columns of the *Los Angeles Times*, and elsewhere, in these words: "We stand for a better, a more rational and just doctrine—for the lawful right of every citizen to pursue, undisturbed and unhampered, any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way, and to be protected in that right by the whole power of the State and of the nation, if need be." I declare further, as I have declared before: "The right to labor is fundamental and inalienable. It antedates labor leagues and human laws. It is a preeminent right of all American citizens, and can never be taken away without first revolutionizing the government. But there will be no revolution. This sacred right, vital to republican liberty, will be protected, defended, and preserved by the brave freemen who prize it, and all who dare assail it will be foiled in their wicked attempt." These are sacred foundation principles; and "God's truth is marching on."

The *Times* is no longer fighting its own battle for industrial liberty. That battle was fought and won long since, after an arduous, prolonged, bitter, and vindictive campaign on the part of the associated labor leagues, near and far. They failed in their united onset; they failed in their first and in their last campaign against this journal. The virtue of standing fast then and during the seventeen intervening years against these malicious and lawless onsets has been demonstrated by the emphatic public approval showered upon the *Times*. The large measure of popular patronage voluntarily given it has brought a degree of prosperity unexampled in the field of modern journalism anywhere. If we defied the strikers and boycotters then, how much more are we able to defy them today.

We are fighting now for the rights of our fellows—for the rights of all American citizens under the Constitution and the law, and we mean to continue the battle to the end. Industrial liberty is too precious to be sacrificed. It is no less sacred than religious liberty, political liberty, or personal liberty under the law. Neither can be sacrificed by free-born American citizens without irreparable injury to themselves and serious, if not fatal, jeopardy to our republican system of government.

So I abjure my compatriots at home and my fellow citizens abroad to stand fast; to fight, if need be, for the precious and priceless principle of freedom in the industries, which is today the first need of all our people, whether employers or employed—the first need of the country itself.

Free Los Angeles has yet further victories to win. Among other achievements of the future she has the great Owens River aqueduct to build, and she will build it with free labor.

The sentiments herein uttered are neither new nor strange. They are familiar to every intelligent and thinking man. They will be especially clear, I am sure, to every law-maker, judge, student, and interpreter of the Constitution and the statutes affecting the personal and industrial rights of citizens of every grade, class, or line of employment. They are utterances based upon common law, common sense, common patriotism, and common honesty.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

TIMES BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, JUNE 1, 1907.

Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota carried his Republican State by 76,333 last year. He is the son of poor Swedish immigrants and represents the spirit of the Northwest better than any other man who has been in public life in this generation. His modesty is equal to his vote-getting power. The dedication of the Minnesota monument in the National Park at Vicksburg took him South with his staff a few days ago. To the inevitable question, Was he a candidate for President? he said: "I am not a candidate for the presidency, and I don't expect to be. I don't consider it in good taste for any man to make a dead set at such an honor, which ought to come freely and spontaneously from the people in the exercise of their untrammelled choice. It is true that I have received some complimentary mention in different sections of the country where they have noticed the last election returns from Minnesota; and I appreciate the kindly feelings that prompted them; but I am not bidding for national honors, and I am sorry if our visit down here has been given any such significance."

Maurice Francis Egan, who is to succeed Thomas J. O'Brien as United States minister to Denmark, is now professor of English language and literature in the Catholic University of America, at Washington. Dr. Egan, who is an author of note, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852, and is, therefore, 55 years old. He was graduated from La Salle College, and in 1878 became professor of English literature in Georgetown College. Leaving Georgetown College, he became a newspaper man, and he has written novels, poems, and criticisms that have added to his reputation.

Farmers in the United States annually lose \$2,000,000 through insects.

A SEPTEMBER EASTER.

By Willard Giles Parsons.

"Matilda," said Elizabeth, glancing up over her spectacles from the daily *Chronicle*, "Hiram's come."

Matilda, bending over her hemstitching, turned in her chair to get a better light. Her hair, plentiful and prematurely white, hid from her sister the delicate pink that spread across her cheek.

"How do you know?"

"It's in the paper. He arrived yesterday. He's at the Fairmont."

"At the Fairmont," repeated Matilda, with a slight exclamatory comment in her voice.

"Of course," replied Elizabeth. "Hiram's gone up in the world, just as you and I've gone down."

The elder sister turned her paper vigorously, dismissing the subject with the sharp rattle of the sheet. The younger sat quiet, hemstitching at her handkerchief, until the color had retired from her cheeks. Then she rose, went to the window by which Elizabeth was sitting, and opened it. The high fog of morning still hung in the air, but the sun had broken through the trailing veil of night, and shone with a thin warmth on the window-sill. Outside, it shone into the garden, where a tangle of old-fashioned flowers was ordered by narrow paths and bounded by a hedge of wild mallow. The warm, moist air was full of fragrance, and the smell of lavender came strongly in the window.

"Elizabeth," said Matilda, gently, "I don't think it matters which way we've come, as long as we've come here."

The older woman looked up, and the asperity of her expression softened. She was about to speak, but was anticipated by the ringing of the telephone.

"I'll answer," said Matilda.

Elizabeth watched her go.

"Come here!" she muttered to herself. "She loves that yard as if the things in it was alive. But it's all the same to me, up or down, so long as she's content."

She pushed up her spectacles and drummed on the window-sill with her knotted fingers. If the rooms stayed rented, she reckoned, and all the lodgers paid, Matilda should have a new jacket for the winter.

"Elizabeth!" cried Matilda, standing in the doorway, her eyes as startled as her voice. "It was he!"

"Who?"

"Hiram."

The sisters stared at one another, each adjusting herself to her particular surprise. Elizabeth recovered first.

"What did he say?"

"He wanted to know if this was where the Misses Patten lived."

"Well?"

"I told him no."

"What?"

"I said he had the wrong number, and hung up."

"Matilda Patten!"

Elizabeth's tone was that of a last trumpet, struggling between denunciation and amazement. Matilda advanced a step courageously into the room.

"You know, Elizabeth, we could not receive him here."

The elder sister scrutinized the younger closely.

"I declare," she concluded, "you're ashamed of our poverty!"

"I'm not."

"What then? You think it indelicate . . . at our age . . . without a chaperone . . ."

"Elizabeth!"

Matilda felt the blood prick in her forehead.

"Well, why then?"

"Our age, for one thing, if you must discuss the matter."

"Our age!"

"I haven't seen Hiram Bingham since I was a girl. I've no intention of seeing him now that I am old."

"Shucks, Matilda, how you talk!"

"I'm forty-two."

"What's that amount to? You go around dressed in black and gray, and persist in wearing bonnets. You wouldn't look half so old if you'd wear the hat I got for you for Easter."

"What, now? An Easter hat in September?"

"You never have worn it."

"Of course not. At my time of life, wearing it at all would be like trying to have an Easter in the autumn."

Elizabeth gazed at her sister as if she could find no words to express her disapprobation. And she was saved the need. The telephone rang.

Again the two stared at one another.

"You go," said Matilda.

"Indeed I won't. You baked this pie, and you can eat it."

"Do you suppose it's Hiram?"

"Of course it's Hiram. Did you ever know him to give up anything he wanted. He'll keep at you till he finds you, now that he's set out to do it."

"I do know of his giving up something he wanted," Matilda retorted, "and I guess he'll have to give up finding me, if I set out he shall."

She flitted out of the room. Elizabeth sat quiet, gazing at nothing. Then she drew a long breath.

"I wonder which of them two was the stubborn," she murmured.

When Matilda came back, she asked: "Is he coming to see us?"

"No."

"Didn't he ask to?"

"He wanted to."

"Didn't you invite him?"

"I told him the Misses Patten were from home. I said they had gone to Coronado for a month. That's as good as the Fairmont, I guess. And he can't go to Coronado, because he's billed for Portland."

"Matilda Patten! If you don't beat the Dutch! But who did he suppose you was, a-telling him all this?"

"I said I was the housemaid."

"Whose housemaid?"

"Ours, of course."

"But we ain't got a housemaid."

"That's just why I can be the housemaid, isn't it?"

Elizabeth shook her head, pulled down her spectacles, and rose. There were times when she could make nothing of Matilda. This was one of those times. She laid aside the *Chronicle* and went out without a word. Matilda knew she had gone to the kitchen to calm her feelings by getting lunch.

The younger sister, left alone, seated herself in the chair the elder had vacated, and drew the morning paper to her lap. She turned its pages till she came to the theatre advertisements. There it was, the advertisement she had found and read every morning for a week. Only this time it said: *Today. At 2:15. For the first time in San Francisco. How his name stared at her from the sheet! Hiram Bingham, the Celebrated Baritone, in Songs from the Operas.* Yes, she knew he was celebrated. It was twenty years since he had sought the operatic stage, and he had taken but five to climb to fame. In this, at any rate, he had got what he wanted. And she—?

When Elizabeth summoned her for lunch, she had to put the unread paper from her.

At table, Elizabeth announced that she was going to wash the Angora. Matilda knew from this that her sister's feelings were still in need of calming. She replied that she herself was going out.

When her part of the noontime ritual, which came as a consequence of the meal, was over, she changed her dress and put on her bonnet. The black strings contrasted with her white hair, and gave an effect of restraint which she noted approvingly in the glass.

As she went out the door and through the garden, her heart was beating high, and she rejoiced that Elizabeth was too busy with the reluctant Angora to ask where she was going.

At the theatre she found that she would have to sit either in the very front or very rear. She chose the front. For she knew she was changed beyond his recognition, and she wanted to see him well.

When he came on, she gave such a start, letting her programme rattle to the floor, that her neighbors glanced at her concernedly. He was not the black-haired, red-cheeked youth she had known, the youth she had remembered. His cheeks were colorless, his hair was gray. He had grown old.

He, too, had grown old.

She picked up her programme and brought herself under control as he began to sing. The first note pierced a way into her soul. The others followed fleetly in, filling her with such a rapture of delight and woe as bore her quite outside herself.

The round of clapping testified the audience's perception of the baritone's rotundity of tone. But it was not that that gripped her. It was the identity of quality with that she used to hear, years ago, in New Hampshire, when he took her to prayer-meeting and sang off the same hymn-book by her side. She was thankful that the enthusiasm of her neighbors permitted her to wipe unseen the moisture from beneath her eyes.

As song succeeded song, one emotion succeeded another in her breast. But at the end, as she came away through the storm of applause, her feeling was one of yearning pity. For he was old. Yes, he, too, was in September.

She arranged her bonnet-strings beneath her chin with a sudden sense of their protection. She felt as a mother, she told herself, feels toward her boy.

When she reached home, Elizabeth was in the sitting-room, guarding the unhappy but very white Angora. She was glad of the respite, for she realized, all at once, how hard it would be to make Elizabeth understand. She prolonged the changes in her toilet, and hastened to the front door, on the ring of its bell, thankful also for this postponement.

She opened the door for Hiram Bingham.

After a minute, during which he stood holding his hat, he asked: "Matilda, aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Of course, Hiram. Come right in. Elizabeth is in the sitting-room."

As he sat on the small chair, talking with her sister, Matilda observed how large, almost burly, he appeared. He was older, yes, but there was something about him indubitably boyish. Perhaps it was the same old, finely shaped head, with its firm lift from the shoulders.

Suddenly he turned to her.

"Do you know, I came very near not finding you. I telephoned twice this morning."

Matilda said nothing, feeling Elizabeth's eyes.

"The first time didn't matter, because the party told me I had the wrong number. But the second time—"

In the pause, eloquent with exclamation, Matilda managed to emit a faint interrogatory note.

"I got a housemaid who said the Misses Patten were at Coronado!"

"Extraordinary!"

"Yes, wasn't it? I must have got another wrong number and the housemaid misunderstood the name. Of course, I supposed you had, and gave you up."

"Then how—" interrupted Elizabeth.

But Matilda cut her short.

"I'm so glad you found out you had the wrong number."

How have you really been all these years?"

"Well. And you?"

"Well."

"And neither of you has married."

"You haven't either, have you?"

"No."

In the pause that followed, Elizabeth looked from one to the other through her spectacles. Then she spoke, firm and ineluctable.

"Hiram, I want to know how you found out we were here."

"I saw your address in the telephone book."

"No; I mean how you found out we were not at Coronado."

"I saw Matilda at the theatre."

Elizabeth stared.

"Matilda!" she trumpeted, "at the theatre!"

"Yes," he asserted, a faint wave of color mounting from his collar. "Matilda at the theatre. A sight I never expected to see."

"Oh," snorted Elizabeth, "that's nothing uncommon."

Matilda rose and put up the shades.

"It's getting dark," she said. "Hiram, you will stay to dinner?"

"I shall be very happy."

His answer was mechanical. He was looking at Elizabeth.

"Miss Patten, may I ask what you meant by its not being uncommon for Matilda to be at the theatre?"

"She goes there regular. Leastwise to the opera. She goes to every operatic matinee."

Hiram Bingham turned and looked at Matilda. What there was in his look could not be said in words. He could not say it himself.

"Matilda," he said at last, "get your things, and we'll take a little walk."

"Yes," encouraged Elizabeth, "while I set out the dinner."

Matilda hesitated, standing and looking from one to the other.

"Hiram," she said, "how did you know I was at the theatre?"

"I saw you."

"And you knew me?"

"Don't it look like it? Do you suppose I've ever forgot how you used to look when you came to school across the meadow in your bonnet?"

Matilda flushed and glanced at her sister.

"That," she said, going from the room, "was a sun-bonnet."

Hiram gazed after her into the darkness of the hall. Then he turned abruptly.

"Miss Patten, do you go with Matilda to operas?"

"Me! Land no!"

"Why does she go?"

"I don't know as she's ever give a reasonable excuse. It's a terrible extravagance."

"How long has she been doing it?"

"Ever since we came to California, fifteen years or more."

"And to think she wouldn't marry me, twenty years ago, because I was set on going on the stage!"

"California changes folks, you know, Hiram."

"Do you think it was just California?"

"I don't know; California ain't changed me."

"And to think," he went on, "that I wouldn't give up the stage to marry her! Age changes folks some, too, I guess."

"Age! Now, Hiram, don't you pretend, as Matilda does, to being old. You both—"

"Hiram," said Matilda in the hall, "I'm ready."

When he had joined her and the front door had closed behind them, Elizabeth adjusted her spectacles and looked out into the garden.

"Land of Goshen!" she exclaimed. "Spite of its being September, and the fog a-rolling in, if Matilda ain't gone and put on her Easter hat!"

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1907.

A bill was recently presented in the Italian Chamber of Deputies providing for a \$200,000 lottery, with the proceeds of which it is proposed to carry out excavations at the site of the Roman amphitheatre at Benevento, the town founded, according to tradition, by Diomedes, and possessing Trajan's triumphal arch, which resembles the arch of Titus in Rome, and is the finest and best preserved of all the Roman structures. The amphitheatre at Benevento is lying almost intact under a number of old houses occupied by poor people. Benevento is the capital of a province of that name, and is situated thirty-four miles northeast of Naples. In the Middle Ages it was the seat of a Lombard duchy, and in 1806 it was given by Napoleon I to Talleyrand, who took the title of Prince of Benevento.

On a trip through Iceland the traveler sees thousands of mountains covered with eternal snow, outrivaling the Alps in grandeur; great geysers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is second only to Niagara in size and beauty; crystal streams and lashing rivers; lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glistens in the sun like hoar frost, and, as a crowning glory, the atmosphere is so brilliant that objects over fifty miles distant appear close at hand.

The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exists was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every two hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel.

Gold-dredging is to be tried extensively in Siberia.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Boss Murphy announces that he has no intention of retiring and that he expects to be master of Tammany for life. "I expect to live to a good old age," he says, "and I expect to remain leader."

Governor Stokes, of New Jersey, is cutting down extravagant appropriations. He thinks his State spends too much for memorials, and has disapproved of an \$8000 item for removing the remains of General Phil Kearny and providing monuments.

The report from Washington that President Roosevelt is dissatisfied with Mr. Bonaparte's conduct of the Attorney-General's office is denounced by Mr. Bonaparte as "a bald falsehood, originating either in malice or else in gross and wilful ignorance of the facts."

They have a story in Washington of "a prominent citizen" who was conferring with President Roosevelt on the railroad question. "Why don't you talk it over with Root?" asked the visitor on leaving. "I can't discuss it with Root," was the answer, "he doesn't agree with me."

It is understood in Tennessee that General Luke E. Wright of that State, now American ambassador to Japan, is coming home for a long rest, after which he will take up his law practice once more. There is more than an intimation that he hopes to be Senator Wright ere long.

Secretary Root is said to be seriously perturbed at the disposition of the Tokio government to magnify the alleged attacks on Japanese subjects in San Francisco, while at the same time ignoring the flagrant violation of United States laws involved in the illicit immigration now going on.

Mr. Raymond, the political writer of the Chicago *Tribune*, says that Vice-President Fairbanks belongs to the same class of statesmen as the late President McKinley, and that a greater injustice was never done a man than in the charge that Mr. Fairbanks is a man of cold and distant bearing.

Richard Croker of Tammany notoriety is credited with ambition to enter the British Parliament as a Home Rule member, and his naturalization would, of course, be a necessary preliminary. Up to the present time, however, the Irish leaders have succeeded in restraining their enthusiasm over the prospective recruit.

It is announced that President Roosevelt will leave Washington for Oyster Bay on June 12, and that he will take as much rest as possible during the summer and discourage "pilgrimages" by faithful politicians. Rest and plenty of it is what the President wants, it is explained, as a preparation for a "hard winter, with a new and untired Congress on his hands."

Secretary Cortelyou has had his night of honor at the Hotel Astor in New York. Seated at the head of tables about which were gathered over 500 of his former associates in the postal service, he was cheered lustily throughout the entire evening and was hailed as the best type of public servant and a demonstration of the success of the merit system in the government service.

Speaker Cannon is forceful, strenuous, and picturesque in his observations as to presidential candidates. Speaking at Albany, he said: "I don't take much stock in these early candidates; they remind me of what they call 'sooner' dogs out West. They put up the hell of a holler before they strike the trail at all." Meantime another "uncle," aged Senator Shelby Cullom, who has gloried all his life in the fact that some people think he looks like Abraham Lincoln, has been industriously advertising the availability of Mr. Cannon himself as the most desirable Republican nominee.

Governor Harris, of Ohio, announces that no one need rely on him to take an active part in the fight now on in that State for control of the delegation to the national Republican convention. Nor is it his wish that any effort be made to line up the employees of the State in behalf of any faction, and the governor vouchsafes to each of his subordinates just the same measure of individual liberty which he claims for himself. The governor is also opposed to the elimination of Senator Foraker or any other political leader in the State. Governor Harris is still, however, a Taft man, and expresses the belief that Ohio has but one candidate for the presidency.

Mr. Stephenson, the newly elected United States Senator from Wisconsin, is a rich man and also a radical of the La Follette Republican faction. Mr. Stephenson is not only in favor of a federal income and inheritance tax, closer regulation of railroads, stricter anti-trust legislation, popular election of Senators, and so on, but he wants an overhauling and reduction of the Dingley tariff. Wisconsin thus becomes more than ever a troublesome factor in the calculation of the stand-pat element in Congress. Mr. Spooner, whom Stephenson succeeds in the Senate, was regarded as a revisionist, but he never permitted himself to be aggressively quoted to that effect.

Mr. Fairbanks's campaign methods are said to be those of an astute diplomacy. A Philadelphia critic says that the mass of voters know a presidential candidate chiefly by his burning words. "Mr. Fairbanks declares to a delegation of school-children who come to crown him with the bays of a statesman that he is pleased to meet them, and that nothing could possibly be finer or more delightful than to see handsome and hopeful young people. He says of Nebraska that it is a great State, and the people are real patriots. He says of our own city, 'Philadelphia has grown enormously,' and 'It is one of the most re-

markable cities I have ever visited.' All this is very pleasant, and very much in the line of the late Phillips Brooks's remarks when shown by a fond mother a remarkably ugly baby: 'Now, this is a baby,' with strong accent on the word 'is.'"

OLD FAVORITES.

La Grisette.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said: "We meet again!"—
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that, thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning over Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Pèrè-la-Chaise!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens where hachelor's-buttens grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear;
And I am older by summers three.
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she can not utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call;
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash on the dusty road;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I can not look; and she,
Though she can not hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind;
I made it of music long ago—
Strange, large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear,
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear—
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly, and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one can not hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?
—Robert Buchanan.

AN EX-EMPRESS IN COURT.

Eugenie Claims as Personal Property Historic Treasures of France.

The French nation would like to forget the Empress Eugenie, but the Empress Eugenie dreads nothing so much as oblivion. She is now eighty-one years of age, a bowed, pathetic, black-robed spectre of the dead glories in which she once lived, like some poor earth-bound spirit compelled to haunt, as though forever, the scenes in which she played a part so splendid and so tragic. Out of the overflowing vials of French sentiment and chivalry there is not one drop of sympathy for the now familiar figure in the Hotel Continental, which ever regards with a mournful steadfastness the few bits of scattered masonry which represent the Tuileries, the one-time home of Napoleon the Little and of the ill-starred woman who is now his widow.

It has been the fate of the Empress Eugenie to wound French susceptibilities, and she never did this more effectually than when she made legal claims to a vast amount of bric-à-brac now stored or on view in the Paris museums. All this bric-à-brac has imperial associations. It once belonged, that is to say, to the emperor, and whether it belonged to him as emperor or as individual was the point that the court was called upon to decide. The court presumably gave to the matter a very scant consideration. It seems to have accepted at its face value a claim which represented the property in question to have very little besides a sentimental value, and it issued judgment in favor of the empress, and gave her permission to collect the property in question and do with it as she willed.

The legal decision and its results might have passed almost unnoticed but for certain newspapers, and especially the *Matin*. It may be that the reporters scented the possibility of a good story or it may be that they acted from "information received." However that may be, it is certain that the inquiry undertaken by them was a fruitful one. The most casual investigation at once revealed the fact that the articles in question had a much more substantial value than as mere mementoes of the dear departed. Indeed, they constituted a veritable treasure-trove. There were paintings, statuary, jewelry, and tapestries that only the skilled connoisseur can adequately value, but which the enterprising *Matin* declares to be worth at least five millions of francs. And, worse than all, there were relics of the great Napoleon himself, of the man who made France as great as his degenerate successor had made it poor. The nation might have been willing to allow Eugenie to load herself with whatever had merely an intrinsic value, but that it should be despoiled of its historic treasures was to touch a nerve. The newspapers for once had scored a great success, and a murmur of indignant protest has broken out upon every side. The government can, of course, enter an appeal to a higher court, and in deference to public opinion it will probably do so, but in the meantime the empress has become the legal owner of a vast amount of property, to which her claim is hotly and vehemently challenged.

Of course the empress was extraordinarily ill-advised to attempt such a trick—for so it is openly called. No one believes for a moment that her interest in such a treasure is a sentimental one. She coveted it because of its intrinsic value and not because of its associations. She wished, in other words, to add a million dollars to her estate at the expense of a people whom she has already so deeply wronged that many generations to come will remember her reign with rancor. Such cupidity, and at such an age, in one whose interest in the future is proclaimed as being entirely spiritual, needs something more than a court decision to make it effective.

The legal points involved are by no means clear. The will of the emperor is ambiguous. Believing that his dynasty was directly created by Providence and would forever be the subject of providential care, he naturally held himself aloof from the legal precision that is observed by those less exalted. He left to his wife "all my private domain," while to his son he left the people of France, doubtless supposing that the young prince imperial would get just as good a picking from the estate as he had himself. If what the *Matin* calls the "pillage" upon which the empress has now laid her hands can be called the "private domain" of the emperor, her claim is no doubt justified. But can it be so called? It would hardly seem that the official presents made to Napoleon III by other potentates can be so described, and there are a great many of these. Nor would it appear that the contents of the imperial palaces, the tapestries, and the like, can be forced under the heading of personal property. Heaven knows, the nation paid enough for them to entitle her to assert some kind of reversionary interest in them.

It is recalled that the Empress Eugenie has always had a keen eye for the rights of property, so long as it is her own. When the prince imperial failed to inherit the people of France, as his father intended, he should of course have shared the "private domain" which the empress was allowed to carry away to her exile in England. But the surrender of tangible property was never a part of the empress's creed. In spite of the decree of the family council which was called upon the matter, and which gave half the emperor's estate to the son, the young man was never allowed to touch a penny of it, and he was often so short of cash that he was unable to pay the price of a restaurant dinner to which he invited his companions. The empress kept every cent and doled out her son's meagre pocket money in silver coins. How far this kind of treatment tempted the boy to his death in South Africa may never be known, and if these painful proofs of parsimony are now recalled to the empress's discredit she has only herself to blame.

PARIS, May 25, 1907.

PRESIDENT VERSUS NATURE FAKIR.

A Wordy War Is Waged over the Accuracy of Animal Stories.

Theodore Roosevelt has once more troubled the waters by his vigorous denunciation of the "nature fakir." Dwellers in great cities and those to whom the delights of the chase never come except at second hand, may congratulate themselves that for once they can keep out of the fray and do no more than keep the ring while the experts, the mighty Nimrods and the men who know, struggle over the palm of accuracy and fidelity to nature. The trouble began when Edward B. Clark contributed an article to *Everybody's* for June on "Roosevelt and the Nature Fakirs." The article is based on a conversation between the President and Mr. Clark "the other night in the White House, while sitting before a wood fire suggestive of the camp." Mr. Clark asked for the Rooseveltian view "about the recent books of some of the nature 'realists' and of certain nature 'students' who declare in their prefaces that all they have set down is true." Rash-man, he little knew what he was doing. From that moment onward the President held the field, and the subsequent wrath of the "realists" and of the "students" shows with what force his arrows found their mark. Here are some few of the President's utterances:

"I don't believe for a minute," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that some of these men who are writing nature stories and putting the word 'truth' prominently in their prefaces know the heart of the wild things. Neither do I believe that certain men who, while they may say nothing specifically about truth, do claim attention as realists because of their animal stories, have succeeded in learning the real secrets of the life of the wilderness. They don't know, or if they do know, they indulge in the wildest exaggeration under the mistaken notion that they are strengthening their stories."

"As for the matter of giving these books to the children for the purpose of teaching them the facts of natural history—why, it's an outrage. If these stories were written as fables, published as fables, and put into the children's hands as fables, all would be well and good. As it is, they are read and believed because the writer not only says they are true but lays stress upon his pledge. There is no more reason why the children of the country should be taught a false natural history than why they should be taught a false physical geography."

From generals the President descends to particulars in order to point the moral and adorn the tale:

"Take the chapter from Jack London's 'White Fang' that tells the story of a fight between the great northern wolf, White Fang, and a bulldog. Reading this, I can't believe that Mr. London knows much about the wolves, and I am certain that he knows nothing about their fighting, or as a realist he would not tell this tale. Here is a great wolf of the northern breed; its strength is such that with one stroke it can hamstring a horse or gut a steer, and yet it is represented as ripping and slashing with 'long, tearing strokes' again and again and again a bulldog, not much more than a third of its size, and the bulldog, which should be in ribbons, keeps on fighting without having suffered any appreciable injury. This thing is the very sublimity of absurdity. In such a fight the chance for the dog would be only one in a thousand, its victory being possible only through getting a throat grip the instant that the fight started. This kind of realism is a closet product."

"In the same book London describes a great dog-wolf being torn in pieces by a lucivee, a northern lynx. This is about as sensible as to describe a tom cat tearing in pieces a thirty-pound fighting bull terrier. Nobody who really knew anything about either a lynx or a wolf would write such nonsense."

So much for Mr. London. Now comes the turn of Mr. William J. Long, and Mr. Long is "the worst of these nature-writing offenders":

"The story of Waycees is filled with the wildest improbabilities and a few mathematical impossibilities. If Mr. Long wants us to believe his story of the killing of the caribou fawn by the wolf in the way that he says it was done, he must produce eye-witnesses and affidavits. I don't believe the thing occurred. Nothing except a shark or an alligator will attempt to kill by a bite behind the shoulder. There is no less vulnerable point of attack; an animal might be bitten there in a confused scuffle, of course, or seized in his jump so as to throw him; but no man who knows anything of the habits of wolves or even of fighting dogs would dream of describing this as the place to kill with one bite. I have seen scores of animals that have been killed by wolves; the killing or crippling bites were always in the throat, flank, or ham. Mr. George Shiras, who has seen not scores but hundreds of such carcasses, tells me that the death wounds or disabling wounds were invariably in the throat or the flank, except when the animal was first hamstrung."

"As a sort of a climax of absurdity to this 'true story of Waycees,' Mr. Long draws a picture of this wilderness wolf, savage from tip to tip, doing for some lost children the kindly service of leading them home through the forest. Now let me repeat that this would be all right if the story were avowedly a fairy tale, like Kipling's 'Jungle Book.' But it is grotesque to claim literal truthfulness for such a tissue of absurdities."

And so on, and so on. Mr. Long gets the lion's share of castigation, and the big stick descends with resounding thwacks. But Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is not forgotten. He is gently admonished for fanciful stories about the lynx, and the President remarks that "the lynx seems to have an unholy fascination for these realists." We wonder why this should be. The President concludes his tirade with the foregoing are but brief extracts, and a word of general moralization:

"The preservation of the useful and beautiful animal

and bird life of the country depends largely upon creating in the young an interest in the life of the woods and fields. If the child mind is fed with stories that are false to nature, the children will go to the haunts of the animal only to meet with disappointment. The result will be disbelief, and the death of interest. The men who misinterpret nature and replace fact with fiction, undo the work of those who in the love of nature interpret it aright."

Naturally the matter could not be allowed to rest where it was. Fortunately for the President Jack London is not in the country, and the telegraphic rates from Honolulu are high enough to damp even his loquacity. But Dr. William J. Long was on deck with an agility that would have surprised his favorite lynx. He sends a long letter to the President, in which indignation and pathos go hand in hand. Dr. Long's letter is a long one, but the following extracts will show the depth of his resentment. He says:

"The issue between you and me is no longer one of animals, but of men. It is not chiefly a matter of natural history, but of truth and personal honor. In a recent magazine article you deliberately attacked me, as well as my book. You have used the enormous influence of your official position to discredit me as a man, to injure my reputation, and, incidentally, to make a poor man even poorer by destroying, if possible, the sale and influence of his work."

"In my book I have given the result of long years of watching animals in the wilderness with no other object than to study their habits and, so far as man can, to understand the mystery of their domestic life. In my preface I have stated, and I now repeat the statement, that every incident I have recorded from my own observations is true, as far as an honest, educated man can see and understand the truth. In your recent attack this is what you chiefly deny. I have spoken the truth, and you accuse me of deliberate falsehood and misrepresentation. As President of the United States you have gone out of your way publicly to injure the private citizen who was attending strictly to his own business; as a man, you have accused of falsehood another man whose ideals of truth and honor are quite as high as your own."

"You base your recent charges chiefly on the matter of a big white wolf killing a young caribou by a bite in the chest, described by me in 'Northern Trails.' You declare the thing to be a mathematical impossibility, and declare by 'no possibility could a wolf perform the feat.'"

Dr. Long declares at some length that he knows from his own observations and from the testimony of Indians that wolves do sometimes kill in this way, and in support of his contention he quotes S. K. Hapdam, an educated Sioux Indian, who states he saw a horse which a wolf had killed by tearing its chest. In addition to this Dr. Long says he himself had seen a deer which had been slain in this manner by a wolf, and he says, further, that an Indian, Matty Mitchell, of Bonny Bay, Newfoundland, declares that the big white wolf frequently kills caribou in this manner. Continuing Dr. Long says:

"These are the facts underlying the incident which you declare to be impossible and false. If this testimony is not enough, I will fill it up to full Scripture measure."

But the President is not without his supporters, and influential ones, too. The editor of *Outing*—who ought to know something of such matters—charges into the arena with an impetuosity that carries all before him. He has been "greatly amused" by Dr. Long's reply, which was "nearly all rot." Dr. Long's complaint of a personal attack was "ridiculous." The President was not enough interested in that gentleman's cogitations "to give him a personal roasting":

Mr. Long is up against it, and he had to say something to save himself. His stories are full not only of improbabilities but of impossibilities, and then because he had neither the dramatic power of Thompson Seton nor the grace of style of Charles G. D. Roberts to carry his works and make them interesting, he labeled them truth. Then when the President sailed into him for this, he had to come down on his "fact" statement or stand firm, and he chose the latter because it was the only thing for him to do.

He makes positive statements that he saw things which are at variance with the knowledge of the most experienced men who have hunted afield.

He says, "I saw it," but there is nothing to do but take his word or shrug shoulders. A man might say that he saw a bird flying upside down, or that he witnessed a crow dashing across the heavens with one wing, and it would be not one whit less probable than many of the absurd statements made in Mr. Long's works. Again, a man might say that a rabbit had killed a grizzly bear by biting it behind the shoulder. I don't suppose many people would believe it, but it would be just as sensible as Mr. Long's statement that a wolf killed a huge caribou by biting through its breast into its heart.

When Mr. Long says that the President is not a naturalist, he is mistaken. I don't think there is a man today that has a more perfect knowledge of the ways of the big game of the United States than Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Long has made many of his mistakes through ignorance. For instance, he speaks of the great white wolf. Now there is no such thing as a white wolf. Mr. Long refers to the arctic wolf, and all the ones that I ever shot were gray. But the funniest thing is his history of the woodcock that broke its leg and then put it in splints and bandaged it up with grass and clay all by itself. It would be just as reasonable if I should say that I shot a deer and broke its hind leg, but that it got away; a few days later I saw the same deer and found that it had splints of pine, and had set the broken limb and bandaged it up with strips of balsam pitch.

This is very plain speech. The editor of *Outing* concludes with a final shaft aimed direct at Dr. Long's fifth rib:

Mr. Long has taken the course of other nature fakirs.

Cornered with his stories prefaced as facts, he has not dared to retract, and has been forced to back them up. He talks about the President not knowing anything about animals. Well, if Mr. Long knew half as much he would avoid some of his errors.

The discussion would of course be lamentably lacking in the absence of a contribution from Jack London. What a pity that the exigencies of distance and the tyranny of a cable company have given to Mr. London an inarticulation that is so unusual as to be weird. Mr. London telegraphs that the President has read carelessly in one instance and spoken of what he did not know in other instances.

There the matter must rest for the present, but what a pity it is that the animals themselves—especially the lynx, with his "fatal fascination"—can not be called upon for the direct testimony which would solve the knotty problem.

When Life Was Little Valued.

The 223 capital offenses which the old English law recognized as punishable by death did not keep down crime; and with the abolition of the death penalty for all crimes but murder, crime in England, as well as everywhere else all over the world where the death penalty has been modified, lessened markedly, notes the Boston *Traveler*. Edmond Burke said that he could, in his time, obtain the assent of the House of Commons to any bill carrying death punishment. In Burke's day all classes of the community endeavored, with success, to have offenses which injured them made subject to the extreme penalty. It would be difficult today even to imagine a list of 223 crimes which could be classed as misdemeanors, and this number in England, a century ago, was not altogether a legacy from the dark ages, because 156 of them were of later date than the reign of the Georges.

A man's life was not very valuable in those days. If he scratched his name on Westminster bridge; if he wore a wig or false moustache or other disguise on a public road; if he cut down a young tree; if he stole property worth more than a dollar and a quarter; if he had been transported for crime and returned a day ahead of the expiration of his punishment; if he wrote a threatening letter; if he stole a hide from a tanner's; for any and all of these things, and for two hundred more than these, he was hanged by the neck until he was dead. The problem of crime was solved in those days by putting the criminal to death on the theory that there was no hope of regenerating a felon, and while he lived his influence would spread and corrupt the community. It was better, therefore, for his own sake as well as that of society, that he should be dead.

As late as ninety years ago there were at one time in London fifty-eight persons, one of them a child under ten years of age, under sentence of death. With certain crimes the law was not satisfied with putting the criminal to death, but added the nameless atrocities necessary to inflict on traitors. Men who in any way opposed the government, after being hanged, were quartered, and their dishonored heads exposed in public places on the end of pikes.

A lake of quicksilver, covering an area of more than three acres and having a depth ranging from ten feet to fifty feet, has been discovered in the mountains of the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The value of the product is estimated at millions. This lake has been known to the Indians for many generations. It is situated far up in the mountains in an almost inaccessible position. Its surface is partly covered by stones. It is believed that volcanic action in the mountains above smelted the quicksilver out of the cinnabar ore and that it ran down and filled this depression. A tunnel will be driven through the base of the mountain and the quicksilver will be brought down by means of gravity.

Visitors to Japan are usually impressed with the many curious uses to which fans are put. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a large fan, the various motions of which constitute a language that the combatants understand and promptly heed. Men and children, as well as women, use fans at all times. The servant has a flat fan, made of rough paper, to blow the charcoal fires with, or use as a dustpan. The farmer has a stout fan to winnow his grain. Still another variety is made of waterproof paper, which, dipped in water, creates a pleasant coolness by evaporation without wetting the clothes.

The best eyesight is possessed by those people whose lands are vast and barren, and where obstacles tending to shorten the sight are few. Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow at a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Africa have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out objects invisible to the ordinary eye at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized people the Norwegians have better eyesight than most, if not all, others, as they more generally fulfill the necessary conditions.

Most persons employed in the Venetian glass industry begin to lose their sight when they are between forty and fifty years of age, and in a short time become blind. This blindness is caused by the excessive heat and glare from the furnaces.

The river Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of any stream. During its course of 120 miles it has twenty-seven falls and descends 3000 feet.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The eminent Belgian sculptor, Lef Lambeaux, who is regarded by many as Rodin's only rival, is busy on the monument to be erected in Washington to the memory of the late George M. Pullman, the former head of the Pullman Car Company.

Prince Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, has developed quite an amount of ability as a singer. It is said he has a singing voice far above the average and has been selected as a member of the Choir of the Royal Naval College, where he is attending school.

Dr. Achilles Rose, of New York, has been elected the corresponding member of the Medical Society of Athens, in recognition of his labors to reform the technical medical language of physicians. This society is one of the leading medical organizations in the world.

Prince Albert, the heir to the Belgian throne, and his wife, Elizabeth, have given Brussels a free hospital for consumptives, and the prince has written a play, "Romunda," which has been presented at Brussels very effectively, the funds raised in this manner going to a fresh air fund for consumptives.

The "angel of the isthmus" is what Dr. Gorgas was called by one of the men at a meeting of workmen held at Corozal during the recent visit of the Congressional party, writes Representative McCall, of Massachusetts. Dr. Gorgas is the head of the sanitary department and is directing affairs with remarkable skill and energy.

Before she became Queen of Spain, Princess Ena of Battenberg had written a one-act play in French. Her literary bantling is to be produced some time this summer by a company of noble amateurs at one of the royal villas. When a child she proved herself to be a clever little actress, having appeared on one or two occasions.

King Carlos has conferred the title of baron on A. Patterson, manager in Portugal of the business of the Standard Oil Company, in recognition of his personal efforts to develop commercial relations between Portugal and the United States. This unprecedented honor to Mr. Patterson is commented on with great interest by the members of the diplomatic corps in Lisbon.

Dr. Mary Stone, who is the head of an American hospital in Kiuklang, central China, lately returned to this country to be operated upon for appendicitis. She has recovered, is now in New York, and will return to China in the fall. She was graduated from Ann Arbor ten years ago, and is said to be the only educated physician in a province containing 5,000,000 people. Last year she personally treated more than 14,000 patients.

General Kuroki has, by utilizing the tact for which he is noted, simplified the receptions that are to be tendered to him in this country by sending back to Japan the full dress uniforms of himself and staff immediately after the reception by President Roosevelt. If they had been worn it would have necessitated the wearing of like apparel by our own officers and caused much unnecessary fuss and feathers, which the Japanese hero heartily dislikes.

The prolongation by the British government of Lord Kitchener's term as commander-in-chief in India for two years beyond the regular term, puts an end to various rumors about strained relations which have been current for some time. Lord Kitchener disposed of various other reports in a recent speech, which he delivered in the governor-general's legislative council. His strategical policy, he declared, was wholly defensive in its purposes.

Raphael Auglera Dimayuga, formerly the chief lieutenant of Aguinaldo, has become so completely reconciled to American rule in the Philippines that he has come to the United States to perfect himself in practical railroad building and operation. He is now employed by the Erie, and is learning rapidly all he can about construction, maintenance, etc., with a view to turning his knowledge to account in the building of railroads in the Philippines. He is a member of a prominent and wealthy Filipino family.

Liang Tung Yen, who will soon come to this country as Chinese ambassador, taught some of his fellow students at Yale how to husband their financial resources. Ten

young fellows had each an allowance of about \$100 a month, and all were continually bankrupt. At Liang's suggestion their money was pooled and each \$100 had to last three days, the young men in turn having to pay all expenses. Thereafter everybody was able to get through without being in danger of starvation in the last week or so of the month.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, deprecates the promiscuous giving of honorary degrees, though he recognizes that of late years the great educational institutions have been more judicious in this regard. He tells of being at a dinner on one occasion when a peculiarly uncouth person was a fellow-guest. On inquiry he found that the man had three university degrees, and his informant added: "The third of these degrees was given him because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none."

RECENT VERSE.

The Shy Heart.

Have you not known of hermits—not so rude
But that the heart of hairy Solitude
Did soften toward them, sometimes, and provide
Strange and dear friends vouchsafed to none
beside—
Rare singing-birds that one might seek to hear
(And seek in vain) through all the sylvan year—
Blithe pensioners, to feed from out the palm,
To hymn the daybreak in, to waft the evening
calm?

'Tis thus I make my plea: if, now, some heart
Keeps ever in its wilderness apart,
Yet is not all uncouth—not loveless all—
Unto that heart its destined boon must fall!
A god of loneliness there is, who sends,
For birds, some winged songs to be the friends
That make their nests above the very door,
And set the whole small house to music, ever-
more!

—Edith M. Thomas, in *The Reader*.

The Song of the Clouds.

After the French of Anatole Le Braz.

Breton, I sing those wandering prowls to you
For whom no harbor lighthouse on the lee,
High-piled Armadas of th' unfathomed blue,
The crowding galleons of a shoreless sea.

How oft with them my nomad thoughts would pine
To cleave the unvoiced levels of the sky,
Such flights illimitable and divine
As baply we may follow when we die!

Silvered or dark, as sun or storm decree,
Nightly, unheeding of the Shining Seven,
Squadrons of God, they ride eternally
The sweeping tide-rift of the open heaven.

The ancient stars their lanterns be, that swing
Glimmering aloft until the dawnlight pales,
Voices and mystic murmurs faintly wing
From the deep shadows of their towering sails.

Ah, ships no more, beneath the lucent beam
Re-orbing dusklily with skirts of light,
Angels and winged Powers now they seem,
Kneeling before the beauty of the night.

Surely that music crystalline they know,
Those hidden harmonies of our vain desire,
That from the viewless battlements do blow
Based on the sapphire vault and fringed with
fire.

Silence doth keep her temple, hushed with stars,
The winds are all her worshippers, and lol
The red moon, waiting at the western bars,
Swings like a heavy censor, soft and slow.

Others may change, for toil and time are long,
Ah, but the Bretons, folk of fabrie
Banished to sea-cliffs and the Land of Song,
Yearn like their clouds beyond the sky and sea!

—E. Sutton, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

In the Children's Hospital.

May be it was her littleness, may be
Because she looked so dumb and so forlorn,
But when, in that sad place, they showed to me
The shy, small stranger, and I knew the morn

Must pass to noon, and noon give place to night,
Bringing no promise of a better day;
And she so meek, so grateful for the sight
Of ought to drive her misery away:

Then with a sacred pity my heart hied,
And seemed rehuked for all its easy years;
Down on that pillow wee I bowed my head
And cherished her; her tears became my tears.

—Richard Burton, in *Harper's Magazine*.

John Hays Hammond is perhaps the highest salaried man in the United States at the present time. As a mining engineer it is understood Mr. Hammond derives an income of about \$800,000 per year. He is a Californian, was born in San Francisco fifty-two years ago. In the course of his career he has traveled in every part of the world where gold has been found, or where its presence has been suspected. If he says "yes," financial kings will spend millions for purchase or development of gold mines. He has highly skilled assistants, who visit mines under question all over the world and report to him. It is understood that his present regular salaries come almost entirely from European capitalists interested in South African mines.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The death of Ian Maclaren came so suddenly that we have not yet realized how much we loved him, or the part in literature that he so worthily played. The exquisite literary skill that distinguished "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" so delighted and enthralled us that we scarcely paused to recognize that we had been brought face to face with men and with ideals of life diametrically at variance with the habits of thought and with the ambitions that tyrannically dominate the age. Ian Maclaren's characters are sometimes dour, they are sometimes fanatical and unlovable, but they are men and women to whom the mere idea of "getting on in the world" would have seemed a poisonous importation, men and women whose mastering ambitions were mental and moral, and to whom the sense of duty was an unwearying taskmaster. And they were real men and women to whom Ian Maclaren introduced us. We can not afford to laugh at these characters or to hold them in light esteem as impractical or visionary. They went out into the world with the flame of their ideals undimmed, and they kept the flame burning through strenuous and useful and noteworthy lives. Dr. Black, of Boston University, strikes straight to the mark when he tells us that these studies of life are a prophecy to all who have ears to hear that loyalty and obedience and chivalry and love are still, as ever, the glory of humanity, and that the gospel of "getting on" is a vulgar and squalid deceit, mean and ugly in its application, and the forerunner of ruined character. Ian Maclaren was not only a master in literature, but he had the voice of one crying in the wilderness and predicting the day of nobler things.

The Master of Stair, by Marjorie Bowen. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

In this book the author fully bears out the promise of success that she gave when she wrote "The Viper of Milan." We now have a Scotch story of the days of William of Orange, when men of action were mainly concerned either with plots for the restoration of the deposed king or with efforts to defeat those plots. The story is undeniably strong, and if many of the characters are a little forbidding in their grim and strenuous ferocity, if the incidents are rather of the blood red hue, these are the faults of the times and not of the book. Those who begin to read the "Master of Stair" will be under no temptation to leave it unfinished.

The Mayor's Wife, by Anna Katherine Green. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

So long as detective stories are popular—and it is to be hoped that their reign will be a short one—"The Mayor's Wife" will have its admirers. Fortunately there is no love story in the book, and this omission may be urged in mitigation.

The Efficient Life, by Dr. Luther H. Gulick. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.20.

It has been rashly predicted that in another hundred years we shall need neither physicians nor ministers. At least half of this prophecy would be fulfilled if we could but read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the advice of Dr. Gulick, who would have us throw physic to the dogs, who have too much sense to take it, and derive from a good conscience, with plenty of laughter and plenty of exercise, the benefit that drugs can never give. Simply to read Dr. Gulick's book makes us feel better at once, like the hospital patient when his temperature was taken. Every page contains that curious kind of common sense that is so very obvious that we never thought of it before.

Nineveh, and Other Poems, by George Sylvester Viereck. Published by Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.20.

Mr. Viereck is only 22 years of age and he may yet do good work if he can remain unpoiled by audacious comparison with Heine, Swinburne, and Keats. The applause with which this precocious young man has been greeted, the noisy assertion that he is one of the great poets of the age, suggest the question whether lofty poems have ceased to be among the es-

entials of poetry, or whether the nastiness and even the brutalities of erotic passion become beautiful by draperies of glittering literary tinsel. Mr. Viereck is hailed as being "modern." This may be so if to be modern is to be decadent, and morbid, and self-conscious. When he writes of nature he is at his best and deserving of unstinted applause, but when he seeks to explore the darker recesses of human nature no amount of daring literary dexterity can adorn the destructive passions that not even poetry can rob of their baseness. Mr. Viereck can have a great career if he so wills, but it will be the reward of serious and sustained purpose along the line of human evolution, and not of a neurotic introspection that may fascinate for the moment but that can have no endurance.

Military Memoirs of a Confederate, by General E. P. Alexander. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$4.

Probably no one could have done this work quite so well as General Alexander. He was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, chief of artillery in Longstreet's Corps, he had the personal confidence of Lee and the leaders in the army of North Virginia, and he is probably the best known of Confederate officers now surviving.

General Alexander is to be congratulated not only upon the technical excellence of his work, but upon his impartiality and his high patriotism. He disclaims all intention to descant on the valor of Confederate arms or the skill of Confederate generals. His only object has been the "criticism of each campaign as one would criticize a game of chess." He has done this to perfection, and in a way so little tiresome as to make every page vivid and interesting.

With admirable manliness, General Alexander says: "We now enjoy the rare privilege of seeing what we fought for in the retrospect. It no longer seems so desirable. It would now prove only a curse. We have good cause to thank God for our escape from it, not alone for our own sake, but for that of the whole country and even of the world."

Such is the spirit that animates a work that is not only a human document of a high order, but an invaluable and permanent addition to the history of the Civil War.

The Ministry of Beauty, by Stanton Davis Kirkham. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York; \$1.50.

If such a philosophy as this stands in need of classification it would presumably come under the bead of the New Thought, which includes the opposite poles of folly and sublimity. There is, of course, nothing new in the teaching that human conditions are governed by thought, and that all other things are added to the discovery of the Kingdom of God. But Mr. Kirkham has stated old truths in a singularly attractive and winsome form, and it would be hard to speak too much in praise of his gentle insistence on the pursuit of the beautiful as the royal road to individual evolution and the peace that it brings. There can be no such cure for the bewilderment of perplexities in which we find ourselves as the gradual recognition of a reign of comprehensible law which has its beginnings in the thought world, and with which even the humblest can comply at will. The ancient philosophy exquisitely set forth by Mr. Kirkham will have its profound influence upon religion and upon sociology.

The Princess and the Ploughman, by Florence Morse Kingsley. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

The princess is an American girl with whom the ploughman falls in love and later he becomes her knight-errant in a romantic way.

The Long Trail, by Hamlin Garland. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A thoroughly good story of the vicissitudes of gold mining in Alaska.

New Publications.

"The Pickwick Ladle and Other Collector's Stories," by Winfield Scott Moody. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"The Great American Pie Company," by Ellis Parker Butler. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; 50 cents.

"Of Such Is the Kingdom," by Richard L. Metcalfe. Published by the Woodruff-Collins Press, Lincoln, Neb.

"May Pole Possibilities," by Jennette E. C. Lincoln. Published by American Gymnasia, Boston; \$1.25.

"The Confessions of a Daddy," by Ellis Parker Butler. Published by the Century Company, New York; 75 cents.

"Abe Martin," by Kin Hubbard. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles D. Stewart, author of "Partners of Providence," is 40 years old. When a boy he left Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wis., and struck for the West. He went down the Mississippi, and later became "cub" to the pilot of a Missouri River boat. Once, finding himself stranded in New Orleans, he tramped north and reached Memphis—with the river in between. Then he drifted to Overton, Texas, where he fell in with a blacksmith for whom he worked six months at the anvil. He served for two years as a cowboy, and then returned to his home in Milwaukee, his parents desiring him to become a minister. Instead, he took to engraving and served for several years on the different Chicago papers.

An interesting story comes from England in regard to how Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "The Substance of Faith, Allied with Science," came to be written and published. The story is that Sir Oliver drew up a partial outline of his ideas, and had the manuscript privately printed for use in his lectures—he being, as is well known, a member of the faculty of one of the universities—and that then, without his authority, this outline got into the press. Learning of this unauthorized and incomplete publication, he determined to publish a book in which his ideas should be fully set forth, and this volume is the result.

Gertrude Boyle, known in art circles of San Francisco as a student of sculpture, and with some notable work to her credit, was married in Seattle a few days ago to Takeshi Kanno, a Japanese writer, who is said to come of an aristocratic family.

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The Argonaut said of "Joseph Vance": "A book to be read and reread. . . A wealth of old-fashioned sentiment of excellent flavor."

The San Francisco Chronicle said: "As full of quaint detail as Dickens. . . In its fine analysis of character it may be likened to Thackeray. Rich in humor and philosophy. The readers it finds will read and reread the story, treasuring its sayings as part of a fragrant memory."

The Dial said: "The fictional surprise of the season. A delightful story."

"Alice-for-short" has all the humor and literary charm of the earlier book, with an absorbing plot and a good love story. It is a singularly human narrative of English life, reviving the best traditions of the Victorian era in its method and flavor, yet a story of recent years.

Early in the story a little London waif tells a friendly artist that she is called "Alice-for-short." Alice comes to know this artist's friends and his family. Their fortunes form the theme of this noteworthy and remarkable book.

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"A vivid story of war . . . is presented to us through the vision of a just, clear-eyed, warm-hearted, highly educated woman. Uncommonly entertaining."—N. Y. Tribune.

"It is not strange that the author should prefer to keep her name a profound secret. High-born Russian though she is, it would not be good for her health to be known as the author of this surprisingly outspoken volume. Many touches of humor . . . Could have been written only by an extraordinarily able woman who knew the inside of Russian politics and . . . Japanese war hospitals."—Chicago Record Herald.

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NEW YORK

VIOLA ALLEN IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

At last! A classic, poetically beautiful Shakespearean performance. For Viola Allen is still as young and lovely as the eternally beautiful poetry and romance that she brings back to us. She was for a time estranged from the twin goddesses whose gracious gifts, like Freya's apples, help to keep the old and the sad young at heart. But with Shakespeare for guard and guide she has come into her own again.

Her Viola is a creature of rare delight. It is no mere figure of dusty tradition, but is all life and as translucent as alabaster, with delicate individuality. This Viola she brings us is no drooping flower, withering under the blight of a green and yellow melancholy. The years have but given it a greater beauty, instead of stealing its bloom away. It is a Viola that blends buoyancy and a sweet, bright humor with the pensiveness of one who cherishes a concealed affection. With the jaunty dress of the page the beautiful lady has assumed a boyish masculinity, for Shakespeare's Viola has some modern traits, and recognizes the need of acting out her part of Cesario. That famous velvet contralto of Viola Allen's, a most beautiful instrument, and one that has been employed sometimes with too evident a consciousness of its beauty, was never put to a better use than when its tones were deepened to simulate those of the stripling, Cesario. The duke's favorite gentleman walks with a delicate swagger, and in the presence of the Lady Olivia has in play all the fine graces of the courtier. The transition to helpless womanliness, during the duel scene and that immediately preceding it, comes lingeringly, as to one who holds guard over a secret. Terror finally drives away from the lady all thought of her masquerading histrionism, and she becomes wholly and exquisitely feminine. The comedy in these scenes, and in those in which Cesario, with a whimsical sense of pitying fellowship, recognizes Olivia's sentimental plight, is more emphasized than is customary with the Violas of tradition, but the effect is only to increase the sweet humanity and living charm of the buskined maid.

For the second time in a month we have had the pleasure of seeing the boisterous, below-stairs comedy of a Shakespearean piece played in such a manner that the laughter of the audience vied with that on the stage. For the play is put on in a style worthy the bard. With one exception—and that caused by mis-casting an excellent actress to an unsuitable part—the general company brings special aptitude to each rôle. Alison Skipworth, who may be remembered by theatre-goers for the glimpse of fine comedy she afforded as the kitchen wench in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," was altogether too well placed in that illuminating bit of character work to give us any grounds for hope that she would be the right kind of Olivia. Her Olivia is not a great lady, but a *bourgeois*. Miss Skipworth's prosaic voice is enough of itself to blight the atmosphere of poetry, and her personal attractions require a modern setting.

Fuller Mellish's Sir Toby supplies enough vinous merriment to stock out San Francisco for a New Year's Eve, and he and Henry Hadfield, as the two foolish knights, brought so much humor to the rôles as almost to give them the freshness of a re-birth. Zeffie Tilbury's Maria has the robust mischievousness of the waiting maid and is a capital giggler, and Sidney Herbert played the famous rôle of Malvolio with excellent effect, with bombastic elocution, with a physical exaggeration of self-importance, and with that final effect of tragedy which must arise when the egotist who lacks a sense of humor meets the ridicule of those who carry its excess to the line of cruelty.

Lionel Hogarth's jester was unexpected in one respect. This actor's natural seriousness of countenance was explained by his endowment of temperament during the introduction of the ballads. Mr. Hogarth's light tenor, while pleasing to the ear, has no remarkable qualities except for a sweetness, a true instinct of feeling, which defies analysis, and which made the scenes accompanied by vocal music particularly enjoyable interludes in the action of the play.

The Duke of Orsino, who is so in love with love, should be handsome and picturesque. Mr. Harcourt is one, but not the other. He does not impress as an

actor of much experience in the Shakespearean drama. But he can look manily lovesick, and in his fine person he offers some warrant for inspiring Viola's secret love.

That conquering air with which the newly enlightened duke regarded Cesario when his identity was disclosed was not amiss, even if there was something in the raiillery and challenge of the glance which was twentieth century in spirit. And in Orsino's palace, while the fool sang sweetly of deathless love and the duke abandoned himself to a lover's reverie, while the page sat at his feet, with her beautiful eyes fixed in devotion on her lord's and swimming in love, every detail assisted in the dreamy sentiment in which the whole scene was bathed.

Mr. Harcourt did nothing much but fix his fine eyes on space, but, like the man in the song, "he did it very well," and when he showed the unconscious direction in which circumstance and nature were guiding the duke's affections, by causing him to lay his hand in instinctive, involuntary caress on the head of the beautiful boy at his feet, I fancy the most prosaic person in the audience yielded unconsciously to the spell of the moment, and was glad and thankful to forget for a while that there are such things as strikes, brickbats, explosives, industrial war, and all the unpleasant accompaniments that have been in the foreground of our daily lives.

"The Undertow" continues the enlightenment concerning methods of graft which the American public has been receiving through the instrumentality of the magazines. It is rather a melancholy kind of instruction, deeply though it may be needed, for who can foresee or who shall foretell the more remote results? Even the youngsters see the points in "The Undertow," and clap their hands with appreciative glee. In the meantime, what is going to become of our ideals? For we must preserve a few, in order to prevent the population of the world at large from sinking into a fiercely unscrupulous struggle for dominance.

The inevitable result of this general diffusion of knowledge seems just at present to be mere flippancy. The American public falls into its regular habit of turning serious things into a joke. I was struck with the apparent insensibility of the spectators to the real tragedy of the scene in "The Undertow" when Hoffman, with signs of struggle but with terrible facility, yields up his integrity and becomes a paid tool. There was something pitiable in the situation. Nor should the resulting pity be identified with that the fickle public feels when some once-popular malefactor gets his just deserts.

But it takes no Solon to recognize the universal kinship of human nature, whether in laborer or capitalist. Let Pinky Anderson and Andy O'Hara get under the brains and inside the broadcloth of Whitelaw, and they would stand off with the same cold scorn and watch their victims swallow the bait. Give those "peanut agitators" power and capital, and they would harshly dominate the masses whose claims they are now advocating. The general family resemblance among all these knaves is a lack of scruple and a well-founded conviction that every man has his price.

The vein of pure gold in the play is the idea of Wells, the incorruptible reformer—the reporter who is a slangy, realistic, perfectly commonplace figure of the street. But in his breast burns, like an inextinguishable flame, a passionate advocacy, for fair play, for all that is honest, honorable, and right. He is the one man that can not be bought. Thus, there is left one figure of sturdy honor around which ideals may cling.

On account of the spectacular condition of San Francisco's municipal politics there is a fictitious exaggeration to the value of every point in the play. In spite of the quickening of interest that is caused by the actors making up to resemble several of the figures that are prominent in our local mix-up, the result is artistically disturbing. The auditor continually gets confused between local and dramatic issues. But, putting aside its sensational resemblance to local affairs, Mr. Eugene Walters has written a bright, compact, clever play, and one in which the recital of a very complex tangle of municipal and political corruption is developed in four comparatively short and admirably concise acts. The author is a journalist, and his style indicates the fact. There is any amount of the picturesque

slang, the snapshot wit, the ready, irreverent humor of the club and the curb in the dialogue, and the play is alive with the spirit and the atmosphere of the immediate present.

The players of the New Alcazar have seized upon the numerous types incident to the piece with contagious enthusiasm. They do excellent work right through, from "copy boy" to capitalist. The concerted effect of the scene in the editorial rooms of the *Globe* during an election night excitement makes for absolute illusion, and in ensuing scenes in committee-rooms and council chambers the variety of types presented with fidelity and humor demonstrates how comprehensive are the resources of the company.

As the central figure, Bertram Lytell makes his usual hit. His Dick Wells is acted with an effect of keen reality, and the impersonation shows all the earnestness, the virility, the grit, and the stay that the representation calls for. Miss Lang, on account of a sprained ankle, was forced to retire during several performances from the rôle of Mary Calvert, but she had little cause to grieve. It is the men's rôles in this play that count, although Daisy Lovering, as the giggling dispenser of loquacity, got in her bit of neat, dexterous comedy. Like Miss Lovering, Harry Pollard always makes his work stand out by its careful finish. Although, for obvious reasons, his impersonation of Hoffman, the peculating bribe-taker, appealed to the sense of humor of the audience, it was a vivid, graphic portrait of a man who, standing at the parting of the ways, chooses the path which brings him full pockets and an uneasy mind. Will R. Walling successfully sunk his identity, and with it all suggestion of his characteristic romantic quality, in assuming the character of Whitelaw, shrewd man of affairs, and a wily student of weak human nature. Ernest Glendinning, like Bertram Lytell, made the character be played, that of Harry Day, reporter, keenly alive.

But it does not seem as if it would be easy to deaden these characters, whose traits are so thoroughly free from the romantic inventiveness of the usual playwright. That little touch of reality in the character of the unscrupulous Whitelaw, for instance, who has a "lovely home life." How real it is! For the author "sees true," and too clearly to make Dick Wells, who comes on a little inebriated in the first act, all white, any more than he makes Horace Whitelaw all black.

Foyer and Box-Office Chat.

Viola Allen in four favorite rôles is the rich offering at the Van Ness Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon. The bill includes acts from "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Merchant of Venice." Portraits of Lady Teazle, Rosalind, Juliet, and Portia are the gifts the actress makes to her admirers at this matinee performance, and they will all be worthy of remembrance. The last time of "Twelfth Night," in a thoroughly adequate and enjoyable presentation, is this evening at the same theatre.

The long and eagerly expected appearance of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" is at hand. Next Monday evening her engagement begins at the Van Ness Theatre, and the opening will be an event of magnitude. Public acquaintance with the framework of Barrie's play, as shown in his book, "The Little White Bird," and the praise of the drama and its star in news from New York, have already made the work almost familiar to all interested in theatrical offerings, yet there are many delights that will be new to those who see "Peter Pan" for the first time. Miss Adams finds the whimsical oddities and incessant activity of the part greatly to her liking, and enters into every detail of the dancing, singing, fencing, fairy-like flying, comedy, and pathos of the varying scenes with unabated zest. It is certainly an unforgettable personation. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees during her engagement.

In Eugene Walters's political play, "The Undertow," reviewed in another column, the New Alcazar Theatre has found a magnet of popular success. It will be continued for a third week, and then give way to "Old Heidelberg," that idyll of student life in Germany.

The Frawley Company at the Novelty Theatre has had an auspicious opening, and

the organization promises to make more than an ordinarily pleasing impression. "Leah Kleschna," the play offered this week and next, is a drama of strength, and its rôles are well filled. The next offering by the company will be George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell," announced for the week beginning June 16.

A number of people prominent in the vaudeville world make their first appearance here at the Orpheum next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee. Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier are the headliners, in a skit entitled "The Messenger Boy." It is many years since the diminutive comedian made his first appearance in "Pinafore," but there are still reminders of those early days in his joyful exuberance. Katherine Hayes and Sabel Johnson have a novel act in "A Dream of Baby Days." Frederick Hawley and company present a short but thrilling melodrama, entitled "The Bandit," and the Bootblack Quartette will offer songs, dances, and fun. The aquatic marvels, the Finneys, remain for another week, as do Emerson and Baldwin, Les Kinners Moulin, and the ridiculously absurd soloist, James J. Morton.

Blanche Bates and "The Girl of the Golden West" are still prime favorites in the New York neighborhood, but a recently introduced quartet that was alleged to sing "the songs of '49" has not proved an added attraction. The *Evening Mail*, speaking of the musical portion of the entertainment, said that no self-respecting mining camp would have tolerated such base imitation of singing.

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VANITY FAIR.

The death of Mrs. McKinley, apart from its painfully pathetic circumstances, has the social interest that is necessarily attached to a lady who was once the "Mistress of the White House." This is a phrase in very general use but it has little, if any, of the significance usually attached to it in the popular mind. The wife of the President of the United States is not the mistress of the White House in the sense that any other lady is the mistress of her own home or the head of its social activities. She has neither the duties nor the responsibilities that would be hers in private life, and she does not concern herself at all with the social functions that are the usual lot of those less highly placed. All these activities, so far as the White House is concerned, are so arranged as to exclude all feminine influence or control. They are placed directly under the management of one or more young officers of the army and navy, who direct all the social machinery of the White House, and the reality and scope of this direction would be a surprise to a good many who attach a real social meaning to the position of "Mistress of the White House." The wife of the President, for example, has nothing to do with the selection of ordinary guests. This is a matter that is left entirely to the discretion of the young officers in question. She has nothing to do with the arrangements of the table or the order of precedence, or with the menu. All these matters are attended to without reference to her opinions and without her consultation. Her sole function is to sit at the head of the table. She is the wife of the President, and that is all. She has neither part nor lot in any of those social and hospitable functions in which she would be supreme were she the wife of any one else in the country. She has of course her own personal friends, to whom she shows such courtesies and kindnesses as may be agreeable to her, but these are her own personal and private concern. They are not chronicled as White House activities, nor even heard of in any public or widespread way.

The success of a President's wife depends entirely upon the extent to which she is willing thus to efface herself. The moment she asserts herself, or attempts rebellion against well-established precedent, she is on dangerous ground and is threatened with fiasco. Mrs. Hayes transgressed in this respect, and transgressed seriously, even to the point of bringing the hospitality of the White House to the verge of the ridiculous, and even over the verge. Mrs. Hayes insisted on importing into the White House the principles of the W. C. T. U. Wine was banished from the table, and as a result the social functions of the White House became a joke throughout the world. For Mrs. McKinley's infirmity there was of course nothing but sympathy, but her husband by no means escaped a certain amount of censure for a misconceived sense of chivalry and devotion that allowed such an infirmity—and sometimes it was painfully marked—to be witnessed by strangers. Mr. McKinley was widely admired—and deservedly so—for his bearing toward his wife, although there were hints that he was well aware of the political value of the universal feminine applause which he thereby elicited.

The motives that govern society at Washington are wholly different from those that are to be found in other cities. The rich man's son and the debutante do not have it all their way in a society where great political and national interests demand and obtain the precedence that they deserve. The gilded youth and the debutante are to be found at Washington as elsewhere, but their place is more often at the foot of the table than higher up. Social claims that are unimpeachable elsewhere find themselves sometimes pushed upon one side at Washington in order to make room for other interests that may not have so much glamor and tinsel but that can in no way be slighted.

It will be a surprise to many Americans to learn that the White House is by no means the centre of social activities at Washington. There are half a dozen houses to which an invitation confers more distinction and prestige. A great many people may be found at the White House who owe the honor to political and other exigencies rather than to social eligibility. An important personage from the decks or the editor of a local newspaper may find a warm welcome at the White House, but they would stand

as good a chance of an invitation to the English, French, or German embassies as to the moon. There is no possibility of social admission to the great embassies except to those whose claims to culture or to social position are unqualified and uncontradicted. Nowhere else in Washington are claims to social distinction so rigidly insisted upon, nowhere else are the barriers so high or so unsurmountable.

It must of course be remembered that there are many social circles in Washington that are entirely outside of the distinctive official life of the Capital, and that sometimes view each other with a disdainful exclusiveness. For instance, there are the old established residents of the city who have a tendency to look askance at the evanescent society which depends for such stability as it has upon the fickle face of politics. Then there are the representatives of the scientific branches of the government, who naturally gravitate into a social coterie. There are many other such circles and most of them hold in lofty contempt the social centres which are the resort of officialism with the highest pretensions and sometimes with the most impossible wives, and where members of Congress from Podunk may most safely be sought.

Among the many private houses of distinction to which an invitation was a coveted honor, that of the late John Hay may be mentioned. After his return from Europe, and before he entered political life as Secretary of State, Mr. Hay was accustomed to entertain with great magnificence. His house was considered to be the very height of everything select and exclusive, and an invitation took social precedence of everything else in Washington except the British embassy.

A writer in the New York Evening Post gives an amusing description of the social amenities to be found on the army transports returning from Manila. Doubtless the same sort of thing may be found on all other transports, as human nature seems to be pretty evenly divided. We are told that the good-fellowship prevailing on an ocean liner is entirely absent from the transport. Very early in the voyage the lines were pretty clearly established, the army folk selecting the forward deck, the civilians, many of whom had traveled on transports before and knew what to expect, retiring aft. And so it happened that aristocratic bridge was played forward, while the civilians amused themselves in their own way at the other end of the ship. Sad to relate, although not unexpected, these inane social distinctions were due mainly to the women. The seats at table were arranged with the nicest precision, the wife of the major-general looking down on the wife of the brigadier-general, after whom came the colonel's wife, and so on down to the contract surgeon and the constabulary officer, who cut small figure in the social arrangement. As for the school-teachers—they were not worth considering, if one could judge from appearances. It was bad enough to be a civilian aboard a transport, but to be a civilian and a school teacher was unpardonable, the person enjoying (and I use the word advisedly) the title of quartermaster captain (a rank that causes our British cousins to smile, one of them at Hongkong remarking to the writer, "You have a peculiar rank in your army, something you call a quartermaster captain") going so far on one occasion, according to a fellow-passenger, as to refuse to allow the teachers to bring steamer chairs aboard and then forbidding them to use those provided by the government.

These aggressive ladies, it seems, demand that they be ranked upon all occasions in exact accord with the military positions held by their husbands, and the duties of clerks and stewards are embarrassed by fretful and jealous complaints from irate ladies who have no intention of being slighted.

Officers' wives, traveling without their husbands, seemed extremely tenacious of their rights. We came upon one, a mere slip of a girl, who was excitedly demanding that the room from which she had been removed for the benefit of another passenger, be returned to her. "My husband ranks hers," she said; "he is a captain of cavalry, and why should I be turned out for the wife of a navy paymaster? I'll report this at Washington," she threatened. Whether the clerk upon whom devolved the delicate task of assigning the rooms was afraid of being reported, or whether he wanted to stop the little woman's flow of language, we did not find out; but he dis-

covered that two civilians with no "rank," were occupying a room exactly similar to the one taken by the paymaster's wife, so they were hustled out bag and baggage, and the captain's wife duly installed therein. Then the honor of the cavalry officer being vindicated, peace reigned once more.

With pleasant little incidents of this nature, and a dance, to the music of a phonograph, on the deck, which was enclosed with canvas, and lighted with colored electric lights, we passed the time as we neared the shores of Japan.

This sort of ill bred and vulgar misbehavior must of course be countenanced by the officers themselves or it could not continue, but if this is the sort of conduct that is extended to fellow-countrymen we may draw our own conclusions as to the treatment that is extended to natives.

M. A. P. gives us some interesting sartorial particulars of the King of England. He has never been guilty of eccentricities in the matter of dress nor does he ever wear anything that would markedly distinguish him from other well-dressed men, jewelry, as an article of male adornment, he abhors. His beard is well trimmed, his hat, coat, trousers, and boots fit him to perfection. All is unobtrusive and irreplicable. And yet, despite this subdued note, King Edward is, without doubt, the best dressed man in Europe.

There is a general but quite mistaken impression that the king wears a suit upon

one occasion only. As he wears three suits a day this would mean about a thousand suits a year. M. A. P. continues:

"The idea has arisen probably from the fact that he is never seen in the same suit twice in succession, an arrangement made possible by the enormous size of his wardrobe, which is being continually augmented at the rate of about thirty suits a year. At his various residences he has stored away some 300 suits, in addition to numerous uniforms, all ready for instant service.

"The king's knowledge of tailoring technique is considerable. He is well acquainted with the respective merits of chevots, Saxons, diagonals, and checks. He does not pay such extravagant prices for his clothes as may be supposed. For a pair of trousers he gives from \$10 to \$12.50, for a lounge suit \$50, and for an evening suit \$75. These are high prices for the average rich man, but plenty of society men pay as much.

"Altogether the king's yearly clothes bill amounts to about \$6000. His uniforms are the most expensive considerations. He is honorary colonel of over thirty and he must have a uniform for each. He has at least 100 uniforms all ready for use at any moment."

Although the king is certainly liberal in the number of suits that he keeps on hand no one can accuse him of extravagance in the prices that he pays. Of course the low cost of clothing in England must be taken into consideration.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord John Russell, when on a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral, asked her majesty's own piper to have some one play in his presence. "What kind of a piper do you want?" asked the man. "Just such another as yourself," said the English statesman. Drawing himself up, the musician said grandly: "There's plenty of lords like yourself, but very few pipers like me."

Bishop Sanford Olmsted, of Colorado, at a dinner in Denver said, apropos of Sabbath breaking: "I was talking to an Eastern clergyman the other day about his church attendance. 'I suppose,' I said, 'that in your district rain affects the attendance considerably.' He smiled faintly. 'Indeed, yes,' he said. 'I hardly have a vacant seat when it is too wet for golf or motoring.'"

The manager of a shipyard is reported to have assembled his men together in the time office and told them to vote in a municipal election as they pleased. "In fact, I shan't tell you how I am going to vote," he said, "but after it is all over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ("Hear, hear!" shouted the men.) "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Blank gets in."

"That," said Senator Beveridge of a witicism, "was quaintly put. It is like the remark of the old veteran. This aged man, going from his room one night to let out the cat, stumbled on the landing and pitched headlong down into the hall. 'Why, Silas,' called his wife, 'is that you? Did you fall downstairs?' 'Yes,' grunted the old fellow, rising slowly. 'Yes, I did, and for about a minute and a half I thought I'd lost my pension.'"

Beerbohm Tree is noted for his absent-mindedness, and it is related that one night, upon coming out of the theatre, he entered a cab on which was a strange driver. "Home" was all the direction the cabbie received. He waited some time fearing he might lose his fare before he asked Mr. Tree where his home was. His dismay was unbounded when the actor responded: "Why should I tell a perfect stranger where my beautiful home is?"

F. A. Busse, Chicago's new mayor, had been complimented by a reporter on the direct, terse quality of a statement he had given out. "I am a believer in brevity," said Mr. Busse, smiling. "The fewer words you say a thing in, the stronger and more striking is that thing's effect. Once I knew a man who hated the Swiss. 'Why, Jake,' I said to him one day, 'you astound me. You hate the Swiss, yet here you are married to a Swiss wife.' 'Yes,' said Jake; 'that's the reason.'"

When a stowaway is found on an ocean steamer he is immediately set to work to pay for his passage. One such was recently discovered in the hold of the Mediterranean liner *Cretic*, and was ordered to the galley, where the cook found plenty to keep him out of mischief. A lady on a tour of inspection paused near the stowaway as he sat busily peeling potatoes. "How soon do you think we'll reach Naples?" "Well, madam," he replied, cheerfully, "I'm doing all I can to get her in by Tuesday."

"Decoration Day," said a philosopher, "always makes me think of a peddler who came to my cousin's house in Jackson County when the war was at its height. This peddler, a strong, tall young man, was peddling ferns, and my pretty cousin said to him, reproachfully: 'I am surprised to see an able-bodied young man like you selling ferns at this crisis. Why are you not with the army?' The peddler looked surprised. 'Why, they don't want ferns in the army, do they lady?' he said."

Adlai E. Stevenson, formerly Vice-President of the United States, is fond of telling an odd experience he had shortly after the Civil War. At that time David Davis was much talked of as the man to run against General Grant for the presidency. A conference was held in Mr. Stevenson's residence, many leading Illinois and other Democrats being present. A good deal was said about the possible candidacy of Mr. Davis, but no one happened to mention his first name. After the

conference broke up Mr. Stevenson drew an old farmer friend into a corner and asked his opinion. The farmer was from the extreme southern end of Illinois. He said: "Well, you know, Adlai, I've followed your lead in politics for a good while and I'm going to do it now. But, honest, Adlai, don't you think it's a little mite early to nominate Jeff Davis?"

"There are still a few honest men left in the world," said J. J. Hill the financier. "It is well to be cautious, but we should not suspect everybody. If we are too suspicious we make ourselves absurd. An old farmer and his wife started for St. Paul on a visit. Before the couple set off they were cautioned frequently by their friends to beware of the St. Paul sharpers. Well, on the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went off without him. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train. It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The old farmer boarded the express and beat his wife to St. Paul by nearly an hour. He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized the valise. 'Well, Jane,' he said, 'I'm glad to see ye again. I thought we was separated for good.' But the old lady jerked the valise from him indignantly. 'No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper,' she cried, 'I left my husband at the junction. Don't be comin' any of yer confidence tricks on me or I'll call a policeman.'"

The Sorrows of a Skipper.

"I hates to think of dyin'," says the skipper to the mate;
"Starvation, shipwrecks, heart disease I loathes to contemplate.
I hates to think of vanities and all the crimes they lead to—"
Then says the mate,
With looks sedate,
"Ye doesn't reely need to."

"To conjer up the happy days what careless has slipped by.
I hates to contemplate the day I ups and left me Mary—"
Then says the mate,
"Why contemplate,
If it ain't necessary?"

"Suppose that this here vessel," says the skipper with a groan,
"Should lose 'er bearin', run away, and hump upon a stone;
Suppose she'd shiver and go down when save ourselves we couldn't—"
The mate replies,
"Oh, blow me eyes!
Suppose, ag'in, she shouldn't?"

"The chances is ag'in us," says the skipper in dismay,
"If fate don't kill us out and out, it gits us all some day.
So many perish of old age, the death-rate must be fearful—"
"Well," says the mate,
"At any rate
We might as well die cheerful."

"I read in them statistic books," the nervous skipper cries,
"That every minute by the clock some feller ups and dies.
I wonder what disease they gits that kills in such a hurry!—"
The mate he winks
And says, "I thinks
They mostly dies of worry."

"Of certain things," the skipper sighs, "me conscience won't be rid,
And all the wicked things I done I sure should not have did.
The wrinkles on me inmost soul compel me oft to shiver—"
"Yer soul's fast rate,"
Observes the mate;
"The trouble's with yer liver."
—Wallace Irwin in *The Century Magazine*.

Readers of Arthur Stringer's new novel, "Phantom Wires," may be somewhat puzzled at the enigmatic "30," which occupies the position on his last page usually reserved for the time-honored "Finis." But this device of "30," as all telegraphers know, is the key operator's long-recognized and commonly used farewell, or "good-night."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The coming week will be eventful in social circles, as four weddings of importance are to be celebrated within the seven days. On Tuesday Miss Lorraine de la Montanya and Mr. Edward A. Davis, and Miss Mabel Watkins and Captain Orrin R. Wolfe, U. S. A., are to be married, while on the following day will wed Miss Louise Redington and Dr. A. N. Hewlett, and Miss Frances Coon and Mr. Oliver Kehrlein. The departure of Californians for foreign shores is increasing, and not a day passes but news comes of some one else who has decided to take a rest of a few months away from the social and geographical confusion of San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith McCabe, daughter of Mrs. M. J. McCabe, to Mr. Ernest McCormick. No date is announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Emma Mullan, of Washington, D. C., to Senator George Russell Lukens, of Oakland, will take place at the home of the bride, on Thursday, June 18. It is to be a very quiet affair.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Foote, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur de Wint Foote, to Mr. Rodman Swift, took place on Saturday last, at the home of the bride's parents in Grass Valley. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Carleton M. Hitchcock, of Emanuel Church, at eight o'clock in the morning. There were no attendants, and only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. They are spending their honeymoon at Bear Valley, and will live at Grass Valley.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Mighell, grand-daughter of Mrs. Kershaw, to Mr. Thomas James Churchill, took place on Saturday last at the home of the bride, 2500 California Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Cecil Marack. Miss Sophie Wood and Miss Marie Churchill were the bridesmaids. Only relatives were present at the ceremony, but a large reception followed. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill have gone on their wedding tour and on their return will make their home in this city.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Annie Selby, who went abroad in April, have been for several weeks in England, but have now gone to Paris, where they expect to remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. J. B. Crockett went down last week from Burlingame to Santa Cruz with Mr. E. W. Hopkins in his motor.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will spend the summer months at their place at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst has arrived in New York from France, and will come West almost directly. She will spend the summer at her country place on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn will spend the month of July at Del Monte.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall, who have been abroad for the past two years, will return to San Francisco in the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., have closed their Pacific Avenue home and are at Belvedere for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Miss Leslie Page have gone to Paris, after a stay of some weeks in Italy. They will go a little later to England, and will return here in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness sailed last week from New York for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and their family, and Mrs. Tewksbury, left on June

1 for their country place near Point Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are sojourning in New York at present.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ashe have returned to their rancho in Sonoma County, after a stay of some months in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. Rosenstock will go to the Hotel Del Monte on July 1 for a stay of a month.

Miss Fanny Friedlander and Miss May Friedlander, who have been in Belvedere for the past year, have returned to town, and have a house on Broadway.

Miss Helen Wheeler has returned to America, after several months' travel in Europe, and is at present the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond in Lakewood, New Jersey. She will arrive here next week.

Miss Marie Oxnard has arrived from New York.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague will go East late in August for a stay of several weeks.

Mrs. C. Fred Kohl left recently for an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Clement and Miss Mattie Livermore were, when last heard from, making a trip down the Rhine.

Miss Mary Keeney has returned from a visit to Miss Lydia Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have gone to Ross Valley, where they have a cottage for the summer.

Miss Frances Sprague is spending a month or two at her rancho in Mendocino County.

Miss Christine Pomeroy has been in town from her home in San Rafael, as the guest of Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs have been motoring in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson have returned from their motor trip to Yosemite, and left this week in their machine for Shasta, where they will remain several months.

Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Miss Jeanette Wright, and Miss Marion Wright, are spending two months at Coronado.

Mrs. J. J. Brice, who has been traveling in England for several weeks, has gone to Paris, where she met her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, who has been abroad for nearly a year.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge returned this week from a six weeks' sojourn in Washington and New York.

Miss Jeanette Hooper has been entertaining Mrs. Walter Starr and Mrs. William Thomas at the Hooper rancho near Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chapin have returned to Sacramento after a visit to Mrs. Chapin's parents, Senator and Mrs. Wilson, in Seattle.

Mrs. A. L. Bancroft has arrived here after several months' travel in Europe.

Mrs. William S. Porter is at present the guest of Mrs. Walter Newhall in Los Angeles.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling, who have been spending several months in Europe, have returned to their home at Bucksport, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Saunders left on Saturday for Honolulu for an indefinite stay.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were the following: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Revalk, Mr. V. Revalk, Dr. Ernest Johansen, Mr. L. S. Stone, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tyson, Miss Jean Tyson, of Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gordon, of Sacramento.

Among the recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. Charles F. Kapp, Mrs. Kapp, Mrs. Linda V. Bryan, Miss Linda Bryan, Mr. Hamilton V. Bryan, Miss May Reis, Miss Ness Reis, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruck, Mr. George S. Bofinger, Mrs. W. F. Wetherby, Mr. A. Adin, Mrs. Adin, Miss May E. Adin, Florence Adin, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Miss Wilshire, Mrs. S. G. Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. Gus A. Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Edwards, Mr. James Shea, Mrs. Shea, Mrs. Farrell and daughter, Mrs. Waldo, Mr. T. H. Magill, Mr. Ben Levison, Mr. R. C. Waldo, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. V. Mitchell, Mr. James A. Farrell, Mr. E. H. Tryon, and Mrs. Tryon, of San Francisco.

Lieutenant John P. Jackson of the United States Navy, lately connected with the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, D. C., has been appointed by Admiral Stockton as his flag lieutenant, to accompany him with his fleet to Europe for a three months' tour. The fleet will attend the Bordeaux Exposition. Lieutenant Jackson is the son of the late John P. Jackson, of New Jersey, brother of Eliot G. Jackson, of San Francisco, and a nephew of Schuyler B. Jackson, of Newark, N. J. His uncle, Admiral Baldwin, of San Francisco, was distinguished during the War of the Rebellion. He commanded the steamship *Vanderbilt*, which was given by Commodore Vanderbilt to the government, and he was dispatched by the government with this steamer to relieve Fort Sumter at the time of its bombardment.

Disarming the Nations.

The nations met to talk of peace and of its many charms, Each told the rest be thought it best that all lay down their arms, That spears be beaten into ploughs, war steeds turned out to grass, That guns be changed to pipes arranged for water or for gas, "A worthy deed," they all agreed, "for peace we are abstinent." But each one said he'd wait until the others disarmed first.

"It is not war I'm looking for," said hearty old John Bull, "But any one that pulls a gun will find me in his wool."

Yet, I'll disarm—war holds no charm for me—I'll only keep My forts to hold my lands outrolled, my ships to rule the deep."

"To peace I'm led," the Kaiser said. "My army shan't increase Except that each boy I shall teach the way to hang to peace. And I shall roam, upon the foam, insisting on the right, Each battleship a shoulder-clip—I hope I need not fight."

The peaceful Jap, a timid chap, remarked that he agreed, That be would not keep in one spot more army than he'd need. And Uncle Sam looked like a lamb when he observed that he Would build no boat that would not float upon the angry sea.

The nations met to talk of peace and of its many charms, They frowned on strife, and drum and fife, and all of war's alarms, Then each backed out, with looks of doubt, with frettings in his mind.

For as each went his arm was bent to clutch a gun behind.

"'Tis peace we need," each one agreed, "for that we are athirst, And I'll lay down my guns and swords, if you will do it first."

—Chicago Post.



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Eight-room unfurnished house opposite Ross Station; half acre of wooded ground and garden; rent \$55 (less if over 6 months lease.) Apply Mrs. Worn, San Anselmo, or Croker & Co., Ross Station.

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Dry Goods **White Goods**
Furnishing Goods **Notions, etc.**

Temporarily located **Corner Market and Sutter Streets**, San Francisco, pending completion of our permanent building now in course of construction, Bush and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

We sell to Storekeepers only.

Ask your dealer for our Goods.

Overalls	Silkolines	Turkish Towels	Ducks
Jumpers	Quilts	House Linings	House Linings
Blouses	Comforters	Persian Lawns	Colored Denims
Engineers' Coats	Lace Canains	Organdies	Laces
Kahki Coats and Pants	Prints	Men's Handkerchiefs	Embroideries
Work Shirts	Percales	Women's Handkerchiefs	Silk Gloves
Negligee Shirts	Apron Gingham	Piques	Colored Burlap
Golf Shirts	Fancy Gingham	Men's Hosiery	Men's Gloves
Collars	Flannellettes	Men's Underwear	Tickings
Cuffs	Broad Cloths	Women's Hosiery	Sheets
Blanket Lined Clothing	Table Cloths	Women's Underwear	Pillow Cases
Waterproof	Napkins	Brown Shirtings	Sateens
Sweaters	Table Damask	Bleached Shirtings	Notions
Cardigan Jackets	Crash	Wide Bleached Sheetings	Ribbons
Blankets	Face Cloths	Wide Brown Sheetings	Kid Gloves
	Towels		

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Baking Powder

Is the most economical
thing in the kitchen.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

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Cor. Post and Leavenworth Sts.

is
OPEN

The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace"

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



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Most Delightful Climate on Earth.

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American Plan, Summer Rates \$3.50 per day. "Good Music" and "Fine Automobile Road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado."

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Coronado Beach, Cal.

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While the city is overcrowded, take your family to Hotel Del Monte by the sea, near Monterey, and enjoy every comfort. There is plenty of room there and plenty to do for recreation and health. Parlor car leaves San Francisco 8:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M., daily, direct to Hotel. Special reduced round-trip rates. Remember you can easily transact business in San Francisco and live at Del Monte. For details, inquire Information Bureau, Southern Pacific, or of C. W. Kelley, Special Representative of Del Monte, 770 Market Street, San Francisco, phone, Temporary 2751.

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Beautifully furnished rooms with every modern improvement. Cafe a la Carte at moderate prices.
N. S. Mullan, Manager.

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San Rafael, Cal.

50 Minutes from San Francisco
Complete Change of Climate
Tiburon or Sausalito Ferry
All Modern Conveniences
F. N. Orpin, Proprietor

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Constant Williams, U. S. A., was retired on May 25, on account of having reached the age limit.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Departments of California and Columbia, left last week for the annual inspection of the Alaskan posts and will be absent for about two months.

Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Muehlenberg, Deputy Paymaster-General, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in Washington, D. C., to take effect upon the expiration of the leave granted him, and will proceed to San Francisco and report to the Commanding General, Department of California, for duty as Chief Paymaster of that department.

Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Anderson, Inspector-General, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect on June 15.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Perkins, U. S. M. C., is ordered to appear before a retiring board at Washington, D. C., to have his physical fitness for further active service determined. He has been detached recently from duty in command of marines on the Isthmus of Panama, and was ordered home because of poor health.

Commander A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., was detached from the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., on May 31, and ordered to duty in attendance on course of instruction at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., on June 3.

Commander C. J. Badger, U. S. N., has been ordered to additional duty in connection with the general board, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander N. A. McCully, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, and ordered to the California as senior engineer officer when that vessel is placed in commission.

Lieutenant-Commander C. S. Stanworth, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, and ordered to the California as executive officer when that vessel is placed in commission.

Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., is ordered to duty in attendance on course of instruction at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., on June 1.

Lieutenant-Commander H. Rodman, U. S. N., is ordered to duty in attendance on course of instruction at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as Adjutant-General of the Pacific Division, and assigned to the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and to duty as commanding officer of the battalion of that regiment which will sail on June 15 for Honolulu for station. Major George McIver, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., who was to have accompanied this regiment, will remain at the Presidio of Monterey.

Major Charles H. Hunter, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., who has been relieved recently from command of Fort Miley, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Major John W. Buckman, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the army retiring board appointed to meet at San Francisco, vice Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Anderson, Inspector-General, U. S. A., relieved.

Major P. C. March, Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, to report not later than June 10.

Captain Edwin C. Long, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as aide-de-camp to General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., and assigned to duty with the Seventeenth Company, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, these orders to take effect upon completion of the target practice in the Pacific Division.

Captain R. H. McMaster, Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Henry N. Tormey, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has been attached to the Fifty-fourth Company (depot torpedo), U. S. A., Fort Totten, New York, and ordered to proceed without delay to join his company.

Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., Havana, Cuba, has been granted two months' leave of absence with permission to visit the United States.

Lieutenant Archibald G. Hutchinson, Third Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at the headquarters of the Pacific Division, is ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer thereof for duty at the military prison.

Lieutenant James R. Goodale, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Colonel John A. Lundeen, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board, Presidio of San Francisco, for examination by the board.

Lieutenant Lloyd P. Horsfall, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the School of Musketry, Pacific Division, Presidio of Monterey, and will proceed to join the Seventieth Company, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Frederick A. Barker, U. S. M. C., is detached from the marine barracks, Naval Station, Guam, L. I., upon reporting of Lieutenant Frederick A. Gardner, U. S. M. C., and to the marine barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty.

Lieutenant George C. Carmine, U. S. R. C. S., will have charge of the work on Puget Sound during the absence of Captain Munzer, U. S. R. C. S., in Alaska waters.

Civil Engineer P. L. Reed, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval station, Olongapo, P. I., and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, for special temporary duty and thence home to wait orders.

Contract Surgeon Arthur C. Delacroix, U. S. A., now in New York, is ordered to proceed to San Francisco, and to report to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty.

Judge A. L. Rhodes, one of the distinguished jurists of California, celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday last Saturday evening at a reception given in his historic old home in San José. All the members of the Santa Clara Valley Bar Association and many prominent men from other cities, to the number of forty, were present. Mrs. Mary Rhodes Barstow and Miss Barstow, daughter and granddaughter, and the Misses Morrison, of San José, intimate friends of the jurist, assisted in receiving the guests.

The London Chronicle says that an "American poetess"—who?—lately sang her disappointment with the English skylark in this pretty fashion:

Was it for this I traveled far and long,
O poet of the blue?
You did not sing to Shelley such a song
As Shelley sang to you!

San Francisco pleasure-seekers will be delighted to learn that the Hotel Vendome in San José has been reopened and is more attractive and comfortable than ever. It has been entirely rebuilt inside, and has a complete system of scientific plumbing, new bathrooms, telephone in every room, and vacuum air cleaning. It also has downtown sample-rooms for commercial men. With its beautiful grounds, bowling alleys, tennis courts, and magnificent bathing pavilion, it is an ideal summer resort—only an hour's ride from the city, thirty-five trains daily connecting it with San Francisco.



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FLAVOR OF

HUNTER WHISKEY

HAS GIVEN IT ITS WONDERFUL
POPULARITY AND A REPUTATION FOR EXCELLENCE
ABSOLUTELY UNSURPASSED



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Agents for California and Nevada
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ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS



LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarra-gona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

P. Centemeri & Co.

Kid Gloves

New Location

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Between Pine and California

San Francisco

Mild, Rich
and
Satisfying

Sanchez y Haya

Clear Havana
Cigars

Factory No. 1

Tampa, Fla.

Tillmann & Bendel
Pacific Slope Distributors

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
For
**PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,**
and all affections
of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The feller thet's allus tellin' what a wonderful woman his wife is generally haz t' smoke in th' kitchen.—*Abe Martin*.

City Man—Has your wife a good cook now? *Suburbanite*—I don't know; I have not been home since morning.—*Pioneer Press*.

"Yes, I'm going abroad at once. I gotta go." "Oh, you mustn't let the doctors scare you." "I got this from a lawyer."—*Washington Herald*.

Maude—When you refused him my hand, papa, did he get down on his knees? *Pater*—Well, I didn't notice just where he fell.—*New York Evening Mail*.

Sillius—When would you say that a man reaches the age of discretion? *Cynicus*—When he realizes that he is too old to marry.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Daughter—But he is so full of absurd ideas. *Mother*—Never mind that, dear. Your father was just the same before I married him.—*Town and Country*.

"I suppose," she said, with fine sarcasm, "you were sitting up with a friend?" "No, m'dear," replied he, truthfully, "I was settin' 'em up with a friend."—*Houston Post*.

She—He has a most extraordinary figure, hasn't he? *He*—That's so. I believe an umbrella is about the only thing he can buy ready made.—*Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*.

"Tompkins is having an awful time with his new auto." "In what way?" "Every time he repairs it he has a lot of parts left over that he can't find a place for."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Magistrate—What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you, and he that physical wreck? *Mrs. Maloney*—Yes, yer honor; but he's only been a physical wreck since he struck me.—*Independent*.

Husband—Another new dress! Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it? *Wife*—You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

Hicks—Your friend Marryat tells me he's got his wife pretty thoroughly trained now. *Wicks*—Yes, he's got her trained so that he can make her do pretty nearly anything she wants to do.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"I guess they've caught that wife murderer." "Anything in the papers about it?" "No; but I saw several women with big bunches of flowers hurrying toward the jail a little while ago."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Husband—I wish I had some of those good, old-fashioned biscuits like mother used to make for me. *Wife*—And I wish I had some of those nice new-fashioned clothes like father used to buy for me.—*Chicago News*.

"Why, Mary," said her mistress, "I told you to tidy up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder." "Yes, mum, and I did," said Mary, "but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, and he lost the stud."—*London Tatler*.

"Of course," said the author of the very Frenchy comedy, "the dialogue is rather racy, and perhaps it's too long, but I could boil it down." "Yes," replied the disgusted critic, "if you expect the public to swallow this, by all means boil it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Virtually all the car lines of San Francisco are now in operation in the daytime, but none at night. Out of all evil some good comes. Some San Francisco men may acquire the habit of spending their evenings with their families.—*Boston Globe*.

Mr. Justcott—Why, what are you crying about, dear? *Mrs. Justcott*—Oh, George! The mice have got into the pantry and eaten up a beautiful custard pie I made myself! *Mr. Justcott*—There, there! Don't cry over a few little mice.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"He's a great growler, isn't he?" "Hurricane is nothin' to him." "Finds fault with everything?" "Worst you ever saw." "By the by—what is he doing now?" "Editing the 'Bard of Hope' and 'Sunshine' department of a new magazine!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Indignant Matron (in crowded car)—Sir, when so many elderly women are standing why don't you rise and offer one of

them your seat? *Seated Passenger* (with dignity)—You are laboring under a mistake, madam. I am the Bearded Lady.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Well, what have you found out?" The private detective hesitated. "Do you want to know the worst?" he asked, warningly. "Go ahead." "My bill will be considerable, you know." "Never mind that. What did you discover?" "Not a blamed thing."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Lady (on train, hearing *Scotchman* grunting with disgust on passing advertisement board)—Ah, I see you agree with me that those vandals should not be allowed to spoil this lovely scenery by putting up such hideous things. *Sandy*—Nay, it wasna that. But she's no guid whiskey!—*Puck*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Unrecognized.

There was a young artist named Sam,
Who thought the art critics a sham,
Said he, "Hully gee!
It's easy to see
For me they don't care a—straw." —*Life*.

An Artist.

The hotel cook was a doughty man,
He scoured each pot and he rattled each pan;
At his glance the scullions all turned pale,
And often he made a sparrow quail! —*Cleveland Leader*.

Sound The Gong.

If you want to win before you die,
Don't waste time
Pessimizing.
Uplift your heart! Why drift and sigh?
There's wealth in
Advertising.
Life is so short, and death so long,
And rivals
Enterprising!
Then grasp your chance. Shout! Sound the gong!
Go in for
Advertising.
—*Architects' and Builders' Journal*.

No Poets!

America's there with the statesmen, we learn
from Ambassador Bryce;
She has plenty of men with the science, and
plenty of men with the price,
And plenty of heavyweight thinkers, and plenty
of captains of trade;
And plenty of soldiers and sailors who stack up
all right on parade.
Her lawyers and doctors and writers abound
from the plains to the sea;
She has plenty of practical persons, but never a
poet, says he.

No poets! What, then, are the brethren who
write those alluring refrains
Which you read on the ads in the Subway, in-
structing you how to grow brains,
Advising you which way to travel, what to eat,
what to read, what to wear,
And afflating with uplifting genius such as only a
poet can share?
Who writes for the yachting cap tenor the lay of
the lost love that longs,
Or builds for the knockabout duo their trivial
topical songs?

No poets! Who, then, form the bread line be-
fore every editor's door
With sonnets at bargain-day prices and ballads at
one-eighty-four?
Who bring forth the fruit of starvation in ring-
ing and echoing lines,
Which later appears in blue letters on houses and
billboards and signs?
No poets! But soft, now we gather just what
the Ambassador means—
Perchance he has sought them out only in books
and the late magazines!
—*James J. Montague, in New York Journal*.

"We have left undone the things we should have done," acknowledged the fair worshiper. "It's all right, dear," whispers a motherly soul in the pew back of her. "It's not undone any more. I reached over and hooked it while you was standing up."—*St. Louis Republic*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

Mr. Fastset (with *Extra!!!*)—Sensational elopement! Well, what do you think of that? Young Galey has run off with his father's stenographer! *Mrs. Fastset*—Heavens! Why, it'll break the poor old man's heart. *Mr. Fastset*—Oh, I don't know. There are just as pretty stenographers in the employment agency as ever were hired.—*Puck*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperrys Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

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MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Fran.		Lv. Tamalpais	
WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY	SUN. DAY	WEEK DAY
9:45 A	7:15 A	9:28 A	7:45 A
1:45 P	9:15 A	11:10 A	1:40 P
SATUR. DAY	11:15 A	12:16 P	4:14 P
4:45 P	12:45 P	1:40 P	3:10 P
	2:15 P	3:10 P	SATUR. DAY
	3:45 P	4:40 P	9:34 P

TAMALPAIS

Legal Holidays Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

A delightful place to spend the summer

AETNA SPRINGS

Our automobiles meet trains at St. Helena every day except Sunday. Take 7:40 a. m. Broad Gauge Boat. Fare \$7.00 round trip.

Week-End Guests

will be met at St. Helena on Friday and Saturday afternoons. Take 3:30 Tiburon Ferry. Back to the city in good time for business on Monday. Write at once for full information to

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New California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day

Rain or Shine

Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M.

No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave the track after the fifth and last races.

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

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Dec. 31, 1906

BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department

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San Francisco Office
518 CALIFORNIA STREET

The Argonaut is printed by
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San Francisco

Telephone Tempy. 1904

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

St. Louis.....June 15, July 13, Aug. 17

Philadelphia.....June 22, July 20, Aug. 24

St. Paul.....June 29, Aug. 3, Aug. 21

New York.....July 6, Aug. 10, Sept. 7

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Westernland.....June 15, July 13, Aug. 17

Haverford.....June 22, Friesland.....July 29

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minnehaha.....June 15, July 13, Aug. 10

Mesaba.....June 22, July 20, Aug. 17

Minnetonka.....June 29, July 27, Aug. 24

Minneapolis.....July 6, Aug. 3, Aug. 31

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list

Noordam.....June 12, July 17, Aug. 28

Ryndam.....June 19, July 24, Sept. 4

Potsdam.....June 26, Aug. 7, Sept. 11

New Amsterdam (new).....July 3, Aug. 14, Sept. 18

Statendam.....July 10, Aug. 21, Sept. 25

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP

Finland.....June 15, July 27, Aug. 24

Zeeland.....June 22, July 20, Aug. 17

Vaderland.....July 6, Aug. 3, Aug. 31

Kronland.....July 13, Aug. 10, Sept. 7

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

*Baltic.....June 14, July 11, Aug. 8

*Cedric.....June 20, July 18, Aug. 15

*Celtic.....June 27, July 25, Aug. 22

*Arabic.....July 4, Aug. 1, Aug. 29

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

*Majestic.....June 12, July 10, Aug. 7

*Adriatic (new).....June 19, July 17, Aug. 14

*Teutonic.....June 26, July 24, Aug. 21

*Oceanic.....July 3, July 31, Aug. 28

+New, 25,000 tons; has elevator, gymnasium, Turkish baths, and band.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Cymric.....June 19, July 17, Aug. 14

Republic.....July 3, July 31, Aug. 28

To the Mediterranean, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK

*Cretic.....June 20, noon

*Romanic.....July 15, 3 p. m.

FROM BOSTON

*Canopic.....June 29, 1 p. m.; Aug. 10, Oct. 5

*Romanic.....Sept. 14, 3 a. m.; Oct. 26, Dec. 5

G. N. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt., Pacific Coast.
36 Ellis St., near Market, San Francisco

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their permanent offices at Room 240, James Flood Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

S. S. "Hongkong Maru".....Friday, June 28, 1907

S. S. "America Maru" (calls at Manila).....

S. S. "Nippon Maru" (calls at Manila).....

.....Thursday, July 18, 1907

.....Thursday, August 15, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, James Flood Building.

W. H. AVERY,
Assistant General Manager.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

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High Grade French Ranges

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Vol. LX. No. 1579.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 15, 1907.

Price Ten Cents

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Week.

Let nobody believe that because San Francisco rests under a cloud of adversity there is loss of hope on the part of her people or lack of abounding faith in her destiny. There is indeed an immediate condition which weighs down the spirit of every man who loves this fine city; but there is no man among us who is ready to hoist the white flag. Many are discouraged, many are distressed, but there is none to despair. Even in the crisis of our anxieties and apprehensions one who sees clearly may discover multiplied facts to inspire hope, not only in time remote but in the immediate future. There is a Spanish phrase to the effect that the skies above and the earth beneath are the "will of God," implying what a familiar hymn puts more directly in the line—"and only man is vile." In this compound of mediæval philosophy and camp-meeting hymnology we have a tolerably accurate analysis of our conditions. The earth and its fruits are all that they ever were. California's fields are ripening, her orchards are abloom, productive industry from north to south and from east to west is active and

eager. There is nothing in the conditions of the country which does not promise a season at full flood. There has been no cessation at any point in San Francisco's productive backing. If we look inland to our valleys; if we look to our mines, to our forests, to our oil fields; if we turn westward and northward, and southward, and look over our ocean highways to the countries that lie beyond, all is as before. The great channels and grooves of commerce fixed by the practice and tradition of half a century cross and mingle at San Francisco as in times gone by. In brief, the outside conditions of San Francisco are unchanged, undiminished, unhurt.

And, even amid the confusions of our social and industrial warfare—for warfare it is, nothing less—there are circumstances of tremendous moral significance. Take, for example, the great strike in the metal industries: In spite of the universal demoralization, in spite of some show of selfishness and cowardice, this particular difficulty is in the way of settlement, and of a settlement on the open-shop basis. The preponderating forces of conservatism have stood to their guns at least to the extent of insisting that unionism shall have no monopoly in the metal-working trades. The settlement is not quite yet; there is a pause, but it is only a pause; there has been some concession which the *Argonaut* regrets. But viewing the matter broadly it may be said that this particular difficulty is in the way of settlement upon a sound and righteous basis.

Again, in the case of the street-car strike. Mr. Calhoun says there is no strike, and while this is not quite true it is practically so. The cars have been running now for a month, affording opportunity for all who wish to ride, and that is everybody excepting the extreme unionists and their sympathizers, and upon the open-shop basis. Mr. Calhoun is in the way of completely winning his fight and upon the right principle and upon the right lines. It has been a tremendous fight, first against injustice, second against an officially backed anarchy, third against an unexampled malice of hatred and opposition, fourth against an embattled unionism allied with criminality backed by official corruption and dereliction on the one hand and with the once-moral forces of prosecution on the other. Even petty criminality has almost ceased to disturb the operation of the cars which now run through our streets almost as regularly and almost as well patronized as in normal times.

Still again, the telephone service in spite of the strike, in spite of the sympathies and the active co-operation of unionism, has been, and continues to be, maintained in tolerable efficiency. In this fight—bitter, though less noisy than the others—there has been no let-down at the point of defense, indeed the fight has been carried with such spirit that there has been a positive gain in the conditions of the service.

These facts when taken in connection with all the adverse conditions of the time speak with profound emphasis for the reserved moral power of San Francisco. What has been done could not have been done if there did not exist here a foundation of that species of courage and power which rests, and can only rest, upon a stable moral basis. These things could not have been achieved if at the bottom of our character as a community there was not a fixed sense of justice, a fixed respect for law—these in combination with a will not universal but still strong enough for aggressive action—in spots—and with stamina enough to fight and keep on fighting.

In this whole turmoil the *Argonaut* has had one anxiety deeper than any other, namely, that in

fighting this fight we should fight it to a finish. This now is the supreme issue. To compromise now with unionism in the sense of granting to it such monopoly of privilege as will enable it to maintain the tyranny recently enforced here would be a mistake serious beyond words. The duty—a duty as plain and as positive as ever presented itself—rests upon the community to stand for the principle of industrial freedom and equality—to borrow the ringing phrase of General Otis, for the right of every citizen to pursue any lawful labor of his choice in any lawful way unmolested and undisturbed. Men of San Francisco here is your slogan! Stand faithful to it, yield no jot at the point of principle, stand for freedom and for equity—here, we say is your duty!

Our troubles, while manifestly nearer their end than a week ago, have assumed a shape not easy to analyze; indeed there would be little practical use in attempting to analyze them. One fact very plainly in view is that the solution rests with no one element in the chorus of discord. It is a case where force must continue to war with force until a point of yielding is discovered. Somebody must give way—somebody must quit. The strongest line of resistance ought to be the line of highest moral strength. Men of San Francisco see to it that you hold the shield of moral purpose at the right place!

The most active interest of the week has been the trial of Mayor Schmitz which reached its climax on Tuesday, when the accused official took the stand in his own defense and solemnly swore what the *Argonaut* believes to be a lying oath to the effect that he had no knowledge of Ruef's operations in the French restaurant cases, that he did not share in the money collected by his side-partner from those cringing providers of good living and promoters of prostitution. The testimony previously given had been weak because it had signally failed directly to incriminate the mayor. Moral conviction indeed there was more than enough; but moral conviction and legal conviction, so the lawyers tell us, are two separate and distinct things. It is reported that Schmitz's attorneys believed that the case would be stronger without his denial, but the mayor's own opinion did not accord with this judgment. As we write on Wednesday the case is still on and presumably Ruef will be put upon the stand to give against his long-time partner the same testimony that he gave to the grand jury. He will, it is presumed, declare that he divided the spoils of the restaurant graft with Schmitz, as no doubt he did. Summed up the case will then stand with Schmitz's sworn testimony against Ruef's—one precious scoundrel against another—plus the testimony of the restaurateurs that they paid to Ruef certain large sums for "protection," plus the testimony of a police commissioner that he was personally directed by the mayor, first to enforce, and then to nullify the law. The argument of the mayor's lawyers will be that the order given to the police commission to nullify the law was not at the behest of Ruef but of the Cooks and Waiters' Union, and that it bore no relation to Ruef's deal with the restaurant owners. There is no moral doubt in any man's mind; there is a conceivable legal doubt. Here the matter rests as the *Argonaut* goes to press.

Looking over the general developments of the week, nothing stands more plainly in view than this fact, namely, that the graft prosecution has in a distinct sense lost ground at the point of public confidence. It has indeed carried itself with energy and address in the Schmitz trial; success, if it shall come with the event, will tend to sustain a waning public confidence. But whatever the result may be in the immediate instance, the strength of the prosecu-

tion is not quite what it was. All feel it to be so, even those who least wish it to be so. It is not due to change in the public mind, for the public mind is precisely what it was at the beginning. It is due rather to the changed attitude of the prosecution itself.

At the beginning the prosecution appeared to be a great moral enterprise under the hand of Mr. Heney, assisted by the financial resources of Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, *et al.* In its more recent aspect, it appears rather as a business and political project under the hands of Spreckels, Phelan, *et al.*, with Mr. Heney, not at the forefront, but a mere dynamic attachment working as a professional agent in the enforcement of purposes conceived and prompted by others. Under the original organization of the prosecution Mr. Spreckels's whole relationship to it appeared to be that of a high-minded and liberal man of wealth providing money in disinterested spirit in support of a good cause. He appears now as the managing head of a business and personal vendetta who has bought his way into a relationship of authority more direct and positive than that of any political boss who has ever ruled in the affairs of this or any other American community. He appears as one using a purchased authority not in high-minded and benevolent spirit, to public and righteous ends, but to wreak business revenges and to promote personal spites. He appears mindless of the fact that while in exultant spirit he pursues an exciting game with which he seems infatuated, San Francisco is suffering to the point of exhaustion and collapse.

It is not pleasant to say this. It is not pleasant to feel that a man who has held high approval and whom we would like still to approve, has lost either his head or his conscience, or both. Nevertheless it is impossible to evade a judgment enforced by Mr. Spreckels's own acts since the beginning of the street-car strike. Is there any possible worthy construction of Mr. Spreckels's open alliance with the forces of a debauched unionism, of his public endorsement of the mob, of his consent that his "good dogs," the boodling supervisors, should put the screws upon the Geary Street Railway Company in an attempt to force it to support the cause of the strikers, and failing in this, practically to confiscate its property? Is there any possible worthy construction of his permission to his "good dogs" to appropriate out of the funds of our lean and burdened city treasury the great sum of \$720,000 for a municipal railroad project, an enterprise conceived in promotion of socialistic purpose, plainly offered as a sop to that element which originally put Eugene Schmitz in the mayor's chair and made Abraham Ruef the arbiter of our municipal government? Is there any possible worthy construction of this series of acts, done, not upon any reasonable theory of public interest, but because the unionist mob wants and demands it? An itinerant magazine-moralist of the muck-raking breed has, we are told, attempted, in a private way, to explain these doings by declaring that highly placed criminality is driving Mr. Spreckels into affiliation with the mob, and that as a leader of "popular forces" he is likely to become a very monster of avenging wrath. The explanation is hardly to Mr. Spreckels's credit. If this be his measure, if such propensities lie in his character, the sooner he abandons conservative and respectable associations and finds his place with the mob, the better. If the capabilities of mob leadership lie in him, then let him go to the mob, for it is where he belongs.

It should not be necessary for the *Argonaut* to point out to Mr. Spreckels a better course, a course in harmony with the high pretensions with which he entered upon the work of prosecution, a course by which he may regain public respect and confidence. To him we say: Put aside all business and private considerations; forget your resentments; abandon your political aims and calculations; act only from impersonal motives and to public ends; drop everything but the main purpose of uncovering and punishing crime; deal with criminality wherever you find it, in whomever you find it, in high places or in low places, without discrimination or favor; purge yourself of anger and malice; stop talking about "getting" men not criminally charged; withdraw your endorsement of the mob; make your board of boodling supervisors do their legitimate business until such time as

you can bring about the naming of their successors; cut loose from politico-unionism! Do these things, Mr. Spreckels, give your energies wholly to the public work you have undertaken, and your name will stand in respect and honor among us, and all good citizens will stand at your back. Here is your line of duty!

The *Argonaut* hesitates, even inferentially, to find fault with Governor Gillett. His course since the beginning of this trouble has been so prompt and admirable as to afford universal assurance of his courage, of his purposes, his judgment. Nevertheless we think the Governor has hardly sustained the record in his dealings with Mayor Schmitz within the week. He is reported to have sent for Schmitz, to have told him in plain terms of the delinquencies of police administration and to have demanded the dismissal of delinquent police commissioners to the end of reorganization of police authority. The mayor, it is said, fumbled, hesitated, begged for time, and—did nothing. In this state of affairs the Governor is reported to have said that he could do no more. Now, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, the Governor could have done much more. He should, we think, have said to the mayor, that the police organization of the city was rotten through and through. He should have put into the hands of the mayor a list of say ten citizens of unimpeachable character, with remarks to this effect: "You will dismiss your board of police commissioners; you will replace them by the appointment of an equal number of men selected from this list; you will do this by ten o'clock tomorrow morning! Failing to do this I will at five minutes past the hour summon the military forces at my command, thereby relieving you of your authority over the police and at the same time relieving San Francisco of the gross incubus of a criminal and a dastard!" Something like this spoken in the highest style of executive vigor with a touch of Dutch for plainness and a dash of Irish for emphasis would probably have given us respectability, integrity, and honesty in the department of police.

An incidental interest of the week was the republication in the *Bulletin* of June 10 of the report of an interview with Mr. Phelan, originally printed in the *New York Tribune* of June 2. After a little preliminary talk calculated to conciliate Eastern capital, Mr. Phelan is quoted as saying that the "government of San Francisco up to the elections in November will be almost ideal." Mr. Phelan is further quoted as saying that the "prosecutors of the 'grafters' have full control of the situation, and the supervisors are carrying out to the letter the will of the grand jury and the district attorney." After paying a glowing tribute to the members of the prosecution, including his eminent friend, Mr. Fremont Older, of the *Bulletin*, Mr. Phelan declared San Francisco to be "on the high road to good government," etc. What most interests the *Argonaut* in this charming presentment is Mr. Phelan's conception of what is "almost ideal" in municipal government. Really, with fourteen confessed boodlers in the Board of Supervisors, with demoralization and criminality rampant in the police department, with every other department of the city reeking with dishonesty, with the powers of government in extra-legal hands, not to mention other and relatively trifling irregularities, it would seem that Mr. Phelan's ideas were a trifle aside from the normal. It is possible that Mr. Phelan's taste in the matter of municipal government is a little below par. Every one to his own notion, as the mythical old woman remarked when she kissed the cow! It may be that Mr. Phelan agrees with Mr. Spreckels in the interesting theory that it is better to have a board of supervisors made up of confessed criminals under the menace of San Quentin, subject to the will of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan themselves, rather than a board of representative and independent citizens selected by the commercial bodies of the city—such a board as the Committee of Seven would have given us.

Knox an Impossibility.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania, apparently in all seriousness, have proposed Senator Knox for the presidency. Probably they do not expect Mr. Knox to be nominated; probably they are merely setting up a candidate around whom the friends of

the "stand pat" idea may rally. The ultimate i doubt, is to gather together a fixed stand-pat whose force may be traded in the convention in any way which may promise tage to the stand-patters. Schemes like this have been worked before in promotion of special political ideas; and the promoters of extreme protection have probably taken a hint from experience.

While Senator Knox is a man of large intellectual force and while at many other points he is an engaging and brilliant figure, he is not easily thinkable as a serious candidate for the presidency at this time. True, he was a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet; true, he was the agent through which the government knocked out the great Northwestern merger and gave practical enforcement to the anti-trust laws. But in spite of all this Mr. Knox does not represent those ideals and practices which, under the name of Rooseveltism, have come into fashion. Mr. Knox, in spite of his brilliant service in connection with the Roosevelt policies, is a man rather of the old ideals than of the new. He is a corporation lawyer of the old type; he has great wealth, acquired through professional association and affiliation with the leaders in finance ten years ago and more. No man of this type and of this history can answer the present mood of the country. Probably no man in the country knows this better than Mr. Knox himself.

Mr. Knox will do to talk about in Pennsylvania as a means of holding the boys together; he will do for the stand-patters of the country to rally about. But he will not do for the presidential race. No man of the reactionary type, no man who represents the stand-pat idea can, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, win the presidency next year. And if the Republican party knows what is good for it, it will not name any such man as its candidate.

Chiefly about Water.

The Spring Valley Water Company, as everybody knows, is in financial straits. After having ceased paying dividends to its stockholders, after having assessed these same stockholders to the tune of some eight hundred and odd thousand dollars, after having sold its building as a means of getting ready money, it still finds itself unable to meet the demands which present themselves. Owing to the redistribution of population, in spite of a considerable fall-off in numbers due to the disaster, there is urgent need for extensions of the water service. Likewise there is urgent need for a new and larger provision for fire protection.

In the face of these demands the Spring Valley Company has thrown up its hands. In resentment against the company because it would not traffic with the Ruef-Schmitz machine, the supervisors—Mr. Spreckels's "good dogs"—have laid upon the property of the company a clouded title, and have refused or declined to remove it. Under this condition the legal status of the company with respect to its own physical property is so involved as to destroy its credit in the money markets. At the same time the company is so crippled by the restrictions of the supervisors—again Mr. Spreckels's "good dogs"—that its income is not sufficient even to meet the costs of operation with interest upon its bonded debt. The president of the water company has informed the supervisors and the public of the precise facts in the case, and has asked that rates be prescribed by which the company can meet its obligations, or that the municipality shall take over the system at a fair price. The answer to this appeal on the part of the "good dogs" is a further cut in the water rates paid by the municipality, with no action at other points, all tending to impoverish and demoralize still further the Spring Valley Company. There is, indeed, a vague promise that something may be found in other funds to help out the water company later on, but this suggestion is not in a form to give to the Spring Valley Company any new basis of credit.

Concurrently there comes a report from Washington, exploited in the *Call* of 7th inst., that Mr. James D. Phelan is at the national capital in negotiation with the federal authorities "to possession of the vast Hetch-Hetchy system is explained that for several years Mr. Phelan has been endeavoring to obtain valuable water for San Francisco, and that through the action of President Roosevelt his efforts have

crowned with success." It would be interesting to know if Mr. Phelan explained to the President that the Hetch-Hetchy project is something more than a pure beneficence—that the gift to San Francisco of water rights is, in fact, a thing which it is proposed not to give to San Francisco but to sell, in connection with other rights now privately owned, for a vast sum of money. If the President knew the whole story he probably would not be so ready to give away rights, to the end that private exploiters might pass them on for a price.

Now the policy of the supervisors in holding over the Spring Valley Company the threat of condemnation, with their action in cutting down the price which the municipality is to pay on account of water supply, has a very unpleasant look. Indeed, taking all the circumstances together, it is not surprising that there are those who construe the whole business as an effort on the part of Messrs. Phelan, Spreckels, and others whose names are associated with the Hetch-Hetchy project to beat down the Spring Valley interests, to drive the company first into bankruptcy and through bankruptcy to the auction block. It is part of the Hetch-Hetchy programme to have the city buy the Spring Valley system, or a large part of it, as a preliminary and incidental factor in the larger transaction. With the board of boodlers—the "good dogs"—pursuing a course destructive to the Spring Valley Company, with the approval if not under the initiative of Mr. Spreckels; with Mr. Phelan, Mr. Spreckels's side partner in street railroading and in the graft prosecution, active in Washington in rounding out the Hetch-Hetchy system of water rights—under these conditions, we say again that it ought not to surprise anybody that the air is full of sinister suggestions.

Let us add a word with respect to the water situation: The Spring Valley Company not only owns the distributing system in San Francisco, but the only near-by supply of water adequate for our uses. In recent years it has been able to keep stored up a three years' supply; today it has in its several reservoirs four years' supply. It has, developed and undeveloped, water resources adequate for a city of one million inhabitants. The water which it provides is of excellent quality—the same we have had for forty years and more. In this situation it is, we believe, a policy of business discretion, of plain common sense, to employ this system for the present, leaving the acquisition of another and larger system to a future time when we shall be more financially forehanded and when we shall know precisely what we want. In any event—if Hetch-Hetchy or its rival, the Bay Counties project, should be taken up—we should have to look to the Spring Valley system as the only possible source of supply for say anywhere from five to fifteen years. Both the Hetch-Hetchy and the Bay Counties schemes count upon acquisition of the Spring Valley plant. What the value of the Spring Valley system is we shall not undertake even to guess; it has been estimated variously from \$26,000,000 to upwards of \$50,000,000. Any possible compromise between these figures would involve the city in an enormous indebtedness. To add to this sum the cost of either the Hetch-Hetchy or the Bay Counties project, and on top of all to pile the cost of a pipe line or lines from the Sierras to San Francisco, would be to erect a mountain of debt. In the view of the *Argonaut*, the proposition is ridiculous at the present time and under present conditions; it is a thing which nobody would think of if nobody had water rights to sell.

The common sense of the situation, as the *Argonaut* sees it, is not to buy Hetch-Hetchy, as Mr. Phelan would have us do; not to buy the Bay Counties project, as Mr. Tevis would have us do; not to buy Spring Valley, as the Spring Valley people would have us do. What San Francisco ought to do in our judgment is first to relieve the Spring Valley Company of the legal complication which has nullified its credit; second, to determine judicially the value of the plant as it stands; third, to allow it to collect such rates from private consumers and from the municipality as will enable it to get a decent living. This will not satisfy anybody who has water rights or water property for sale, but it will answer the needs of the city for an indefinite period and it will be an act of justice towards a company which serves and has long

served a great public use. It will, too, postpone to a more convenient time the expenditure of untold millions—an expenditure which San Francisco in her present plight can not wisely or safely make.

In another column we have discussed the desirability of a consolidation of the several communities about San Francisco Bay under a Greater San Francisco project. This, we think, is a development certain of consummation in course of time, possibly no very long time. It would, we think, be well to postpone any great enterprise of water supply until, through this Greater San Francisco project or some other scheme of combination, the several communities around the bay can work coöperatively.

The Supreme Issue.

There are, we are told, those who think that the *Argonaut* has put an undue emphasis upon the unionist phase of the difficulties in San Francisco. If indeed there be such, we respectfully invite their attention to events of the past ten days at home and elsewhere going to illustrate the character, the temper, the tendencies, the inevitable developments of labor unionism unrestrained by responsibility, under the lead of the sort of scoundrelism which gets to the front of every labor fight. Organized labor is by no means the only force which, left free from restraint, runs to selfishness, to rapacity, to passion, to madness. History gives us ten thousand instances of the same spirit in every sphere of human activity. There has never been a government which, if left free to pursue its own courses, did not degenerate into a tyranny. Even the great organized beneficences of the world—for example, the Society of Jesus—when given free rein under the guidance of interest and passion, have gone to the limits of greed, arrogance, and criminality. Even the spirit of religion in its varied phases and developments—the religion of Jesus the Christ among others—has become a spirit of tyranny whenever and wherever it has been abandoned by restraint, whenever and wherever its agents have been left free to work their will. Labor union has no monopoly of that instinct of degeneracy which unfailingly seizes upon every agency abandoned to the corruptions which flow out of selfishness, bigotry, and the passions of conflict.

These reflections come irresistibly in relation to events widely reported during the last ten days. Take the Idaho case, whose recitals day by day are making every daily newspaper in the land a chapter of horrors. Here is the case of an association of workmen inspired at the beginning with purposes not only legitimate but even beneficent. Read over the literature embodying the fundamental aims and laws of the Western Federation of Miners, and you will find nothing in which the most devoted moralist can pick a flaw. But look at what has grown out of and upon this simple and, at its beginning, legitimate organization! We will not go over the long and grewsome record which shows this federation of workmen to have degenerated into a federation of criminals, among whose everyday weapons of defense and offense have been theft, arson, private assassination and slaughter by wholesale. We see the agents of this monstrous infamy plotting and carrying out the cruellest and grossest crimes, not more for the advancement of the common interest of their followers than by way of maintaining their own place and power at the head of affairs. We see the foulest assassinations "pulled off" because striking and dramatic effects are required to inspire the rank and file and to win new periods of power for those in authority. It would be impossible to find, even in the annals of the dark ages, a picture more dreadful in every aspect, more deplorable as illustrating human degeneracy and depravity. And this we discover as an effect of labor unionism unrestrained in the year 1907.

The Idaho case gives special significance and emphasis to events at home—in and about San Francisco. Within a month we have seen a state of open and violent warfare in our streets; we have seen, and we can see daily, citizens stoned and beaten for no other crime than that of going about a lawful business; we have seen women and young girls openly insulted, called by every foul name that malice allied with vulgarity can devise; we have

seen a respectable workingman shot down on the street for no other crime save that of declining to obey the behests of unionism; we have seen in the sending of explosive packages to the homes of workmen attempts, through wholesale assassination of women and children, to terrorize fathers, sons, and brothers who choose to work independently of unionist authority. It is only a week ago that a railway bridge within ten miles of San Francisco was found so weakened by malicious tampering at the hands of unionists or their sympathizers that the first car to pass over it would have been wrecked with inevitable sacrifice of all on board.

These multiplied instances make a demonstration neither to be denied nor questioned by common sense and common honesty. They go to show that labor unionism in its extreme development and as we have it in San Francisco is not a thing to be cajoled and petted and coddled and compromised with, but a very cancer whose existence is inconsistent with every principle we call American, and that, if allowed further development, it will strangle and destroy our system with the civilization upon which it is founded. No nation can safely permit the development within itself of an organized force which tends at every point to moral degeneracy, which engrosses power at every degenerate step, which exacts from its members a "loyalty" above and beyond their obligation to the law, which exercises an authority more absolute than any other. No nation, we say, can with safety permit this sort of thing to grow up within itself, just as no physical organism can safely permit a cancer to find and retain lodgment within it.

Not in the Idaho story, nor in the events transpiring about us can we see the worst effects of that debauched and maddened unionism now running riot through the country. Society could perhaps endure instances of criminality; it could repair the ravages of assassination; it could make good the losses which these things impose upon it. If indeed such manifest effects of unionism as we have traced were merely incidental and in their way accidental, we might get over them, just as every country has recovered from ten thousand abuses in the course of its history. Far more serious than the criminal violence of the time is the spirit which these violences foster and promote. It is taking the virtue out of our working population; it is implanting deeply in all elements of society that monstrous vice of class division and hatred which our fathers exorcised by such terrible sacrifices. Worse than all, it is making for the youth of the country an atmosphere fatal to every natural and worthy motive, so charged with evil suggestions as to vitiate the moral character of whomever breathes it. We are told by those who know whereof they speak that it is not the older, the soberer, the wiser heads in labor unionism who are at fault for the villainies done in its name, who give it its spirit, who generate its atmosphere. Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, these conceivers and promoters of crime, Orchard and Adams, their agents in assassination, all are relatively young men. They have been bred up in ways and under influences which their fathers knew not of. They are the precocious children of a social degeneracy which is spreading widely, and which tends to involve the whole of our youth. Who has not observed within the month multitudes of juvenile hoodlums in the Mission and other districts deeply infected with the spirit of unionism, running through the streets, calling out in vile phrases to every passing car, throwing bricks and stones wherever and whenever the hand of police authority is relaxed? Here we see the primary classes in that conscienceless and shameless influence which is flowing out of unionism, unrestrained by moral impulses or by the law.

In the course of these discussions the *Argonaut* has again and again declared what every thoughtful man knows to be the truth, namely, that the most solemn of all human responsibilities is that of breeding and rearing the oncoming generation. We venture to say, not only to the people of San Francisco but to the country at large, that we are not meeting this responsibility in any fair or adequate way. We give prodigious sums for "education," but we give almost nothing for training. We have made "education" a fetish, we have end-

never before in the world's history, and we have abandoned it to faddists and specialists, out of touch with life, out of sympathy with the realities of things, out of harmony with the age in which they live, its aims, its purposes, its needs. Our colossal system of "education" grinds out its multitudes, not to the ends of social welfare and progress. Not all, indeed, of the prodigious expenditure of effort is lost, but the product of our schools contributes not so much to our working power, to the support of the great forces of social welfare, as to the army of social parasitism, to social discontent, to social demoralization. Is there anybody who questions this statement? Let him look to the facts—to the stern facts! And in explanation of these facts as he will find them, let him take note that, of the multitude of our schools there is not one in which a California boy may learn to be a working miner, a working carpenter, a working machinist, a working farmer, or a practical sailor. Let him take note of the demoralization which our modern life is working upon numbers of little boys engaged in the night messenger service and in multitudinous other occupations which take them untimely from their homes and subject them untimely to the world's knowledges and temptations. Let him take note of the multitudes of young girls drawn by the department store, by the telephone service, by the typewriting machine, and a thousand other occupations from that domesticity in whose atmosphere, with the knowledge and the propensities promoted by it, lie efficiency and safety for womanhood. Let him take note of the fact that a selfish labor unionism, jealous even of the competition of its own children, shuts the shop door in the face of those who would learn the useful trades. We are growing up a body of youth, under unnatural conditions, in an unwholesome atmosphere, under wrong suggestions, without training, without discipline, without a right outlook upon life. Let nobody imagine that this is said in the spirit of smartness. It is spoken not without knowledge, not in triviality of mood, but in such a spirit of earnestness as almost blanches the cheek of him who writes when he thinks upon the world in which those who come after him are to live.

When the *Argonaut* speaks of labor unionism as it exists in San Francisco, when it says to our people that there is no just or safe compromise with it at the point of its aggressive pretensions, when it urges support of those who are fighting a desperate fight for the "open shop," when it deprecates the acts of those whose policy or malice are tending to weaken the fight, it is with all these considerations in mind. Profoundly do we believe that we have come to a crisis in the social development of the country when we must either assert and maintain the integrity of the American system as it came to us from our fathers or go down through a course of social degeneracy to ultimate disaster. We believe that all other considerations and interests involved in our complicated local situation as it presents itself today are trivial in comparison with this supreme issue. It is, we believe, no time for questioning, for quibbling, for compromise, but a time to stand firmly, not only for what is right but for what in the supremest sense is expedient. It is because we believe as we do that we hold in contempt these counsels of timidity and folly which urge some patch-up of difficulties, that will bid the processes of industry and commerce to go limping on with no settlement upon the firm rock of principle. Now, we believe, is the time to fight this fight out to its finish. Any patch-up of differences will be a compromise with a false principle and a false practice. It will only postpone the issue; it will only make the final battle which must be fought more difficult to win. Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* would rather sacrifice every interest that it has in the world in a fight for the principle we call American, than to live under a tyranny more remorseless, more shameful, more debased, than that against which our grandfathers laid down their lives at Brandywine and South Mountain.

Another word: It is not against the legitimate union of workmen, inspired by reasonable purposes and working to proper ends, that the *Argonaut* speaks. It is not at odds with those who imagine they have said something very wise when they declare that "unionism has come to stay." The

Argonaut has been at the pains to show why unionism has come, why it was justified in coming, and why it must stay. We have shown that unionism is an outgrowth of the same social development which has produced the corporation. If capital is to cast aside personalism, to work in the mass, to employ administrative agents, then must there be conceded to labor a corresponding right and privilege. The labor union is as legitimate a thing as the corporation, having back of it the same motives and the same justification. Labor union has indeed a necessary and legitimate work to do. In so far as the *Argonaut* stands opposed to unionism, it is at the point of its extreme and illegitimate pretensions. The *Argonaut* stands opposed to its absurd claims to a monopoly of all labor, against its tendency to demoralize its own membership, against the economic waste involved in its limitation of individual efficiency, against the rules by which it denies opportunity to youth, against its disposition, as illustrated in our own city, to make partnership with the demagogue and the grafter in politics, against that spirit which, demanding every privilege, denies every responsibility.

We believe a time has come when no association of citizens for any purpose ought to be permitted independently of a fixed legal responsibility. We believe that every association claiming any part in the guidance of social interests ought to be made responsible, not only morally but under the law. It is the irresponsibility of our labor unionism that makes it most dangerous as a social institution. Attach to it the same legal obligations which attach to associations of capital, and it would instantly cease to be the menace that it is to social integrity and order. As it stands, it is a prodigious force, subject to no limitation, unrestrained in all its purposes, without scrutiny as to its methods. Any such institution is bound, through the operation of human interest and passion, to run a course of riotous excess. It has been so with every similarly unguarded social movement in the history of the race; it has been so with the history of every dynasty in every country; it has been so with every religion which has assumed authority over men. Great forces can not safely be permitted to work their will without check and without limit. If we are to save our country against the most colossal disaster human history has ever witnessed, we must find a way to curb this monster of irresponsible unionism.

A Greater San Francisco.

It is not without reason—we very carefully do not say justification—that the graft prosecutors are reaching out to get themselves into working alliance with the mob. They want the votes of the mob, and, indeed, must have them, if they are to continue to hold the authority which now rests in them through the possession of the district attorney's office and by virtue—to employ a happily appropriate word—of their control over the "good dogs" of the City Hall. San Francisco at all times is under a political disadvantage, due to the fact that a large part of her conservative voting men live outside the city and county, and therefore have no effective voice in municipal affairs. Oakland, Alameda, Piedmont, Berkeley, San Rafael, Sausalito, Belvedere, San Mateo—these and many other local communities have, without needing them, the conservative votes which, if cast in the city, would be of inestimable value. It is said over and over again that the people of independent mind and good intentions are always in the majority in every American city. We doubt if this be so in San Francisco. It would be so if all the people who belong here voted here. It would still be so if the better element of unionism were free to vote upon its own judgment. In spite of absenteeism, in spite of labor unionism, it was so before the disaster. But with thousands of our people living temporarily out of town, it is we think to be questioned if the conservative vote, man for man, is a match for the combination of labor unionism with the tenderloin, and these two forces unvaryingly and inevitably pull together on election day. It is upon this calculation, for this reason, that the graft prosecution is reaching out in various unworthy ways to get itself into working harmony with unionism, hoodlumism, and all the rest of it.

We are saying nothing which has not occurred

to the mind of every thoughtful man, which has not been said over and over again by whoever has dealt broadly with our political and social conditions, in saying that the political life of San Francisco will never be normal or dependably safe until we can bring the support of the whole community to the cause of conservatism and decency at the ballot-box. This is easier to say than to do. Mere appeal is, of course, useless. No man will give up his home in the suburbs or in the country and move to the city with its cramped conditions, discomforts, and limitations merely for the sake of counting one on the municipal register. Appeal, we say, is vain, for while all men see the mischief none will sacrifice himself to remedy it. So long as our municipal and county divisions are what they are, San Francisco must practically lose a good third of its natural and proper voting strength—a strength that would be unanimously on the side of conservatism and decency.

The situation is one which calls for such rearrangement of municipal lines as would bring the various communities we have named within the scope of municipal jurisdiction. In a similar dilemma New York, under a carefully devised borough system and under the name of Greater New York, extended its municipal jurisdiction over an area so wide as to include Brooklyn and many other outlying communities. It is time, we think, that a similar project should be set in motion in the interest of the political morality of San Francisco. A Greater San Francisco, that would include the urban sections of Alameda, San Mateo, and Marin counties, would give us an overwhelming and un-failing majority for decent men and decent measures.

The natural first thought of outlying communities will oppose any such movement. The towns about us, all decently organized and governed, are likely to meet the suggestion of a Greater San Francisco with objection and protest. And yet, upon second thought, they may see good in it. The people of these towns are in sympathy and in interest all San Franciscans. Most of them are directly connected in an individual way with the life of the city; all of them have an interest in the character of the city, with motives that should inspire them with a wish to contribute to its welfare. Furthermore, there are material advantages worth considering. All of them would be better off for more abundant water, for a more disciplined police protection, for a better fire protection, and for many other things which could be had at the hands of an enlarged and moralized San Francisco. Taking all things together, we suspect that there will be found in a well-considered project for a Greater San Francisco points of attraction calculated to enlist the interest and win the approval of every outside community whose coöperation might be desired.

The device known as the borough system has merits, as we have seen in the case of Greater New York, of tremendous weight. Under this system each component community may retain local government at all the points where such government is a distinctive advantage. To each borough there could be left for local determination the matter of schools, of liquor regulation, of roads and streets, and the many other incidental things in which community interest or community pride is involved. The projected Greater San Francisco could be limited in its authority to those few general departments of administration which can best be handled by centralized authority. The supreme advantage would be in the assurance that, under such a readjustment, San Francisco would have a certain and an overwhelming majority of votes in support of what is sound and safe in politics and morals against what is unsound and dangerous.

We can not at this time speak definitely as to legal procedure. A Greater San Francisco project would certainly call for special action by the State Legislature, probably for amendment of the State Constitution. If accepted and approved by the communities directly interested, it could not fail of approval by the State at large. Los Angeles would have its own motives for coöperation, since it has a local project in the same line of broad municipal expansion. The citizenship of the State would approve it, because it promises such moralization of San Francisco politics as would be helpful

to State politics. We believe the matter important enough to warrant a special legislative session, if through its action a project offering so many advantages might be promoted at the point of time.

The *Argonaut* offers these suggestions, not as a digested project, not as representative of anything more than its editor's private reflections upon what would or might be good for San Francisco. The *Argonaut* would be glad to receive and to print from any source which has a right to be heard in a matter so important, discussions (not too extended) of this suggestion.

About Newspapers.

The *Evening Bulletin* is authority for a report that Mr. Calhoun of the United Railroads is planning to start a daily newspaper in San Francisco, with general purposes which easily suggest themselves. Probably the story is not true; possibly just for once the *Bulletin* may be mistaken. There is always a lot of talk about starting newspapers in San Francisco. Indeed, we have come to regard it as a dull day when somebody with the best of intentions does not seek to degrade the *Argonaut* into a daily, or at least to launch its editor into the daily field. Probably Mr. Calhoun's newspaper project is made out of the same stuff as a lot of other similar projects much discussed time out of mind.

Now before Mr. Calhoun throws any money into the newspaper business, the *Argonaut* wishes to give him a word of friendly counsel: A newspaper, if it is to stand for anything or be worth any man's reading, must be an independent thing, operating by its own motives and to its own ends. A newspaper which finds its motives in private interests and suggestions, which is pledged and mortgaged to preconceived or foreordained purposes, without leave to think freely or to speak honestly—such a newspaper can have no place or respect anywhere. It can have no public consideration, because it deserves none. Many corporations—even such as the United Railroads—have conceived of a newspaper subsidized and maintained to do their fighting. Many have tried to work out this conception in practice, but none has ever succeeded. Every corporation-ridden newspaper that we ever heard of has speedily lost its credit and sunk into contempt, and has in the end become an intolerable burden to those who have promoted it. The thing has been tried again and again in every city in the country, and again and again it has failed. The history of our local journalism is not wholly without incidents illustrating the principle we here assert. Our local newspaper boneyard is strewn with the wreckage of fair ventures gone wrong because there has been failure to understand that a private-purpose newspaper is no newspaper at all.

If Mr. Calhoun should indeed set up a press in San Francisco and bring to its service—if this were possible—twenty of the brightest men in American journalism, the thing could not be made a go. No man, however capable or clever, can write effectively or convincingly with his hands tied behind his back—that is, without leave to think the true thought of his mind and to speak the true word of his thought. A lawyer may be employed in promotion of special causes; there may be (as it is claimed) no loss at the moral point on the part of the special pleader because he takes the character of a special pleader. But the editor of a newspaper stands on higher ground—that is, if he be a real editor of an honest newspaper. He assumes a judicial function; he assumes to judge not for a cause but in the names of right and wrong. So assuming, he stands in a false position when he becomes a mouthpiece of private aims or purposes. A few good men have tried it; most of them have speedily ceased to be good men; all of them have failed. Most of the larger newspapers are edited by employed men; such men often do excellent work. But no editor ever does really good work, none has ever achieved large reputation and power, who has not held himself to that high professional standard—the right to think freely and to speak without restraint.

There are a few newspaper owners of such extraordinary wisdom as to attempt neither to muddle the minds nor muzzle the pens of men employed in writing their newspapers. How very

rare such men are, every working journalist will testify. There is only one certain way for a journalist who is not also rich to be sure of his ground, and that is to content himself with a little newspaper—with a paper so small and so poor at the point of its finances that a man of moderate fortune may be its owner. Now, in strict confidence, this is why the editor of the *Argonaut* has spent most of his life in the country towns roundabout, and why he prefers the *Argonaut* which he owns himself to a bigger newspaper owned by some one else.

The Main Issue and the Axe of Justice.

[From the Los Angeles Times, 8th inst.]

The city of San Francisco is reeking with corruption, injustice, and wrong. It requires exceedingly drastic measures to set things upon a basis of righteousness and put the city in a position to resume her activities in such a way as to insure to every man the control of his own business and the fruits of his own labor and enterprise. What is called for and what must be had to bring this desirable result about is a thorough house-cleaning. It is a foregone conclusion that during all these years of corruption on the part of the municipal officers, the business men of San Francisco must have been weak and unrighteous enough to permit themselves to be blackmailed. They have undoubtedly, in cringing cowardice because of their fear of labor-union resentment and the loss of business at the hands of labor-union men, with more or less willingness permitted themselves to be blackmailed and robbed. Whatever condemnation attaches to the low, ignorant, brutal gang of bribe-takers, it must be conceded that the business men have shown a poor quality of manhood and a type of citizenship utterly unworthy of Americans in cringingly allowing themselves to be blackmailed and robbed in this way.

Almost simultaneously with the beginning of this attempt to ferret out and punish the corruptionists in municipal offices, there was precipitated a series of strikes destructive of business progress and exceedingly vicious in their methods. There was incrimination and recrimination between the managers of the United Railroads, fighting for the protection of their property, the lives of their employees and the right to run their cars for the accommodation of the general public, and the assistant prosecuting attorney engaged in following the grafters. Mr. Heney's acknowledged backer, Rudolph Spreckels, expressed not only tolerance but sympathy with these riotous strikers. He threw his enormous influence on their side and against that brave champion of industrial freedom, Patrick Calhoun. Doubtless through his instigation and no doubt in perfect accord with Mr. Spreckels's views, Mr. Heney, with his hands both full of business in prosecuting the Mayor, Ruef and the other grafters, saw fit to turn aside and bring an indictment against Patrick Calhoun for the alleged crime of having given bribes, and with the obvious effect of embarrassing him and reinforcing the gang of anarchists whom he was fighting.

From the known connection between the city officials, from the Mayor down to the Chief of Police and the police force generally, with the strikers and rioters, it did appear to us as if it would have been better for all right interests concerned to have postponed temporarily the indictments against the railroad managers, who were fighting the battle for San Francisco. That view was taken without any attempt or desire to condone any wrongdoing of the railroad managers named or of any other person in or out of San Francisco against whom proof could be brought of giving bribes to public officers. We were emphatic in our statements to this effect and made them almost daily. Let the axe of justice fall on the guilty neck, whenever it may hit.

It has appeared to us that Calhoun and Mullally were making a splendid fight for every honest business man and employer of labor in the city of San Francisco. We have thought that they were making a righteous and noble fight for the rights of every employer of labor in America and for every independent, honest, industrious wage-earner, not only in America, but in the world. Grave as the undertaking has been to bring to punishment the grafters of San Francisco and to rid that city of municipal corruption, it has appeared to us a matter more radically and overwhelmingly important that the rights of the community in this dispute between the strikers and the railroads should be brought to a just and final issue and a victory won for American principles and American ideals, for the rights and liberties of the American people, whether they were employers of labor or employees of capital. The battle was quite as important to the wage-earner as to the capitalist.

We congratulate San Francisco with all earnestness in the exceedingly important victory which Patrick Calhoun and those around him have won against the vicious army of degraded, law-breaking, authority-defying hoodlums who have cursed San Francisco for many years. It appears to us that he has won the battle in spite of the attempts of Francis J. Heney and Rudolph Spreckels to balk him. He is a man reputed never to have flinched before any crisis. Messrs. Spreckels and Heney, he has about done his warfare with the rioters who have degraded your city and whom you have not helped to quell. He is still in San Francisco, and shows no inclination to run away from any prosecution which you may have to bring against him. But once again we say without hesitation, give him half an opportunity to win ultimately the battle for you and for your city, and busy yourselves in the meantime with seeing that your city is freed from the

intolerable incubus of the corruptionists who have been robbing your business men for years. When you have put Ruef in stripes, the Mayor in stripes, the gang of Supervisors in stripes, the brutally ignorant and vicious Chief of Police out of office, and otherwise done something toward the renovating of your great Augean stable, we venture the prophecy that Mr. Calhoun will be within your reach, whatever charges you have to bring against him. And if he has violated the law, if he is proven guilty after a fair trial, let the law's penalty be meted out to him. But if you have wrongfully accused him, on the bare word of self-confessed perjurers, what of you, Messrs. Heney and Spreckels, what of you?

OLD FAVORITES.

The Vampire.

I found a corpse, with golden hair,
Of a maiden seven months dead;
But the face, with the death in it, still was fair,
And the lips with their love were red.
Rose-leaves on a snow-drift shed,
Blood-drops by Adonis bled,
Doubtless were not so red.

I combed her hair into curls of gold,
And I kissed her lips till her lips were warm,
And I bathed her body in moonlight cold,
Till she grew to a living form:
Till she stood up bold to a magic of old,
And walked to a muttered charm—
Life-like, without alarm.

And she walks by me, and she talks by me,
Evermore, night and day;
For she loves me so, that, wherever I go,
She follows me all the way—
This corpse—you would almost say
There pined a soul in the clay.

Her eyes are so bright at the dead of night
That they keep me awake with dread;
And my life-blood fails in my veins, and pales
At the sight of her lips so red;
For her face is as white as the pillow by night
Where she kisses me on my bed;
All her gold hair outspread—
Neither alive nor dead.

I would that this woman's head
Were less golden about the hair;
I would her lips were less red,
And her face less deadly fair.
For this is the worst to bear—
How came that redness there?

'Tis my heart, be sure, she eats for her food;
And it makes one's whole flesh creep
To think that she drinks and drains my blood
Unawares, when I am asleep.
How else could those red lips keep
Their redness so damson-deep?

There's a thought, like a serpent, slips
Ever into my heart and head;
There are plenty of women, alive and human,
One might woo if one wished, and wed—
Women with hearts, and brains—ay, and lips
Not so very terribly red.

But to house with a corpse—and she so fair,
With that dim, unearthly, golden hair,
And those sad, serene, blue eyes,
And their looks from who knows where,
Which Death has made so wise—
With the grave's own secret there—
It is more than a man can bear!

It were better for me, ere I came nigh her,
This corpse—ere I looked upon her,
Had they burned my body in flame and fire
With a sorcerer's dishonor.
For when the Devil hath made his lair,
And lurks in the eyes of a fair young woman
(To grieve a man's soul with her golden hair,
And break his heart, if his heart be human),
Would not a saint despair
To be saved by fast or prayer
From perdition made so fair?

—Lord Lytton.

One of the historic bells in Switzerland is the silver bell in the minster at Berne. It rang "for the service of God, the festivals of state, and the execution of the evil-doer." When the forces of the young French republic captured Berne in 1798, the citizens painted it a funeral black, and under this disguise it escaped from the rapacity of the Gauls.

Senator Foraker repudiates all rumors that he has made a deal or a bargain or a compromise with anybody about anything in connection with the Ohio fight. He says it would be very gratifying to him if all strife and contention could be avoided, but this seems to be impossible, if he may judge from the attitude adopted by the friends of Mr. Taft.

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, says the present State Legislature is "a gang of grafters." This condemnation is due to the fact that the legislature has ignored the Governor's recommendations as to insurance reform and anti-free-pass measures, and he now threatens to call a special session.

Joseph G. Cannon has served thirty-two years in Congress, and, if he lives to the end of his term, he will have served longer than any other Congressman. The longest service so far has been that of John H. Ketcham, of New York, who served thirty-three years and was a member when he died.

General Greely, speaking of Alaskan conditions as they were two years ago, expressed wonder that the entire lot of Government officials up there had not been killed by mob law. Rex Beach said something similar in a book, and got called yellow, adds the Philadelphia

THE SUN SAPPHIRE.

A Strange Story of the Ring of an Inca King.

Some years ago I had charge of a large hardwood lumber business on the west coast of Mexico. Toward the evening of a busy day, during which we had been loading one of our large lumber schooners with the aromatic Spanish cedar logs, two men rode up to my *jacal*, or temporary house of cane and palm-leaves, on the beach where I held my office as superintendent. They had come down from the village of La Chola, where we kept our permanent office, upon my invitation to see us load the lumber vessel.

One was an Englishman, a mining engineer, by the name of Pickwick, who had charge of some gold mines not far from La Chola; the other, a Dr. Moses, who, as his name implies, was a Jew. He was a man of the world, accustomed to danger, lithe, quick-eyed, and quick-witted, a fatalist, an expert in games of love and chance, generous and friendly, his morality not of the highest order; he was a good shot, a good liar, a good drinker, and a good fellow.

I was glad enough to see them, for a white face is eagerly welcomed in that country of brown ones; and after I had shown them the manner of loading the logs on the schooner, and we had watched the big logs battle with the breakers as they were slowly but surely yanked out on the endless line, we repaired to the *jacal* for our supper.

During the meal the doctor entertained us by recounting his adventures and showed us this ring which I now wear.

"Look closely," said he, "and you will see gleaming far down in the liquid blue depths of this bisected ovoid stone a brilliant golden sun, with its sparkling corona darting out until its rays are quenched in a sea of sapphire blue."

We examined it, and greatly admired its beauty. Its central sun shone clearly and steadily.

"The Peruvians," continued the doctor, "prized these stones very highly. They held them sacred and called them *Opu*, and have a very pretty tradition in regard to them: Whenever an Inca ruler was born, the sun, who, according to their belief, was his father, and whom the Peruvians worshiped as the giver of all things, dissipated a world—a sort of pyrotechnic display in honor of the happy event. All that was pure and good in that world was concentrated into this one liquid lump and deposited somewhere, to be discovered by some lucky person in the empire. When the Inca ascended the throne, this lucky person came forward, presented the sapphire, and received from him some high sinecure.

"The Inca carefully guarded the stone, and usually had it set in a resplendent sunburst of pure gold. This he wore on his breast, as insignia of his office. Thenceforth it was his lucky stone, his guiding star, his life. As long as its central sun remained bright, so long did that ruler prosper; but when the central sun commenced to pale, he knew some danger was coming, and when it went out entirely, his death accompanied its extinguishment.

With stately pomp they interred the Inca and placed all his jewels with him, in mute testimony of his earthly wealth. Of the eighteen rulers of the Huacan Dynasty there still remain five tombs undiscovered, and if either of you gentlemen feels desirous of possessing one of these stones, you can take a pick and shovel, and go to Peru and prospect. Another curious thing is that no one has ever found one of these stones in the rough, and no one in modern times has been able, as some folks have thought could be done, to cut a piece of corundum, the material composing sapphires, in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of light in one spot as this does, and thus produce a sun.

"Now," continued the doctor, "suppose we turn our attention from the dry subject of jewelry and indulge, as the French say, 'in ze American game of pokaire.' Are you all agreeable?"

Bidding Doña Maria, the cook, remove the remains of the supper, and calling for a fourth hand, Theodoro, our Mexican foreman, a *protégé* of mine, who, among other accomplishments, could have instructed Hoyle in card playing, we sat down to play.

Playing the game of poker to me is not very enjoyable, owing, no doubt, to the fact that I invariably lose. It has, however, always been my pleasure to hear and tell poker stories, all of course absolutely true; but never in the course of my observation or hearing, nor in the wildest flights of my imagination, have I known of such luck as that Jew possessed. The way he held cards that took in our shekels was awful, atrocious, blood-curdling; if I had pairs, he had better ones; if I had threes, he had a full house; if I had a full house, he had fours or a straight flush. This continued until I was thoroughly disgusted. Even Theodoro lost.

Presently the doctor, who during the last few moments had grown quite pale, much to my surprise said: "Had we not better quit? It is not very valorous in me, who have been winning, to suggest it, but I feel sleepy and you have a hard day before you tomorrow, if you wish to finish loading the schooner. You may have your revenge on me at a later date." And, notwithstanding our losses, we were very glad to stop.

In the early *mañana*, long before the sun had risen, and while the thin veil of mist hung low in the massive forest, making it cool and pleasant to travel, I bade the doctor and Pickwick adieu; but before they left I induced Pickwick with two thousand dollars in bills to go to La Chola and exchange for silver to send me by messenger. The *raya*, or pay-roll, of the men fell due that day, and bills were entirely beyond the comprehension

or use of a people to whom a dollar was a small-sized fortune.

The doctor looked very glum and uneasy, and it seemed to me that he was watching something about his hand. Was it possible that he believed in that old Peruvian superstition, and that the signs were inauspicious? As I bade them good-by his face brightened, and he said, in as cheery a voice as he could command: "Well, old man, good-by, and I hope your revenge will not be put off too long;" then, waving a graceful *adias*, the two rode away.

That evening Pickwick's messenger arrived in camp, but instead of the money he was to bring, he brought only one thousand dollars and the following note:

DEAR HERBERT: I have been able to exchange no more than one-half the amount of your bills, and now a messenger comes from the mines asking me to start for them immediately. The large Cornish pump is broken. The lower level is flooded, and I must go immediately to see if I can not remedy matters. I send you what money I could get. I cleaned out the town of ready cash and have intrusted the balance of the hills to Moses, who will go over to Anaya's ranch this evening—[Anaya was something of a banker]—exchange the money, and send it to you by noon tomorrow. In haste, PICKWICK.

The turn affairs had taken did not please me. I was not willing to trust the doctor; but there was no alternative.

The morning dawned and the sun reached the zenith, but the messenger with the money did not arrive. The day ran on, noon passed; the sun shone in the surf-men's eyes as they worked in the frothing breakers; but the froth of the breakers did not portend money, as does the froth on a cup of tea, for none came.

As I sat at the table we had used the night before, making up the log list from the measurers' tags, my hand happened to stray underneath, and I felt something smooth. Investigation proved it to be cards—three kings and an ace, held there by a little watch-spring arrangement screwed to the soft redwood. They were underneath that part of the table occupied the night before by the doctor.

I was dazed. So this was the reason he won; and I had been fool enough to believe that he played a "straight" game. Calling Theodoro, I showed him the "hold-out." He was greatly surprised and very angry, and suggested that we pursue the doctor and recover our money. This I decided to do, and telling the men that pay-day would be put off until Monday, Theodoro and I set off in a hurry for La Chola.

We arrived in that pretentious village about five o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately repaired to the Meson de Guadalupe, the only hostelry in the place, to leave our horses. Hardly had we passed through the grand *portal* of the meson, when Doña Carolina Mendoza, the proprietress, came toward me with such a troubled look that I asked her in alarm what ailed her.

"Ah, *volgame Dias!* why did I trust him, the *sinvergüenza*," she wailed.

"What is the matter, Doña Carolina?" I again asked.

"Oh, señor, that *picara* Jew has gone away with all his rent and board-bill unpaid, more than twenty-four dollars; and that is not all, he took my mare, the best horse in the whole *distrita*." With this the poor woman broke down completely.

This was interesting, but not surprising news to me, and I eagerly asked her when he left.

"I don't know the hour," she sobbed; "I learned that he had gone only a half hour ago, when I went to put some clean clothes in his room."

Thereupon I hastened to the office of the *Jefe Político*, a police officer with combined state and municipal functions.

I found him idly swinging in a hammock. On my approach he got up and grasped me warmly by the hand and offered me a chair. Disregarding the custom of the country of going around Robin Hood's barn before telling a thing, I immediately proceeded to business, told him all that I have told you, and asked him what course had better be pursued.

"It is as I expected," he replied; "read this." He handed me an official-looking document, which proved to be an official letter from the governor of Vera Cruz in regard to a certain Max Bergstein, who was wanted for two crimes—the abduction of a girl and embezzlement. The description fitted Moses exactly; it was he, without a doubt.

"Why did you not arrest him at once, this description is perfect?" I asked.

With a shrug of his shoulders: "Well, I thought *mañana* would do as well as today, and I still think so. He is gone now and off my hands. *Que le vaya bien!*"

"But are you not going to try to catch him?" I asked in astonishment.

"Señor Herbert," he answered, with a languid smile, "you are not acquainted with the customs of this country. We Mexicans never fly in the face of Providence as you Americans do. When fortune so favors us as to kill for us a great quantity of trouble, we never try to resuscitate that trouble. Besides, in this case it would be foolish to exert ourselves. Moses has, as you say, Doña Carolina's mare, the fastest horse in the district. He probably started this morning, and if so, is already far down in the Maneadero; perhaps at Panuco by this time. You know there are no telegraphs in this State, so *amigo*, I am sorry, but you had better bid your thousand dollars *adios*, and be thankful they were not more. However, if you wish to cool your indignation by chasing Dr. Moses, take as many of my soldiers as you wish. Regard my feelings, though, and if you catch him, don't bring him back here—put him to some good use, such as fertilizing the orchids, for instance. You know the orchids, they grow high up in the tree," and he smiled significantly.

Thanking him for the offer, I went off to talk the matter over with Theodoro, who had learned that Moses took a servant and a pack animal. He learned further

that some washerwomen had seen Moses pass at three p. m. This news encouraged me, and I asked Theodoro if he thought we could overtake the doctor.

He studied awhile. "Yes," he replied, "but in only one way. If we can borrow Don Vicente's horse for you to ride, and I get a little mule of mine from over the hill in the *milpo*, I think we can catch him by morning. He can not travel very swiftly with his *moza* and pack animal; besides he will go by the coast, which makes a long curve to the west. We will follow a wood trail that I know and save an hour's time between here and Panuco."

"Can we handle him alone, or shall I borrow some soldiers of the *Jefe*, Theodoro?"

"Señor," he answered, "do you remember the night you saved my life from the wood-choppers; how we fought back to back and whipped those nine *macheteros*? and then you ask me if we can whip one man. I will go alone and bring him back."

"No, Theo," I replied, "we will go together. Let us eat, then you can get your little mule, and I will ask Don Vicente for his horse."

Supper over, we soon procured our horses, and, with many blessings and good wishes from Doña Carolina, we started out.

Our way led along the main road, or *camino real*, until we reached Tzatlan, a small village, where we struck the wood trail. There we learned that about four p. m. Moses and his servant had passed. Theodoro had carefully studied the ground from La Chola to Tzatlan, and though the light was now failing rapidly, he had no difficulty in recognizing the track of Doña Carolina's mare.

We rode hard; at times the way was bad, and we had to slacken our pace. Occasionally we were forced to duck our heads to preserve our eyes from some thorny bush, and once we rode for two miles through a swampy country where the gigantic trees, arching overhead, completely shut out all light. Once, when riding over a bushy *meso*, my horse stopped and snorted, and there, ahead in the moonlight on the trail, stood a large jaguar; but only for an instant, then he turned and crashed through the bushes.

At midnight we stopped beside a small creek, and watered the horses and stretched our legs. Oh, how sore I was! I had never ridden so hard before. How I wished for a telegraph line, and I wondered if Herodias suffered as much when she chased her wandering Jew.

About five o'clock in the morning, Theodoro, who was ahead, stopped, and I rode up to him. "What is it?" I asked.

"We are now," answered Theo, "about half a mile from Panuco. I think we had better try and stop them here. We have traveled fast, and I don't believe they have passed this point."

I agreeing, we turned down an *arroyo* and reached the *comino real*. Here Theodoro made a close scrutiny of the ground by the aid of a couple of lighted matches, and assured me that Moses had not yet passed.

We tied the horses a few yards back in the wood, and selecting a large clump of *mesquite* to hide behind, waited with anxious hearts for the coming of the Jew.

It seemed that we had waited an age, and I was beginning to despair. The day commenced to dawn and the moon to pale, when we heard a rattle of hoofs and stones, and Theodoro said to me, "Here he comes; he is about three hundred yards away." I hastily looked at the cartridges and cocked the shotgun that I had brought along in preference to a revolver. It was loaded heavily in each barrel with buckshot.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and, looking through the foliage, I could see in the dim light Moses and his servant. They were asleep. The mare, tired from her all-night trip, was walking slowly.

I stepped out from behind the bush. The mare gave a snort and stopped. The *moza* awoke with a jerk, and seeing two men with guns leveled on his master, valorously turned tail and went clattering down the road, leaving the pack-mule and Moses to our tender mercies.

"Get off your horse, doctor," I cried. He made an involuntary move toward his revolver, then looked down the barrels of our guns and concluded that it was best to do as I wished.

"That's right," I said. "Now, throw up your hands. I don't wish to detain you unnecessarily, doctor, but I would like the money you so kindly changed for me."

Theodoro now stepped up, and, while I covered Moses, he disarmed him and went through his pockets, grip, blankets, and saddle-bags; but all he could find in money was two hundred and forty-six dollars.

"Where is the rest of my money, doctor?" I asked.

"I lost it cock-fighting at Don Ignacio's," he replied. "All right, then; your jewelry will be good for two hundred dollars, and when you get settled in some other country I shall draw on you at sight for the balance."

How his black eyes gleamed with anger at me! Theodoro relieved him of his watch and attempted to take the ring from his hand; but, as he did so, Moses jerked his hand away and started to run.

"Stop," I cried, "or I'll shoot! Deliver that ring, or I'll blow your head off."

He stopped and, with a voice full of sorrow, said: "It's no use. I knew it would come to this. Fool that I was to believe that I could in some manner circumvent the predictions of this ring! There, take it," and, with a gesture full of bitterness, he hurled it at my feet. "May it trouble you as it has me. It has five times unerringly predicted disaster to me, and, do my best, I can not escape. Yet I could not bear to part with this stone. It possessed a horrible hold on me. I could not live without knowing the future. Now I am glad it is gone."

"Never mind about me," I replied, "I'll take the chances of the bad luck to come. I ought now to take you back to the *Jefe*, and let him ship you over to Vera Cruz to answer

for your crimes there"—he winced at this—"but I shall be more merciful. I know that a Mexican prison is as much to be dreaded as Hades, so here is your empty revolver and five dollars in silver. My revenge has come quickly, according to your wish, doctor. Now go, and let your presence be scarce hereafter in La Chola. You may take the mule."

He climbed on the pack-saddle, spurred up the mule, and quickly vanished down the road.

Theodoro and I returned to La Chola at our leisure. I gave the watch to him, settled the doctor's board-bill, returned the mare, and kept the balance of the money and the ring myself.

So far I have been fortunate. You see the central sun shines brilliantly.

ROSCOE HOWARD.

The Secret Chamber.

Mold upon the ceiling,
Mold upon the floor,
Windows barred and double barred,
Opening nevermore.

Spiders in the corners,
Spiders on the shelves,
Weaving frail and endless webs
Back upon themselves.

Weaving, ever weaving,
Weaving in the gloom,
Till the drooping drapery
Trails about the room.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Gather in the dark,
Where a breath has brushed away
Dust from off a mark.

Dust of weary winters,
Dust of solemn years,
Dust that deepens in the silence,
As the minute wears—

On the shelf and wainscot,
Window-bars, and wall,
Covering infinite devices
With its stealthy fall.

Hist! the spectres gather,
Break and group again,
Wreathing, writhing, gibbering
Round that fearful stain;

Blood upon the panels,
Blood upon the floor,
Blood that baffles wear and washing,
Red forevermore.

See, they pause and listen,
When the hat that clings
Stirs within the crevices
Of the panelings.

See, they pause and listen,
Listen through the air,
How the eager life has struggled
That was taken there.

See they pause and listen,
Listen in the gloom;
For a startled breath is sighing,
Sighing through the room—

Sighing in the corners,
Sighing on the floor,
Sighing through the window-bars
That open nevermore.

—Anon.

Within a month in various private residences in New York City it will be possible by touching a switch or button, similar to that by which one lights his electric lamps, to throw on a current of electricity and have issue from a specially devised telephone the sweet strains of a Chopin waltz or a sonata by Liszt. Or if one's taste prefers the lighter vein, he may have Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste" or "The Red Mill" or plain ragtime. At luncheon or at dinner, or during an evening's entertainment of friends, one may switch on his circuit and get an hour's music and then switch it off. All at the cost of twenty cents. This announcement in the *New York Times* shows the progress made by Dr. Cahill's revolutionary musical invention. A station has been installed at Thirty-Ninth street and Broadway. Conduits carry electric wires exactly as from a telephone central. These wires terminate in special telephones in hotels, restaurants, and residences, perhaps concealed in flowers or hung in a chandelier or placed on a wall like an ordinary instrument. The music is not played or sung at the central station and reproduced by the telephones. At the central station nothing is heard but the clicking of stops and the sputtering of electric sparks. The whole is so revolutionary that it will be a long time before the public can understand how the new music is produced. The secret lies in the discovery of the exact electrical impulse that is needed to set up a vibration in a telephone diaphragm to produce a certain sound. These electrical currents are then produced in Dr. Cahill's central apparatus, and sent out at the will of the operator. Different currents producing different sounds are sent through a wonderful device called a "mixer" and the complicated music of an orchestra or a grand opera is reproduced in the telephone. Not only is this miracle accomplished, but the music is declared to be purer and sweeter than any given forth by the instruments in common use. Even the perfection of the human voice is approached by this purely mechanical device. These things seem beyond belief, yet they are given daily demonstrations in the Cahill plant in the center of New York. They will be demonstrated in every city in the country within the next few months unless unforeseen difficulties arise in the administration of this wonderful new system.

A violin played with four bows by electricity is the latest invention of a Chicagoan.

A HOME RULE FIASCO.

The Dublin Irish Convention Makes Quick Work of the Latest Legislative Attempt.

One more fiasco has been added to the story of Irish self-government, and one more patent salve for an ancient wound has been refused untried. The rejection of the Irish Councils Bill by the great Nationalist Convention in Dublin seals the fate of a measure prepared with infinite care and patience by Mr. Birrell on behalf of the government, and leaves the eternal Irish question exactly where it was before.

There is no use in crying over spilled milk. It is still more futile to discuss the pros and cons of a scheme that was at least well meant but that has been tossed aside with something like contumely by those whom it was intended to benefit. It may have been wholly inadequate, as Mr. Redmond and others maintain. It may have been unworkable and ill-devised. These are points to be settled by those wise in statecraft and skilled in political subtleties. Legislative post-mortems are usually unprofitable and may well be left to those who lack other employment.

But we may still ask if this bill was actually rejected upon its merits or whether other and subterranean forces in Irish affairs are making their way to the surface and displaying a dangerous activity. There are many who say that this is so, and it is at least significant that although Mr. Redmond promised for the measure a full consideration and discussion, it was summarily ejected by the back door without either consideration or discussion.

There are, of course, other forces. It is never the obvious and the evident that tell in Irish politics, and we have only to consult a few able and disinterested authorities to get a glimpse of some of the machinery that controls the stage. Mr. Redmond himself has nothing much to say, except that the measure was unworkable. Indeed he has so little to say that it is easy to suspect an inward chafing against a control too vital to be resisted or denounced. Mr. Silvester Horne, who has a reputation for clear political thinking, takes only one bite at the cherry. He says openly and frankly that the Irish priesthood is alone to be thanked for the disappointment which has once more thwarted Ireland's best friends and reduced a vexatious problem to the level of a nut that can not be cracked. The new Irish Council that was to be created by the bill would have placed the control of education where the priests could not touch it, and that alone was enough to procure the sentence of death that was so summarily pronounced. Mr. Horne says, "The priests beat us everywhere, first in England, and now in Ireland." Mr. Horne is evidently smarting under the defeat of the English education bill, and he is fearfully conscious that "all roads lead to Rome." It would seem that the contagion of anti-clericalism may have reached perfidious Albion from her turbulent neighbor across the channel.

But upon the hand the convention itself expressed no such clerical opinion, although that may have been due to a wily and Jesuitical policy. Father Humphreys did indeed denounce the bill on the ground of its educational clauses, and because it would remove the children from the direct power of the priests. But Father Humphreys was received with cries of "shut up" and "nonsense," and he did incontinently "shut up," and was no more heard from.

Another explanation is furnished by a Mr. O'Callaghan, who is the national secretary of the United Irish League in America. No doubt Mr. O'Callaghan is a good American and fully entitled to speak in the name of the United States. That, at least, is what he did, for he announced—and no doubt his American heart swelled within him as he said it—that the British government, by the introduction of an inadequate bill, had incurred the hostility of the American people. Mr. O'Callaghan—stimulated, no doubt, by sympathetic cheers—went on to disclose great State secrets by the frank avowal that there was no alliance between America and England, and that the path of Mr. Bryce would henceforth be beset with difficulties, as the spirit of hostility "would be carefully nursed." After this magnanimous and Christian sentiment Mr. O'Callaghan from Boston was good enough to subside into his native insignificance.

Mr. W. T. Stead has views upon the subject, of course. He has views upon all subjects. Mr. Stead regrets the action of the Dublin Convention, because it is "an approximation of the mind of the Irish Nationalists to the mood of the Russian Revolutionists." It will be remembered that when Mr. Stead went to Russia he was favored with a long conversation by the Czar. He knew as much about Russia as the Czar when he went, and he now knows a great deal more. Mr. Stead urged the Russian Revolutionists to accept the Douma as a first step to self-government, and he was met with the reply, "We hate first steps; first steps are the greatest enemies to second steps." It is this hopeless attitude of all or nothing that Mr. Stead now recognizes in the Irish people, and he deplores it.

There is still another factor which is believed to be the black hand in this legislative tragedy. The Sinn Fein party which, a little while ago, was an entirely negligible quantity, has now assumed proportions that are suggestive of the great Irish revolutionary movements of the past. The Sinn Fein is an organization of irreconcilables, and its strength proves that it struck a popular chord. The Sinn Fein does not want to see home rule in Ireland. It does not want to see anything that can divert the minds of the Irish people from the goal of complete separation from England, and one of the planks of its energetic platform is the systematic boycott of everything English, including English men and women. Moderation has never been popular in Irish politics. The crowd always follows the

loudest voice and the most audacious promises, and Mr. Redmond occupies the difficult position of being surpassed in extremisms by a party not under his leadership nor acknowledging his control. If the home rule measure has indeed been killed in obedience to orders from the Sinn Fein, then it is certain that a new and formidable force has arisen in Irish politics and that strenuous days are once more in store for English rule. The Sinn Fein will bear watching, because we shall assuredly hear more of it.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 2, 1907.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Winston Churchill announces that he will not this year be a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. He says that to enter the political field again would impair his usefulness, but that he is still for reform.

James E. Martine, the "farmer orator" of New Jersey, enjoys the distinction of having been the candidate of his party—the Democratic—for almost every office in his county and senate district for the last thirty years without ever having won.

It is announced from Des Moines, Iowa, that Governor Cummins will be a candidate for the United States Senate, subject to endorsement at next year's primary election. Whether Senator Allison will also be a candidate is not yet definitely known.

Cardinal Gibbons says that whatever the opinion of the French episcopate may be with regard to the separation of Church and State, it would be better for that country if they could enjoy the real separation of Church and State as it is in this country.

Senator Daniel of South Virginia says that in his opinion geographical considerations ought to have nothing to do with the selection of a presidential candidate. His advice is to "take the right man from anywhere—New England, the West, the North, the South."

The public utilities bill has been signed by Governor Hughes, of New York. This is one of the most far-reaching reform measures ever passed by an American legislature. It places under direct State control every public-service corporation except the telegraph and the telephone.

President Roosevelt has ordered an annual or biennial test of the physical condition and horsemanship of all field officers of the infantry, artillery, and cavalry. This order is due to the President's observation that there are some field officers who are physically unable to "ride even a few miles at an increased gait."

Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, says that Speaker Cannon has renounced the "stand-pat" policy and is now willing that the tariff should be revised. Senator Hopkins even went so far as to say that Mr. Cannon would himself take up tariff revision and make his campaign for the presidential nomination on that issue.

The endorsement of Senator Knox for the presidency by the Harrisburg Convention marks the organization of Republican conservatives for the control of the national convention. While he is not a radical, Senator Knox has never opposed the presidential policies nor has he any inconvenient records in the matter of the tariff.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, commenting on the Senate Brownville investigation, declared it all to be "damnum absque injuria," which, legally translated, means "damage without legal injury." But an enterprising reporter quoted the aged senator as saying that it was "all damned rot," which, while not literal, appears to have pretty accurately expressed the old senator's idea.

Friends of Senator Daniel, of Virginia, deprecate the suggestion that he should be put forward as a candidate for the presidency. They say that Senator Daniel is a courteous, polished gentleman of the old school, a brave veteran of the Confederacy, and a poetic orator who is at his best in a funeral oration, but putting him forward for the presidency would be absurd.

The candidacy of Senator Knox begins to look serious. It is being industrially advertised that in Pittsburg they call him "Phil." Pennsylvania realized that some big card had to be played against "Bill" Taft and the omnipotent "Teddy," and that a man without a nickname would not do. Despite all efforts, "Charlie" Fairbanks does not seem to have passed into use, and it remains to be seen whether "Phil" Knox will fare any better.

Secretary Elihu Root is said to have been one of the best paid attorneys in the United States. General Corbin, who used frequently to accompany him upon horseback excursions, was embarrassed by his fruitless efforts to engage Root in conversation. Becoming desperate from his repeated failures, Corbin, in speaking of the dilemma, said: "Why, the man is so accustomed to being paid for talking that I'll be hanged if I believe he will talk unless he is paid for it. I'll have to pay him a stiff fee to hear the sound of his voice."

Thomas W. Lawson is quoted by a Paris correspondent as saying: "He makes a mistake. He calls Mr. Harriman a liar and denounces a couple of labor leaders who are on trial for their lives, but even these blunders increase his strength. He is stronger with labor now than he was before the Moyer-Haywood statements. He is so strong that it is absolutely sure he will be the next President of the United States, even were the Republican convention to be packed for some other candidate and everything cut and dried in advance for Mr. Taft or Mr. Fairbanks or Mr. Foraker. Some one would get up and begin to talk about Mr. Roosevelt and he would stampede the convention in less than two minutes."

A LIFE OF CHARLES A. DANA.

A Fascinating Story of a Remarkable Man Is Told by One Who Knew Him Intimately.

The notable biographies of the country have been enriched by the story of Charles A. Dana that comes to us from the pen of Major-General Harrison Wilson. To entrust to a soldier the biography of such a man as Dana carries with it, perhaps, certain disadvantages, but the advantages are no less obvious. It follows naturally that what may be called the military passages of Dana's life receive an accentuation that they might otherwise have lacked, while his journalistic career is painted in colors more scanty and less vivid. Such a treatment will probably be in accord with future estimates of a varied and brilliant career and with a judgment that will place the preponderance of value upon the services that were so practically rendered by Dana to the War Department rather than upon the journalism with which his name is more immediately associated in the popular mind. It is not, however, to be inferred that the author has in any way slighted Dana's newspaper career. His own marked literary ability is a guarantee of his power to appreciate the pen as well as the sword, and, so far as a nice discrimination between the two is concerned, no fault can be found with a biography of unusual interest and care.

Dana's first newspaper engagement—at a salary of \$4 a week—was marked by some of the storm-provoking independence that later on was to characterize his greater undertakings. *The Chronotype* was the newspaper in question, and its character for religious orthodoxy had never before been jeopardized:

On the occasion of a temporary absence from the city the paper came out "mighty hot against hell," to the astonishment of the subscribers as well as of the responsible editor. In referring to this incident years after Dana had become a great editor, Mr. Wright said it gave him a great deal of trouble at the time, as it obliged him to write a personal letter to every Congregational minister in Massachusetts and to many of the deacons besides, explaining that the paper's apparent change of doctrinal attitude was due to no change of faith on his own part, but to the fact that it had been left temporarily in charge of "a young man without journalistic experience."

Dana's connection with the *Tribune*—at a salary of \$10 and later of \$14 a week—gave him at once the opportunity to express the opinions that had been matured by his earlier efforts and by his connection with Brook Farm. The strike of New York carpenters in 1850 elicited a definite view upon problems that have since assumed such portentous gravity:

It doubtless lay in his belief that it was then and always the inherent right of every carpenter to stay out of the association or join it, just as he pleased, without coercion or any other infringement of his personal liberty or restraint upon his perfect freedom of action. Be this as it may, it will be seen as we proceed that this is the fundamental principle upon which Dana always acted to the close of his life, whether the strike was against himself or against others.

In all such matters of principle he was in fullest accord with Greeley:

They stood side by side for twelve years in support of every good and humane cause, for freedom as against slavery . . . for liberty of conscience against ecclesiastical tyranny, for the elevation of the many against the oppression of the few, for the development of our own resources in preference to those of other countries, for the open shop against the closed shop, for the right of every man to put a price upon his own labor and work at his job or leave it, against the right of any one to prevent another from taking it.

In other matters—in matters unrelated to vital principles and policies, Dana and Greeley were, of course, as oil and water. The story of the divergences that led ultimately to Dana's dismissal from the *Tribune* is an obscure one, but there is no obscurity about the main causes. The correspondence between the two shows them plainly enough:

He sent Dana a strong letter, again cautioning him not to attack people in Washington without consulting him, and ending as follows:

"It will hurt us dreadfully. Do send some one here and kill me if you can not stop it, for I can bear it no longer. My life is a torture to me."

Later on Greeley writes:

"Now I write once more to entreat that I may be allowed to conduct the *Tribune* with reference to the mile wide that stretches either way from Pennsylvania Avenue. It is but a small space, and you have all the world besides. I can not stay here unless this request is complied with. I would rather cease to live at all. If you are not willing to leave me entire control with reference to this city I ask you to call the proprietors together and have me discharged. I have to go to this and that false creature and coax him to behave as little like the devil as possible (Lew Campbell for example) yet in constant terror of seeing him guillotined in the next *Tribune* that arrives—and I can't make him believe that I didn't instigate it. So with everything here. If you want to throw stones at anybody's crockery, aim at my head first, and in mercy be sure to aim well."

Separation was inevitable. There could be no reservations in Dana's dominance of the world, not even the "mile wide that stretches either way from Pennsylvania Avenue."

One who knew the men can read this narrative or the conclusion that while Dana may have been dis-

of "Forward to Richmond," which Greeley formally repudiated immediately after the battle of Bull Run, the real reason was that Dana was too aggressive, too positive, too self-confident, and too active to travel longer in harmony with Greeley. Their divergent natures, not less than their divergent opinions about the war, had brought them to the parting of the ways.

Dana's war record is set forth with admirable detail and lucidity, and with the aid of many letters not previously published. Here, for instance, is a vivid character sketch of Grant:

Living at headquarters, as I did throughout the siege of Vicksburg, I soon became intimate with General Grant, not only knowing every operation while it was still but an idea, but studying its execution on the spot. Grant was an uncommon fellow—the most modest, the most disinterested, and the most honest man I ever knew, with a temper that nothing could disturb, and a judgment that was judicial in its comprehensiveness and wisdom. Not a great man, except morally; not an original or brilliant man, but sincere, thoughtful, deep, and gifted with courage that never faltered; when the time came to risk all, he went in like a simple-hearted, unaffected, unpretending hero, whom no ill-omens could deject, and no triumph unduly exalt. A social, friendly man, too, fond of a pleasant joke, and also ready with one; but liking above all a long chat of an evening, and ready to sit up with you all night talking in the cool breeze in front of his tent. Not a man of sentimentality, not demonstrative in friendship, but always holding to his friends, and just even to the enemies he hated.

Dana had become the eye and the ear of the government, and probably his services, largely confidential as they were, can never receive an exaggerated value:

And what a splendid privilege it was that Dana enjoyed. With robust health, faculties acute and fully aroused, trusted by the generals with all their plans, passing rapidly from place to place, and participating in the councils and dangers as well as in the triumphs of the army, it was both his pleasure and his duty to know everything, see everything, and report everything just as it was to the anxious authorities who had sent him out as their representative. He was, indeed, a commissioner of the government, not vain, empty and pretentious, like those sent out by the French government in the early days of the revolution, but modest, wise, and tactful, and in every way worthy of the mission with which he was entrusted.

Lincoln's military genius, sometimes overweighted by even greater mental and moral possessions, received full justice from Dana. He says:

I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war . . . and the writings related to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant, or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning, but after three or four years of constant practice in the science and art of war, he arrived at this extraordinary knowledge of it, so that Von Moltke was not a better general or an abler planner or expounder of a campaign than President Lincoln. To sum it up, he was a born leader of men. He knew human nature; he knew what chord to strike, and was never afraid to strike when he believed that the time had arrived.

There are plenty of good war stories in this book, not all of them new, but all of them well told. Dana was accustomed to make the round of the sentries:

On one of our visits we found our sentry, a good-natured Kentuckian, very much embarrassed. It seems that the Johnny opposite, who was close enough to shake hands with him, had asked for a chew of tobacco, and one had been kindly passed over. But it had been sent back enclosed in a note, which ran about as follows: "Thank you, Yank. It was very good of you to send the tobacco. We are hard up over here and almost anything will do; but thank God we are not hard enough up to use such stuff as that." The Kentuckian, a kind and generous fellow who meant to be neighborly, was evidently chagrined at the rejection of his offering, and seemed disposed to end the truce, but Dana, who was amused by the incident, suggested that the pleasant relations should be continued and that he would bring a plug of better tobacco at his next visit.

And here is another one:

At Jackson we passed one night in comfortable beds and had a fair supply of Southern food. On asking for our bill the next day, to include General Grant and the entire staff, the manager answered that it would be sixty-five dollars, whereupon I handed him a brand new Confederate note for one hundred dollars. At this, after some hesitation, he said, "Oh, if I take that I shall be compelled to charge you ninety-five dollars." To which I replied, much to the amusement of Grant and Dana who were looking on, "That's all right—and you needn't mind the change."

This turned out to be a most unfortunate transaction, for an over-ardent Southerner who had witnessed what had taken place promptly reported it to the first Confederates who occupied the city after we withdrew, and they made haste to burn the hotel.

The days that followed the war naturally give a lesser opportunity to the military biographer, but they are sprinkled with the gems of interest that inevitably attached to such a career as Dana's, whether in peace or in war. Here is a description of Mr. Seward's appearance while recovering from the injuries he received at the assassination of the President:

Mr. Seward is recovering and will, no doubt, entirely regain his strength. His fractured jaw must be nearly united by this time. For the last month he has worn one cap on the top of his head, and another under his chin, the two being united by bands of steel, and connected with a gutta percha apparatus fitting to his jaws inside his mouth, and all rendering him, in connection with the wounds about his face and neck, one of the most horrible spectacles that the human eye ever beheld. He will, however, soon be able to lay aside this apparatus. His son, it is probable, will never recover. So far every active exertion has been soon followed by a hemorrhage from the

broken artery in the top of the brain, and the number of fractures of the skull is so great that, however he may seem to regain his strength, his life must always be exceedingly faint and precarious.

Here, too, is his description of Jefferson Davis during his confinement:

I went down to Fortress Monroe the other day to see your prisoner committed to the casemate to which he is confined. He was marched ashore in the midst of a guard, at the head of which were the troopers of Colonel Pritchard. General Miles, formerly of the Second Corps, who has been sent to the fortress to take command during Jeff's incarceration, led him along by the left arm. Davis marched with as haughty and defiant an air as Lucifer, Son of the Morning, bore after he was expelled from heaven, and I was rather surprised not to find in his mien or step the signs of that physical exhaustion and that mental depression which all persons had represented him as having fallen into. General Miles, however, tells me that this was merely a piece of acting for this special occasion, and that he has since either exhibited signs of the greatest weakness, or of a sort of intense and imbecile fury.

Dana's opinion of Andrew Johnson was an unflattering one. In a letter to the author he writes:

The President is an obstinate, stupid man, governed by preconceived ideas, by whiskey, and by women. He means one thing today and another tomorrow, but the glorification of Andrew Johnson all the time. He is capable of almost any enormity, but he will be covered with even greater infamy than John Tyler.

Dana's estrangement from Grant is, of course, an old story. Hero-worship can seldom bear transplanting to new fields, and Grant as President seemed to Dana to be far less admirable than Grant as soldier and commander. Writing in the *Sun* upon the prevailing corruption in high places, Dana handled the situation with the iron hand unmitigated by the velvet glove:

In conclusion the editor expressed his personal conviction that the President himself was primarily responsible for the corruption of the public service, and that he had "done more to destroy in the public mind all distinction between right and wrong, to make it appear that the great object of life and the chief purpose of official authority is to acquire riches, and that it makes no difference by what means this object is attained. Had Grant been a pure man of high moral sense, a delicate feeling of honesty, and a just conscience, his example, his influence, and his power would long since have sufficed to turn back the rising tide of corruption and to rescue the government from the dangerous evils with which it was struggling."

Quotations of prime interest might be made almost ad infinitum from this striking work. Indeed, it is all interesting and there are few dull lines. It must, however, be said that the almost entire absence of reference to Dana's domestic life, to his family circle, to the number of his children, and to all those relationships that belong more actually to the man himself even than the greatest public duties and responsibilities is a biographical omission that makes itself distinctly felt and that carries with it a sense of regret. It is unfortunate that there should be even the smallest mar to a work that would otherwise be uniformly excellent.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$3.00.

It is said that Mrs. Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, the richest woman in Ohio, will move to Washington next year and "join in the Taft boom with a vigorous social campaign in the interest of her brother-in-law." Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is expected to bear a hand in the "vigorous social campaign," and it is incidentally remarked that while the men of the Taft family are anxious enough to see it honored, "their interest is mild compared to that of the wives who want to take the front rank in official society at the capital."

The loss of many English fishing boats is now believed to have been due to the fact that the man at the wheel carried in his pocket a specially forged fisherman's knife. These knives possess strong magnetic properties sufficient to deflect the compass needle two or three points. Many wrecks have occurred while steering an apparently true course, and the discovery of the knives is now believed to account for many wrecks.

The administration is said to be planning to elevate Congressman Nicholas Longworth, the President's son-in-law, to the Senate as the successor to Senator Joseph B. Foraker. It is the purpose to use the full strength of administration and federal patronage in an effort to defeat Senator Foraker, with the view of having him succeeded in the Senate by Mr. Longworth.

United States Senator Borah, of Idaho, who is retained by the State authorities to prosecute Moyer, Pettibone, and Haywood, accused of the murder of Governor Steunenberg, has been indicted by a United States grand jury for being connected with timber frauds.

The Hon. Nicholas Longworth has come out strongly in favor of Mr. Taft for the Presidency. In a speech at Cincinnati he said, "Personally, and speaking only for myself, I am for Taft for President."

Yuan Shi Kai, viceroy of Pechi-li province in China, will establish anti-opium shops for the relief and cure of opium victims, and is conducting a vigorous crusade against opium dens.

The Erzberg, Austria's iron mountain, will furnish ore for 1000 more years.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Paton Fleming, a native of Dundee, has been recently elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Society.

One of the most eloquent preachers in Wales is Rev. J. Paulston Jones, M. A. He has been blind since he was 2 years old, yet he was graduated with high honors at Glasgow University.

George Parr, who was a member of Sir James Ross's antarctic expedition in 1839, will celebrate his ninety-first birthday in a short time. He was also a member of the Franklin arctic expedition.

Sir John Tenniel, the famous *Punch* cartoonist, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday the other day, is still a fine military looking man, with all his faculties intact and as keen a mind as when he drew his first cartoon.

The Duke of Manchester, who is in England at present, is to return to America and go to work in the shops controlled by his father-in-law, Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. The duke is anxious to get a knowledge of railroads and the construction of locomotives and coaches.

In order that sick children of Providence, R. I., may have the benefit of fresh air and sunshine in the summer months, Mrs. Anne Crawford Allen Brown, widow of John Carter Brown, has given to the Rhode Island Hospital her country home at Quiddisset. The property consists of a fine brick house and about 100 acres of land. The value of the gift is estimated at \$40,000.

William Durst of Philadelphia was on board the *Monitor* in the historic fight with the *Merrimac* off Fortress Monroe, March 9, 1862, and is the sole survivor of the crew which manned "the Yankee cheese-box" on that memorable occasion. Previous to the recent anniversary of the battle he made earnest but futile effort to find another survivor. The veteran sailor is still in good mental and physical condition.

Sir Robert Ball, the famous British scientist, is fond of imparting information to the young. Once he was showing a little boy how to study the heavens through the telescope. "That star," said Sir Robert, "goes around the other." Anxious to please such a great man, the youngster made this staggering reply: "Yes, I saw it." As a matter of fact, the star to which the scientist referred takes 900 years to make the circuit.

It is related that on the occasion of the great Marian Congress in Rome, the Pope summoned Father Vaughan to represent the English-speaking peoples. One day the Pope in the presence of a company of cardinals good humoredly mimicked the reverend father's style, whereupon Cardinal Rampolla exclaimed: "And he is an Englishman!" "No," replied the Pope, "he was born on the top of Mount Vesuvius and we sent him to England to cool."

Abbe Ozouf, who was suspended by his bishop for having founded an association for worship under the church separation law of France, has found himself thrown on the world. Being without means, he advertised for a position as a secretary, but failing to get such employment he took a place as a car conductor. Now he has decided to use his fine tenor voice, which delighted his congregation at the reading desk and the altar, and has signed to sing at a café concert.

An interesting example of the thoughtfulness and kindness which characterized the actions of General Louis Botha, the Boer leader, came to light in London while he was there. He learned that a famous military chaplain, Mr. Collins, was ill in the Milbank Military Hospital and every day sent the sick man an exquisite bouquet. Mr. Collins was the military chaplain who from Spion Kop and Pieter's Hill reported manfully the great humanity and fairness of the Boers and their leaders in those sanguinary engagements of the South African war.

When James J. Hill makes up his mind to leave his St. Paul for his New York office, he stands not on the order of his going. He goes at once and seldom or never does he let the Great Northern officials in the eastern city know that he's on his way. Unless the papers note Mr. Hill's departure from St. Paul, the first the Great Northern officials know of it in most cases is his entrance into his offices in New York. Often the first knowledge of his arrival

comes from seeing him at his desk, for Mr. Hill invariably walks direct to his private office and begins work as if he had been at his desk the day before. The time for chatting with the other officials comes after looking over the work.

Since politics went wrong with him in South Dakota, Richard Franklin Pettigrew, formerly Senator from that State, has lived mostly in New York, where, it is said, he displays about as much sagacity in the stock market as any of the most seasoned bulls and bears and has accumulated a pile of money, behind the shelter of which he feels much more comfortable than he was ever able to feel while serving his fickle public in the Senate. Mr. Pettigrew has not abandoned his citizenship or interest in South Dakota.

RECENT VERSE.

The Soendthrift.

He left so little, did you say?
He had so brief a time to stay.
'Twas hardly worth his while to gather
Dross of our little earthly day.

The things that other people prize
He gave to others, being wise,
Being so heavenly-foolish rather,
That kept his gains for Paradise.

Hardly a keepsake did he leave,
And all his gold was fugitive.
He kept those things that will not perish,
For him the widow and orphan grieve.

He gave with a light laugh indeed,
As he and gold were ill agreed;
Held it the poorest thing to cherish,
Save that it filled another's need.

He had his Pilgrim's Scrip of Hope,
And Living Waters in his cup,
The Staff of Faith that still suffices
The stumbling soul to lift it up.

Being so soon a traveler,
Of earthly things he had no care;
But on the road that's Paradise's
He went the lighter, being here.

—Katharine Tynan.

Poetæ et Reges.

To be a poet is to stand
Upon the dais and right hand
Of warlike Caesar. Gods and kings
Were but the very dust of things.
Did not old Homer (and his crew
Of lesser measure) grandly strew
Their dwarfish progress with the hays
Of deathless triumph-songs of praise?
Each deed of martial enterprise,
Of royal bounty, straightway dies,
Save only when the magic fire
Of Genius gives it to his lyre. . . .
A king is but a mess of clay
Set in the light, then put away;
A house of worms, a wealth of dearth,
His tomb a pock-mark on the earth.
But he who drinks of Helicon
Has Life Eternal surely won.
He is the scabbard to that sword,
Which, left alone, without its ward,
Would rust its inches meanly down.
While fatted fools enjoy the crown
It once had fought for in the steam
Of heavy battles. . . . Ah, the gleam
Is fresh as ever, underneath
The scolding hay-leaves of its sheath,
And men shall tremble at the name
"Excalibur"; such is the fame
That poets hold, and poets give—
To live in making others live!

—Hugh McCrae, in *The Lone Hand*.

On Reading "Lavengro."

Alas! that to shapen a horse's shoe
Is a trick withheld from me;
Alack! that the love of a Gypsy true
My treasure is ne'er to be;
For I would tinker beneath the hedge—
On my shoulders never a care—
And grasping tomorrow should wring no pledge
That tomorrow my forge would flare;
For today is enough for the Gypsy kind
Who dwell where the luring roadways wind.

Alas! that the white tops pass me by—
I that would fain be free—
Alack! that under the evening sky
No campfire glows on me;
For I would go at the Gypsy's call.
At the beck of the Gypsy's hand;
The gods that they own hold me in thrall,
Yet here in the town I stand;
O why am I alien to those who go
Where the road gleams white 'gainst the green
hedgerow?

—Denver Republican.

Mme. Lillian Nordica will establish on the Hudson, near New York, a Bayreuth in America. With a part of her great fortune the noted singer will erect the Lillian Nordica Festival House, which will be to this country what the famous operatic institution founded by Richard Wagner, and now maintained by his widow, is to Europe. The site for the institution was purchased for \$100,000, and Mme. Nordica expects that the opera house will be ready for its formal dedication some time next year. An American institute of music, where American young men and women who aspire to operatic honors will be taught by the foremost teachers in the world, is included in the plans.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

It seems hard that we should have to go abroad for definite information about the intellectual activities of America in general and of the Pacific Coast in particular. Until we had read Professor Padelford's article on "Browning Out West," in the February *Cornhill*, we were not aware that a flourishing Browning Society exists at Seattle, and that its proceedings are triumphantly successful. That such should be the case is a credit to Seattle and to the State University. Professor Padelford believes that Browning has a special charm for Americans, because he appeals to the American's love of endeavor, of character analysis, and of the sociological problem. These same characteristics leave their stamp upon the American university and incline it into such paths as are especially illuminated by Browning more than by any other English poet. The ideal of the English university is culture, while that of the German university is scholarship. The American university, on the other hand, cherishes the ideal of public service and the betterment of society. The young men and women whom it trains are ambitious to do things and to share constructively in the world's activities. Such is the creed set forth by Browning, who stimulates to conflict and promises that there shall be a triumph for worthy things. Professor Padelford is to be congratulated not only upon his success at Seattle, but for the vivacity with which he makes his enterprise interesting to foreign readers.

What I Have Done With Birds, by Gene Stratton-Porter. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This book is a revelation of what can be done by the naturalist when his weapon is a camera instead of a gun. It is also a revelation of the sympathetic patience and vigilance of the author in securing such a result. The illustrations, of which there are scores, are not merely pictures of birds suggestive of the taxidermist rather than of nature. They are all of them true nature studies, taken at moments when the birds felt most at home or when they had been cleverly and tenderly persuaded into characteristic pose or attitude. And Mrs. Stratton-Porter's descriptions are as vivid as the photographs themselves. Nothing can be more charming than her recital of the arts and crafts by which she secured the confidence of her feathered friends and a welcome to their homes. The result is a book that can be read with equal pleasure by the naturalist and by the child. Certainly nothing more delightfully wholesome could be put into the hands of a child.

The New Basis of Civilization, by Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL.D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.

Dr. Patten strikes a welcome note when he tells us to look above and beyond the economic terrorism of the day and to get a truer perspective of our present social environment. "On the one hand . . . are ranged the Industrial Barons, who are more cruel than the nobles of the Middle Ages; and on the other is Organized Labor, pursuing its ends as ruthlessly and unsocially as highwaymen do." The whole purport of the book is to prove that the discord around us is but the birth-pang of a new age, the conflict between the ideals of the past and those that are now asserting themselves. The new civilization is heralded already in class consciousness, in family life, in individual character, and the turmoil of the day is but the prelude to social reorganization upon a basis of justice and individual opportunity. Dr. Patten has written a most hopeful and helpful book.

The Censorship of the Church of Rome, by George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; 2 vols.

The Index of the Catholic Church is but vaguely understood by the average layman, although he knows in a general way that the perusal of certain specified books is forbidden to the faithful. The present work will therefore be something of a revelation. It treats the whole question of the Index historically and in detail, and it shows it to have a generally unexpected scope and application. The author deals with the history of the Index in the various

countries of the world, with the general classes of literature which fell under its ban, and with the comments and criticisms that it has called forth from time to time. It seems that "Robinson Crusoe" finds a place in these very extensive lists, as well as Gibbon's History, Locke's Philosophy, and Taine's English literature. The work is carefully prepared and free from bias or prejudice.

Business and Education, by Frank A. Vanderlip. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Vanderlip can always command an audience of enviable proportions, and the present collection of his speeches on financial, industrial, and educational questions constitutes a review of latter-day problems that is unsurpassed for its lucidity and practical value. It is an education in the things most talked of by intelligent persons.

There are fifteen of these lectures, of which at least four relate directly to young men and their future. The need for trade schools rests heavily upon the author's mind. He does not want so much to change our school system as to add to it in such a way as to enable our craftsmen to compete with Europe, not only in the price of their wares but in their excellence. He calls a halt to our complacency by saying that we are successful abroad because we can make things cheaper—not because we can make them better. He says: "I have never found in a European shop half a dozen articles of American manufacture that were offered because they were superior to similar articles of European manufacture." He says elsewhere that if real accuracy is wanted with thoroughly skilled and trustworthy handicraft, it will not be found as a rule in a display of American wares.

Among so much that is valuable it is regrettable that Mr. Vanderlip does not tell us how our young men are to get employment after they have been through the trades school, in the face of the determination of the labor unions that they shall not have such employment. The absence of vigorous handling of this, the crux of the situation, is a little disappointing. It is not so much educational errors against which we must contend as a selfish human perverseness, and it is here that we need effective counsel.

The remaining portions of the work deal with European problems in their relation to America, and the money situation in its various branches. Every topic is handled with admirable lucidity and from a remarkable accumulation of facts.

The Church and the Changing Order, by Shailer Mathews. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Professor Mathews is one of the few men who have the welfare of the church sincerely at heart, and who can at the same time recognize the widening and perhaps unbridgeable chasm that separates the church from the new social order. Professor Mathews handles his subject with courage and with candor. He shows why the church is losing its hold upon the people, the many points at which it has lost contact with popular ideals, the waning confidence which it is able to inspire. He has no fears for the religious instinct, perhaps as strong today as it ever was, but he allows himself a distinct note of despondency when he speculates upon the future of the organizations which now embody Christian thought. He has given us a very notable book.

A History of the Reformation, by Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D., LL.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

This work belongs to the library of Theological Science, which is designed to cover the whole field of Christian theology. Dr. Lindsay has certainly fulfilled a difficult mission in a thorough and a comprehensive way. Books of this nature rarely appeal to a popular taste, but in this instance the author has succeeded in producing a theological history that is eminently readable, concise, and untechnical, and one moreover that is scrupulously impartial.

Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher, by Edward Hicks Magill. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

The history of education in America is enriched by this book. The name of President Magill is an educational landmark and reminiscent of everything that is best

and most conscientious in the school life of the country. In this book—all too short for such a purpose—he has given us the story of sixty-five years, and we feel that if the author had less modestly suppressed his own personality it would have been even still more valuable and interesting. It was affectionately written for the benefit of young teachers but they are by no means the only ones who might profit from such an unostentatious record of whole-hearted devotion.

The Story of Samson, by Paul Carus. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

A scholarly presentation, showing the universality of the Biblical Samson myth and its correspondences in other religions and at other periods.

Indian Love Letters, by Marah Ellis Ryan. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A series of beautiful and pathetic love letters, sent by a noble-minded Indian to a white girl whom he had loved in the East.

Foyer and Box-Office Chat.

There will be another week of "Peter Pan" and Maude Adams at the Van Ness Theatre. It is needless to add to this announcement, for no theatre-goer will willingly miss this opportunity of seeing one of the most charming creations of a playwright's fancy and a gifted actress's art. There are Wednesday and Saturday matinees, but no Sunday performances during this engagement.

From melodrama to brilliant comedy will be the change at the Novelty Theatre next week, when the Frawley company appears in George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," the first production of the piece in this city. The play tells an amusing story, and is in the dramatist's most genial vein. The various rôles give each member of the cast good opportunities and the result should be a happy one. Mr. Frawley, Mr. Emery, Miss Shotwell and Christine Hill carry the burden of the plot, but Ethel Clayton, who makes her first appearance here in this piece, Henry C. Mortimer, and others, will render efficient aid in the numerous complications.

After three weeks of "The Undertow" at the new Alcazar Theatre the management will offer "Old Heidelberg," an idyl of student life made famous by Richard Mansfield. Bertram Lytell will come into his own again in this play, having the capital rôle of Prince Karl, and Daisy Lovering will have an especially fine opportunity as Kathie, the inn-keeper's niece. The stage settings will be appropriately beautiful, and the entire production attractive in every way. The tearful ending of the play is the only cloud on a bright offering, and even that will prove to have a silver lining for those sentimentally inclined.

Russian nobility will be represented in the bill at the Orpheum next week, the Countess Olga Rossi being first in the list of entertainers. The lady, before her marriage to Count Rossi, was a member of the Royal Opera Company in Moscow, and after the unhappy termination of her wedded life returned to the stage. She appears in a musical sketch entitled "During the Performance," and is assisted by Monsieur Paulo, a lyric tenor of repute. The St. Onge Brothers, comedy cyclists; Ferry, the human frog; the three Abdallah Brothers, comedy acrobats, are also new. It will be the last week of Hayes and Johnson, the Frederick Hawley Company, the Bootblack Quartette, and Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier.

Mrs. Fiske and "The New York Idea" are an attraction of the highest order at the Colonial Theatre this week, and no obstacles could keep away the discriminating public. The satirical comedy is something more than amusing, and Mrs. Fiske's art is more than merely satisfactory. Her company is worthy in every way. It is to be regretted that the engagement is for one week only.

Ethel Barrymore, with a strong supporting company, comes to the Van Ness Theatre June 23, following "Peter Pan."

"A Lady of Quality," the play in which Julia Arthur won success, will follow "You Never Can Tell" at the Novelty Theatre.

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MAUDE ADAMS IS PETER PAN.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

There is really one original in a world of duplicates, and its name is J. M. Barrie. Here is a writer of plays who scorns the beaten path. If you should tell a bullet-headed citizen with a wad of fat projecting over the back of his coat-collar the plot of "Peter Pan"—although the literal have been known to complain of its lack of plot—he would probably cut the play out of his theatrical itinerary with promptitude and decision. And yet that same fat-necked citizen, if he should follow the lure of curiosity and go to see to the play, is just as apt as his neighbor to yield to the spell.

For once upon a time we were all children. The fat-necked citizen has had his boyish dreams. He, too, has engaged single-handed with some Terror of the Spanish Main, has put all his piratical myrmidons to the sword, has rescued beauty and innocence, and by his prowess has won a band of braves to his following. Barrie's magic has been simple, for it is founded on a love for and understanding of the dreams and fancies of childhood. The difference has been that he knows also the tenderness, the wistful indulgence with which the "grown-up," when memory revisits him at rare intervals, recalls fugitive glimpses of his precious child's heritage of imaginative fancies which contact with the outside world has splintered into infinitesimal but ever-radiant atoms.

So the play, after all, is for grown-ups. For a little while the weary man or woman is a child again. The man relives his boyhood as Peter Pan, who lived in the Never Never Land, where he need never grow up, but could talk with the birds, fly with the fairies, hob-nob with Indians, and fight pirates. Wendy is a composite portrait of all the millions of little girls who have begun, even in babyhood, to follow out the eternal feminine instinct, and mother something motherable, whether it be doll, kitten, or big brother.

And how has Barrie succeeded in bringing to world-weary hearts this freshening, rejuvenating tide of magical reminiscence? As well attempt to dissect the heart of a child as analyze the play of "Peter Pan." All we can tell is that he has captured some of the thronging fairies of childhood and put them into dramatic forms; and that, even while giving shape and expression to these wild, bodiless, beautiful, impossible dreams of child heroism—for the child, like his elders, would ever stand in a radiant stream of limelight, followed by the admiration of his peers—even so he has thrown around them a glimmering aureole of unreality. "Peter Pan" is comedy, melodrama, fairy lore, poetry. It is comedy for the grown-ups, melodrama—the melodrama of the Spanish Main—for the child, poetry for everybody who was once a real child.

For I maintain that the child that is, unlike the child that was, needs no dramatic assistance to garner his harvest of young imaginings. What a pity to desecrate their spring bloom by dragging them out into the withering blight of realities, even if they are only stage realities. A child's fancies need never be given visible shape, for nothing can ever be so beautiful as the beauty that remains forever unseen by the corporeal eye. So "Peter Pan" is for those who have left childish ideals far behind, and who dimly remember and understand, because they were once children and have known the sorrow of growing up.

And "Do you believe in fairies?" asks Peter Pan, when he fain would carry to the dying fairy the revivifying message of the faith of the children. The response follows like a flash, and with it a realization that comes almost with moistened eyes. It is childhood that we believe in, its dreams and its happiness that Barrie, the good fairy, has for one short evening brought back to us again.

His charm has worked notably, for all the resources of the twentieth-century magic of the stage are there to reinforce it. There are child players, who do their share with the precision resulting from a training that takes absolutely no chances, and with the delight and enthusiasm accompanying a labor of love. There are wonderful Puck-like flights through space of the child mortals who, for a short season, have been conjured by the magic of Peter Pan to bear him company to the Never Never Land. That is one of the prettiest effects in the play, and one that might fairly rival even the radiant visions seen

by the eyes of childish fancy as it roams through the land of indestructible delight where fairies dwell. The crocodile is a most realistic beast and, unlike Nana, the dog, has nothing human about it, not even its legs. There was a band of redskins who seemed equally real. So did the wonderful trees, from whose hollow boles comes Tom's boy companions. There was a pirate king, a ruthless, bloody-minded wretch who would have made the heart of Huckleberry Finn throb with delirious joy. The yellowest, and reddest, and most ensanguined dime novel that was ever turned out of a dime novel factory could not produce his equal. There, I grant you, the children are entitled to their rights. Even their young fancies at their fiercest glow could not hope to vie with that of Barrie when he evolved this truly delightful monster. He was played by Ernest Lawford in the best spirit of burlesque, with gestures expressive of blood-freezing ferocity, with a hoarsely malignant voice, with a demoniac expression, with a low tragedy stride; every detail, indeed, was there with which the gory-minded imagination of boyhood terrifies itself when the light is taken away after bedtime has come.

And Maude Adams's Peter Pan was the boy who thinks the thoughts and does the deeds of all the boys of all the world at the age when fairies and pirate kings are realities, and the prose of life is as yet unborn. Maude Adams's magic is twin to that of Barrie. The actress is able to conduct herself almost with an unconsciousness of sex, to put aside the more obvious attributes of womanliness, and to talk, walk, and gesticulate like a boy. It is, nevertheless, a fact that a woman can never be wholly convincing as one of the other sex. But Miss Adams is in such complete sympathy with the rôle of Peter Pan, who is "youth, eternal youth," and, above all, "joy, joy, joy," that her joyous wizardry makes Barrie's creation seem a sort of sexless embodiment of happy childhood, to whom the kind fairies have granted the privilege of bestowing life upon all the friendly, the grotesque, the beautiful, and the terrible beings that haunt its waking dreams.

* * *

Somewhere in the hidden recesses of our being each one of us conceals a lurking taste for melodrama. When William Gillette and Mrs. Fiske head a company playing high-class melodrama we come out boldly and unashamed and flaunt our predilections. When companies of inferior standing appear in plays of similar character we straightway discover rank improbabilities and convince ourselves that melodrama is fit only for the masses.

"Leah Kleschna" is in itself sufficiently interesting to recommend to the consideration of any one who likes a good play. But it is generally a mistake to see a magnificently acted piece a second time under inferior conditions. All the faults overlooked before start to the surface. In this case one feels instinctively the absurdity of Monsieur Sylvaine keeping his family jewels in a room that is left hospitably open to the crooks of Paris; the absurdity of the instantaneous conversion of the girl thief; the improbability, cleverly as it is contrived, of Raoul's appearance in Sylvaine's room contemporaneous with the burglary; and the crowning improbability of a member of the Chamber of Deputies marrying a reformed thief. But, on the other hand, why cavil at improbabilities? The papers are full of them just now, only they happen to be true.

With Mrs. Fiske and her company the sense of danger, of excitement, of suspense in this play was maintained at such a high tension that one accepted each new and breathlessly witnessed development as part of the perils of the criminal life. Mr. McLellan has written a play of unusual merit, which, while it is melodrama, almost had the effect, with the Fiske company, of convincing the auditor that it was realism. But, in spite of the genteel self-suppression of Mr. Frawley's company, the realism has departed, and they have failed to retain the wild, lawless thrill of melodrama.

Mr. Frawley himself plays the character of Monsieur Sylvaine in a key of decorous mournfulness. He reminds one of a gentlemanly undertaker who conceives it his first duty to appease the feelings of the mourners by the correctness of his attire. Several members of his company take the cue from him and hold themselves back with a restraint that is rather too gingerly. Edward Emery's is the best characteriza-

tion, although this actor, unable apparently to convey the effect of the quiet deadliness of will with which Kleschna dominated his associates, hectorated and shouted and bullied, and seemed to master by physical vehemence instead of mental ascendancy.

Miss Shotwell has a melodramatic manner and an unmelodramatic smile. She, too, practiced self-suppression, but she ought to apply more of it to the smile. The lady, however, has a sufficiency of dramatic instinct of the superficial order to promise well for a company of this rank. In spite of some details of the missing scenery being still lacking, the lettuce fields are almost, if not quite, as effective in the sense of distance given as in the original production. "What a sea of lettuce!" says the French Deputy, all in pearl gray, in a voice carefully denuded of all emotion. Dear, dear, but all this unnatural repose quite gets on one's spirits, and we shall feel very much cheered up when the company acquaints us with Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," quite the jolliest and most normal comedy that has been written by the Irish apostle of originality.

It is asserted in railroad and steamship offices of San Francisco that in the aggregate fully 3000 people will by June 20 have gone from California to Europe. Most of them have already departed, while a small number have their railroad and steamer reservations secured and will leave within the next twenty or twenty-five days. The agents state that with the exception of a hundred people all these tourists have bought round-trip tickets, showing that they intend to return. The money they are spending for rail, steamer, and Pullman accommodations amounts to a total of \$1,000,000. Steamer and rail officials figure that a thousand of the tourists are traveling first class for the round trip at an expense of half a million, while 2000 are second-class passengers for the round trip and will pay for transportation another half million. Most of these people will be away four months, and the transportation officials figure that during their absence they will spend for hotel and other expenses more than \$2,500,000.

Outing for June is not only a remarkably fine number in quantity and quality of reading, but it has some notable pictures, attractive to the casual, and especially alluring to the lover of outdoor life. "The Indian in His Solitude," reproductions in color of a series of paintings by N. C. Wyeth, is worthy of praise, and "The American Horse in Portraiture," half-tone plates reproducing photographs by N. W. Penfield, is a collection that will be valued by all who know anything of the animal. The scenic views are numerous and fresh.

"Have you seen the new Psyche that Mr. Gotalot brought home from Europe?" asked Mrs. Oldeastle. "No," replied her hostess. "I thought he was goin' to have an American-built machine this year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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HARPERS HARPERS HARPERS
MAGAZINE BAZAR WEEKLY

VANITY FAIR.

We all have a chance now to be beautiful, or at least to have our portraits painted in such a way that we seem to be beautiful. Over our faces we have no great amount of control, although we can all get that kind of good appearance that comes from "looking pleasant," but the hands are almost indefinitely susceptible to treatment, and the new artistic portraiture contrives in some way or other to make the hands occupy the centre of the picture and to be the focus of attention. The fashionable woman of today who determines to have her hands painted simply means that she will sit for a portrait in which her hands will occupy the centre of the stage, so to speak, and take precedence over all other parts of the picture. Of course it takes a real artist to suppress the face and features almost entirely and to bring the hands into dominating relief, and in a pleasing way; but it can certainly be done, as a great many society women have discovered to their delight.

The attention thus paid to the hands is, of course, a return to old artistic principles. The great mediæval masters of painting managed to throw as much character into the hands and the feet as into the face itself. With modern portraits we all too often find that the painting of the hands and the feet has somewhat the appearance of an afterthought and is well-nigh destitute of both vitality and character. To make the hands the dominant feature of a portrait is of course an eccentricity—everything nowadays is eccentric—but a capable artist can do this without being ridiculous.

And so it is quite the usual thing for a woman to ask for a portrait of herself that shall be "all hands." If the artist knows his business he will tell her to go home and prepare her hands for the ordeal. Tight rings that leave pressure marks must be removed. A regular course of massage must be entered upon. She must sleep in gloves that have been medicated with suitable skin powders, and if her fingers have not naturally the much admired taper she must wear thimbles day and night. There are hardly any hands in a condition so hopeless as to refuse to become beautiful under proper treatment. The skin can be made like veined ivory, the nails transparent with the silvery moons in due evidence, and the whole appearance of the hands transformed. Then the victim is ready for the artist and he will supply a picture in which the execution of the hands is so perfect as to throw all less beautiful features into subjection. There are many women whose hands are their one great beauty, and there are many others whose hands could easily be made beautiful. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the hands should be nearly as expressive as the face. Sometimes they are more so and art ought to recognize the possibilities of adequate treatment. In the meantime a new industry opens before the professional masseur.

A dispatch from London introduces us to a new and ingenious device by which ladies of limited means are able to dress fashionably and with a variety out of all keeping with their incomes. It seems that the circulating library principle has been applied to the feminine wardrobe, and the plan has been so successful as already to command an extensive patronage.

It is simplicity itself. The payment of a fixed monthly amount entitles the subscriber to the use of a dress for a certain length of time, the amount paid depending of course upon the frequency of the changes and the value of the costumes. The form and presumable habits of the customer are also, it seems, important factors in the calculation. Naturally, an unusual shape complicates the situation, while a lady of apparent activity and vivacity will pay something additional in exchange for the extra wear and tear that presumably will be involved.

Really, it seems to be a very common-sense scheme for those who do not mind wearing garments that have been more or less saturated with the personality of someone else, and this would be but a small drawback to the delights of costumes so rich and costly as to be otherwise unattainable. There are many society women who purchase the most extravagant dresses from Paris and who wear them only three or four times. They are discarded, not because they have actually depreciated in the least degree, but simply because typical whim has decreed that a costume

must not be worn more than a certain number of times. After they have been thus discarded they are sent to the dress agency where they are rented by a succession of subscribers, the hire price falling steadily as the much-used dress falls lower and lower in the social scale.

There are many society women who carry out somewhat the same plan on a smaller scale. They do not send their costumes to a recognized exchange, but they find one or two women among their acquaintance, but a little lower down in the scale, who contract with them to take a certain number of dresses annually and so shine with a reflected but unidentified glory in their own particular circles. These women presumably have still other "doubles," to whom the gowns are passed on until they finally reach those other and outer social circles of which the doings are not recorded in the society archives.

The London *Daily Mail* is fortunate in its occasional correspondent in Madrid. The scribe is a lady, and it is only a lady who could have sent so vivacious an account of the proceedings at the birth of the future King of Spain—if Spain should still be in need of a king when the present hopeful shall attain to man's estate. Writing on May 10 the lady tells her expectant readers that "it is all over," and she adds, somewhat superfluously, that "Madame X., whose room is next to mine on the second floor, cried for an hour." There is no need to ask why Madame X. "cried for an hour." No doubt she felt that the occasion called for tears, and perhaps it did.

"That night—how oddly things turn out—there was no one waiting about the big square. For weeks there had been small groups hanging about, hoping to be the first to get news, but that particular night the sentries had it all to themselves. I was asleep by twelve, but I know I did not sleep at all well. I dreamt of noises and voices and things, and finally that a carpenter's shop had found its way into my room, and that the carpenter was knocking nails with maddening loudness and regularity. The noise woke me—and I heard the noise going on. I know I said, 'Oh, bother!' for I was awfully sleepy, but then the carpenter shouted, 'Get up. Be quick!'

"I simply fell out of bed, and rushing to the door—without my dressing gown—screamed. 'Is the palace on fire? Wait for me!' I opened the door. Marie de B. stood there. She was absolutely crying with excitement. 'Fire! You goose, no. The queen—' I rushed for my dressing-gown. Marie had her hair in crackers, and looked a sight—and dashed into the corridor and the arms of one of the halberdiers with a long spear, who was rushing faster than I have ever seen a Spaniard move before.

"We begged each other's pardons, and I asked him if there was any news. In Spain one gets most awfully frank about these things, and I have found myself 'gamping' with utter strangers in a way that would make one blush for a week in England. From the minuteness of his details he was, I am sure, married."

Of course we are favored with elaborate descriptions of decorations and of all those pretty trivialities that appeal to the feminine heart and that the mere man marvels over. The writer meets Lady — who tells her that the queen's mother, the dowager queen, and the maids and doctors had all been called up about four, and had not left the queen's apartments since. She said that Princess Henry was terribly excited, but was awfully brave, and that the queen herself was behaving splendidly. No doubt all this conveys a wealth of meaning behind the veil of words and the uninitiated must be content to leave the veil undrawn. We can't all be married men like the "halberdier with the long spear" who was so prolific in gampish details. But here we have a glance at the king, who seems to have been overwhelmed by his approaching responsibilities:

"Marie did nothing but sniff and roll her wet handkerchief into a damp ball. She was getting on my nerves, when a whisper went round—'the king'—and we all fell back from the windows and made way for him to come and look at the sight in the square. Oh! my dear creature, I was sorry for that boy. He was livid under his dark skin, and I could see his throat working hard against the collar of his uniform. He gripped the handle of his sword so tightly that his fingers looked like iron.

"He looked out at the people, who were too busy with their peerings, pushings, and prayers to see him, and then he went away again, and we were all marshaled into the saloons near the royal apartments, according to our rank. We all looked like the characters at the end of a pantomime, and oh! how tired, how hot, how anxious we got. The Palace was fearfully quiet. Everybody seemed holding his breath. Once I thought I should faint from very fatigue.

"Suddenly the door of the saloon, in which I was, opened. I nearly screamed, the tension was so great. I didn't hear the words, but as the door closed a great shout went up. I waved my handkerchief, I know, and Marie leaned against the wall and cried more than ever. I told her it was all right—that it was a boy—that everything was over. I don't believe she heard a word, and indeed a second later I could not hear myself speak, for the whole of Madrid turned itself into one huge roar. They told me afterwards—those who had been out in the streets—that in a flash Madrid literally blazed with the red and yellow, and that the white flags were tossed away with scorn. Then the guns started in, and the uproar was deafening."

Later on we are allowed another glimpse of the king. His majesty comes into the room with the blessed baby in his arms and is received with a chorus of hysteria even more disconcerting than the din of the populace without, a populace that would be sadly embarrassed if called upon to exactly define the cause of its rejoicing.

"Through it one only got stray notes of the *Marcha Reale*, and in what seemed the height of the din the doors were flung wide and 'It' appeared. Then I don't mind telling you that all our drilling in etiquette gave way, human nature asserted itself, and I for one literally howled! I don't know which of the two made me do it—father or son. The baby—such a dear, and very fair, for I have had a peep at it since then—was very quiet and good. It looked delicious in its lace nest, but when the king tried to speak to us and introduce his son he broke down, and, with the tears running down his face, just stood and sobbed and smiled, while all the men waved and shouted at him and we women gasped unintelligible stupidities in any language that came first."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An anecdote about Moltke: "General," said a friend who met the great "battle-thinker" calmly riding in the Thiergarten in July, 1870, "you do not seem to be aware that war was declared yesterday!" "Yes," was the answer, "war was declared yesterday, and with the declaration of war my task came to an end."

A small boy who lives near Bean Lake was fishing, and his mother had to call him five times to make him hear. Finally, she landed on him, and, shaking him in a terrible manner, wanted to know why he did not answer. This was his reply: "I didn't hear you the first three times, and the last time I had a bite."

There was a young lady whose betrothed, a very poor young man, was about to set out for South America to seek his fortune in the rubber trade. As he took leave of her the night before his departure, he said tremulously: "And you swear to be true to me, Irene?" "Yes, Heber," cried the girl; "yes, yes—if you're successful."

At a recent sale of old books and curios the auctioneer said, "This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains a marginal note in the handwriting of John Dryden. Five pounds offered. Going—going—gone. It is yours, sir." The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on."

Limmer's famous restaurant used to have the character of being rather a rendezvous of *viveurs*; in fact, it was averred that so many of its *habitués* suffered from delirium tremens that when some one, who was not of that persuasion, was dining there, a mouse came on the table and began to nibble a piece of bread, whereupon a sympathetic waiter observed to him: "Don't be afraid, sir, it's a real mouse."

A young mother in Spokane had engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her and said: "I don't know what's the matter, madam, but the little one cries and cries. I can do nothing to quiet it." The mother thought a moment. Then, brightening up, she said: "I remember now. Baby's last nurse was a Southern mammy. You will find the stove polish on the third shelf of the kitchen closet."

Recently a very suspicious countryman went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered. "Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand. The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel. "I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found out that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, had become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow by his heels, and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the quarter soon dropped to the floor. "Well, mister," said the grateful mother, "you cert'n'y knowed how to get it out. Air you a doctor?" "No, madam," replied the stranger, "I'm a collector of internal revenue."

A boy about 14 years old had been put on the stand by the defense, and the district attorney was examining him. After the usual preliminary questions as to the witness's age, residence, and the like, he proceeded: "Have you any occupation?" "No." "Just loaf about home?" "That's about all." "What does your father do?" "Nothin', much." "Does he do anything to support the family?" "He does odd jobs once in a while, when he can get them." "As a matter of fact, isn't your father a pretty worthless fellow, a dead beat, and a loafer?" "I don't know, sir; you'd better ask him. He's sittin' over there in the jury."

Mr. Smith has very strict ideas of order, and has also a great belief in his personal

courage. Passing a club, whence noisy sounds were proceeding, he said to a friend: "This won't do. As usual, there isn't a policeman in sight, so I must go in and turn these roysterers out. You stop outside and count them as I throw them out of the door." In went the valorous Smith, and soon a heavy body came out of the window, with much breaking of glass. "That's one!" shouted the friend, counting. "Don't count any more," said a voice from the gutter, where the figure lay rubbing its bruises. "It's me that came out!"

Down the winding country road walked a strange trio—a comely and perfectly composed looking maiden and two men, on each of whose faces one could perceive the influence of the green eyed monster. Suddenly a severe thunder storm came on. Lightning flashed, and Mr. Brown remarked that he was frightened. Here was Robinson's chance. "What are you afraid of?" he asked, contemptuously. "I am as cool as can be." "Why, of course," answered the astute Brown. "If I were alone I should be the same, but I am afraid for Miss Jones in this lightning. You see she is so attractive." Robinson is still a bachelor, but Brown is not.

During our war with Spain a certain hospital had a corps of nurses of exceptional beauty, and it was whispered that these fair nurses were inclined a little to frivolity, inclined a little to flirt with the ailing young soldiers in their charge. Now, when a soldier felt that he was on the mend, a flirtation with a pretty nurse was delightful, but when his wounds were troublesome, then gallantry was a thing that he was hardly up to. Sometimes a pretty nurse in this hospital would come to a favorite soldier, and find him lying with closed eyes, as if asleep on his cot, and this note pinned on the counterpane: "Too ill to be nursed today.—John Smith."

Bill Jennings, who claims that he was really the responsible party in the negotiations for the opening of the Cherokee Strip, thus relates the history of the important point in the affair: "I went down to Washington," said he, "to see Cleveland about it. I went up to the door of Cleveland's house—right at the front door—and I knocked, and I heard Cleveland holler out to me, 'Come in!' I went in, and there was Cleveland settin' in the parlor, with all his Cabinet there, too. I says to Cleveland, 'Cleveland, them Injuns has got to go, and them cowmen, too.' I put it to him right plain. Cleveland, he listened, and by and by he got up and come and put his hand on my shoulder, and says he, 'Bill, by gosh, she pops!'"

A bishop, accosted in Fifth Avenue, New York, by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a gorgeous dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pay for the entertainment. "Never mind," exclaimed his guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted. "Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for car fare."

"Spacer out of a job? Why, I thought he was running a fashion department in a woman's magazine." "Yes, but he caused the magazine to lose so many subscribers, they fired him." "How in the world did that happen?" "Why, the lobster headed his column, 'New Wrinkles for Women.'" —Chicago Daily News.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

Save for weddings, the quiet life continues to prevail, and society, most of which is in the country, devotes itself to such out-of-door pleasures as motoring, riding, golf, or boating, with the most informal surroundings. While June lasts, weddings are apparently to continue to afford the only interest, that of Miss Anita Harvey and Mr. Oscar Cooper being one of those planned for the earliest date possible that Miss Harvey's health will permit.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Sheehan, daughter of Mr. John Sheehan, to Mr. Bernardo Shorb. Their wedding will take place on July 2.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harvey Anthony, daughter of Mrs. James Anthony, to Mr. Spencer Bishop. No date has been announced for the wedding.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Miss Gertrude Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray Allen, to Mr. Charles Tripler Hutchinson, on Wednesday evening, June 26, at 9 o'clock, at the home of the bride in Oakland.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Miss Mae Lydia Sadler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Sadler, to Mr. Lewis Risdon Mead, on Wednesday evening, June 19. The ceremony will take place at 8:30 o'clock at Christ Church, Alameda.

The wedding of Miss Louise Redington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington, to Dr. Albion Walter Hewlett, took place on Wednesday afternoon last at Trinity Church. The ceremony took place at 3 o'clock, the Rev. F. W. Clappett officiating. Miss Marian Huntington was the maid of honor and Miss Edith Berry and Miss Florence Gibbons were the bridesmaids. Mr. Eugene Hewlett was the best man, and Dr. E. E. Brownell, Dr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Arthur Redington, Mr. Allan Chickering, and Mr. George Whipple were the ushers. Several hundred guests were present at the ceremony, but only a small number were bidden to the reception which followed at the home of the bride on Scott Street. Their honeymoon is being spent at the Hewlett country place in Sonoma County.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Anais Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, to Captain Orrin Rawson Wolfe, U. S. A., took place on Tuesday at Christ Church, Sausalito. The ceremony was celebrated at noon, the Rev. George Maxwell officiating. Mrs. Frank Findley was matron of honor, and Captain Peter W. Davison, U. S. A., was best man. Lieutenant Max Garber, U. S. A., Lieutenant E. Llewellyn Bull, U. S. A., Lieutenant Dean Halford, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Matthew H. Thomlinson, U. S. A., were ushers. A reception followed at Cliffe Haven, the home of the bride.

The wedding of Miss Frances Coon, daughter of Mrs. Palmer Dudley, to Mr. Oliver Kehrlein, took place on Wednesday at noon at the Church of the Nativity, Menlo Park. Mrs. Marshall Wotkins was the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were: Miss Jane Dudley, the bride's sister; Miss Dorothea Coon, the bride's cousin; Miss Natalie Blauvelt, Miss Amy Bassett, Miss Edith Metcalf, and Miss Roma Paxton. Miss Grace Dudley, the bride's sister, and Miss Kathleen Redding were the flower girls. Mr. Emil Kehrlein,

the groom's brother, was best man, and the ushers were: Mr. Ray Sullivan, of New York; Mr. N. C. Foot, of Rye, New York; Mr. A. Artigues, of San Jose; Mr. Charles Norris, Mr. George de Long, and Mr. A. B. Swinnerton. After the ceremony there was a large reception at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. John Adams, at Menlo Park.

The wedding of Miss Lorraine de la Montanya, daughter of Mrs. George Terbush, to Mr. Edward A. Davis, took place on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, on Franklin Street. The ceremony was celebrated at 9 o'clock, the Rev. Father Ramm officiating. Miss Hazel Farmer was the maid of honor and Miss Roma Paxton the bridesmaid. Mr. Philip Paschel was the best man and Mr. Frank Lucas the usher. About seventy guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are in the south on their honeymoon trip.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Poett, daughter of Mr. Alfred Poett, to Mr. Carl Francis Edwards, took place on Wednesday evening of last week at Trinity Church, Santa Barbara. The ceremony was celebrated at half-past 8 o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Hibbard, of Pasadena, officiating. Mrs. Herman Eddy was matron of honor, and Miss Ellen Chamberlain and Miss Bertha Rice were bridesmaids. Mr. Roger Edwards was best man, and the ushers were: Mr. Herman Eddy, Mr. James M. Warren, Mr. John Edwards, and Mr. Alexander Field. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will live in Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Lotta Upton, daughter of Mrs. Upton Judge, to Mr. Charles J. Dickman, took place on Wednesday of last week at the home of the bride's mother in Santa Clara. The ceremony was celebrated at 2 o'clock, the Rev. William T. Patchell officiating. Mrs. James H. Graham was the matron of honor and Mr. Graham acted as best man. Only relatives were present.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and her family, including Miss Martha Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun, arrived last Saturday from New York, to join Mr. Calhoun in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson went down last week from their home at Burlingame to Santa Barbara for a sojourn.

Mrs. Bowman McCalla has been here, for the past fortnight from her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at their home at Burlingame.

Mr. Gordon Blanding has returned from a six weeks' sojourn in New York.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt arrived in New York this week, after traveling in Europe for nearly a year. She and Dr. McNutt, who went East recently, will return to San Francisco next week.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe left last week for the East, where she will spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are spending some weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) arrived in New York recently from Paris. They will go shortly to their home in Denver, but expect to visit San Francisco during the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Ames will not return to California this month, but will remain in Baltimore until the early fall.

Miss Claire Nichols will go East in the fall to spend the winter with relatives.

Mrs. J. H. P. Howard has visited Santa Barbara recently.

Mr. Truxton Beale has gone East for the summer. Mrs. Beale will remain in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent are spending some time in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool will spend the summer near St. Helena.

Mrs. A. P. Niblock, who has been spending some months here with her mother, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, has gone to Bremerton Navy Yard to join her husband, Commander Niblock, U. S. N.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver went down last week to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler (formerly Miss Carol Moore) has arrived from her home in Chicago and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker are at their country place near Cloverdale for the summer.

Mrs. Henry Alston Williams went recently to Santa Barbara to visit her mother, Mrs. Philip Caduc, who is spending some months there.

Mrs. J. Le Roy Nickel has been staying at their country place at Menlo Park for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., went last week to Santa Barbara for a sojourn. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler

and the Misses Wheeler left this week for their country place on the McCloud River, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maude Payne will leave today (Saturday) for San Rafael, to remain for two months.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington will leave about July 1 for Pelican Bay, Oregon, to spend the summer. They will probably go to the Orient in the fall to remain for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney, who have recently returned from the East, have taken a home in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood are spending this month in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Simpson and Miss Amalia Simpson, who have been staying in Switzerland, are now in Paris.

Mrs. Oscar F. Long is visiting in New York.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Delmas, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Miss Helene Worden, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Holmes, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Crane, Miss Crane, Mr. O. W. Greenwald, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Dr. Ernest Johansen, Mr. W. S. Duncombe, Mrs. H. C. Williams, Mr. Ralph A. Grover, Mr. Charles Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Kapp, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. McGill, Mr. Frank Schwabacher, Miss M. S. Schwabacher, Miss Stella Schwabacher, of San Francisco.

For the first time since the opening of the new house the Van Ness Theatre seems likely to have its seating capacity fully tested during the Maude Adams engagement.



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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., inspector-general of the Departments of California and Columbia, is ordered relieved from duty in these departments and to proceed to Governor's Island, New York, and report to the commanding general of the Department of the East for duty in that department as inspector-general. These orders are to take effect on August 15. Colonel Chamberlain is at present on a tour of inspection of the Alaskan posts and will not return for some weeks.

Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A., will report August 1 to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as inspector-general of that department.

Major Yerah W. Torrey, inspector-general, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Thomas* last week, for duty in the Philippines.

Major Andrew S. Rowan, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, is detailed for general recruiting service, and will proceed to Coney Island, New York, and enter upon recruiting duty at that place, and he is appointed an acting quartermaster for the time he may remain on recruiting service.

Major Beech B. Ray, assistant paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for observation and treatment.

Commander De Witt Coffman, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Boston*, when placed out of commission, and ordered home to wait orders.

Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the War College, Newport, R. I., to duty as inspector of the Twelfth Lighthouse District, San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Commander C. A. Brand, U. S. N., is detached from the *Boston*, when placed out of commission, and ordered to the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department.

Captain U. G. McAlexander, general staff, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as a member of the general staff corps, to take effect August 15, and is detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon, to take effect on that date.

Captain Edwin G. Davis, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the unassigned list to the Sixty-first Company, Coast Artillery, at Fort Baker, California.

Captain Arthur T. Balentine, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, to take effect upon his being relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Jairus A. Moore, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Washington Barracks and report at the General Hospital for observation and treatment.

Captain Hanson B. Black, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Benicia Barracks, and, upon the expiration of the leave of absence granted him, will proceed, via Seattle, Washington, to Valdez, Alaska, take station at that place and report by letter to the commanding general, Department of Columbia, for duty under the direction of the chief signal officer of that department.

Captain Louis Brechemin, Jr., assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty at Fort Baker, the orders to take effect in time to permit him to sail from this city on August 8 on the liner *Manchuria* for Manila, where he will report for duty.

Captain John A. Murtagh, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Fort Mason, is ordered relieved from duty at the above-named post in time to sail on August 5 from this city to Manila, reporting on arrival there to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty.

Captain Carroll D. Buck, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, in time to sail from this port for Manila, on August 5, and report on arrival to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty.

Assistant Naval Constructor C. W. Fisher, U. S. N., is detached from duty in attendance on a course of instruction at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, ordered home, granted two weeks' leave, and ordered thence to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant G. S. Lincoln, U. S. N., was detached from the Naval Academy on June 6, and ordered to the *California* as ordnance officer when that vessel is placed in commission.

Lieutenant R. Morris, U. S. N., was ordered detached from the Naval Academy, on June 6, and ordered to the *California* when that vessel is placed in commission.

Lieutenant J. J. Hannigan, U. S. N., detached from the *Boston*, when placed out

of commission, and ordered home to wait orders.

Lieutenant John M. Craig, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service. He proceeded to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for instruction for a period of ten days in the methods of examining recruits, and at the expiration of that period will proceed to New Iberia, La., and enter upon recruiting duty, opening a main station at that station.

Lieutenant Philip G. Wrightson, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, sailed on the transport leaving this port on June 5 to Honolulu, reporting on arrival there to the commanding officer, Camp McKinley, for the purpose of taking over public property at that station.

Midshipman Victor N. Metcalf, U. S. N., is ordered to the *Milwaukee*.

Passed Assistant Paymaster E. H. Cope, U. S. N., is ordered to the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for duty as assistant to the general storekeeper at that yard.

Assistant Surgeon F. X. Kolters, U. S. N., is ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Contract Surgeon Fred T. Koyle, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco and from further duty at Fort McDowell, and will sail on the transport leaving San Francisco, July 5, for the Philippines.

A battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., will sail today on the transport *Crook*, for Honolulu, to take station. Among the officers of this battalion who will sail today are: Captain Frederick V. Krug, U. S. A., Lieutenant James K. Parsons, U. S. A., Lieutenant Arthur M. Shipp, U. S. A., Lieutenant John Randolph, U. S. A., Lieutenant John S. McCleery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Martin C. Wise, U. S. A.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

With the opening, on Thursday, June 5, of the "New Art Institute," at the corner of California and Mason Streets, came the realization that the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art was no more. Of course the building was burned to its last stick, but the site remained and some fifty or sixty pictures were saved, so not every one was prepared for its complete demise. To the lay mind there always were some nice distinctions between the meaning of the San Francisco Art Association and the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The School of Design had its entity also, so it was no reflection upon one's understanding if he tried to untangle the fact that a student went to the School of Design in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and paid his fees to the San Francisco Art Association.

It did not take a Philadelphia jurist to dispose legally of the name that for so long a time identified the home of the Art Association. The directors of the Association which were in turn responsible to the regents of the University of California, having made the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art an affiliated interest, settled that. The designation "Mark Hopkins Institute of Art" may have been eliminated by simply being "moved" and "seconded," but whatever the course, the name of the man who bought the site and built the original house, the insurance from which has built the temporary structure for the new Art Institute will be known no more. The flames spared his portrait, which now hangs in the general gallery.

The property was given to the Art Association by Edward F. Searles, who married Mark Hopkins's widow and who, wishing to honor the name of the man who made the vast fortune, gave the magnificent residence he built for the advancement of art in San Francisco. For years Mr. Searles supplemented the gift by an annual allowance toward the maintenance of the place and sent many paintings for the permanent exhibition. He built a gallery to the memory of his wife, Mary Frances Searles, as an addition to the house, which was to have cost him \$17,000, but which in the end cost him almost \$40,000. Before the fire the day came when Mr. Searles sent no more pictures to the Institute and minimized his interest in every way. After the fire, for reasons that seemed good and sufficient to himself, he took no part in the restoration of the Institute. The idea of selling the valuable land, thought of by the directors, had to be abandoned when the realization came that it would revert to Mr. Searles if not used for the purposes of art. And when the last word was said on both sides, the directors of the Institute kept what was left of the

gift from Mr. Searles and dropped the name Mark Hopkins.

With the insurance collected on the pictures and the houses burned, and a little money in bank, the present edifice has been erected. It is surprisingly commodious, intelligently planned, and admirably suited to what may be considered the most important work of the Association, that carried on in the School of Design. There is a gallery for exhibition purposes, in the lighting of which the designers have been conspicuously successful. Even without the modifying shades, the full glare of the light on the opening day was entirely satisfactory. A smaller room, in the southeast corner of the building, is to be used for water-colors, and a passageway, that is really a room, between this and the main gallery at the southwest corner, will be dedicated to statuary. The class rooms all have the northern light. The wood-work throughout is harmoniously finished in brown.

Perhaps among all the phases of rehabilitation in this city there has not been one to compare with this "beginning again" of the Art Association. In truth, this building, thought to be sufficient for five years, or until some one's generosity makes it possible to have a permanent structure, is built in the ruins, for everywhere about it on the opening day was debris. Some wooden stairs over the burned and splintered granite ones led the way to the west entrance. Everywhere, even to the farthestmost corner of the big garden, were pathetic suggestions of the Institute and its environment that could not be saved, despite the fact that big reservoirs full of water were in the grounds.

Once within the new structure there were reminders on every hand of the past. In the office was a piece of the big rug that covered the floor of the house gallery, also a few of the tapestry-covered chairs that belonged to the dining room. In the gallery, with and without frames, were the pictures that had been saved, and to see them again was like meeting old friends. Unfortunately they were not all the good pictures possessed by the Association. The very best burned in the basement of the Flood residence, where they had been placed, thinking that they were safe. But there are enough meritorious canvases to make an excellent nucleus for the collection of the future. Conspicuous among the work of the local artists saved are a Sierra picture by William Keith, a twilight by Charles Dickman, a genre interior painting by Ernest Peixotto, "In the Studio" by Jules Pages, and a most interesting Indian pow-wow by Tavenier.

The building was rushed that there might be a summer session of the school. It commenced June 10, and will be continued throughout the eight weeks' vacation. The regular term will begin August 5.

An orchestral programme under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman, one of the directors of the Association, added to the enjoyment of their first reception on June 5. It was also reminiscent of all the receptions for many years, which were marked by the excellent musical programmes presented by Sir Henry Heyman, who always calls about him the best of vocal and instrumental artists.

Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, returned to California late in May, after two years spent in Europe. When he went abroad, he took with him several commissions to be executed; he returns with several commissions to be developed here. This is an interesting exchange of compliments between this land and that where sculpture was born. Putnam is living across the bay, but will share Earl Cummings's studio in this city.

Mrs. Lucia K. Mathews has taken the presidency of the Sketch Club. The retiring executive, Miss Anne Bremer, expects to go abroad before long.

The results of the exhibition held by the artist members of the Sequoia Club at their quarters in the Fairmont Hotel convinced the directors that the move to the handsome hostelry was not a wise one. The location was not convenient for the members or visitors and the lighting was not satisfactory, so a change has been made to Bush Street, near Van Ness Avenue, the new rooms being in the same building with the Woman's Exchange. An exhibition of pictures will mark the formal opening of the new location.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—Don't you think the new *débutante's* voice is perfectly heavenly? He—Quite unearthly.—*The Bystander*.

He (with a sigh)—I have only one friend on earth—my dog. She—Why don't you get another dog?—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I suppose it's the dry weather that makes the golf links so withered, isn't it?" "No, it's the language, my dear."—*Sketchy Bits*.

Citiman—Yes, she's married to a real estate agent, and a good, honest fellow, too. Subbubs—Good gracious! Bigamy, eh?—*Philadelphia Press*.

Patience—Did you ever hear the Duette sisters sing in concert? Patrice—No; one always seems to be a little ahead of the other.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I should think," she said, "that golfing would make you awfully tired." "No, I stand it first rate. You see, I never keep my score at all."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I'm going to put a fender on the front of my runabout." "So you won't run over some one?" "Nope. So it won't hurt the radiator when I do."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I must get you another chair for the kitchen, Katie; I see you have only one." "Sure, you needn't mind, ma'am. I have none but gentlemen callers."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Wigwag—That's a fine dog of yours, Saphedde. Saphedde—Yes, indeed, he is. That dog knows as much as I do. Wigwag—I'll give you a quarter for him.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Oh! Willie, what's this queer lookin' thing with about a million legs?" "That's a millennium. It's somethin' like a centennial, only it has more legs."—*Natural History*, in *Life*.

Nell—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Belle—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"Hark!" They stopped and listened intently. "I hear nothing," whispered the other man. "That's it," cried the guide. "What's it?" "The Fairbanks boom!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Dally—Molly Wolcott told me a month ago that her new gown was going to be a dream. Polly—Well, that is all it is, so far. Her husband won't give her the money for it.—*Somerville Journal*.

"A tramp fell into the water tank of a locomotive and rode twenty-seven miles without being discovered." "Was he unconscious when found?" "No. Unrecognizable."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mabel (aged six)—Ain't you afraid of our big dog? The Parson (very thin)—No, my dear. He would not make much of a meal off me. Mable—Oh, but he likes bones best.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Your sentence is to be suspended," began the merciful court. "Great Scott," Judge! exclaimed the prisoner, "ef I'd knowed chicken stealing was a hanging offense I wouldn't have stole."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the weary wayfarer, "but I don't know where my next meal is coming from." "Neither do I," replied the prosperous-looking individual. "My cook left this morning, too."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Muggins—How is your husband's cold? Mrs. Buggins—I'm afraid he will never get over it. Mrs. Muggins—Gracious! Is it so bad as all that? Mrs. Buggins—Well, you see the doctor has advised him to take whisky for it.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Oh, madam," said the French maid, "Fido weel not eat ze bon-bons." "The dear, intelligent little doggie!" exclaimed Mrs. Rich. "There must be something wrong with those bonbons, Cloe. Give them to the children."—*New York Evening Mail*.

A teacher had been reading to her pupils a story which contained the words "bitter" and "acid." A child asked what it meant, and

the teacher in turn asked if any child could use the words in a sentence. One little girl raised her hand and gave her idea as follows: "I had a little kitty, and a dog chased her, and when she was running under the porch the dog bit her end."—*The House Beautiful*.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Ruef in Rhyme.

He asked the opportunity,
To incur a sure immunity,
And promised that nothing should be hid;
So they heard his long confession,
Which was simply an expression
Of regret for things that other people did.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

'Twere Better to Forget.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was shorn,
The little widow's house where we
Played bridge till early morn;
She begged me not to leave so soon—
What could I do but stay?
But now I kick myself because
She'd such a winning way.

I remember, I remember
The glasses' tuneful clink,
But I really can't remember
How much I had to drink;
With love and wine my head was full
That is so heavy now,
And much cracked ice 'twill take to cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white
On cheeks I thought 'twere Heaven to kiss—
And asked her if I might;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know how much of truth was in
Her answer—"Foolish boy!"
—*J. Adair Strawnson, in Puck*.

Dignities.

(In an Apartment House.)

Or there or here, to toil or pleasure led,
The tenants pass and cut each other dead;
Jones, second floor, administers affronts
Because is father was a governor, once;
The third floor Smiths regret the fourth floor
Browns;

The latter deprecate the fifth floor's gowns;
And Mrs. Carrollton, the first floor—she
Whose carriage chills the street, from nine to
three—

Bemoans the fate that here hath fixed her tent,
And queries how those people pay their rent.

Meanwhile, beneath their several stations sunk,
The Janitor abides, serenely drunk.
I wonder whether, if the boiler burst,
He or the Carrollton would come out first.

—*Anonymus*.

On a Brief Autobiography.

The Auto-Crat—ah, think of that!—he went a
fearful pace;
He did not smile, though all the while he had a
mobile face;
He took no interest in Man, yet sought the human
race.

The Auto-Crat—oh, think of that!—I never saw
him laugh.
In wreckage strewn along the road he wrote his
auto-graph;
A horrid smell were suited well to be his epitaph.

The Auto-Crat—oh, think of that!—upon his dying
day
The only word I overheard he hadn't "auto" say;
'Twas gasoline that brought about his sad auto
da fe.

The Auto-Crat—oh, think of that!—his end was
swift and sharp;
I hope it hurt—twas his desert—though I don't
wish to carp—
Perhaps he's in a sweeter land and plays an
auto-harp.
—*Ohio Magazine*.

The little girl admired her mother's
dress, stroking it softly. "Isn't it pretty?"
said her mother. "It is silk. Do you
know what silk is made from?" "No,
mamma." "It comes from a little, in-
significant worm." "Do you mean father,
mamma?" asked Isabel.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for chil-
dren's teething is guaranteed under the Food
and Drugs Act, Serial No. 1098.

"What then," asked the professor, "is
the exact difference between logic and
sophistry?" "Well," replied the bright
student, "if you're engaged in a contro-
versy it's just the difference between your
line of argument and the other fellow's."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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SATUR- DAY	11:15 A	12:16 P	4:14 P
DAY	12:45 P	1:40 P	
4:45 P	2:15 P	3:10 P	SATUR- DAY
	3:45 P	4:40 P	DAY
		6:40 P	9:34 P

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STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Philadelphia.....June 22, July 20, Aug. 24
St. Paul.....June 29, Aug. 3, Aug. 31
New York.....July 6, Aug. 10, Sept. 7
St. Louis.....July 13, Aug. 17, Sept. 14

PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Haverford.....June 22 | Friesland.....July 6
Noordland.....June 29 | Merion.....July 13

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Minnetonka.....June 29, July 27, Aug. 24
Minneapolis.....July 6, Aug. 3, Aug. 31
Minnehaha.....July 13, Aug. 10, Sept. 7

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Potsdam.....June 26, Aug. 7, Sept. 11
New Amsterdam (new).....July 3, Aug. 14, Sept. 18
Statenland.....July 10, Aug. 21, Sept. 25
Noordam.....July 17, Aug. 28, Oct. 2

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP

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Vaderland.....July 6, Aug. 3, Aug. 31
Kronland.....July 13, Aug. 10, Sept. 7
Finland.....July 27, Aug. 24, Sept. 21

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*Celtic.....June 27, July 25, Aug. 22
*Arabic.....July 4, Aug. 1, Aug. 29
*Baltic.....July 11, Aug. 8, Sept. 5

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

*Adriatic.....June 19, July 17, Aug. 14
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*Cretic.....June 20, July 18, Aug. 15
*Romanic.....July 15, 3 p m

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*Canopic.....June 29, 1 p m; Aug. 10, Oct. 5
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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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Events and Suggestions of the Week.

The events of the week—we write on Wednesday, 19th inst.—since the *Argonaut* last addressed its readers have been of extraordinary interest. They include the conviction of Mayor Schmitz, with his commitment to the county jail without bail, followed by his practical deposition from office. The trial was conducted upon unusual lines in the sense that Judge Dunne gave to the prosecution the widest latitude of action. It is asserted by many lawyers that the Supreme Court must sustain certain exceptions taken to Judge Dunne's rulings. Possibly this was in the calculation of the prosecution. Its aim plainly was to get a conviction against Schmitz, to put him in jail and therefore out of office, to gain control of the powers of the mayoralty. So large a purpose may be said to have justified a rather reckless procedure—at least justification must be conceded to its success. The prosecution has many indictments against Schmitz, and if in the present instance his case should be remanded, it will not be until after delays within which complete reorganization of the city govern-

ment with elimination of the boodling agents may be achieved. And should the immediate case be remanded, it will probably not be tried again since there stand against the defendant indictments in which the evidence is said to be even more direct and damning.

Strike conditions tend to grow better. The metal-workers have returned to their work under an arrangement which if it can not be entirely commended is at practical points better than no arrangement at all. The open-shop principle is maintained in the sense that there is no agreement giving to unionism a monopoly of labor in the metal trades. The *Argonaut* would have been glad to see a more positive assertion of the principle of industrial freedom—for the open shop. We fear that under this arrangement there will persistently arise points of friction and that in the end a fight which has been adjusted upon the basis of compromise will have to be fought over again upon the basis of principle. Commonly it can not be said that anything is settled until it is settled right. We fear it will be found so in this instance. But whatever the future may hold for us in this relation, the immediate adjustment sets the wheels of the metal industries in motion, and tends to reestablish those immediate activities of business which so completely fill the vision of a large element of the community.

In the street-car and telephone strikes the changes of the week are not marked or decisive. Both services are being maintained with tolerable efficiency upon an open-shop basis. Neither, working upon this basis, finds all the men it wants, but the working forces are steadily increasing and the end is plainly in sight. In the telephone strike an important point has been won by the action of the linemen's union in ordering the men to return to their work under penalty of loss of the charter of their union. The linemen, it will be remembered, quit work some three weeks ago out of sympathy for the striking switchboard girls. As usual in cases where resentment and passion rule, the men were mindless of their contract obligations, throwing them over as lightly as did the street-car workers at the beginning of this whole trouble in September last. Moved by various motives, the linemen are returning to their work in squads.

Consequent upon the conviction and imprisonment of Mayor Schmitz—now *de facto* ex-Mayor Schmitz, praise God—we have the beginnings of a new municipal government. It must be confessed in this connection that it does not in its very first stage of development take on a very alluring form. It is not much in the way of progress from boddler Gene Schmitz to boddler Jim Gallagher; but Gallagher, while technically elected to the acting mayorship is merely a stop-gap and a make-believe. He is the cheapest pawn that ever figured in a big game. It is necessary to use him or some other of his kind to meet the requirements of a legal procedure in which fiction is an essential ingredient. Jim Gallagher, acting-mayor though he be, is just a peg upon which the project of municipal reorganization is to hang for the moment. In the wind-up he will step down and out of his make-believe dignities. He ought to step not only down and out, but over—to San Quentin. This, the *Argonaut* profoundly hopes, is within the general project of the prosecution. It is a climax essential to dramatic completeness—but then so many things are essential to dramatic completeness that perhaps we had better dismiss the subject for the moment and wait upon the developments of time.

It hardly needs to be said that of these several events the conviction of Mayor Schmitz is the most important, that—barring the confession of Ruef—

it is the most signal of all the developments of the graft prosecution up to date. To have broken the power of Ruef and to have brought him into the shadow of San Quentin, to have convicted Eugene Schmitz of his crimes and destroyed his authority—these indeed are achievements of tremendous magnitude. By these acts San Francisco declares to the world that her civic character, externally besmirched as it is, is nevertheless sound and vital at its core. There is hope for a man who, like Ulysses S. Grant, can put aside ruinous vices which have seized hold of him, and assert his manhood anew; likewise there is hope for a community which within itself can find the will and the power to cast out its devils of civic corruption and make a fresh beginning on decent lines. A week ago the *Argonaut* pointed out incidents illustrative of the reserved moral powers of San Francisco as a community; we point now to the conviction of Schmitz as a new and larger demonstration of the same spirit.

This moral victory, large as it is, does not mean complete regeneration. It will not of itself reestablish San Francisco and restore its lost credit; what it will do is to exhibit to the world that the moral tone of the community is not completely vitiated, as some have asserted; that its spirit is not broken, that the capacity to think rightly, with the will to act rightly, still abides with us. What has been accomplished should at home give us a new birth of self-respect with a stimulated resolution to keep on fighting; away from home it should give assurance that the moral foundations of San Francisco are what they have always been.

With the incarceration of Schmitz there is turned down a page which will not be opened again. Under the law the convicted mayor can not indeed be immediately deposed from office. That is a step which can not be taken so long as his rights of appeal are unexhausted. But while Schmitz, a convicted felon and in prison, is still mayor of San Francisco *de jure*, he is no longer mayor *de facto*. San Francisco is not governed from the cell of a convicted felon—that measure of shame has in mercy been spared us. The plans of the prosecution have not been given to the public in detail but they are sufficiently indicated to afford assurance of revolution in the administrative departments of the city government. With Schmitz out of the ring, Gallagher, a confessed boddler and a "good dog" who must do what he is told, for the moment is the official head of the municipal organization. Some other of the "good dogs" in the Board of Supervisors, probably Lonergan, will be made to resign and acting-Mayor Gallagher, prompted by the "big stick," will name some citizen selected by the same authority for the vacant place. This new supervisor will then be chosen by the "good dogs" to succeed Gallagher. Then will begin such a spell of house-cleaning as has never been carried forward—between elections—in the history of the country. The new mayor *de facto* will remove the police commissioners and substitute reputable citizens in their places, and this will mean a new chief with a new spirit clean down the line. In the several other departments, including public works, schools, streets, etc., this record will be duplicated to the end that the agents of the Ruef-Schmitz system shall be unhorsed and ousted at every point. It means nothing less than a clean sweep of the board from top to bottom, for we are assured that the boodling supervisors will go with their fellow-criminals of the administrative departments.

We have characterized the breaking of the power of Ruef and the conviction of Schmitz as a tremendous achievement from every point of view; and in candor and justice we should give to the forces of prosecution their meed of praise. Mr. Henry, Mr.

Spreckels, Mr. Burns, Mr. Johnson—these and all who have had part in the work merit the thanks of the community, for without their initiative, their persistent energy, their fine resources of courage and ability, this result could not have been achieved.

In saying this the *Argonaut* takes back nothing that it has uttered in the way of criticism of the graft prosecution with respect to its courses in certain side issues. From the beginning, and before the beginning, the *Argonaut* gave such encouragement as it could to the work of prosecution. All along it has with the utmost emphasis at its command urged Messrs. Spreckels and Heney and those associated with them to concentrate their energies upon the work of prosecuting criminality wherever and in whomever it could be found. At this point it has believed the whole duty, the only mandate, of the prosecution rests. And results so far achieved bear witness to the soundness of its judgment. Today no man outside the ranks of criminal affiliations is to be found who does not applaud the legitimate successes of the prosecution, who is not ready to concede that a tremendous service has been done for the material and moral welfare of San Francisco.

Now let us say to the graft prosecution: For what you have accomplished you deserve and will receive unstinted approval. In breaking the powers of the Ruef-Schmitz machine you have done the city a great service, but in the doing of it you have acquired no rights which do not belong to you under the rights of citizenship in which you stand upon terms of precise equality with other citizens. An extraordinary measure of influence rests with you, unquestionably, but of special rights you have none. It is the vital principle in our American system that no matter how highly placed a citizen may be, no matter how deserving he may be, he acquires no special rights or privileges thereby. The greatest men in our history are those who while they achieved much have claimed nothing—who have been content with such reward as the approval and the consideration of their fellow citizens have yielded them.

This is a point to be borne in mind in the great work of reorganizing our municipal government. It is a work which must in the nature of things be done by irregular and extra-legal means, but it need not be done out of harmony with the spirit of democratic institutions. More definitely let us say that while the power to act is in the hands of Mr. Spreckels and his associates they have no right to act upon their own private motives. In the selection of men for public responsibilities, in the rearrangement and reassignment of official duties, in defining the policies of the reformed municipal government, they have no mandate to proceed without such counsel and approval as will make their work when it shall be done, broadly if not technically representative. The prosecution should, in the present crisis, call to its aid a group of citizens representative of every worthy interest, including labor, and it should take no step in the work of civic reorganization over the protest or without the approval of this committee. By this means things done even in irregular ways and by irregular authority will, nevertheless, come within the spirit of representative government and have thereby a moral sanction which never can support the doings of mere arbitrary power, however well intentioned or however intrinsically wise and beneficent. In the spirit of good-will the *Argonaut* tenders this counsel. Your enemies, gentlemen of the prosecution, will wish you to take another course, for it is through your mistakes, through your neglect, if it shall so be, of the rights of others, through your contempt, if it shall so be, of the representative principle that they may hope to see your measures come to naught and your strength decline to paralysis.

The essential and fundamental vice of such government as we have had in San Francisco this several years past is at the point of its indirectness. The men we have elected to office have not been the men actually in authority. Our affairs nominally committed to specific citizens have been managed and abused by irresponsible persons to whom the nominal officials have yielded their powers. Now, in reorganizing the system it is of supreme importance that we emphasize our repudiation and abandonment of the fraudulent and mischievous prin-

ciple of indirection in government. This point has been in the mind of the *Argonaut* from the beginning; it has been back of our plain speaking with respect to the "good dog" policy of the prosecution; it has been the inspiring suggestion of every criticism made through these columns of the "big stick." We want no dictatorship even though it be a benevolent one in the government of San Francisco; we see no need, even in the present anomalous condition of affairs, why the essential principle of representation should not be maintained, if not technically then at least broadly.

Furthermore, whoever shall be chosen to the places to be made vacant should have and hold and exercise the full powers of the authority committed into their hands. In getting a new government we should get one made up of men competent for the trusts which they are to exercise. The swing of the "big stick" may for the moment be a necessity to the work of civic reorganization, a necessity because there is no other way to go about the job in hand, but the new officials once in authority should be responsible only to the public which they are to serve. Not for the good of the city, for the integrity of the system, for the dignity of the officials themselves, nor for the credit of the prosecution, should there be any reserved duty of "allegiance" to the "big stick." The function of the prosecutors will have been completely discharged when they shall, with the counsel of citizens who, as representative of public elements and public interests have the right to be heard in such matters, have brought a new official organization into life. They will destroy themselves in public respect and confidence if, in reorganizing our government they shall put mere dummies in office, retaining in their own hands the real powers of government.

The work of the graft prosecution is the only work in which the graft prosecutors have any direct and positive mandate. If in the course of this work an exceptional authority in other respects has come to the prosecution, it is in propriety and in conscience to be dealt with as a trust and not as an endowment of power to be held and exercised as a means to the enforcement of business, political, or other purposes. The business of the prosecution is not to conduct the affairs of the city, not to mix in the labor conflict, not to connive at political ends, but to hold to the line of its direct mandate. Its work is that of detecting and punishing criminality; and in this work it has no moral right to pursue any whimsical theory tending to relieve one class of criminals at the cost of another. Its duty from the beginning has been plain; its duty now is plain. Let it in fair spirit, without favoritism, without special resentments—and, let us add, without passion—go about its legitimate work, avoiding extraneous connections and entanglements, and its successes will be applauded by every decent citizen, and its agents will find the approval which is or ought to be precious to all men.

The *Argonaut* is no special pleader for Mr. Calhoun. If Mr. Calhoun is guilty of a criminal act in his relation to the city government, we say let the penalty fall upon his head. But in the street-car strike now in its death struggles he has been fighting a gallant fight in behalf of a principle and in support of broad social interests which appeal to the judgment and the conscience of every man whose judgment has not been warped and whose conscience has not been debauched by a degenerate labor unionism or some other interest or influence. We think that in this special fight—a fight not more in behalf of his own private interests than of the interests of the community—he ought not to have been compelled to meet the moral powers of the prosecution plus the private resentments of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. In this matter we think a great wrong has been done, not more to Mr. Calhoun than to San Francisco. In so far as we have criticized this matter, it is because we have seen in it the spirit of a bitter individual enmity employing to the ends of private resentment an authority and a power assumed in the name of public beneficence. We have blamed Mr. Spreckels because he has usurped an authority which did not belong to him, and because he has used it in a spirit at odds with the obligations of his position. And if in this connection the *Argonaut* has spoken of Mr. Spreckels with serious censure, it is because, by his course in the street-car matter, he has betrayed

deficiencies at the points of mind and conscience—deficiencies which exhibit him as one lacking in that sense, at once intrepid and delicate, which knows when to advance and when to halt, and which scorns to employ public powers in a private cause. If the *Argonaut* has criticized Mr. Heney, it is because, in his relations to Mr. Spreckels, he has at points failed to sustain the dignities and the authority of his position. Mr. Spreckels has had a legitimate place in this prosecution as its financial backer, but he has had no other proper relation to it. He is not an official, a lawyer, nor a detective. Because he has put up his money he has not acquired any rights in connection with this prosecution other than the right to quit at his own pleasure. In so far as he has assumed a leading and directing part, it has been at the cost and to the discredit of the prosecuting officers. No man has the right to buy himself a position of moral authority; no official has the right to yield to the mere provider of money the privilege to direct the course of a moral procedure. If in this matter Mr. Spreckels has assumed the character of a client with rights of direction, he has assumed powers which ought not to have been yielded him.

Regarding as it does the conviction of Eugene Schmitz as a brilliant legal and moral achievement, feeling as it does that San Francisco owes the fullest measure of recognition to those who have done this good work, the *Argonaut* nevertheless must voice its protest against such departure as Mr. Spreckels and his associates have made from the line of their legal and moral mandate. The doing of a good thing does not justify a man, nor a group of men, in the doing of wrong things. Appreciating the great work done in ridding San Francisco of an unspeakable tyranny, grateful to the agents of this work, the *Argonaut* nevertheless is constrained to remind these agents of the limitations of their place and duty, of their obligation to those fixed principles of propriety and morals to which no man, however high his deserts, is superior.

It is given out that Mr. Spreckels, inspired by the experiences of the past few months, is going to set up as an agent for the moralization of government in San Francisco—and possibly elsewhere. He is planning, so it is said, a scheme of extra-legal espionage, under which he proposes to hold officials, whoever they may be, to a line of conduct conforming with his notions of things. Mr. Spreckels's organization is to be richly endowed, and it is to be permanent. In moments of confidence it is given out that Mr. Spreckels will abandon other things which make serious demands upon his time and energies and devote his life to this new work. All this is perhaps excusable in a man of thirty-five, born to enormous fortune, without the discipline of careful education, without that all-round experience of men and conditions which is the only real preparation for high responsibilities. It is not uncommon for young men thus artificially related to life and its affairs to fancy themselves especially endowed and commissioned to assume, or at least try to assume, special privileges as regenerators of society.

Somebody ought to say to Mr. Spreckels, and possibly it may come with as much grace from the *Argonaut* as from any other source, that, if he really wants to serve society, he must not attempt to fall into authority through the skylight, but that he must go round to the side-door and in modest spirit follow the course through which every man must go for that development of mind and character, for that discipline of spirit, for that training in service which alone can prepare a man to sit in judgment of his fellows, to teach or to lead. Let us remind Mr. Spreckels that in America there is no royal road to political or social authority. Many another rich man's son has tried it and has failed. We have not yet come to a point where the dictatorship of affairs is a thing which may be bought with money. Temerity and audacity, supported by lavish expenditure, may indeed win for a moment a place of notoriety or even of distinction and power; but distinction and power thus gained are quickly lost unless they rest upon a basis of character, experience, of individual propensity and capability. Mere money will not turn the trick.

It goes without saying that the energies of our

reorganized municipal government should be addressed first of all to cleaning out the scoundrels everywhere established by the Ruef-Schmitz régime in posts of administrative authority. Let us purge our system of dishonor before doing anything else. The very next matter worthy of consideration is the mess in which the boodling supervisors have involved us with respect to the Geary Street Railroad, with the consent, we are sorry to say, of those who stand in authority over them. The "good dog" boodlers have provided at the cost of the taxpayers of San Francisco the great sum of \$720,000 (yet to be collected) for the municipalization of the Geary Street road, this sum being only a beginning. The motives of this deal are not far to seek. They rest upon the party obligations of the boodling supervisors and of Mr. Langdon, resentment on the part of the graft prosecution toward Mr. Calhoun, plus the wish to embarrass him in his fight with the car men, with a project to combine the prosecuting interest with the votes of labor unionism in the coming fall election. This deal is a direct bid to unionism, a direct proposal of political accommodation and affiliation. It has not one leg of decent motive to stand upon.

We believe that any body of fairly representative citizens to whom this matter may be referred will reject the proposal to municipalize the Geary Street road at a cost of \$720,000—and more—by practically unanimous voice. Viewed conservatively, the thing is out of time, out of reason, out of accord with common sense. If a street railway through Geary Street is an immediate public necessity, the Geary Street Company is in a situation to provide the service upon a few hours' notice under any conditions which may fairly be named. Prior to the recent shut-down the company was paying into the city treasury five per cent of its gross earnings, or about \$1000 per month. This arrangement or possibly a better one can be reestablished without a cent of cost to the city. Now, at a time when a hundred departments of municipal responsibility cry in chorus for money, it is ridiculous—indeed it is monstrous—to stop the income of \$1000 a month from the Geary Street Company, and to enter upon a vastly expensive project, exacting money therefrom taxpayers already embarrassed in providing the legitimate and essential functions of government. The thing is outrageous from every standpoint; perhaps most of all from the standpoint of political calculation and of personal and business malice, in which it was conceived and by which it was hatched.

As to the Settlement.

At no stage of the industrial fight now pending in San Francisco has there been greater need of a firm nerve and a steady hand on the part of those who stand for sound principle than right now. The fight has been won, if only those who have stood for industrial freedom can have a sufficient measure of resolution to stand for a settlement under which this principle shall definitely and authoritatively be recognized. Every battalion of the unionistic-socialistic-mobistic army has been beaten in detail. All that now remains to be done is to hold a firm hand and to gather the fruits of the hardest battle and the most signal victory in the history of American industrialism. The immediate danger is that the timid ones among us—those who are forever afraid that somebody is going to drive the mob to consolidation and resentment—as if consolidation and resentment had not been its fixed pose this five years and more—may push us into a settlement on some other basis than one which will guarantee industrial freedom, with respect for and enforcement of fixed American standards.

We are told that among the timid ones—among the jellyfish of our capitalistic and mercantile community—there are those so deaf and blind that they can neither hear nor see the testimony which shows that unionism in its unreasonable pretensions is making ready to knock under, that it is approaching a stage preliminary to that of consent that old-fashioned American ideas of equality and manly independence shall make the rules of industry in San Francisco. They seem incapable of understanding the demonstration that industry can be carried on in San Francisco upon a basis which guarantees to every citizen the fundamental right

to engage in any lawful occupation of his choice undisturbed, unmolested, untaxed by any private association—in other words, by a labor union. This demonstration has been made by the United Railroads in the operation of its cars upon an open-shop basis now for something more than forty days—a period in which it has met and beaten down opposition of many kinds. Again, this demonstration has been made by the Pacific States Telephone Company through the successful operation of its affairs for about the same period. It has been made again by the metal works establishments, and stands enforced in a working contract for a period of three years. Still again it has been made by certain laundry establishments and by minor institutions in many lines. One who has eyes to see and ears to hear may know not only by these leading instances but by a thousand minor indications that upon essentials a great victory has been won, and that nothing remains but to insist with fortitude and manly courage upon a right settlement.

In a way the fight has been hard, but from the start it has been a winning fight. And the reason lies in the fact that the tremendous force of right and justice and of American tradition has been on the side of those who have stood for the principle of industrial freedom. In all crises great enough to stir the minds and hearts of men to their innermost depths, there lies a tremendous power in moral right over moral wrong. It has been so in this case. Those who have contended for the right of every man to pursue any lawful work of his choice unmolested, undisturbed, untaxed by any private association, have had their backs against the rock of an impregnable truth, and it has given to them a might which those who have waged a fight for class privilege and in support of a false principle have been unable to match.

What is needed now—and the only thing that is needed—is to stand for a settlement in harmony with the principle for which the fight has been waged. It is true that he who wins can afford to be generous; but nobody has a right to be generous at the point of casting away a fixed principle. Generosity at the points of wages and hours, of working privilege—this is right and proper enough. The *Argonaut* counsels no narrow policy, no arbitrariness at points where the claims of equity, sympathy, and kindness may fairly be urged. The highest practicable rates of wages, the easiest possible hours, the fullest possible recognition of human obligations—these points the *Argonaut* would gladly concede, and not so much in the spirit of concession either as in the spirit of justice between man and man. But when it comes to the point of the right of every citizen to engage in any lawful occupation of his choice without being molested, disturbed, or taxed by any private association—at this point there is no room for compromise, no chance to quibble, nothing to concede. No settlement which does not maintain this fundamental principle is possible in justice or in honor.

Men of San Francisco, we are coming to the end—at least, we are coming to a point where we may see that there is going to be an end—of a great and devastating conflict. In any event, San Francisco has been a tremendous immediate loser through this conflict. But our losses will not have been in vain—indeed they will not have been without ultimate profit—if in the settlements not far ahead we shall find the manly resolution to stand for the principle which has animated the fight—if we shall insist upon recognition of the right of every man to pursue any lawful occupation of his choice undisturbed, unmolested, and untaxed by any private association.

The Sociology of Beneficence.

Whenever any member of the Booth family comes to us and thereby recalls to us the extraordinary success of the Salvation Army, there arises the old amazement as to how and why this special agency has been so successful. Bathed, well dressed, and cultivated people wonder how a propaganda so commonplace and even vulgar in its tone and in its way of doing things should have become so great a force in the world as a promoter of charity, morality, and religion.

The answer is not far to seek. It is precisely because the Salvation Army is commonplace and

vulgar in its tone and in its way of doing things that it has cut so wide a swath in the world and that it has achieved such marvels of humanitarian service. The Salvation Army does not address its energies to the clean, the refined, and the cultivated, but to the humble, the coarse, and the debauched; and it has the human wisdom to approach these social elements not in the spirit and by the methods of polite and beneficent condescension, but after their own manner, in their own humors, and with the sympathies which attach to social affinity. If the Salvation Army had in its spirit, its tone, its practice a higher development of refinement and taste, it would lose its effectiveness, because it would immediately and of necessity grow out of sympathy and out of touch with those to whose service its energies are addressed.

Those nice people who are forever going to reform the world in one way or another would do well to study, not only the example, but the theory of the Salvation Army. Its wisdom has been to approach the lowly, the distressed, the criminal, upon their own level, through instruments of their own class and type. If all reformers could regulate their efforts by the same rule, there would be less need for reformers.

A Word about Education.

In about two weeks from now there will be held at Los Angeles a convention of "educators" representative of every department of the teaching trade and of every geographical section of the United States. The nominal purpose is to consider the general interests of education, to define plans of educational work, and to inspire enthusiasm in connection with these things. To these ends persons of the highest distinction are to give their presence and their counsels to an occasion which by its magnitude and its aggregation of talent promises to surpass anything in the way of an educational conclave ever seen in the world before. We trust it will not be deemed impertinent if the *Argonaut*, writing amid the confusions of the most disturbed community in the world, and under the suggestion of these confusions, shall set down a few ideas which in its judgment are worthy of consideration by this great convention.

It is the fault of every art, and of every profession or trade—of every specialist of whatever specialty—to magnify its own part in the general scheme of things. In this respect the educator is not wiser than men in general. Education has come to be a thing which by many minds is regarded as an interest on its own account, quite independent and apart from its fundamental purposes. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that under the promptings of the professional educator the machinery of education has usurped a position not only beyond its normal and wholesome place in the social scheme but positively fatal at many points to the purposes for which nominally it stands. Claims urged in the name of education in many instances are made to support the motives and interests not of education, *per se*, but of that structure of professionalism which has grown up in connection with the work of education. It is as if an association of lawyers should arrogate to themselves, their interests, and their purposes, the reverence and obedience which men owe to the law itself. The case is one so often duplicated in the history of human institutions as to have established a principle universally recognized as one against which society for its own protection must establish bounds and checks. In what we call "social movements," in government, in religion, the machine tends to swallow up the purpose if it be left unrestrained to pursue the suggestions of individual or professional interest or bias.

Now, education stands among the first of human obligations. The duty of each generation to train up that which is to follow it is so obvious as to need no argument—it is so fixed in the nature of man as to be in all normal men an instinct and in all normal women a passion. Its hold upon the mind and the spirit of man is so intense as to give it a sanction as high or higher than that of religion. The professional world of education, consciously or otherwise—let us say consciously and otherwise—is a product of this obligation, this instinct, this passion. Just as in many stages of the world

priesthoods, supported by the religious spirit in man, have assumed a monopoly of religion with the right to interpret its laws and to engross its powers, so a professional educationalism, working upon the educational spirit, has builded a machine to which it requires all men to bow in reverence and to sustain liberally. Thus it is that we have "congresses" in which sometimes the interests of the educational trade so absolutely engross consideration that neither time nor energy is left to take account of the real purposes of education as related to those who are to be taught.

There would be little use in asking who is to blame for the fact that educationalism has largely run away with the interests of education. If it be so—and the *Argonaut* takes it upon itself to declare it to be so—we have only duplicated in the sphere of education a record made in connection with every other similar social interest. Organization of labor when left unrestrained (and this happens wherever the press is cowardly and derelict) invariably goes a course from pretension to arrogance, from arrogance to wrath, from wrath to madness, and from madness to social destruction. Government, left unrestrained (and this happens whenever the people of any community value their profits or their ease above their duty or their safety) goes a course from one stage of degradation to another until it comes to such shames as have just been brought to the light here in San Francisco. Education, like every other human thing, if left to itself, free to make its own rules and to lay its own taxes, will take to itself the vices of human nature—it will forget or distort its duty; it will grow selfish and then arrogant; it will build for itself a professional machine and through this machine it will ally itself not only with false aims and purposes but with social parasitism and ultimately with that body of quasi-criminality which acts in concert, because in concerted action there lie assurances of support and of continued authority.

Now the *Argonaut* undertakes to say that it is no more safe to leave education to the educators than it is to leave government to the governors, or unionism to the labor leaders. Your educator, often among the best of men, is very commonly a narrow man, invariably a selfish one since all men are selfish. Unfailingly he sees the interests of his trade through the telescope of professional bias. California is immensely fortunate in having at the head of her two great institutions of higher education two large and worthy men; nevertheless if we were to leave it to Doctors Jordan and Wheeler to manage our affairs, they would so entrench and sustain our two universities as to make them the working centres of our political and social life around which all else would revolve. They could not do otherwise since as specialists they are infected with that spirit which makes every specialist magnify the things of his own interest in their relation to all other things. The real purposes of education are not professional, and only in the smallest degree do they relate to the purposes of professionalism. True education should seek first to train up the youth of the land, second to keep alive the flame of the higher education—of the larger knowledges. It should aim, not to make a system, not to organize a machine, not to sustain a profession, but rather to instruct and train the youth of the land in those things essential to the welfare of society. The purpose of the whole scheme should be to qualify the on-coming generation for its responsibilities and duties, to fit it for its working life, to provide a society adequate for the work of society.

If you leave it to the educator to make the policy of education he will, no matter how good his intentions, unvaryingly warp the plan to the mood of his own mind and of his own ambitions. We doubt if ever yet there was an earnest teacher who did not consciously or otherwise seek to make teachers out of the best boys in his class. It is a natural and an inevitable thing that your schoolman if given the work of devising an educational policy will make it a schoolman's scheme from start to finish—perhaps in deference to the delicacies of the subject we should say from alpha to omega. It is the human nature of the thing. Your schoolman is not to be blamed for doing what his

taste and his propensity prescribe; but at the same time there ought to be some safeguard against his natural and instinctive bias. The general policies of education—mind the word policies—the *Argonaut* believes, ought to be made not by "educators" but by men of affairs who understand the needs of society and who are capable of considering and defining these needs apart from the needs of educational professionalism. Your man of affairs, active in the productive work of the world, accustomed to regarding things in their practical relations, with scant respect for sentiment and none at all for sentimentalism—that is the sort of man and the only sort who is competent to define the policies of education in those departments wherein education is promoted as an adjunct and aid to the life of the working world. Your professional educator may be an excellent counselor in work of this kind but he is inevitably a bad judge. His function is not properly that of making the policy of education; his function is to carry the work forward upon lines and in accordance with the plan which the man of working judgment has laid down. The analogy holds good in every profession. It is the man with working competence not the professional idealist who stands back of the practical efficiency of the working world.

It is because society has trusted the educator too far—because it has made him the judge of his own case, because it has permitted him to over-emphasize his own specialty, to make the suggestions of professional bias the line of practice in education, that education for all its triumphs has failed in the United States to be the support it ought to be to our practical working life. We characterize it as a partial failure because, in spite of its theoretical achievements, it does not meet and answer our working needs. It is only within the month that the President of the United States, a man singularly sensitive to the underlying significance of things, was constrained upon a great public occasion to utter an emphatic word of warning against an educational practice deficient at the point of preparing the rank and file of our people in the interests and for the labors which the rank and file must do if the common welfare is to be sustained and advanced. The President sees what has long been evident to many, that for all our boasted system of education, for all our lavish outlay in its promotion, we are not training up the youth of today for the responsibilities and duties of tomorrow. He has sounded a note which ought to ring through the country like an alarm bell. It ought to reach those who are to sit in the convention of educators at Los Angeles and to give direction and seriousness to their discussions.

That sort of education which does not fit a man or a woman for the work of life is no education at all; in truth it is apt to be more of a curse than a blessing. Who among us has not seen and grieved over the failures of a system which disregards the working interests of the race and which without regard to individual propensity or capability, without discrimination or judgment tends to make the more polite range of human interests the common and universal aim? Who among us has not observed and grieved over the moral wreckage left in the wake of a system which has aimed so high as to have injured rather than helped vast numbers of those coming under its influences? Who among us who holds any responsibility over the work of others has not in his heart condemned the stupidity and folly which while giving us an over-supply of half-baked and incompetent professionalism has made famine in those occupations where multitude of hands is imperatively needed?

Let nobody imagine that the *Argonaut* is not in sympathy with education in the higher range of its obligations. That we should cherish and promote the higher knowledges, that we should guard and stimulate the interests of advanced scholarship, that we should keep alight the flame of a sound and generous culture—these are duties indeed and privileges as well as duties. But to permit these interests so to engross the energies of education or to dominate their application, is the extreme of folly. Education has a responsibility and a duty far larger than that of training up and sustaining the scholars of the race. It is the duty of training and inspiring

the workers of the race for the business of life, for those things without which knowledge, philosophy, and culture are a mockery.

The present conditions of Mississippi River traffic, as reported by Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations and a member of the Waterways Commission, are calculated to arouse mournful memories of the days when the Mississippi was in its glory as a great highway of inland commerce. The commission spent a week traveling down the river below St. Louis, finding "absolute decay" everywhere, says the *New York World*. According to Mr. Smith, the railroads have killed the steamboat trade so effectually that now when the rail-carriers are unable to move all the freight offered there are no steamers to handle the surplus. The through lines of boats to New Orleans have ceased to run, and practically speaking the river is deserted. At Memphis, Mr. Smith saw thousands of cotton bales which had lain in the streets all winter because there was no room for them in the warehouses and no river boats to receive them. From 1840 to the outbreak of the war and for a full decade at least after its close the Mississippi was the great North and South trunk line of Western trade. The substantial warehouses and now decrepit wharves at all the important landings from New Orleans to St. Paul testify to its departed traffic. In 1845 2050 steamboats arrived at St. Louis, and in 1856 the young city of St. Paul could boast 846. The river was a favorite passenger route also. Then sidewheel tinner-boxes raced with "a nigger squat on the safety valve." The railways have now wrested this traffic away. The Mississippi tonnages of 73,081 tons for 1871 and 81,189 for 1881 dwindled last year to a trifle of 6591 tons.

Sixty years ago a farmer, weary of wrestling with Vermont's stony soil, traded all his acres for an old horse, wherewith to make his escape from the Green Mountain State. Beneath that arid hill-farm lay some of the most precious marble deposits the world has ever seen, such as have supplied architects, builders, and sculptors throughout the length and breadth of this great land. America's Carrara is found at West Rutland, Proctor, Brandon, Pittsford, and other points in that locality, which have given up in vast quantities every known variety of marble, including a precious stone rivaling that of Pentelicus, with which was constructed the Parthenon, the Hippodrome, and other classic structures of ancient Athens—not forgetting the imperishable material in which Phidias and Praxiteles wrought their marvelous sculpture. The marble belt of Vermont has been worked, though by vastly different methods, for over a hundred years. Prior to 1800 a little surface marble was used for funeral monuments, and generations later the vast deposits were worked in a casual way. But no one then saw much in an industry which is now so prosperous that one concern alone has an output of \$2,500,000 worth every year.

Perhaps the largest and most valuable of literary treasures the world has lost was the Alexandrian library. This collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is said to have contained in its most flourishing period 400,000 or, according to others, 700,000 manuscripts. Its royal founder collected from all nations their choicest composition. We are told that one of his successors went so far as to refuse to supply the Athenians with wheat until they had given him the original manuscripts of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. When Julius Cæsar laid siege to the city the greater portion of this library was destroyed by fire. It was later replaced by the collection presented to Queen Cleopatra by Marc Antony. But it was not destined to endure long. When the Emperor Theodosius the Great in 391 A. D. ordered the destruction of all heathen temples within the Roman empire, the Christians, led by the archbishop Theophilus, did not spare that of Jupiter, in which were kept the literary treasures. From this general destruction about 4000 manuscripts escaped, only to be burned in 640 by Saracens under the Caliph Omar.

Six more years must pass before the great memorial to Queen Victoria, which is to be erected in front of Buckingham Palace, can be completed. Slow progress on the gigantic work for the last six years has caused much public criticism from time to time, and the king, it is said, recently expressed himself as disappointed that greater progress had not been made. Leading sculptors, who are familiar with the magnitude of the undertaking, say that it can not be completed before 1913, and that 12 years is not much time to put on a piece of work of such size and magnificence. The central figure of the memorial will be a statue of Queen Victoria, 13 feet high, dressed in her robes of state, seated amid groups symbolical of the personal and imperial qualities which made her reign so illustrious. On her right will be Justice, on her left Truth, and at her back Motherhood. The memorial will contain 12 great groups of figures and 180 panels. The pedestal, with its plinth, will be 70 feet high. The cost has been fixed at \$1,250,000.

A remarkable project for municipal improvement is reported from Berlin. The plan is to widen by 20 feet the narrowest part of the well-known Friedrichstrasse, second only to Unter den Linden, and to replace the present insignificant shops and houses by magnificent galleries and hotels, and the like, making the street one of the world's finest thoroughfares. This of itself does not carry a vivid impression, but when it is added that the scheme involves an outlay of \$37,500,000 the scale of the projected improvement is indicated.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Pearl Wight, of New Orleans, the Republican national committeeman of Louisiana, has accepted the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, to become effective on December 1.

In a recent interview, Mr. Bryan was asked what is the most important principle to be applied at present in American politics. His reply was a quotation of the Jefferson maxim: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, was hailed as the future President of the United States at the twenty-first triennial meeting of the Westfield (Mass.) State Normal School Association, of which he is the president.

The Republican City Council of Terre Haute, Indiana, has adopted resolutions denouncing Vice-President Fairbanks as a representative of the corporations and declaring that he is not the choice of the Republicans of Indiana for the high office of President.

Certain Democrats in Chicago and other parts of the West who do not care to accept the leadership of William J. Bryan are now trying to organize a movement to nominate Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, for President, and John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, for Vice-President.

In an interview just published, President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University says that President Roosevelt is not thinking of officially joining Harvard at the conclusion of his presidential term, and that the President's recent remarks before the Harvard Association have been misinterpreted.

President Roosevelt, referring to the rumor that he would become the head of Harvard University on his retirement from the Presidency, recently said: "I have no more idea of getting President Eliot's place than I have of being the grand Lama of Tibet, or a medicine man among the Apaches."

During his recent visit to Albany, Mr. Bryan had an interview with Governor Hughes. Subsequently he addressed both houses of the legislature and talked informally with the newspaper correspondents. The Governor and Mr. Bryan had a brief chat and afterwards each spoke in cordial terms of the other.

Governor Cummins's announcement that he will be a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Allison creates some surprise, as the Iowa delegation in Washington is practically opposed to Governor Cummins's aspirations. It will be a matter of surprise to Washington people should Iowa fail to return Senator Allison to the Senate.

Congressman Frederick H. Gillett is a warm supporter of Secretary Taft as a presidential candidate. He says: "I believe Mr. Taft would be a winning candidate and a superb President, and I am unreservedly for him." Secretary of State Root, for whom Mr. Gillett previously declared himself, is not a candidate, says Mr. Gillett; hence his change of opinion.

Certain Wisconsin Republicans have begun to organize with a view to presenting Senator La Follette to the national convention as Wisconsin's favorite son. At a recent meeting in Milwaukee a committee of ten was appointed to confer with leading Republicans of the State as to the best method for enlisting the support of Republicans in other sections of the country.

William E. Mason, ex-Senator from Illinois, says that he has discovered a Fairbanks plot. The tailors' convention at Chicago has passed a resolution condemning braces as an article of dress and ordaining that belts shall take their place. Mr. Mason says: "I believe the Fairbanks men have put up this game, for how can a fat man like Taft make a race without braces?"

After visiting the White House, Senator Cullom expressed his enthusiasm for the President's Indianapolis speech. He was asked if he thought the President was likely to get the restrictive legislation he asked for concerning railroad capitalization. "Why not?" asked the Senator. "He can get anything in reason he wants, and it is time that something was done."

Senator Foraker has received an assurance that it will be safe for him to visit Brownsville, in spite of his efforts to prove that negro soldiers were not responsible for the recent shooting affray. At the conclusion of the testimony of Louis Cowan of Brownsville, who was a witness before the senate committee on military affairs, Cowan said he had been quoted as saying that if Senator Foraker went to Brownsville he would be "tarred and feathered." Cowan denied that he had made any such remark. "Then you think it would be perfectly safe for me to go there?" asked Senator Foraker. "Oh, yes sir, said Cowan. "I greatly appreciate this assurance," said Mr. Foraker.

Speaker Cannon made something of a sensation by his recent speech at Guilford, North Carolina, if we may accept State Lahor Commissioner Varner's report of that speech. Mr. Cannon addressed himself to the negro problem and he said that the South was handling this precisely as it ought to be handled; that the Southern people alone grasped the negro problem fully and that he felt they ought to be given a free hand. He highly complimented the regulation of the negro franchise, it is asserted, which in North Carolina is by a constitutional amendment ratified by the people in 1899, and which cut down the negro vote from 120,000 to something like 5000. He also, it is declared read a positive and strong declaration in favor

of States' rights. So vigorous and so overpoweringly pro-Southern was Mr. Cannon's talk, says Mr. Varner, that all were astounded, and he is informed Mr. Cannon's private secretary implored the newspaper men present not to print it and they kept aloof. It is given out by a prominent Lexington man who was present.

RECENT VERSE.

Cinnamon Rose.

Reader, hast ever strolled with vagrant feet
Down a quaint, straggling, thrifty village street,
Sweet June the month, brown dusk the time of day,—
Men still a-milking, maids in fresh array,—
Hast noted then, by 'squire's or parson's wall,
Trim cottage fence or dooryard arbor small,
Bound, blushing, artless, hred to wholesome showers
And candid suns, our rustic Queen of flowers?

Mistake me not. I'd not engage, not I,
For charms like hers to pass all others by:
None more admires, on proud Manhattan's mart,
Those fair *chef d'œuvre* of the florist's art
Whose perfect huds a stem thrice-beauteous crown—
Voluptuous, coy, rich virgins of the town.
These have their buyers, nay, ourselves confess
Few can behold, indifferent to possess!

So much I grant; yet, if the truth be known,
The rustic Rose has beauties all her own;
Ofttimes despoiled, her spicy sun-browned cup
To rash young hands she yields unmurmuring up;
Aye, when the old steep roof-tree disappears
Thrives in neglect for half a hundred years,
Puts forth new leafage, huds, and blossoms, too,
As brave, sweet-hearted country spinsters do.

No ampler port, perhaps, a man need crave,
When his heart sickens of the weltering wave
When Time has pricked the bubble of his dreams,
And that which is, is weighed with that which seems.
At least may Fate assign no worse retreat
Than a snug dwelling on the dear old street,
A trellised porch, when summer twilights close
And night steals on—and by that porch, a Rose!

—Dora Read Goodale, in *New England Magazine*.

On the Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

Sunlight and starlight find them still the same,
Though crowd the strange years by; each carven name
Grows dimmer on the marble balustrade
That winds unto the Pincian with its shade
Of cypress and of ilex, file on file,
Beyond the cross-crowned needle from the Nile.
Ne'er come the winds and rains as strangers here
Where Keats' great soul went forth; the lantern peer
By twilights opaline as those he knew;
The low-voiced fountain sobs its midnights through.
New popes, new kings, hail here with old array
The saints and triumphs that are theirs today;
New flowers are hartered for within the sun;
New dreamers come to sigh o'er days undone.
Rome, Rome,—they took the garlands of your tombs
To drape their plowshares, to inspire their looms;
They lit their furnace at your altar fires;
And scoured the seas and sped their glistening tires
Through worlds you knew not; still unsatisfied
They come—Gaul, Teuton, Anglian—in their pride
To wrest the fuller message from your glooms,
A word of life—their ear against your tombs.

—Thomas Walsh, in *The Messenger*.

The Proconsuls.

Lo! Former days did see the Consuls come
From distant regions to Imperial Rome—
Eagles and legions, axes, fasces band
Betwixt the marble palaces, to stand
Brass-helmed, gold-mailed, tempered by snows, or tann'd
By desert suns—in dreams we see them come—
Still to the palaces of vanished Rome.

But Rome's a ruin, all her standards down,
See the Proconsuls come to London Town.
Where are the emblems? What the tokens shown
Of pomp imperial, where the banners thrown
In sign of rule o'er hill and dale and flood?
Why here's no emblem! Through the London mud
Under the sleet sky our Consuls come.
Shall not old ghosts laugh amid ruin'd Rome?

I wonder! when the centuries have rolled
And Ages—iron, marble, or of gold—
Are dead, and you and I, Roman and British Peace,
Alike receded, fade and pass and cease,
Where Sidons, London Towns, and marble Romes
Alike house phantoms and alike are tombs
Of vanished pasts—I wonder, will men say
Which was the greater: *Pax Britannica*
Or deep-based sway of Rome; brick of today,
Or gold and bronze or marble; London mud,
Axes and brands, or ties of home and blood?
Or shall they say: "Ay, that old sway was good
And this in turn was good that made them come
Black-garbed and peaceful to this later Rome."

—Ford Madox Hueffer, in *London Daily Mail*.

Desert Lure.

The hills are gleaming brass, and bronze the peaks,
The mesas are a brazen, molten sea,
And e'en the heaven's blue infinity,
Undimmed by kindly cloud through arid weeks,
Seems polished turquoise. Like a sphinx she speaks,
The scornful Desert: "What would'st thou from me?"
And in our hearts we answer her; all three
Unlike, for each a different treasure seeks.

One sought adventure, and the Desert gave;
His restless heart found rest beneath her sands.
One sought not gold; he dug his soul a grave—
The Desert's gift worked evil in his hands.
One sought for beauty; him she made her slave.
Turn back! No man her witchéd gift withstands.
—Charlton Lawrence Edholm, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Eastern rugs challenge machinery to imitate them. The Persian Shah's proscription of aniline dyes, which were at one time ruining the industry, is well known. Curiously, excellent "Asiatic" rugs are now made in the heart of Europe. The Austrian Government has in Serajevo a school of Oriental carpet-making for Christian women, whose reproductions of old rugs are bought by Baron Rothschild and other collectors.

KING HAAKON IN PARIS.

Norway's King and Queen Enjoy the Hospitality of the French Capital.

Paris is never so happy as when she is entertaining royalty. As a permanent institution she has no use for royalty, having given it a fair trial and found it grievously wanting. But she dearly loves to receive the royalty of other countries, and it may be said that the pleasure is reciprocal and that the royalty of other countries dearly love to come to Paris, and that, of course, is a sentiment perfectly proper to all well-disposed persons.

The visit to Paris of the King and Queen of Norway was exactly to French taste. They are both young, and France is the country of youth. Queen Maud is beautiful and *piquante* and everything that Frenchmen love, and both king and queen are exactly fitted to enjoy to the utmost the kind of hospitality so lavishly displayed. Then, too, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria happened to be in Paris at the same time, and Queen Alexandra is the mother of the royal lady from Norway. It is not often that the Queen of England participates in a royal procession as a spectator only, but that was her unusual lot when the Norwegian guests arrived. Very few people knew the identity of the two simply dressed ladies in the balcony of the Bois de Boulogne who waved their handkerchiefs so cordially as King Haakon, Queen Maud, and Madame Fallières drove by. But Queen Maud had evidently been forewarned and knew exactly where to look to receive the greetings of her mother and sister. As the carriage passed she gazed up and evidently drew her husband's attention to the two smiling ladies, for he, too, looked and raised his hat impressively.

A good story preceded King Haakon's arrival. On passing through Copenhagen he was greeted by his father, King Frederick of Denmark. "Now, Haakon," said the King of Denmark, "and how do you like being a king?" "It is rather I who should ask you that question," answered the King of Norway, "I have been a king longer than you have." That, of course, is the fact, as Haakon was called to the throne of Norway some two months before his father became King of Denmark, so that what may be called the weight of kingly experience is on the side of the son.

The royal couple have certainly had the best of good times in Paris. The tomb of the great Napoleon was of course visited, and this is no mere matter of routine, for it is perhaps the most impressive spectacle of its kind in the world. Then the Tuileries came in for a share of attention, although there is not much left of that historic palace except the gardens and a few heaps of mouldering stones. From the Tuileries an excursion was made up the great boulevards, glittering in their splendor of shops and trees and so on, to the Hotel de Ville. Here the party was received by the members of the Council, although if etiquette had not forbidden, the visitors would have found more gratification in the sight of the vast crowd behind them than in that of the few sedate functionaries before them. M. Lefevre, searching no doubt for something gracious to say, recalled as by a flash of inspiration the admiration of the French people for Ibsen, but, perhaps fortunately for himself, King Haakon was not called upon for a literary and critical appreciation of the great dramatist. Then the royalties solemnly inscribed their names in the "golden book" and were presented with souvenirs of their visit in the shape of a pearl and turquoise necklace for the queen and a gold medal for the king. Venturing upon the rash supposition that their majesties have a good deal of human nature, it is safe to believe that the queen was better pleased with her necklace than the king with his medal. Even queens love jewelry.

It is unfortunate that a visit so delightful should be marred by an accident that so nearly resulted in tragedy. It occurred while Queen Maud, accompanied by Madame Fallières, was returning from a visit to Versailles at the Trianon of Marie Antoinette. The queen's carriage, drawn by four horses, followed the carriage of the king across a small stone bridge in the park. The outrider had already crossed the bridge and the carriage horses were still upon it, when the front wheel of the carriage came sharply into collision with the stone parapet and the shock threw the horse over the parapet, where it hung suspended for a moment over the water and then fell in. As a result, the postillion's horse also was dragged over, and then the second carriage horse. The animals plunged so violently that for a minute it seemed as though nothing could save the carriage itself from a like fate. Fortunately a couple of dragoons kept their presence of mind. Drawing their swords and plunging into the stream, they hacked at the harness and finally succeeded in relieving the strain upon the carriage, which was half supported by a tree trunk against which it had been thrown, and in a very few moments the danger was over and almost before the king was aware of the dangerous position of his wife. Queen Maud turned very white, but she made no sound, while Madame Fallières cried out loudly in her terror. The serious nature of the accident may be gauged from the fact that one of the horses was drowned and the postillion's leg was badly broken. The queen quickly recovered from her alarm and seemed to be quite unperturbed by her adventure when she finally reached Paris. Certainly there was no trace of the accident when she showed herself the same evening at the banquet given by M. Pichou, the Foreign Minister, where she was as radiant and smiling as ever. M. Fallières has announced to the king his intention to return the royal visit, and his majesty expressed his appreciation of the honor thus in store for his country and himself.

PARIS, June 8, 1907.

S. MARTIN.

THE MINES OF MARS.

A Weird Tale of a Clairvoyant's Two Trips Through Space.

Lucien was hungry. He looked with sick-hearted envy at the crowd of comfortably dressed people turning the corner of Market and Kearny Streets, and wondered if any individual there had ever known, or would ever sink to, his level of destitution. Two months before he, too, well dressed and indifferent to misery as any of them, had turned here nightly on his way home. Two months! It seemed now like two centuries since he had known the taste of food.

He made his way across Market and went up that street a few blocks in an aimless way, stopping now and then to hug a lamp-post in front of a restaurant and eye, with wolfish desire, the contents of the window, the sight of the viands almost maddening him. He decided that he must beg or die.

Driven by that terrible gnawing pain within him, he made two or three unheeded efforts to induce some one to take pity on him. Then he backed into a narrow doorway, and watched for some face which looked benevolent enough to encourage an application to its owner.

"I shall be found dead here in the morning," he murmured.

Something over his head creaked as if in answer to his words. Looking up, he saw a sign, suspended over the door, bearing two words: "HAROLD, Clairvoyant."

"Clairvoyant," muttered the beggar. "They make money—they find food and a bed by clairvoyance. I have always had that gift, and have amused many a room full of people with it. It was not respectable in my eyes to use it for money, though," he added, bitterly, "I would try it gladly enough now in exchange for a crust."

A hand fell upon his shoulder.

"I have heard what you have spoken," said a voice in English, but with a strong foreign accent. "If it is true that you have clairvoyant powers and are starving, it is well for me. I need you."

Lucien's heart gave a bound. Whoever needed him would feed him. He looked eagerly at the speaker.

It was a tall, thin man, dressed in black. He had a pale, severe face, and light, hard eyes. His mustache and hair were black as ink, and his expression was resolute and cold.

"The service must be done fasting," continued the stranger. "But do not look so cast down. It will be brief, and you will feel nothing while engaged upon it. Meat, wine, and clothing for an hour's use of your clairvoyant faculty, and beyond that money to start you in a way to live. Come or stay."

The stranger started to go. The desperate man in the doorway made an effort to follow.

"Not so fast!" he cried, and the stranger paused and gave him his arm.

"You seem to be very weak," remarked the latter, with an appearance of satisfaction.

"Weak! What day is this?" asked Lucien.

"Saturday."

"Well, since Wednesday I have not eaten, and then only—"

"Good! No meat then, I hope?"

"No. Only a roll and some tea."

"Better! When did you last eat meat?"

"I can not remember."

"Best of all."

In a few minutes the two boarded a street-car. Lucien did not know whether the locality in which they alighted was at the Mission, at the beach, or in the middle of the city. The stranger led him a few blocks and halted before a dark, tall building on a corner, entered a narrow door by means of a key, and proceeded to ascend the stairs. Lucien followed him up, more than once compelled by weakness to sit down and rest, while his companion waited impatiently. The place appeared deserted save for themselves, silent but for the sound of their footsteps, and it was so dark they had to feel their way. They reached the top floor at last, and the stranger led his companion into a room dimly lit with gas and shut the door.

The room fronted the east and had on that side an unshaded window reaching from the floor to the middle of the ceiling, commanding the heavens from horizon to zenith. In front of this window was mounted a small telescope, which was converted into a peculiar instrument by a globe a foot in diameter attached to its eye-piece. This globe was apparently of copper, covered with glass. An electrical apparatus occupied a shelf on the right of the window, and seven wires extending from this pierced in a semicircle the upper side of the globe.

The arrangement of the wires in the interior was of course invisible, but a thick wire emerged from an aperture in the lower side of the globe, extended a few inches in a straight line, and was then unraveled. Its seven strands were each about six inches in length, and were arranged in a sort of claw-shaped cluster, the tips pointing downward and each encased in a small reddish opaque bulb.

The stranger removed the globe, carefully adjusted the telescope to bear upon some celestial object, and set in motion a mechanical contrivance intended to maintain, by a clock-work movement, the focus of the instrument. Then, after replacing the globe, he manipulated for an instant the electrical apparatus, and by a series of springs closed the window aperture with outside shutters of wood that were so constructed as to leave a slit for the path of the telescope. Then he turned out the gas.

For a moment the room was entirely dark. Then about the globe of wire appeared a light so dim as to be scarcely visible. Slowly, very slowly, this brightened. Seven red points were seen glimmering like stars of the thirteenth

magnitude, gradually expanding till they resembled those of the first. Brighter and brighter became the light. The points glowed like spots of fire.

"That light is the light of Mars," said the stranger. "Now, it is not my intention to enter into long explanations, which circumstances do not require. It will suffice if I say that it is my conviction that light is a fluid which contains the essences of those things that have been steeped in it. Investigation has taught me that just as the primitive rays of light differ in their degrees of luminosity and their temperature, so they do in their power of absorbing the principles of those things which do not absorb them. The red ray possesses this quality in the highest degree. The great preponderance of this ray in the light of Mars directed me to the clairvoyant study of that planet. I have managed to isolate the red ray in his light and also to concentrate it to such a degree that it is to a clairvoyant of any power an open book."

"Certain things have been revealed to me by the aura of the planet, but it is my wish to verify my observations. In my clairvoyance, the perceptive faculties alone are emancipated from bodily thrall; but I should be a poor psychometrist if I did not recognize in you one whose entire intelligent self can be projected to any distance. Will, reason, conscience, and perception are all exercised. For years I have sought a helper like you—one both highly gifted and desperate. I know you are in acute distress, and will spare you further talk; we shall proceed at once to business. What I wish you to do is to place yourself in this chair and travel in spirit those light-beams—to go to Mars and to remember what you see there."

"I hunger," murmured Lucien. "Bread."

"If you were to eat now your usefulness might be destroyed. The animal forces which have to be overcome in an experiment of this kind are in you extremely enfeebled by starvation. Do you not know why the prophets of old time fasted before they attempted to commune with superior powers?"

Lucien yielded. He dragged himself to a chair, so placed that when he was seated in it the circle of lights was before and slightly above his eyes. The light of Mars streamed over the emaciated face of the beggar. The grim stranger stood with his hand stretched out toward Lucien and waited.

As easily as we step from one room to another, swiftly as the soul passes from time to eternity, the intelligent part of Lucien passed over a scarlet path to a new land—a land with vegetation of soft rosy color and skies of pale gold and emerald. A land where the pyramid seemed to be nature's ideal of form, all vegetation striving to reach it, from the seeds on the moss-like grass to trees mighty as Cheops inverted. The clairvoyant perceived that even roots took this form. He saw no animals. He traveled inconceivable distances in a second of time, and observed, with the perspicuity of the bodiless, many mysterious things. He saw great cities in which there were moving objects that looked like people walking. He found it impossible to approach these places, for some invisible cause prevented, and he could make no more progress against it than an insect can against a gale of wind.

Finally, after many of these failures, he saw in the distance a place where building seemed to be going on and a host of shining creatures moved busily about. Lucien endeavored to draw near, and succeeded. In fact, the force that had before impeded, now gently impelled him forward.

A cluster of enormous buildings lay in the centre of a plain. The body of each house resembled a great cylinder lying upon the ground. Graceful projections and airy ornaments gave many of them the appearance of stupendously large brilliant insects. Others were of cylinders so combined as to present geometrical figures, the triangle being especially prominent. The buildings were all of a luminous rock, thickly studded with glittering points of light. Lucien was dazzled by their magnificence and their harmonious but mighty proportions. The plain was bordered on two sides by wide streams of opalescent liquid, flowing in straight lines, parallel to each other, toward regions unexplored by Lucien.

In one spot many beings were busy with the erection of a building that promised to be grander than any of the others. Lucien was amazed to see that the inhabitants were much like men in form, but finer. The difference consisted in a superior delicacy and symmetry of form, an increase in the size of the head and of the brightness of the eyes. They had no hair, but their heads were enveloped in a soft yellow radiance like the halos of saints. Every form was enrobed in a network of cobweb like threads of fiery brightness, which proceeded from the radiant head-covering and was the only raiment. Lucien could not tell whether this was an emanation or an overshadowing light, but it awed him so that he felt great fear when one of the beings, who appeared to be the director of the work at the building, approached him.

"Be not afraid," said this person, in a sweet voice. Lucien felt his fear dispelled, and his amazement was increased.

"Do you speak Earth's languages here?" he asked.

"I am of the seventh order," replied the Martian, "and your method of communicating with others must be known to me. Welcome, man! You are the only visitor your planet has sent us in five thousand of its years. The last from there spake in this tongue."

He repeated some words unintelligible to Lucien, although the latter knew Sanscrit, Hebrew, ancient Greek, and many modern languages.

"I was governor here then, but was of only the sixth order. The visitor, who was of the ninth, left an inscription here which I hope to comprehend after my next promotion. He passed on to one of the outer stars."

The Martian led Lucien to a spot where the wall of one of the buildings was smooth, and showed him two words written there with gray pigment. Lucien could not read the words, but he remembered that he had once seen writing like it on a tablet supposed to be of antediluvian date.

His awe returned. "Who could the writer have been?" he said to himself, "and what place is this?"

The last question was instantly answered by his companion. "This is the Hall of Beginning," said he. "Those enrolled here are of the first, or birth, order."

"It seems, then, that there are births here, though not deaths," soliloquized Lucien.

The Martian smiled. For the first time it was borne in upon Lucien's mind that between his conductor and the busy creatures about him was a vast difference. He was grander than they, and the halo about his head burned with a white lustre.

The Martian did not interrupt these thoughts. Lucien noticed that from time to time his companion turned his face toward some portion of the group of workers, and the radiance over his head deepened, while a sort of flash passed over the delicate covering of his body. This was always followed by the manifestation of new activity by those builders toward whom the attention of the director had been turned. This indicated to Lucien that spoken language was not used for the communication of thought. Other observations convinced him that most of the faculties indispensable to man were superseded by higher powers known to Mars.

The work in progress was most interesting to Lucien. Some of the workmen were molding transparent cement into great blocks that looked like concavo-convex lenses. Others covered the surface of these blocks with shining dust. Still others dug great gleaming pebbles out of the ground, which were quickly polished and set in the blocks in patterns. The speedy drying of the cement held them firmly in place.

"What are those beautiful, bright stones?" asked the visitor.

"In your world they are called diamonds," answered the Martian.

This reply so excited the man, that he was flung out of his quiet condition and lost his self-control. The shining landscape seemed to recede, and he himself to slip down an inclined plane of light to an incredible depth.

"Gently, gently!" said a cold voice in his ear. "Do not struggle so. Now sit up and tell me what you have seen."

The clairvoyant stared wildly. With the return of bodily consciousness, came pain and a weakness like that of the approach of death. The inexorable face of the strange man was close to his own, and its expression destroyed all hope that his misery would be relieved till after the last command was obeyed, and Lucien complied.

"The stones are there, then!" exclaimed the stranger. "It was no mere dream of mine."

He paced the floor with an appearance of great excitement—the first that he had shown. The other man, crouched beside the chair, looked at his employer and trembled. Suppose the man should not keep his word, but should turn him out into the night to die! His head swam and the floor seemed to undulate before his eyes at this thought.

"My friend," said the strange man, stopping suddenly, "your work is but half done. You must return again to Mars."

"Not now," said the other, trembling still more violently. "Tomorrow—any time you choose, but not tonight. I could not live to return. If you are a man with a soul, give me food and let me rest."

The voice of the clairvoyant had sunk to a feeble whisper. For a moment the stranger seemed to hesitate, and he regarded Lucien with a gaze in which anxiety mingled with annoyance. But his indecision soon passed.

"There is no time like the present," he said, resolutely. "Go again now to the master of the Hall of Beginning. Beseech him to enable you, by means of his superhuman power, to bring a handful of those shining stones to the earth for the use of one in need of means for a holy purpose. Go."

Once more Lucien obeyed. It was harder than before to bring his faculties into abeyance, and when started upon that road of light, passage was more difficult. But at last he reached the building beside the diamond mine. The builders were at rest under a pyramidal tree. They looked like great fire-files upon the red turf. The master stood by the old, old inscription written by the man from the earth, and seemed to study it.

He smiled upon Lucien. "So you have come to put on the vestments cast off by him who has just been promoted. Welcome!"

He pointed to what would be called on earth the corpse of a man. It was lying cold and white upon the ground. Its halo was gone and its golden garment.

Lucien understood. His unhampered intelligence had learned far, far more about that world than has been told. The opportunity opened before him, like the door of a refuge from want and care. It offered not death but life in a land where selfish labor was ignoble, where all toiled for the good of all.

"Gladly, O Master, will I come," murmured Lucien.

All the sorrows he had endured were forgotten, the hardness born of his trials passed away, his heart was soft, even toward the unfeeling man who waited for him afar off.

"There is one who sent me here for a purpose," he said to the Martian.

"It is known to me," replied the latter. "His wish is not altogether selfish. Let him have his desire."

The strange, dark man waited impatiently for the return

of his messenger. Long, long he waited. Once the emaciated form in the chair stirred slightly, but settled again, immediately, into a stillness like that of death.

"Suppose he *should* be dead, poor wretch," said the man to himself, his face blanching.

The thought returned again and again. Fear grew upon the man. Hastily disconnecting his apparatus, he opened the window, admitting the light of the rising moon and the bracing night-air, turned the face of the clairvoyant toward it, and put milk mingled with wine to the pallid lips. Lucien moved no more.

"My God!" exclaimed the man, "he is dead!"

It was even so. The body was already growing cold.

For a moment the stranger trembled. Then his habitual nerve seemed to return. He moved the corpse in order to arrange it decently, and as he did this, some objects fell from its hands to the floor. Rays of the moon streaming in fell upon seven great white pebbles, and were reflected with indescribable splendor. MARIA ROBERTS.

"THE WINGLESS VICTORY."

M. P. Willcocks Writes a New Novel That Is One of the Season's Successes.

All the way through this remarkable book the intelligent reader will feel himself called upon to sit in judgment upon the heroine, Wilmot Borlace. And whenever his judgment is on the point of assuming condemnatory form he will pause in perplexity at the mysteries of human nature which, in the absence of solution, call aloud at least for charity. The author has given us a remarkable novel and one that refuses to fade from the memory. It is full of frank and fervent passion, naked and unashamed, and with no other excuse than its existence. It startles us by the dramatic power with which it sets forth the commonplaces of life and compels us to recognize their pathos and their tragedy.

We are not left long in doubt as to the problem of the book. The inimitable Tryphena rolls up the curtain for us at once:

"Be her man what he may," said Tryphena, firmly, "whiskers or no, he's what a wedded wife should stick to."

"Well," said Wilmot, "I don't see what it has to do with you, but my wedded man's coming in a few days to fetch me home."

"I've known 'ee," said Tryphena, "since you was cradle high, and I'm minded to let 'ee hear what I think upon two, three things."

"Ah," said Wilmot, "I'm waiting for your remarks. Though I don't see why I shouldn't let Tony stay alone for a few days now and then. He's busy and I'm idle. Challacombe wanted him, it didn't want me, that's all."

Mrs. Borlace had been left at Bossiney for an extra week after her husband's holiday there had come to an end.

"A woman," said Tryphena, proudly enunciating an axiom, "shouldn't so much as lift her eyes to a man, except when he's her own."

"Not even when he's proposing?" asked Wilmot, flipantly.

"Least of all then, for fear he shouldn't see plain when 'tis most needed. But you've looked once too often, and now, since 'tis 'death do us part' with you and the doctor, you ought to leave Mr. Archelaus alone. But here you be, trapesin about the parish with 'em, for all the world like a peddler and his Joe, picnicking, boating, and the doctor down to Challacombe to his work. And you but a three months' wedded wife, that ought to be cutting up flannel against what may be coming."

Wilmot is a mere girl. She had married Dr. Borlace, a good, unperceiving man, one of the best of men, because she "wanted to live," because she was too eager to cross the stream "where the brook and river meet," and because unsatisfied curiosity is still the pitfall digged for the young by a prudery that calls itself virtue. And now she finds that the cup of real life is still far from her lips.

Archelaus is a young artist, the son of a neighbor, and the very opposite to the silent and prosaic man who is Wilmot's husband. Tryphena is not far out in her warnings, for here is the conclusion of one of the picnics in which the worthy woman had seen so much mischief:

The nature within her seemed to cry out for its kin, and it was an unspeakable relief to rise and fling herself against Archelaus as he sprang on to the ledge, throwing down his armful of driftwood in order to catch her. They stood in silence for a moment, holding each other like two children, cheek pressed to cheek.

Ah, that was better, this life that beat against hers was kin to the blood in her own veins, to the surge of life at her heart. She lay still in his arms with the comfort a child feels in coming back to homeliness after a strange terror.

The pallor of the sky behind her turned to pearliness, the pearliness to white radiance. Even under the shy touch of his lips she felt the whiteness of the moon glow like the gleam of a god's throne. She watched it from his arm till it seemed a terrible witness.

Then she awoke.

"Oh," she cried, pushing him away, "let me go, please."

At her words the man in him awoke exultantly; after all he was the stronger, even if it were only by force of muscle and body. The world was a good world, since it gave the delights of strength to this man.

"No, no," he said; "it was divine that you should come to me like that."

"It was idiotic. I was asleep, and then I suddenly awoke—and you came. Let me go. Just think."

"I won't think," he said, "not now. Not about anything that's past. That's all like a play that's played and the curtain down. We've got now."

Archelaus, realizing his helplessness and mad for the unattainable, tries to commit suicide, but is rescued from the sea by a passing ship, thinks better of it, and goes to

Canada. But for a long time he allows the world to think him dead, and, when he eventually writes to his mother, she out of spite for Wilmot conceals the fact and leaves the young wife with the bitter burden of remorse for what she believes that she has done. Highly educated, poetic, sensitive, morbid, she dwells upon the idea of retribution, until at last her baby comes to fulfill the dread which has, of course, invited the inevitable tragedy:

Dr. Borlace stood holding Avis in the hollow of his left arm, and the fat curves of her bare feet clung to the hairy strength of his hand. The downy head rested in the angle of his shoulder and breast, like a moorland sheep crouching in the hollows of a cart-track when the wind bites shrewdly. Semicircles of light, swift as scythe cuts, flashed before Wilmot, for the doctor had lit a candle and was passing the flame close to the child's wide-open eyes. In a second her mind traveled backward along the road that the race had trodden, back to the terrible origin of her fears. A dream of some nights ago started out before her like the gipsy *dukerippen*, or cloud portent, seen in the wonderful dreamlight. She saw savage faces crowding on a wild promontory; their peaked goat beards were swept against their breasts by a wild wind, and they all pointed furiously towards the sea whence the wind blew—a sea that seemed to boil above an unknown dread. Then she suddenly started forward and snatched the child from her husband's arms, with a pang of an agony that stung her into sudden life.

"How dare you," she cried. He seemed to her like a stranger peering into the intimate reticences of personal life, as she covered with her hands the child's face and groping hands, sheltering both from the doctor's gaze, as one would shield some deformity from the cruel eyes of a crowd. In that second she hated him with the petty, pin-point hatred that is half contempt. She remembered only the tiny mannerisms that jar in closest intimacy—how he gulped his food, how he shuffled his feet, how he scraped the spoon on his plate. Under his ragged moustache there seemed a curious leer, like that of a Silenus, on his pursed-up lips. "Oh, how dare you!" she whispered again over the child's snuggled head. "Oh! I know why you look at her like this; I know, only I wouldn't say I knew. Yesterday she never noticed the sunbeams that Johanna's child danced after."

The doctor was silently throwing open the shutters and letting in the daylight—to himself and the room.

"I wondered," he said at last, "how much you had seen. But I thought you were out just now, or I shouldn't have examined the child. You oughtn't to have known yet."

"I was wrong," she said, passionately, "when I said long ago that something comes out of the unknown and touches you, when you're to be punished. It doesn't do that, it touches something else, something you love."

The blindness of the child weakened the slender link between Wilmot and her husband. Its subsequent death snapped the chain altogether, and Wilmot left him, not with any settled determination, but only that she might get by herself and find new bearings. And here, by the way, is one of those humorous colloquies in which the book abounds. Wilmot converses with one of the laborers at the farm on which she stays and tries to find out something, even from him, of the mysteries and the meaning of marriage which for her seem to be so insoluble:

"Heber," said Wilmot, snatching one of Tryphena's sunbonnets from the gate-post and walking by the old man's side as he drove the cows up the lane, under the shadows of the beeches, "Heber, have you ever been married?"

"Married," said he, shifting his stick to his left hand, and so leaving the right free wherewith to scratch his head. "No, I dunno that I have. Nort to marry here, for there is but furze bushes, though they grow uncommon."

"Yes," said Wilmot, persisting; "but you must have thought about marrying some time."

"Thought on it, saith a; well, so I have, in a manner of speaking," said he, confessing the soft impeachment. "Reckon I took warning by my brother Aaron. Married a widow woman, he did, and never held up his head again, he didn't. There was but the two of us, Aaron and me, and love chillern at that, if you'll excuse me mentioning it."

Heber, a love child, laughed Wilmot to herself, as she glanced at his long, bony form, his red, freckled face and hands.

"Mother never had a bit o' luck, for there never was a man that could abide her long enough to come to the ring, so us was brought up mostly on workhouse skilly and titties, 'but,' says mother, 'I'll give 'em Bible names, for if there's any good going I'm sure I'm the one that wants it.'"

"And Aaron married a widow?"

"A did, and half a yard of pump water at that. I turned it over in mind, and it fair bothered me what a did, in the courting, when it come to clipping, for where a found her waist, I couldn't tell, for 'twas all the same, up and downs, and no more shape, nor not so much, as in that gate-post."

Heber struck it a sounding thwack.

"It wouldn't matter, would it?"

"Well, it simmed awkward, so I just asked 'em. 'Man,' says I, 'where did 'ee put your arm when it come to a tender moment?' 'Oh,' says he, 'I just took it as it come.' And there," said Heber, solemnly, "is where us differed. I never could ha' took it as it come, neither woman nor waist."

Wilmot thinks that it is love for which she is searching, and because she knows neither herself nor her husband she believes that she has missed it. Probably no woman really believes that she is loved unless she is told so, and told so often, and unfortunately Dr. Borlace is not of that kind. And so another one comes into her life, even as Archelaus Rouncevell did, and she tries to find in Roger Hannaford what her heart is hungry for and what her own home might have so abundantly supplied. Intoxicated by a new passion that promises so much, bewildered almost past the frontiers of sanity, she never even tells Roger that she is already married, until she is forced into confession by his accidental mention of Arche-

laus Rouncevell as his cousin, and how "he came a cropper over some woman":

"Archelaus—Archelaus Rouncevell?"

She pulled herself from his grasp and leant, like one in pain, over the flap where they had so happily stood and feasted.

"My God, it's the writing on the wall. Archelaus Rouncevell your cousin."

"Wilmot, Wilmot, what is it? What is Archelaus Rouncevell to you?"

"I—I—can not you guess?" Her face seemed shrunken, so that he thought, even in his perplexity, that at ninety this was what she would look like.

He shook himself savagely, then laughed. "But we're both mad. The woman was married."

"I was the woman."

There was a dead silence, till a twig snapped in the fire. "But she was a married woman," he repeated, stupidly.

"I've been married." She stood tracing with her fingers the circles left on the unwashed table by cider-mugs.

"But he's dead. Your husband is dead?"

"No, he's living."

To answer in a catechism was easy enough now. She said the responses as lightly as a Sunday-school child.

"But you did not care for him?"

"No, I suppose not."

"But you never lived with him?"

"Our child died last summer."

"With a man you didn't love. But it can't be true. It's impossible. Wilmot, say it isn't true."

"It is quite true," she repeated, sullenly. Would the man ask her next for proofs of what she asserted.

All life seemed to have been wiped from his face, as he pressed heavily on her shoulders, standing over her at his full height.

"Oh, what a fool I've been," he said. "I wondered how you would bear with such a big, rough fellow like me, how you'd face marriage—you that seemed a thing for a man to touch with cold fingers, not hot lips; you that have lived with a man that you didn't love. Did you ever love any one? I should like to know that."

"You know," she said, with white lips.

"I know. I know nothing. I'm a blind fool. Did you ever care one little straw, the paring of your nail for me?"

"You know," she repeated, with lips that moved though no sound came.

"How can I know if you speak the truth? But what's the difference now?"

"You said—you said that a woman could—rise above what she'd done, like a man."

"I never said she'd be the same woman, did I?" he sneered.

Lifting her roughly, he passed his hands over her face and hair; then spanned, with finger and thumb, her slender neck. It was a moment of exultation, for a wild sense of power possessed him; at any rate, she was at his mercy.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered.

"Kill you, I think. But you're hardly worth being hanged for, after all."

Of course, it all comes right in the end. That is the sublime power of the storyteller—to make it all come right in the end, and to show us how we may do the same in what we call real life. The truth about her silent, undemonstrative husband is told to her at last by a humble woman whom they had both befriended, and the whole book would have been worth the writing if it were only for the character sketch of the great-hearted Johanna.

"He always has cared for 'ee," said Johanna, speaking more naturally, "so that he hadn't eyes for any other body. I dunnow that I should have said it if you hadn't been kind to me—"

Was it true? Wilmot asked herself, going over the history of their life together. Could it be?

"You don't believe me," said Johanna, warming to her work. "Why, there's a shirt that you made for 'em, made worse than I make 'em, too, coming to bits 'tis for the size of the stitches. But he will wear that shirt oftener than any of the comfortable ones, though it must gall him frightful, what with raw edges and that. You ain't a woman, you're a stone, or you would have known all this better than I could tell 'ee. And now I'll go."

And so there is another honeymoon and a real one this time, but sometimes in "real life" the second honeymoon never comes.

"The Wingless Victory," by M. P. Willcocks. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The memorial statue to Thomas F. Bayard, former United States Senator, Secretary of State, and first ambassador of the United States to the court of St. James, is to be unveiled and dedicated at Wilmington, Delaware, June 22. Former President Cleveland, in whose first cabinet Mr. Bayard served, and who made him ambassador to Great Britain, is to deliver the principal address, and Judge George Gray of the Federal Court will preside. President Roosevelt and his Cabinet and many other public men will be invited. The statue is of bronze and more than life-size. It was modeled by Miss Effie Stillman (now Mrs. William Ritchie), of London, and was given anonymously by a friend of Mr. Bayard to the memorial association, which pledged itself to attend to its proper setting up.

Philadelphia capitalists are planning to erect a \$1,500,000 hotel in Yokohama, Japan, from plans designed by Philadelphia architects. It is to be eight stories in height, will contain about 400 bedrooms and suites and many baths, with a garden courtyard in the centre. It is to be called the Grand Hotel, and appears to be wholly an American investment.

At Rheims, France, portable bathtubs with hot water are delivered to order.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emperor Francis Joseph celebrated on June 8 the fortieth anniversary of his coronation as King of Hungary.

Mark Twain sailed for England, June 8, to be present at Oxford University on June 26, when he is to receive the distinction of Doctor of Literature. Mr. Clemens said he would return to this country, June 29. "I don't know what the boys will do with me," he said. "I spent seven years there, and I want to see them all. I may stay a boat or two longer if my energy holds out. New York is a very energetic place, but all the vitality one has in his body is required in London."

The distinction of being the first woman minister in the world belongs to Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, who has recently moved from New York City to Elizabeth, N. J., where she still frequently preaches acceptably, though in her eighty-fourth year. After she was seventy-eight she journeyed to the Holy Land, and has since her return lectured in reference to her travels. She has written one book, entitled "Sea Drifts." It is a volume relating to the ocean—a poem of various rhyme and rhythm.

Dr. S. A. Knopp, of the Government Department of Agriculture, recently said in an address: "I am, of course, not in favor of war or of conquest. But if we were bent on acquiring other countries, there would be an easier way to accomplish it than by conquest. If every acre of land now under cultivation were cultivated right—in other words, if we could teach the farmers who are now tilling the soil how to till it well—we should soon be able to buy any country that we might take a fancy to—king, army, navy, and all."

Lady Cook, who, a few years ago, was one of the most active organizers of the Woman's Suffrage movement in this country, has recently visited America, giving a number of lectures on the subject of Woman's Suffrage in England. Lady Cook's maiden name was Tennessee Clafflin, and she and her famous sister, Victoria Woodhull, who was the first woman nominated for President of the United States on the Suffrage ticket, were at one time engaged in a brokerage business in New York, having an office in Broad Street. Lady Cook's husband, who was knighted by Queen Victoria for his many philanthropies, left her a very large fortune, which she has since devoted to the promotion of the Woman's Suffrage movement as well as philanthropic work.

Jane Addams, the Chicago Settlement worker and founder of Hull House, the first settlement-house of its kind in Chicago, has been conspicuous in practical reforms. Not long ago Miss Addams made public speeches in Chicago decrying the terrible sanitary condition of the slums, and the mayor immediately took her at her word and appointed her sanitary inspector of the Nineteenth ward. It was due to her efforts that the epidemic of typhoid was stemmed when the whole city was threatened. Miss Addams is not only the author of several books on social ethics and economics, but she is constantly lecturing in all parts of the country on the subjects of child labor, cooperative house-keeping, the servant question, and other sociological problems. She was an important figure at the recent Peace Conference in New York City.

Twenty-seven years ago Antonio Corsi was one of a wandering band of minstrels playing in the towns of England. In Dover one day he attracted the attention of the painter Moscheles, who took him to London and employed him for a time as a model. He proved a great success, and today he has the distinction of being the finest model in the world as well as the most famous. He is in demand with all classes of painters, from the decorators of great public buildings to the artists who conceive modern advertising triumphs. He has posed for Sargent and Abbey in their famous paintings. The Boston Library presents him seventy times to the public gaze, and reduplications of his stalwart form adorn New York's new Hall of Records within and without. Dodge has used him for the interior mural decorations, and Martigny for his massive statues outside. The McKinley memorial windows of the Canton church show the sun shining through him four times. The studios of art students of three countries give proof of his ubiquitousness. Here

in charcoal sketches and oil studies Corsi figures as large as life; Corsi as an Indian, Corsi as a Florentine troubadour, Corsi as the dying Christ, Corsi as Mephistopheles, Corsi as a Greek god, Corsi as a praying monk, and yet his versatility is not half stated.

OLD FAVORITES.

By William Morris.

Before Our Lady Came.

Before our Lady came on earth
Little there was of joy or mirth;
About the borders of the sea
The sea-folk wander'd heavily;
About the wintry river side
The weary fishers would abide.

Alone, within the weaving-room,
The girls would sit before the loom,
And sing no song and play no play—
Alone from dawn to hot mid-day,
From mid-day unto evening,
The men a-field would work, nor sing
Mid weary thoughts of man and God—
Before they felt the wet ways trod.
Unkiss'd the merchant bore his care,
Unkiss'd the knights went out to war,
Unkiss'd the mariner came home,
Unkiss'd the minstrel men did roam.

Or in the stream the maids would stare,
Nor know why they were made so fair:
Their yellow locks, their bosoms white,
Their limbs well-wrought for all delight,
Seem'd foolish things that waited death—
As hopeless as the flowers beneath:
The weariness of unkiss'd feet:
No life was hither then, or sweet.

Therefore, O Venus! well may we
Praise the green ridges of the sea
O'er which, upon a happy day,
Thou camest to take our shame away.
Well may we praise the curling foam
Amidst the which thy feet did bloom—
Flowers of the Gods; the yellow sand
They kiss'd at twixt the sea and land;
The bee-beset ripe-seeded grass
Through which thy fine limbs first did pass:
The purple-dusted butterfly
First blown against thy quivering thigh:
The first red rose that touch'd thy side,
And overblown and fainting died;
The flickering of the orange shade
Where first in sleep thy limbs were laid;
The happy day's sweet life and death,
Whose air first caught thy balmy breath:
Yea! all these things well praised may be,
But with what words shall we praise Thee?
O Venus! O thou love alive!
Born to give peace to souls that strive.

Atalanta Victorious.

And there two runners did the sign aside
Foot set to foot—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.
But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend.
Too fair to look on and be glad.
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar:
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal was set
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near;
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang
And swiftly were they running side by side:
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereafter
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There she stood breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep.
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did not keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see:
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword:

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was slung now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face,
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

—From "The Earthly Paradise."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

It will take no ordinary psychology to explain why it is that women write all the most popular stories in England, while in America the "best sellers" are written almost entirely by men. But such is the fact. In England the twelve best-selling novels are all by women, and considering the power of the modern novel in shaping the inner life of a nation, we may well wonder what these things portend. The titles and authors of the twelve most popular novels are as follows: "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Ward; "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison); "The Treasure of Heaven," by Miss Corelli; "The Gamblers," by Mrs. Thurston; "Prisoners," by Miss Cholmondeley; "The Dream and the Business," by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie); "The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen; "The White House," by Miss Braddon; "In Subjection," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "A Sovereign Remedy," by Mrs. Steel; "The Incomplete Amorist," by E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland); and "A Queen of Rushes," by Allen Raine.

But in America, as has been said, nearly all the "best sellers" are written by men. A list of six novels, prepared at the same time, shows that there was only one female novelist to five of the other sex, and it must be admitted that no ready explanation of this contrast comes at once to mind.

Ellen Terry, by Christopher St. John. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1 net, postage 6 cents.

Nothing in literature is more excellent than brevity, but brevity is not wholly a virtue when applied to a biography of Ellen Terry. This book ought to have been larger; it could hardly be large enough to exceed the welcome due to everything that relates to the most charming actress of modern days.

The author begins at the beginning. Ellen Terry's first practical introduction to the stage was a failure, because the tiny tot objected to being put into the mustard pot in the classical drama known as the "Spirit of the Mustard Pot." When she was eight years of age she played Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale," and during the next three years she took nine speaking parts.

The author shows well that Ellen Terry's success is due wholly to genius. Charles Reade said that she was an enigma. "Complexion a delicate brick dust, hair rather like tow, yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawn-like grace. Whether in movement or in repose, grace pervades the hussy."

In so brief a sketch we can hardly expect to find any critical analysis of the great parts played by Ellen Terry, but the author well says that it was as Ophelia that Ellen Terry established a great reputation. Ellen Terry as Nance Oldfield delivers the line "and they say Nance Oldfield, tragedian, can't play comedy. Can't she!" A new version of the words suggest themselves "and they say Ellen Terry, comedian, can't play tragedy. Can't she!"

Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth surpassed herself. Her Lady Macbeth was a real woman, steeled to murder only by her womanly love, nerved to crime by her wifely devotion. The author thinks that she did not wholly succeed, especially in the sleep-walking scene, and he quotes from her own note-book: "Mem. Re-study the sleep-walking scene."

Mr. St. John's little sketch is useful and well done, but it is inadequate. He hints at a coming autobiography from which he does not wish to steal the thunder. It can not come too soon and Mr. St. John has written for it a worthy introduction.

Fanshawe of the Fifth, by Ashton Hilliers. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The story told by an old man of his youth is no longer so much in favor as once it was. We do not like to be reminded that even the heroes of fiction become old. Time, for them, should be no more when the last page is read. George Fanshawe is something of a ne'er-do-well who is dismissed from the army in disgrace and who then wanders up and down in the world, meeting with a number of interesting adventures and remarkable people. There are plenty of incidents and

some good character drawings, particularly those of the Quakers. Perhaps the book is a trifle too long, but a subject by no means novel is handled with vivacity and skill all the way through.

The Talking Woman, by May Isabel Fisk. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

Mrs. Fisk has made a decided hit with her monologues. They are exaggerated just enough to make them piquant and every one of them sadly reminds us of the talking women we have met in real life. To appear at their best these monologues should be read in small doses. Here for instance is the lady who imagines that she has lost her boa after she has taken her seat in the middle of a full row at the theatre. She says to her husband:

You don't see it? Then poke about underneath with your cane. . . . You don't see it? Well, you'll have to ask them all to get out in the aisle while you look under. There, what's that big black thing? . . . Oh, that lady's foot. No, it isn't there. . . . Now don't ask me again if I left it at home. But it must be there—I remember stepping on something as we were getting past. There, what's that? Oh, that man's hat. It looks badly. That must have been what I stepped in. It is too bad, but you know really it is a risk to put a hat on the floor—you know if you held it in your lap or pinned it on the back of the seat the way we do—No, I didn't wear it tonight—I remember now. I was afraid I'd lose it just like this.

Foods and Their Adulteration, by Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., Ph. D. Published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia; \$4.

It is not well to read too much about foods lest perchance we lose our appetites. Dr. Wiley, with every persuasion to be a crank, keeps on the lines of sound common sense. He surveys the whole ground of our food supply and he does it with a reassuring common sense highly comforting in these days of scandal and exposure. Evils there are in abundance, but none that are out of reach of remedy. The book is largely one for the expert and with a few notable exceptions we may continue to follow the example of sensible people who eat what is set before them, asking no questions, for conscience' sake.

Katherine, by E. Temple Thurston. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A very cleverly told story and with an original plot. Katherine Crichton, whose husband is by no means her preordained affinity, discovers that as the result of an accident she has only two years more to live. She determines that the remainder of her life shall yield its utmost of pleasure and as a result she nearly comes to disaster. The idea is well worked out and the character of the husband, who ultimately shows unexpected heights of character, is well drawn. Altogether a thoroughly readable book.

The Birth of the Nation, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

We are not likely to hear too much of the stirring scenes enacted at Jamestown three hundred years ago when the corner stone of the nation was laboriously laid. Mrs. Pryor has the bappy gift of the popular historian in so arranging her story as to provide a constant panorama of action. In this way she has provided a history that is admirably adapted to the young without losing any of its attractiveness for older students.

Reed Anthony, Cowman, by Andy Adams. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge; \$1.50.

The conditions herein described are largely things of the past, but it will be long before they cease to be fascinating to those who love the stirring life of the ranch. Mr. Adams's book describes every detail of the cowman's life and no one knows the life better. As a chapter in the domestic history of the country it must take a high place.

The Vision of a City, and Other Poems, by Henry Dumont. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

This is an unpretentious little book and the verses that it contains are about homely and familiar things. Many of them have a touch of real merit and are pleasant to read.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In these days, when, according to the booksellers, the average life of a novel is hardly more than two months, any book that is read six months after its publication is almost entitled to the rating of a classic. In this connection it is interesting to note the report of books most in demand in the juvenile department of the New York Public Library. One of these for the last week was Miss Alcott's "Little Women," which, by the way, nearly always figures in these lists.

Mrs. Helen R. Martin, in her new book, "His Courtship," gives the following specimen of Pennsylvania "Dutch" poetry written by a rustic swain, Hen Mucklehenny, to his beloved:

"I give to you this wiolet
In token that we two have met,
And hope that we already yet
Once more again together get."

The Macmillan Company is publishing a number of the plays of Clyde Fitch. The next volume in the series will be "The Truth," in which Clara Bloodgood appeared with success.

There are three homesteads in Maine today intimately associated with the poet Longfellow's memory; the house which was his birthplace, but is in now the tenement quarter of Portland; the Longfellow mansion, on one of the main streets of Portland, kept open for the public today by the Maine Historical Society, and Wadsworth Hall, the "grandfather's farm" of the poet's boyish days.

A now well-known author once drifted down into Arkansas in search of local color. As he was "roughing it," his appearance was not calculated to inspire the local landlords with confidence. In one town he was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground. "Say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip. The other eyed him coldly. "Wall," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do would be to show ther night watchman—the one with ther shotgun—a receipted bill foh yo' board an' lodgin' an' get him to tie up ther bulldog."

Henry Holt & Co. are soon to publish Balzac's "Ursule Mirouet," edited by Frederick H. Osgood.

Johns Hopkins University will henceforth admit women as students and after the same manner that the German universities adopted. Each professor may admit women to his classes if he chooses and the Baltimore papers are confident the professors are ready to welcome women students. This change of attitude is said to be the work of President Ira Remsen.

Senator La Follette is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, but gained the honor in rather an odd way. Although an earnest student, he never stood well in his classes and on final examination fell several marks short of the standard required for graduation. Just before that time, however, he had won chief honors in an interstate collegiate oratorical contest. Moved by this fact, President Bascom called the faculty together and made a fight in the young fellow's behalf. Another vote was taken and La Follette scrambled through by a narrow margin.

New Publications.

"The Bird of Time," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.

"Sojourning, Shopping, and Studying in Paris; a Handbook Particularly for Women," by Elizabeth Otis Williams. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"El Sombrero de Tres Picos," by D. Pedro A. de Alarcón, edited with introductory notes and vocabulary by Benjamin P. Bourland. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; 90 cents.

"Captured; the Story of Sandy Ray," by General Charles King. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

"The Captain of the Kansas," by Louis Tracy. Published by Edward J. Clode, New York.

"The Rise of Man; a Sketch of the Origin of the Human Race," by Paul Carus. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

Canned Poesy.

I went into a bookshop and bought "The Rhymer's Lexicon";
To buy me rhymy lit'rature was what I'd long desired.
I opened up its pages just as eager as a Mexican
To find the kind of words the mind must have to be inspired.

I'd tired of the "love" and "glove" and other rhyming pabulum
The new inchoate poet always thinks he has to use;
My new Thesaurus showed me I could work with "acetahulum"—
Now, isn't that a pretty dish to set before a Muse?

And if I should be stranded on the island "Ecumenical,"
A passing ship would rescue me and save my metric life
By throwing me a life preserver labeled "diplogenical"—
(That's something like a slammer, only smaller, like a plife).

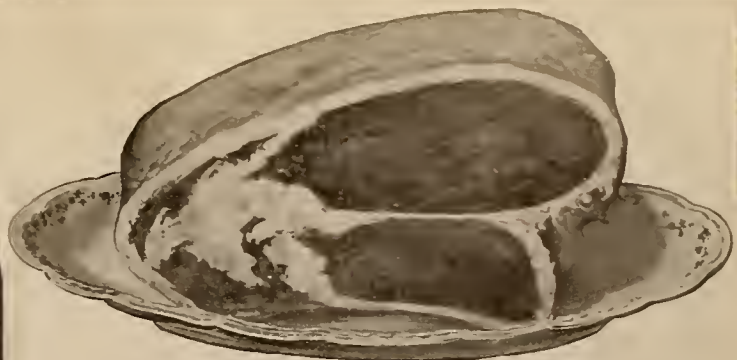
Suppose I should be troubled for a rhyme to "apoplectical,"
A look within the book'll make my worry disappear
By giving me a pretty word like "brachycatalectic"—
I have no doubt the word is used a dozen times a year.

Now, isn't that a reason for a bard to go and jubilate?
It minimizes labor he may better put on thought.
It's great to know he has the little-giant word "obnubilate,"
And obviates the fearsomeness of ever being caught.

But why should I continue to elucidate or tabify?
The rhymer's brilliant lexicon has no such word as can't.
A little bit of skill in knowing what to dissyllabify
Would teach a cinematograph the proper way to chant.

—Franklin P. Adams,
in New York Evening Mail.

Hotel men say that some of the larger New York hostleries lose at least \$50,000 a year by the raids of souvenir hunters and the petty thefts of guests. The hotels with silver and linen of special design suffer the most. It does not take long for the losses to mount into the thousands when towels cost \$6 and napkins \$5 a dozen, and the demitasse spoons 60 cents and the small coffee cups from 85 cents to \$1 each at wholesale. Nor are the losses confined to the impecunious. Some time ago a housekeeper in one of the big hotels found thirty-five towels belonging to the house in the trunks of wealthy western families as they were about to leave. Another hotel man tried to beautify the women's reception room, but soon gave it up in despair. He lost nine bureau scarfs in a week. A pin cushion a foot square and weighted with sand was stolen from the bureau. The towels were cut from the locks which held them to the wall. The souvenir hunter is taken so much as a matter of course by the hotel men that in some of the big hostleries there is a system of selling certain articles to the guests who ask for them.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery, by Karl Werder, translated by Elizabeth Wilder. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Shakespeareana is enriched by this very notable piece of criticism. The problem that the author sets himself to solve is an old one. He asks whether the explanation of the Hamlet tragedy is to be found in the character of Hamlet himself, or in the circumstances with which he was confronted. In other words, was Hamlet dominated by a policy, and a determination to avenge his father, or was he the victim of his own personal disposition? Professor Werder defends the former theory. He holds that Hamlet's conduct was objective, and not subjective, and he thus runs counter to general acceptance. His criticism is lucid and logical, even if not convincing.

The Long Labrador Trail, by Dillon Wallace. Published by The Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

A better book about Labrador has never been written. It is the result of a rare combination of literary ability, scientific knowledge, enthusiasm, and courageous endurance. We are told of a daring expedition through the frozen north with dogs, Indians, and Eskimos. There are privations, dangers, and rescues, and back of all is a substantial contribution to our scanty knowledge of the lands and the peoples of the far, frozen north.

Grasshopper Land, by Margaret Warner Morley. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

Miss Morley's natural history books need no introduction. "The Bee People," the "Honey Makers," and others, have received a warm welcome from those who appreciate natural history that loses nothing in thoroughness from the absence of technicalities. Miss Morley's present work on grasshoppers finds a worthy place in a valuable series.

A Short History of the American Navy, by John R. Spears. Published under the auspices of the Navy League by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: 50 cents.

This concise and admirable history is to be warmly recommended to those who wish to know something of the Navy without being overweighed with technical details. It is popularly written, full of narrative and interest, and the illustrations are excellent.

The Golden Hawk, by Edith Rickert. Published by the Baker and Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

Miss Rickert is already well and favorably known as the author of "Folly," and "The Reaper." She now gives us a story of modern Provence, dedicated, by permission, to Mistral. It is a delightful romance, full of life and sunshine, a book to be safely recommended.

Sir Elyot of the Woods, by Emma Brooke. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A very ingenious story, in which the chief figure is a girl so beautiful and so bad as to be almost uncanny.

The Travelers' Handbook, by Josephine Tozier. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.

A practical book, prepared on new lines for those visiting Europe for the first time.

Mr. Goggles, by H. Collins Brown. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

Well told adventures of an automobile party on a trip through New England.

The Trimmed Lamb, by O. Henry. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.

A collection of excellent short stories by one who knows the trade.

To the Credit of the Sea, by Lawrence Mott. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This is a number of well-told and condensed stories of the strenuous lives of the men on the Banks and the Labrador

Coast. No one without an intimate knowledge of his subject could have written so well. It is full of the salt and savor of the sea and of the heroisms that the sea inspires.

Gethsemane and After, a new setting of an old story, by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D. Published by Moffat Yard and Company, New York; \$1.20.

Foyer and Box-Office Chat.

The Van Ness Theatre has been crowded as a rule during the engagement of Maude Adams, and the advance sale for next week, the third, is already very large. "Peter Pan" is to be played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. On Thursday next Miss Adams will be seen for the first time here as Phebe Throessel in "Quality Street." For the fourth week "L'Aiglon" will be presented.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," the comedy Augustus Thomas wrote around a pair of shoes, will follow the present successful production of "Old Heidelberg" by the New Alcazar Theatre Company, beginning next Monday. There are good parts for all the favorites in this piece of fun-making, and it promises to be one of the most delightful bills of the season.

The Frawley Company will produce next week at the Novelty Theatre "A Lady of Quality," the romantic drama in which Julia Arthur won pronounced success. It was written by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend, and has many beautiful scenes. The cast as announced offers every promise of a faithful and well-balanced production. The play will replace the present bill at the Sunday matinee.

Julia Heinrichs, a contralto of reputation in concert work, with Margaret Easter, a soprano of quality, are at the head of the list of new attractions at the Orpheum next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee. Miss Heinrichs will be heard in a number of new songs, as will Miss Easter, and the two will also sing duets. Emil Hoch and company will offer a playlet, "Love's Young Dream." The Kinsons, musical instrument specialists, and Mlle. Nadje, a feminine acrobat, are also newcomers. It will be the last week of the St. Onge Brothers; Ferry, "the human frog"; the Abdullah Brothers, and of the Countess Rossi and Mons. Paulo. New motion pictures will, of course, be shown.

Frances Starr will have a brief rest this summer. "The Rose of the Rancho" closes its long run at the Belasco Theatre in New York June 29, but will be revived in August and continued indefinitely. The Belasco-Tully play of California life has still unlimited drawing power in the metropolis.

Camille D'Arville was one of the attractions at Keith & Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theatre in New York last week.

Miss Julie Heyneman, one of San Francisco's most gifted women painters, who has spent many years abroad, is among the exhibitors in the great London Academy this year. Her accepted canvas is a large portrait of two children. The several portraits she showed at her last exhibition in this city make it easy for San Franciscans to understand why she is so honored in England. Miss Heyneman has worked for a long time under the criticism of the great Sargent. Before the calamity, Miss Heyneman had located a studio in the old League quarters in Montgomery Avenue, intending to make a long stay in this city. As she had brought many valuable pictures with her from England, her loss was large. She went abroad almost immediately, but is now arranging to return, being more anxious to come home than ever before. She expects to reach San Francisco in September or October. She has a portrait to do in Ireland, and wants to go to Italy before she commences her homeward journey.

An expedition from the Lick Observatory will go to Flint Island, 390 miles northwest of Tahiti, to observe the total eclipse of the sun January 3, 1908. A generous contribution by Mr. William H. Crocker of San Francisco has enabled Director Campbell of the observatory to make adequate arrangements for recording all data of scientific value during the brief period of totality of the eclipse.

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Married in white,
You're in for a fight;
Married in gray,
She'll grab your pay;
Married in red,
You'll have a bald head;
Married in green,
In your mirror 'tis seen;
Married in blue,
It's tough luck for you;
Married in pearl,
You get the wrong girl;
Married in yellow,
She'll make you bellow;
Married in brown,
One more chump in town;
Married in pink,
Joy for you—I don't think.
—Chicago News.

The counsel for the defense—I uphold that a tomato, however well aimed, could not have caused such a black eye. *The Plaintiff*—But it were in a tin, yer honor. —The Sketch.

"How did he die?" "He died game. He was mistaken for a deer while hunting." —Harper's Weekly.

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The letters are addressed to a white girl, whom he had known and loved in the East, and are the expression of a hopeless cause. The white man's education had not changed the Indian's inherited tendencies—it had done little but unfit him for the life to which he returned, once more to wear the moccasins of brown deerskin and the scarlet head-band of his people.

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MRS. FISKE IN MODERN COMEDY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The New York idea is not the San Francisco idea. Desperate as is our reputation in the East, there is one point upon which our besmirched and derided city may pride itself, and that is the conservatism, or comparative conservatism, of the upper social ranks as compared with that of New York society. The reason probably is because there are fewer multi-millionaires and millionairesses out here. Light-minded people who wade in dollars exact pleasure, amusement, excitement, as their daily due. If a husband or wife of the smart set ceases to please the eye or entertain the idle mind of his matrimonial partner his or her domestic occupation is gone.

In "The New York Idea" everybody has heaps and heaps of money. Cynthia Karslake, it will be observed, is reputed to be the possessor of fifteen or twenty millions. In this way only is her return to Jack Karslake made possible. Cynthia has a weakness for Jack, which, in spite of her having, in a passing pet, secured a divorce, she has never been able to conquer. Jack is unlucky at the races and becomes bankrupt. And still Cynthia feels tugging at her heart-strings the old attachment, which will not down. The author thoughtfully provides her with a handsome fortune for only thus, secure in the possession of her fifteen or twenty millions, can she afford the luxury of a return to a bankrupt ex-husband who pleases her more than any other man whom she has ever known. For, as Jack points out, theirs was "a case of premature divorce."

The tendency to a reckless severance of the matrimonial ties through the instrumentality of divorce, which is regarded by Europeans as a national characteristic, has, perhaps, its root in the mangled remnants of the national Puritanism. For we were once Puritanic. The Continental wife who is unhappily married sometimes consoles herself with a secret love affair. The American wife, with the usual American impatience and intolerance of uncongenial conditions, rushes headlong to the legitimized relief of the divorce court. Cynthia Karslake considers herself well within her social rights, and, reckless as she is, is careful not to imperil her social position. "It should be a social axiom," she says, "that no woman should have to meet her former husband." As it happens, chance prohibits Cynthia from adhering to this standard of etiquette for the *divorcée*.

By a dextrous contrivance of coincidences the author brings together into social juxtaposition the four disintegrated fragments of two former matrimonial unions. The four wander around like the dismembered elements of a puzzle. Occasionally they come in electric contact, and throw out sparks, verbal ones of the most brilliant description. The situation is not new in fiction. It has already attracted the satiric pen of Edith Wharton, and Judge Grant. It has infinite possibilities, and we shall probably encounter it soon in future plays. Since divorce is a sort of social fever in the kind of society under consideration, separated husbands and wives will continue to meet in comedy, in melodrama, and even in tragedy of a strictly modern sort.

Mr. Mitchell's manner of attacking his theme almost lifts his sparkling farce to the region of high comedy. The situations would appeal to the philosophic mind and there is scarcely a line in the play that is not wit, or quip, or epigram. The repartee is so steady and spontaneous that it almost makes you mentally dizzy. Yet it is not over-elaborated, and does not seem over-drawn. Mr. Mitchell has the literary skill to make the quickness of cynical wit in his characters sound individual and appear to be the natural outcome of the situations in which they figure and the lives which they lead. They, who are ever on parade, well groomed, beautifully dressed, and socially cap-a-pie, are always ready for the merry game of society, for competition with a rival light of the drawing-room, for the matching of nimble wits which result, according to temperament and disposition, in the retort cattish or the retort courteous.

These fascinating ladies in this fascinating play do not shock the observer. They are brilliantly cynical, but never coarse. They prettily play with love, and other emotions. "Life is a joke," says exasperated Jack Karslake; "marriage is a picnic, and man is a shawl-strap." But not entirely so. His highest sphere of usefulness

is to minister to the vanity of the beautiful beings who fascinatingly compete for his favor.

Cynthia and Jack are each a social anomaly in the sphere in which they move. They are divorced, but each is capable of an old-fashioned constancy, which possibility has been unluckily interfered with by the prevailing tendency of their set to cure trifling family ructions with that universal panacea, divorce. Perhaps this is the moral of the drama. For underneath all its play of beguiling wit and brilliant cynicism one discerns that the flashing rapier has an edge.

In the midst of this atmosphere of brilliant worldliness, Mrs. Fiske is peculiarly at home. Her distinctive style places her at her best in the drama of the day, and the high order of her talent as a comedienne enables her to shine with especial brilliancy in "The New York Idea." She is like a finely cut jewel, in that her methods make her less effective at a distance, and in the tiny Colonial she is brought so close to her audience that every shade of that silent suggestion in which she so excels reaches the mark. For this astonishing actress can suggest recklessness, coquetry, ennui, with the same degree of gayety in comedy as she can show intensity in modern tragedy. The portrayal of modern types of character is her particular field, comedy seems to be her forte, as well as tragedy, and she is as thoroughly at home in "The New York Idea" as she was a fish out of water in "Mary Magdalene."

Her company is one of the most complete organizations of the kind we can ever hope to see. George Arliss, John Mason, Marion Lea, Charles Harbury, and Dudley Clinton, are each so finished in technique and so natural in method that they are only second to Mr. Mitchell himself in the effect of spontaneous realism which they give to the characters represented.

In recalling the individuals of this group, one does not stop to pick and choose the best. Each is perfect in his line. What a unique specimen of the flirting free lance, to whom every pretty woman is the destined quarry, is George Arliss's Englishman, who seems visibly to expand wings with which to float in this emancipated new world of social upheavals. And how photographic is Dudley Clinton's parson, with his smile of worldly enjoyment and his ministerial voice, with all its cadences attuned to the charming of huge salaries from plethoric pockets.

In Vida Phillimore Marion Lea finds a type of seductively silly coquette apt to her practiced art. And the friendship between the two women, with its speedy intimacy with Christian names, and its actual basis of man-snatching jealousy, how easily it is indicated.

In their different ways John Mason and Charles Harbury show how ill adapted are Philip Phillimore, the legal luminary who coins Johnsonian phrases à la Grover Cleveland, and Jack Karslake, gentleman-sport, with a taste for plain truths and only

half a taste for society, to the world of gay insincerities in which Phillimore is too unwieldy and Karslake too direct to feel wholly at ease.

In Mr. Mason's splendid personation of the husband of the disturbing Cynthia, the actor, by artistically imperceptible shading, made it apparent that Jack's unfitness was not so much the absence of geniality as the presence of sentiment. For, in spite of the prevailing atmosphere of worldliness and cynicism, the eternal strength and endurance of the emotions is vindicated.

Langdon Mitchell knows his craft well. Cynic though he shows himself in picturing the great game of life, he recognizes the eternal longing of the human heart for the emotions of love and constancy to have the first and last hearing. And in a scene of reconciliation, admirably suggestive of the habitual abstinence from sentimental excess of the men and women of the Karslakes' world, the curtain goes down.

Mr. Frawley has armed himself with a most killing trousseau with which to subjugate New San Francisco. In "You Never Can Tell" he was sumptuously arrayed in a seaside confection of pale tan, almost cream color, so exact as to cut, so scrupulous as to crease, and so generally resplendent in its suggestion of sartorial affluence that one's thoughts would wander to the reasonable speculation as to how in the name of consistency the impecunious dentist could logically afford such a display. Mr. Shaw's dentist-hero earned five shillings in six weeks, and almost earned it in sight of the audience, for the first curtain falls on a struggling patient who is inhaling gas.

Shaw's play turns out to be a harmless sort of farce with Shaw's scraps of satire eliminated, the way the Frawley company play it. Frawley himself, as the brisk, matter-of-fact, pleasant young man, who is as easily scared by an indifferent young Diana as he is terrified by a crusty landlord, is as well placed histrionically as he is ever like to be. There is something likable about Frawley, which quality the actor-manager is sapient enough to use as a business asset, just on the same principle as a merchant utilizes the geniality of his prize salesman. He has no gamut of the emotions to run in "You Never Can Tell," and comes out tolerably well in spite of being obliged to act as the usual mouth-piece for Shaw's opinions in an interpolated thesis on "The Duel of Sex."

Miss Shotwell's Gloria was a sort of female Pooh-Bah, with a set of prickles that would have scared the ordinary sensitively constituted suitor a mile away. Gloria is an old-fashioned woman with a new-fashioned education, but the consequent warring of impulses is not indicated by Frawley's leading lady, who gave a very conscientious but utterly benighted portrait of a female prig, pure and simple.

The impish impertinence of the pair of

twins—a most amusing conception in the original, for one thinks instinctively of this whole representation as a wretched translation of a brilliant work—goes off like damp fireworks. Lola May is a very pretty girl and is apparently energetic and ambitious, but before she becomes the sparkling comedienne she aims to be, she must curb her tendency to redundancy of facial expression. It wouldn't be a bad idea, while she is about it, to master the ability to be a letter perfect study, even if she is lonely in a crowd; for about twenty-five per cent of the dialogue suffered wild lapses and sudden and desperate resuscitations.

Of all his collection of freaks, William, the tactful waiter, is Shaw's pet. "Dear William," as Dolly calls him when he averts quarrels and diverts quarrelers by bringing the soothing word and the soothing glass at the psychological moment—William certainly is a dear, and I am quite willing to subscribe to Shaw's tacit inference that the tactful old menial is ever so much more of a gentleman than his betters. Mr. Craven's assumption of the rôle was competent enough to give one a thorough idea of the part William plays in the Crandon-Crampton family imbroglio, which is more than one can say of some of the other players. Christine Hill, for instance, does not give color or credibility to the character of the mother, and although Eugene Reed's thundering barrister was very funny the actor is deficient in the sense of shading which would enable him to supply the missing link and make the wearer of the false nose reconcilable with the legal bully who put everybody in the witness box.

Just as with his Kleschna, Edward Emery does so well as the deserted *père* Crampton that one is rather surprised he doesn't do more than indicate with undeniable ability and a very good facial make-up the more obvious characteristics of the part.

But in spite of faults of acting, a good play is a good play and I, for one, would rather see a second-hand company in a brilliant piece, than see a first-class actor, say Nat Goodwin, for instance, in a third-rate farce.

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Southern Pacific

VANITY FAIR.

If it had been said by any one less important, less unimpeachable than Rear-Admiral Evans, we should set it down to mere spite. But Admiral Evans knows whereof he speaks, and he proves it, too, when he says that "the American souvenir-hunter will steal anything except a cellar full of water." There was good cause for this cry of despair from the gallant sailor. He was especially concerned in the care of the flagship of the Duke of Abruzzi, the heir to the Italian throne, who was recently, and perhaps is still, the guest of the nation. The flagship was thrown open to the inspection of visitors who thronged from the north, south, east, and west, attracted by the ordinary passion for sight-seeing and by the unusual opportunity to examine the floating home of royalty. Needless to say, the *Varesse* was simply looted by the well-dressed crowds who swarmed up her gang plank. If a band of South Sea Islanders had been given carte blanche to work their will the spoliation could hardly have been more complete. Every portable article was carried away bodily by those whose mania for souvenirs overcame the scruples of common honesty. The Duke of Abruzzi had a gold toilet set presented to him by the King of Italy, and not a single piece of this set was left to tell the tale. Clothes brushes, hair brushes, combs, studs, sleeve links, all shared the common fate, and even the buttons of the royal uniforms were cut away in order that the "respectable" thieves might enjoy the inestimable privilege of possessing articles that had actually been fingered by a real, live prince. Almost exactly the same thing occurred when Prince Henry visited our shores on the *Hohenzollern*. A swarm of locusts in a wheatfield could hardly be more thorough in their devastation and there was no gleaning of unconsidered trifles after the souvenir hunters had taken their departure.

Admiral Evans evidently feels bitterly on the subject and well he may. He himself will not allow visitors to enter any living-room of a ship under his command unless in the company of an officer or a sailor. When he took the *Indiana* into Boston harbor over 10,000 people visited her and they stole everything that they could carry away, from the screws on the searchlight to the sights on two dozen guns. But the worst feature in the whole bad business is that this sort of thing occurs only in American waters. Admiral Evans says:

"I have held receptions on board my vessels in nearly every country in the world, but in no place other than America have I ever missed anything. At Kiel there were probably a thousand persons present at a dance on the *New York*; but not a pin was taken."

The *New York Evening Post* moralizes sadly upon this state of affairs. Fashionable looting, it declares, is by no means confined to warships, nor is it concentrated upon royalty:

"We have in mind one of our best-known New York hostesses, whose roomy house on a fashionable avenue is crowded with rare collections of jewelry, pottery, fans, etc. Once a year she has regularly received persons of literary and scientific note. After two such entertainments she found it necessary at the next one to lock up every curio in her possession, so great were her losses. And hostesses of the well-bred in other cities have had similar experiences."

The *Evening Post* finds it hard to account for these discreditable lapses on the part of people who in other relationships of life have a claim to be considered as honest:

"Moreover, when we try to attribute our polite thievery to the psychology of the crowd we are face to face with the fact that it is a peculiarly American custom we are seeking to explain. Since we can not allege that our countrymen are so nervous and excitable as to lose easily their moral balance, we are forced to look elsewhere for the cause of our humiliation. Is it to be found in the American desire to get something for nothing? Is it not allied to our wish to get rich quickly, with little concern as to the method? Have not our gift schemes of newspapers and merchants, our throwing the common stock in as a bonus, much to do with it? A woman in a large store in a neighboring city once remarked to a friend: 'You can get a full lunch here for nothing, if you are careful and don't get caught, by simply asking for samples of Jones's bouillon, Smith's deviled ham sandwiches, and Brown's batter-

cakes.' The proprietor overheard her with a pleased smile. 'We know they get their lunches here,' he said. 'That's why we set up these sample booths. You can always draw a crowd if it thinks it can get something for nothing.' Is this, after all, one explanation of the shameful ill-treatment of the Duke of Abruzzi?"

The principle of "something for nothing" has much to answer it but it seems to be a little hard upon our foreign visitors.

Professor Leon de Nerveille, of Paris, has undertaken an investigation into the causes that prompt young girls to get married. It is a venturesome quest and the professor will deserve all the plaudits coming to him for throwing light upon a question that has puzzled the world for some thousands of years. His method of working is certainly a discreet one. He sent out circulars to 300 girls in France, America, England, and Germany, directly asking them if they wished to be married and if so, why; and if not, why not? In order that their answers might be entirely unembarrassed they were invited to reply anonymously.

All the French girls replied with one exception, and practically all of them wished to be married. But not one of them gave a sentimental reason. Their only idea was to have a good time (fancy getting married to have a good time), to escape the irksome restrictions of girlhood and chaperonage, and to travel.

Of the 75 American girls who were circularized, 68 replied.

Forty-six wanted to have their own homes.

One wanted babies of her own.

Two were longing to love and to be loved.

Five were tired of living with their families.

Three wanted to travel.

Circulars were sent to seventy-five German girls and all but three replied.

Twenty-eight wanted to have their own homes.

Seven were anxious to travel.

Five wanted greater freedom.

Six wanted to amuse themselves.

Two wanted babies.

The replies from the English girls were very similar to those from the French and Professor de Nerveille frankly confesses that he is disappointed. He says that the results of his experiment are surprising and repellent. "It is proved conclusively that girls of the marriageable age, girls just entering upon womanhood and of the age for men to love, are entirely selfish. Almost without exception they desire marriage only for selfish reasons, ignoring the idea of love, of duty to the race and showing themselves sadly lacking in maternal instinct."

The professor fully expected to find vanity and selfishness among French girls, but he hoped for something better from America. He was disappointed. He knew that love is a sort of cant in America and that no matter what motive impels a girl to marriage, she calls her emotion love.

"When I succeeded in inducing these young women to write anonymously I believe we reached the truth.

"The truth is that the American girl has forsaken the idea of love marriage, which is one of the proudest boasts of the nation.

"It must not be understood that these girls will marry for the reasons they assign for desiring marriage. The chances are that a great proportion of them will marry for love—in spite of their present predilections, but the experiment proves beyond a doubt the great increase of selfishness among young women and the materialistic tendency of the age."

The professor, although disheartened, intends to continue his researches, but this time with women who are a little older. It is to be feared that he is not himself a married man, or he would know that even the shield of anonymity will hardly tempt the woman of today to tell the truth upon such a matter as matrimony.

The duty of leaving cards upon a constantly extending list of social acquaintances is beginning to be irksome to London society ladies. In these days of labor-saving appliances it is not surprising to find that a relief method has been devised and that the task of leaving cards can now be scrupulously fulfilled without leaving the house. Instead of making calls in person the aid of a "ladies' caller" is enlisted. This immaculately dressed person is furnished with a list of names and addresses

and a supply of cards, and she drives from house to house impersonating the lady whose name appears on the card that she carries. It is an ingenious idea as well as being a new element of impersonality in the social proprieties that are becoming so onerous as to be a weariness to the flesh.

The idea is capable of useful extension. If we may pay calls by proxy, why should we not go a step farther and employ deputies to go to balls and dinners for us? It might cost a little more but think of what we should save in the way of boredom and dyspepsia.

The *Boston Herald* says that society women are all going in for cures of one sort or another. It has been a strenuous winter and spring, and their nerves and clothes are about exhausted. Some of these smart wrecks travel to Bad Nauheim, others take the cure in the Rue de la Paix—though it must be said all Paris is a cure for worn-out wardrobes—and the rest mount into a touring car and join the universal procession "through Europe." It is strange how the attractions of these cures

increase, and the smart wrecks with them. But it requires no very deep philosophy to foresee the consequences. What so many may do will soon not be worth the doing. Repairing nervous systems by buying new gowns and fripperies and parading at German baths is the patent medicine of the rich. On the other hand a story comes from London of a new and a very hygienic amusement that has come into vogue for the entertainment of house parties. This is nothing less than the throwing of the boomerang, better known as the weapon of Australian aborigines. Ladies are taking to the sport, which promises to become fashionable. Skill and dexterity more than strength are required for proficiency in boomerang-throwing—hence it is a recreation just as well suited to ladies as tennis or archery. The boomerang springs from the thrower's hand with a hiss of fury, leaps high into the air and then describes gracefully circle after circle until it returns to the thrower's feet. The exercise is a splendid one, as it brings into play nearly all the muscles of the arms, legs, and body.

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DAY

July 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 9, 10, 31
August 8, 9,
10, 19, 29
September 3, 4, 5, 11, 12, 13

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at the Grand Canyon on the way. Call, write or phone me and we will prepare your whole trip.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the physicians at a popular winter health resort was looking over his books one day, comparing his list of patients. "I had a great many more patients last year than I have this," he remarked to his wife. "I wonder where they have all gone?" "Well, never mind, dear," she replied, "you know all we can do is to hope for the best."

"Your American flats are very convenient," said William T. Stead the noted English journalist, in New York, "but I have seen some that are ridiculously small. In fact," said Mr. Stead, smiling, "I heard the other day of a flat-dweller who exclaimed angrily: 'What miserable luck! Here I've bought a concertina and there's not a room in my flat wide enough for me to play it in.'"

John Burroughs was talking about the increased interest that the world now takes in nature and her work and ways. "A modern girl from New York," he said, "would not be apt to say, as I heard a girl say thirty years ago, as she looked at a multitude of tadpoles in a pond: 'Oh, look at the tadpoles! And to think that some day every one of these horrid wriggling things will be a beautiful butterfly.'"

Not long ago a young Irishman was seeking work in southern Illinois, and among those to whom he applied was a farmer near Cairo. The farmer was attracted by the Celt's frank, cheery manner, and, while he was not in need of help, he asked, after a pause: "Can you cradle?" "Cradle!" repeated the Irishman. "Sure, I can! But, sir," he added, persuasively, "couldn't ye give me a job out of dures?"

Two Marseillaises were discussing the best method of eating game. "Well," said one, "if it is a woodcock, I hang it up on a nail by the beak and fasten some larks on its claws. After a week I throw away the woodcock and eat the larks, which by that time have absorbed all the flavor of the woodcock." "I do the same," replied the other, not to be outdone, "except that I throw away the larks as well as the woodcock, and eat the nail."

Brown always was particular to appear to be in a better position than he really was; it was a great failing he had. On one occasion he took his eldest son with him for a walk, and permitted him to play with some other boys while he read his paper. Going home later Brown inquired: "Well, what did you talk about to those boys in the park?" "Oh," replied the lad, "I told them you were our footman! I did it to keep up appearances, you know."

Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission told in New York the other day a French railway story: "A traffic manager," he said, "came to the president of the line and exclaimed disconsolately: 'We are having no end of trouble with the public, sir, about those old dark blue cars. Everybody says they bump so frightfully in comparison with the new light blue ones, which, of course, run very smooth.' 'Humph,' said the president, 'we must attend to this matter at once. Have all the old cars painted light blue immediately.'"

In consultation with his counsel he was told that he had a good fighting chance, and after meditation the plaintiff asked: "Do you think it would be any good to send the judge a pair of ducks?" "No, no; you mustn't do that," said his lawyer. "If you send him a pair of ducks he will be sure to decide the case against you." A day or so later the case was heard, and the plaintiff won with flying colors. In the course of the congratulations he remarked: "It was just as well I sent the judge them ducks." "What!" exclaimed counsel. "Did you send the ducks?" "Yes," said the plaintiff, quite pleased with himself; "but after what you said I sent them from the man on the other side."

Daniel Meyer, the prominent San Francisco banker, tells the following story of himself: "Some years ago I wanted to buy a lot to build a home on. I was taken in hand by one of our younger real estate

men, who showed me some very fine lots. Most of his prices, however, were outrageously high. On our fourth excursion he took me to the corner of Webster and Broadway and pointed out a small, steep lot, for which he asked a staggering figure. By way of apology he said: 'Of course, you realize, Mr. Meyer, that lots with such a fine marine view as this can not be had for nothing.' I am somewhat nearsighted, and after adjusting my glasses several times I found that my sight would not take me farther than the gas works, of which there seemed to be several hundred. I said: 'My boy, you have done an inestimable service to science. You have demonstrated the theory that nearsightedness is the greatest money-saver in the world.'"

THE MERRY MUZE.

Rovers' Coin.

In spite of all the homilies
Of preachers and exhorters,
Men often leave their better halves
In quest of better quarters.

—Town Topics.

How She Took His Proposal.

I begged Marie to smile on me,
For I with love was daft.
She smiled! She more than smiled, for she
Just held her sides and laughed.

—Philadelphia Press.

Persistent.

A broken-down singer named Squires
Wrote thus to a half hundred choirs:
"Have you place I could fill?"
They reply, "No," but still—
He inquires in choirs in quires.

—Life.

A Summericycle.

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair
(But neither returns in the following June,
For fear that the other is there).

—Lippincott's Magazine.

John and Thomas.

Gentle John was as good as gold,
He always did as he was told,
He never played with rowdy boys,
And dolls and jacks were his favorite toys.
John had no taste for manly sports
And even shunned the tennis courts,
His only thought, in school or college,
Was how to stuff himself with knowledge.
The consequence was that he filled his noddle,
But the boys all called him a mollycoddle.

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy,
A great big stick was his favorite toy,
He walloped the boys and teased the girls
And privately snipped their yellow curls,
When he'd play football he'd gouge and kick,
And he hit the line like a ton of brick,
He excelled in every strenuous sport,
And his smash was famed on the tennis court,
When Tom grew up he was Roosevelt's pet
And a member of his Tennis Cabinet.

—Puck.

A Virginia veteran told how Stonewall Jackson used bales of cotton in the ramparts that he threw up in defense of New Orleans, and it was naturally a matter of indifference to him whose cotton he employed. Some of it happened to belong to a rich merchant. The merchant followed his bales with doglike devotion. He could not bear to tear himself away from them. He was standing over them when Jackson happened to draw near, and, running up to the chief he said: "Monsieur, it is damage for your men to take my cotton. All property is sacred, and must be protected." "But," said Jackson, "are you sure this is your cotton?" "Oh, sure, most sure," said the merchant. "I know the marks all of them. *Et puis, alors*, this cotton, sir, must be defended." Jackson turned to a private and told him to fetch a musket at once. The musket being brought, the general laid it in the merchant's arms and said with a grim smile: "My friend, you are the most proper person I know of to defend your own property. Stay here, then, and do so. Stir at your peril."

Specially adapted for Asthma, Hooping Cough, Croup; Brooks Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, Market and Church Streets, San Francisco, Calif., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, and 6 per cent on term deposits; interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st; interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal, and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
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\$1.00 to \$4.00

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Bathing Caps, Shoes and Wings

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The past week in the social world has been mildly gay, with a few weddings, dinners, informal teas, and more theatre-going than society has bestirred itself to since April of last year. There have been many pilgrimages from the near-by towns within the past fortnight for theatrical delights, and the city has been less dull in consequence of this influx.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Katharine Davis, daughter of Mrs. Katherine Kinkead Davis, and grandniece of the late ex-Governor John H. Kinkead of Nevada, to Dr. Clarence Quinan, of this city. The wedding will take place in the early fall.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray Allen, to Mr. Charles Tripler Hutchinson, will take place on Wednesday evening next at 9 o'clock at the bride's home in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Bada Sperry, daughter of Mrs. Austin Sperry, to Mr. Charles Augustus Bodwell, Jr., took place on Monday evening last at the home of the bride, 2100 Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was celebrated at half-past 8 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. George W. Stone. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Bodwell left yesterday (Friday) for a wedding journey of several months' duration to Australia and New Zealand.

The marriage of Miss Emma V. Mullan, daughter of Captain John Mullan, to State Senator George Russell Lukens of California, took place on Tuesday last at the home of the bride, 1310 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. The bride was unattended, but the groom was attended by Mr. Carlton Wall and Mr. E. Courtney Ford, of this city. Only relatives were present. Mr. Lukens and his bride will make their home in Oakland.

The marriage of Miss Frances Graves, daughter of the late Dr. J. P. Graves, to Professor T. J. J. See, U. S. N., Mare Island, took place on Tuesday last at the home of the bride in Montgomery City, Missouri. Only relatives were present and there were no attendants. Professor See and his bride left immediately for California.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday of last week, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Those present were, besides the guests of honor: General and Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Mears, General Davis, U. S. A., retired; Colonel Bellinger, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. James Ellis Tucker, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Lundeen entertained at their home at the Presidio of San Francisco on Monday last, at a reception from 4 to 6 o'clock, in honor of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Frederick Funston. About one hundred and fifty guests, nearly all army people, were present. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. E. T. Brown, Mrs. John Ruckman, Mrs. W. C. Davis, Mrs. Price Adams, Mrs. Dwight Aultman, Miss Marie Lundeen, Miss Edith Brown, and Miss Margery Ruckman.

Mrs. G. Alexander Wright and the Misses Wright, of Palo Alto, entertained at a tea at the Fairmont on Wednesday last.

Pay Director and Mrs. Ray entertained at a dinner at their home at Mare Island, last Saturday, in honor of their guests, Miss Betsy Angus and Miss Nina Blow, of San Francisco. Afterwards the party attended the dance given that evening by the officers, at the Navy Yard, at which Pay Director and Mrs. Ray received the guests.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker left this week for a brief Eastern trip.

Mrs. Richard Sprague, who arrived here recently from her home in Louisiana, to

spend the summer, has taken a house in Berkeley.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned from Europe and is at her country place, Verona, near Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Miss Stella McCalla has been here for several days this week from her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames will leave about July 1 for the East and will visit their daughters, Mrs. Robert Wood, Mrs. Thomas Robbins, and Miss Elizabeth Ames, who have a place at Easthampton, L. I., for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ames will be absent about three months.

Admiral Kempff and Miss Cornelia Kempff left on Tuesday for a fortnight's stay in Yosemite.

Miss Susan de Fremery returned to her home in Oakland this week, after a stay of two years in New York.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis was in the city this week from his country place at Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl will spend part of the summer at their country place at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Kohl will return in the near future from the East.

Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Ethel Cooper have returned from a brief visit in San José.

Mr. George T. Cameron has returned from an Eastern trip.

Miss Genevieve Harvey, of Galt, has been visiting at the home of Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle will spend the month of July at Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick have arrived from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan have returned to their country place at Mountain View, after a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe has returned to her ranch in San Benito County, after a week's visit to friends here.

Mrs. John A. Darling has been spending a fortnight with her son, Dr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood, in Denver, since her return from Paris. She has now returned to her cottage in Maine.

Miss Cora Calvert Foy has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney have returned from a trip to Yosemite.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper will spend the latter part of the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Patricia Cosgrave have returned to California, after a stay of some months in the East.

Dr. de Marville and his daughter have gone to Yosemite Valley for a fortnight.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. James B. Smith, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bush, Mr. Amos Burr, Mr. T. W. Cuthbert, Mr. J. W. Cuthbert, Mr. H. A. Smith, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Magill, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Griffith and child, of Berkeley; Mr. Hector Burness, of Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., of Los Angeles.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cannon, Mr. E. Frank Campbell, Mr. H. C. Warwick, Mrs. Thomas Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Lecker, Mr. James D. McGill, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilding, Mr. Edward S. Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Stone, Miss M. M. Carberry, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Noble H. Eaton, Mr. Cuyler Lee and family, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. W. Letts Oliver and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. C. F. Capp and party, of San Francisco.

Robert Curtis Ogden, who has recently retired from the management of the Wanamaker store in New York, is one of the most widely known and respected merchants in America. He was born in Philadelphia, June 30, 1836. He received his education in a private school, and immediately after graduation entered mercantile life. At the opening of Wanamaker's New York store he was sent to take charge by Mr. Wanamaker. But Mr. Ogden has other important interests at heart. He is president of the board of trustees of Hampton Institute, director of Union Theological Seminary, trustee of Tuskegee Institute, President of the Southern Board of Education, and of the General Education Board. For the past eight years he has made it a practice to invite various educators, financiers, and statesmen to go by special trains as his guests through the South, and it is his intent to educate the North and South to a more mutual sympathy and better understanding. Mr. Ogden is the author of several books, and a contributor to various magazines.

Retirement of George P. Snell.

George P. Snell, who has been the efficient manager of Hotel Del Monte since December, 1903, will retire July 1, when the present assistant manager, Mr. H. R. Warner, will become manager. For the past year Mr. Snell has been on leave of absence owing to continued ill health. Del Monte, because of its size and its many departments of attractive activity, requires of its manager the closest attention to detail, combined with broad executive ability. Mr. Snell gave all of this, and, supported in all of his plans by the owners, he brought the hotel up to the highest mark in modern equipment and facilities for the comfort and enjoyment of guests. While he has greatly improved during the past year, yet he did not deem it wise to take on himself again the cares of the active management. During his year's absence Mr. Warner has been in active charge, and has met all requirements of the position during one of the most trying periods for all California resorts. Mr. Snell retires temporarily from the hotel field, not only with the confidence and praise of the Pacific Improvement Company directors, but with the best wishes of the hundreds of friends he has made during his successful career.

Prominent among the women fighting for woman's suffrage in Germany is Dr. Anita Augspurg, who was recently tried for libeling the police of Hamburg. Her life is nothing if not strenuous and practical. She has built herself a beautiful house in the Isarthal, in Bavaria, and there she indulges her passion for gardening, riding, and breaking horses. She is feared by her opponents as she is loved by her friends and followers and idolized by the people.



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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel William A. Glassford, U. S. A., chief signal officer, Department of California, who is on leave, sailed on the transport *Crook* on Saturday last for Honolulu, thence Alaska and return to this port.

Lieutenant-Colonel Elijah W. Halford, deputy paymaster-general, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Department of California, and will proceed to his home, preparatory to his retirement from active service.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., military secretary to the lieutenant-general of the army, is appointed an acting quartermaster.

Commander H. T. Mayo, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as inspector in charge of the Twelfth Lighthouse District, San Francisco, and ordered to command the *Albany* from July 1.

Commander C. McR. Winslow, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the *Charleston* and ordered home.

Commander A. C. Almy, U. S. N., in charge of the construction of the new coaling station at San Diego, which is to begin on July 1, spent some days last week in this city.

Major Carroll A. Devol, general staff, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the inter-departmental board to consider the subject of land boundaries and privileges desired by the different executive departments, and will report to Rear-Admiral Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N., president of the board.

Major Reuben B. Turner, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Boise, Idaho, and will resume command of the Pacific branch of the United States Military Prison at Alcatraz.

Major William H. Sage, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed by the President to fill the vacancy in the adjutant-general's department caused by the departure of Major Dunning, U. S. A.

Major Frank R. Keefer, surgeon, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and report to the commanding officer for consultation as to the sanitary arrangements for camps in connection with the joint army and militia coast defense exercises.

Captain Daniel J. Carr, Signal Corps, U. S. A., now in this city, is ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the chief signal officer for duty.

Captain Chauncey B. Humphreys, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed to enter the class at the United States Infantry and Cavalry School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and to report not later than August 15.

Captain James Malcolm Graham, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence of twenty days, to take effect upon his arrival here from Manila.

Captain Daniel W. Hand, Field Artillery, U. S. A., and Captain R. W. Briggs, Field Artillery, U. S. A., both of whom are on leave, sailed on the transport *Crook* on Saturday last for the trip to Honolulu, thence to Alaska and return to this port. They were accompanied by Mrs. Hand and Mrs. Briggs.

Surgeon J. C. Pryor, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Medical Hospital, Washington, D. C., and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Yokohama.

Surgeon Henry Odell, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., to take effect June 20, and ordered to proceed to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Guy E. Carleton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been, by direction of the President, detailed as captain in the Ordnance Department, to take effect July 1. He is ordered to proceed to New York City to take station on June 30, and to report to the commanding officer, Sandy Hook Proving Ground.

Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been granted a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant John F. Clapham, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who returned from the Philippines on the last transport, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, for duty pertaining to the national small arms match there.

Lieutenant James R. Goodale, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report to General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, for examination.

Lieutenant Lloyd P. Horsfall, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed to the Ordnance Department, U. S. A., and is ordered to report on June 30 at the Sandy Hook Proving Ground for duty.

Lieutenant Kyle Rucker, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered to San Francisco and to report in person to the commanding general, Pacific Division, for duty at the Military Prison, Alcatraz.

Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., who was relieved from duty at the Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1906, in order to join his regiment in Cuba, is detailed to enter the next class at that college.

Lieutenant Arthur H. Bryant, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has had the acceptance by the President of his resignation of his commission in the army revoked, and is transferred from the One Hundred and Twelfth Company, Coast Artillery, to the Tenth Company, Coast Artillery, and will proceed to join the latter company at the Presidio of San Francisco on the expiration of his present leave of absence.

Lieutenant Matthew H. Tomlinson, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., remained at Alcatraz on temporary duty in charge of construction work on departure of the Second Battalion, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.

Second Lieutenant Jarvis Bain, U. S. N., Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., president of an examining board at San Francisco, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

An army retiring board, consisting of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A.; Colonel Alfred Reynolds, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Colonel John A. Lundeen, Coast Artillery, U. S. A.; Colonel George H. Torney, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A.; Major James M. Kennedy, surgeon, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Robert Whitfield, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is appointed by direction of the President to meet here for examination of officers ordered before it.

Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Cooke, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain George D. Moore, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William B. Graham, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., have been detailed by the War Department as instructors of infantry assigned to the defense of the land side of the fortifications during the joint army and militia coast defense exercises in the artillery district of San Francisco.

The Second Battalion, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., was relieved from duty at Alcatraz Island on June 15, the field and staff and Companies F and H proceeding on that date to the Presidio of Monterey for station. Companies E and G, now at the Department Rifle Range, Point Bonita, will proceed to the Presidio of Monterey

for station upon completion of their target practice.

The Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail from this port on July 5 for the Philippines.

Such portions of the National Guard of California as may be designated by proper authorities to take part in the joint army and militia coast defense exercises during July will have the necessary transportation furnished by the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A.

Major Samuel H. Dunning, U. S. A., formerly adjutant-general of the Pacific Division and now commanding a battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., who left on Saturday last for station at Honolulu, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by some of the leading officers stationed here on Tuesday evening of last week. Those present were: General Frederick Funston, U. S. A.; Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A.; Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A.; Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A.; Colonel Charles L. Heizman, U. S. A.; Colonel Elijah Halford, U. S. A.; Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A.; Major E. A. Root, U. S. A.; Captain M. L. Walker, U. S. A.; Captain John A. Murtagh, U. S. A., and Lieutenant O. P. M. Hazzard, U. S. A.

A story from Berlin shows that the German emperor is on frugal mind intent. The royal stables in Berlin contain 240 horses and a staff of 800 men to look after them. Paying a recent visit to the stables the emperor noticed a group of men loitering about with no particular object in view. He summoned one of them and asked him as to his duties. The man replied that he was head plaiter of horses' manes. "And how many assistants have you, if you are the chief?" The man said that his staff consisted of three men and two apprentices. "All engaged in plaiting manes?" asked his majesty, adding sarcastically: "You and your assistants will please take a month's notice and I shall be glad if you find a less exacting occupation."

Then he called the head master of the horse and went into matters with this official, giving him a very bad quarter of an hour. In a very few days the staff was reduced by a hundred men.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Well, have you made enough money to retire on?" "Better yet—I've made enough to stay up all night on."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Daughter—She seems to have got over the death of her first husband. *Father*—Yes, but her second husband hasn't.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Mildred—If I ever marry, it will be to a fast young man. *Crabbed Auntie*—Doubtless; and he won't have to slow up any to get you.—*Puck.*

Mother—But what do you expect to do later, my son, if you never learn to write? *Son*—Oh, that will be all right. I'll buy a typewriter.—*Silhouette.*

Knicker—Do you consider poker a game of chance? *Bocker*—Purely. Sometimes my wife finds it out, and then again she doesn't.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Employer—This makes the fourth grandmother of yours that has died this spring. *Office Boy*—I know it; ain't these family troubles fierce?—*Cornell Widow.*

Candidate for Crew—Could you tell me where the rhetoric class is being held? *Candidate for Football*—I don't know, I'm a student here myself.—*Town Topics.*

Admiral—And what made you wish to become a sailor, my boy? *Navy Candidate* (in perfect good faith)—Because he's got a wife in every port, sir.—*Punch.*

"What's become of your umbrella?" "I loaned it to Tompkins." "Why doesn't he return it?" "The owner caught him with it and demanded it."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"May I call you Mabel?" he asked at their second meeting, pretending to be badly smitten. "If you wish to; but my name is Gertrude."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"What makes that goat shiver so, Mike?" "He ate a lot of sleigh bells the other day, an' ivry toime he moves they jingle, an' he thinks it's winter."—*Denver Post.*

Church—I see that Argentine has a 54-mile horse railway. It is the longest in the world. *Gotham*—Gee! Thinking of holding on to a strap for 54 miles!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Lady Customer—I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made. *Shoemaker*—Oh, I know that well enough—large inside, and small outside.—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

Blinks—The first principle of anarchism is to divide with your fellow man, is it not? *Winks*—No. The first principle is to make your fellow man divide with you.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Why are you opposed to the Chinese?" asked a visitor to San Francisco. "Because they have no patriotism," was the response. "Ever hear of a Chinaman striking?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Pa, why does a jury convict a man?" "As a warning, my son. Then he has to go to the trouble of taking an appeal before he can get free. Murder must not go unrebuked."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Phoxy—Did you send the Borems a card for our "at home?" *Mrs. Phoxy*—Yes; how could I get out of it? *Mr. Phoxy*—I'll tell Borem that Jenks is coming. Borem owes him money.—*Terre Haute Tribune.*

"Ah! pretty lady," said the fortune-teller. "you wish to be told about your future husband?" "Not much," replied Mrs. Gailey. "I've come to learn where my present husband is when he's absent."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Late Arrival—Who is that man over there, Mrs. Upmore, that everybody appears to be so eager to meet? *Hostess*—Is it possible you don't know? That is Mr. Percollum, the man who wrote a short story for a magazine without putting an automobile in it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

First Saleslady (disguising her pleasure)—What do you think, Mayme? A gentleman friend of mine sent my photo to that newspaper that's running the beauty contest! Didn't he have the nerve, though? *Second Saleslady*—And the worst of it is them practical jokers never apologize.—*Puck.*

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9:45 A	7:45 A	9:25 A	7:45 A
9:15 A	9:15 A	11:10 A	1:30 P
1:45 P	9:45 A	12:16 P	4:14 P
11:15 A	11:15 A	1:40 P	
SATUR. DAY	12:45 P	3:10 P	SATUR. DAY
4:45 P	2:15 P	4:40 P	9:34 P
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Republic.....July 3

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*Romanic.....July 15, 3 p. m.

*Cretic.....Aug. 1, noon

Boston—Azores—Mediterranean

*Canopic.....June 29, 1 p. m.; Aug. 10, 11 a. m.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at the office of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased.

JOSEPH S. AYER, Executor of the Will of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, June 13, 1907.

Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, Kohl Building, Attorneys for Executor.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - EDITOR

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The Game Goes On.

The immediate interest of the week in the pending social warfare has been a furious sham battle over the status of Eugene Schmitz. The question has been and is, as we write on Wednesday, whether or not Schmitz is mayor. We call it a sham battle because nobody cares in the least about Schmitz, the real bone of contention being the powers of the mayor's office. The graft prosecution, through the self-convicted supervisors, has now for several weeks been in control of one branch of the city government. It has wished, by substituting some man of its choice for Schmitz in the mayor's chair, to make the arrangement complete. This was the motive for putting the Schmitz trial in advance of everything else. It was, too, the motive back of the rather reckless trial of the case by which a conviction was secured, although the way was left open for "exceptions," under which, in the opinion of lawyers, the verdict may be set aside and the case remanded for re-trial. With a conviction against Schmitz, even though it should

later on be set aside, it has been hoped to get immediate possession of the powers of the mayoralty, to the end of re-casting the whole official organization of the municipality in accordance with the plan outlined in these columns last week.

Promptly following the verdict of guilty recorded last week in Judge Dunne's court, steps were taken to put another man in Schmitz's official shoes. The law requires that a mayor shall be chosen from the Board of Supervisors, therefore it is necessary to first make the prospective new mayor a supervisor, and by a subsequent procedure to make him mayor—and the prosecution has in its hands a way of doing this through its "good dogs," the self-confessed criminals, who make more than a majority of the supervisory board. The first step was the election of boodler Jim Gallagher to the presumably vacant mayoralty. The next step on the programme is the resignation of one of the boodling supervisors, probably Lonergan. To the vacancy thus created the prospective mayor, either Mr. Phelan, Mr. Brandenstein, or somebody else, will be elected. Then boodler Gallagher will resign from the mayoralty and resume his seat on the board. Then the man selected for the mayoralty will be elevated to that place by the votes of the "good dogs." The procedure, as thus outlined, is somewhat suggestive of a play at checkers, but the game is simple enough when once you get the hang of it.

The election of Gallagher to succeed Schmitz was promptly effected, but at this point there was a serious hitch. Schmitz, instead of decently accepting his fate as one politically dead, insisted that his official status was not affected by the fact of his incarceration in the county jail. The theory of the prosecution is a double one, (1) that confinement in jail amounts to legal incapacitation; (2) that "conviction" is under the law an absolute nullification of official status. The theory of Schmitz and his lawyers is that incarceration in the county jail no more incapacitates him as an official than if he were confined by a bad cold to his own house. Their answer to the second count is that the verdict of a jury is not equivalent to a legal conviction, since, under exceptions and appeals already pending, the verdict may be set aside. The lawyers have been contending over these points all through the week, but there has, up to Wednesday, been no determination one way or the other. As we write nobody knows who really is mayor. Gallagher, under his election by the Board of Supervisors, claims to be mayor *de facto*, while conceding that Schmitz is mayor *de jure*. Schmitz claims to be mayor both *de facto* and *de jure*.

In the meantime, while lawyers and courts are busy with these conflicting theories, Mr. Gallagher has tried to play the rôle of mayor, but without great success. Schmitz's secretary and assistants have not yielded up possession of the mayor's official quarters, and there has been no attempt to enforce them. The various administrative departments, including the police, having reasons of their own, since every mother's son of them would surely be pitched headlong out of office by a new and decently moralized administration, persist in regarding Schmitz as mayor, and all along the line they are declining to respect the authority of Gallagher. More important still, the City Treasurer has declined to pungle out upon any order save that of Schmitz, having been prompted to this course by his sureties, who threaten to withdraw from his bond in the event of his obeying the requisitions of Mr. Gallagher. An interesting side-play in this comedy of rival pretensions has connected itself with the appropriation of \$720,000 of city money for municipalizing the Geary Street Railroad. From his

quarters in the county jail Schmitz has vetoed this appropriation, while the boodling Board of Supervisors, under the chairmanship of Gallagher, has gravely re-passed the ordinance over the veto. It is indeed a complicated situation, a situation that would be tremendously amusing were it not associated with so many shames.

The real fight, as we have already said, is over the powers of the mayoralty. The graft prosecution wishes to possess it for certain purposes clearly defined, and probably for other purposes well understood, though not so frankly stated. All the forces against which the graft prosecution—and its personal agents—stand opposed have ranged themselves back of Schmitz, not that they love Schmitz or care anything about him, but because they wish to thwart the purposes of the prosecution. It is a fight between factions, one seeking to grasp the powers of the mayoralty, over the head of Schmitz, the other seeking through Schmitz to prevent these powers from falling into unfriendly hands. There you have the whole story. Possibly somebody may be able to work out the rights and the wrongs of the situation. The *Argonaut* contents itself with stating the facts. In the midst of such contentions the dearest wish of its editor is that he might have leave to seek some calm retreat in the remote redwoods, beyond the reach either of mail, telegraph, or "long distance," and there abide until a whole lot of his more or less respected fellow-citizens shall have succeeded in cutting each other's throats.

The plain truth is that we are in the thick of a fight between factions representative not more of selfish interests than of passions wrought to a white heat. Undoubtedly a way out of this conflict will be found, but it is not yet in sight. Compromise is impossible. One side or the other must break down or wear out the other.

In the meantime the industrial phase of the conflict tends to its climax. The street-car strike, while not settled in any formal way, is wearing itself out. The cars run regularly on all routes during the daytime, but can not be operated outside the lines of police protection at night. Perhaps this fact is as significant as any. It shows that there is still an active criminal element here, and that it stands in absolute sympathy and affiliation with the strikers, for all their law-respecting pretensions. So long as we have a condition in which the cars can not be operated after dark without danger of assault, we can hardly regard the situation as anything better than an armed truce. The telephone strike is wearing and starving itself out. In both the street-car and telephone services the open-shop principle has been absolutely sustained, and will, we are assured, hereafter be enforced. There will be no discrimination in either service against unionism, but likewise there will be no recognition of unionism. In both cases the claim of the employers, sustained by unquestioned facts, is that refusal to deal with the unions is based on a record of bad faith under past contracts. Mr. Calhoun has put the matter very plainly. He has tried, he says, to deal with the unions, but the unions have shown themselves incapable of standing by their engagements, and so long as they decline to make themselves responsible, so long as they shall offer no guarantees with respect to the maintenance of contracts, he will have naught to do with them. In consideration of the record as it has been made in San Francisco during the past year, we can not see how Mr. Calhoun could, with self-respect, much less with assurance, take any other course.

Local conditions have not been much affected by the telegraphers' strike, begun within the week. This strike relates not so much to the principle

trial freedom as to questions of equity between employer and employed. It lies, therefore, outside the range of our immediate interests, and may be allowed by a community already confused by a conflict of interests, to pass without much notice—at least so long as it does not tend to disturb the community at the points of its interest or convenience. The telegraphic service is being fairly sustained, and so long as this condition continues we may comfort ourselves with the thought that the troubles of the telegraphers are their own, not ours.

The Case Restated and Reviewed.

The *Argonaut* has received from an old and valued friend a letter in which the writer sets forth his inability to understand why Mr. Rudolph Spreckels should "fairly be subject to criticism after doing for San Francisco so large and signal a service as breaking the power of the Ruef-Schmitz organization and bringing Ruef and Schmitz themselves into the shadow of the penitentiary." The logical flaw in this observation hardly needs to be pointed out. There may be others in the same state of mental and moral confusion. Viewed from a distance probably the light of Mr. Spreckels's achievement in the conviction of Ruef and Schmitz shines so brightly as in effect to obscure everything but its own brilliance. But regarded from close range and in detail, there is much in the situation besides the moral victory involved in the exposure and conviction of Ruef and Schmitz. Perhaps it will help our correspondent and others in the same state of mind to a clearer understanding of this whole matter, to run over the points in a comprehensive way. This we shall attempt to do even though all the essential facts have been told in detail through these columns at various times during the last two months.

To begin at the beginning: Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, and others shortly before the disaster organized a street railway project to compete in the business of local transportation with the United Railroads. Whether the ultimate purpose of this project was or was not to swallow up the United Railroads does not in the least matter, since the interest of the public is not at the point of who owns the street railroads but of their efficient operation. If it was part of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan's plan to buy the United Railroads, and to get it at the lowest possible price, that was an entirely legitimate business matter.

Concurrently with the organization of the Spreckels-Phelan railroad project, the United Railroads asked for certain privileges on Market Street and elsewhere. This request was vehemently opposed by the new and rival interest and as vehemently urged by the United Railroads Company. Then came the disaster. Then a few days later the Board of Supervisors, with the approval of the mayor granted the privileges asked by the United Railroads Company. At the time there was a story widely circulated that United Railroads Company agents had bought and paid for the privileges desired. At a still later time this story was confirmed by the confession of some fourteen or fifteen members of the Board of Supervisors, and again by the confession of Abraham Ruef. There is not nor has ever been any doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced citizen that the United Railroads Company did in some manner or through some channel bribe the authorities of the city in the matter of certain franchises granted almost immediately after the fire.

But we are getting ahead of our story. The success of the United Railroads in obtaining new privileges greatly strengthening its position, tended not unnaturally to displease and enrage the new and rival company of which Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan were the dominant figures. It was perhaps not unnatural that Mr. Spreckels, who has the habit of airing his grievances, should denounce broadly and emphatically a rival who has gotten the best of him; and there would seem to be at least a measure of justification of his wrath due to the means by which the advantage had been gained. Mr. Spreckels proceeded from denunciation of a business rival who had over-reached him, to discussions of how to correct the corruptions of the city government which he had common with others had endured for some five years without serious protest. These discussions brought him into association with Mr. Heney, already famous as a prosecutor. The outcome was that Mr. Spreckels guaranteed Mr. Heney a fund

of \$100,000 for the work of bringing the grafters of San Francisco to book.

We have recited this story because it explains the beginnings of a great movement and therefore tends to throw light upon its subsequent development. It shows what Mr. Spreckels's motives were at the beginning with the reason for these motives. The *Argonaut* has not taken this phase of the matter as seriously as have some others. It did not criticize Mr. Spreckels at the beginning and it does not criticize him now for the fact that his resentment of the whole graft business rested at its beginning upon an experience of personal and business injury. It is commonly through the conflicts and rivalries of interest that moral progress finds its backing and makes its way. If the world were compelled to wait for the promotion of moral purposes through ideally moral means there would be little moral progress. Justification for any special movement is to be found in the moral quality of the movement itself rather than in the spirit of its agents. It is enough to know that a thing is right; it is too much to ask that every force behind it shall be a force ideally disinterested and pure.

The prosecuting enterprise set on foot by Mr. Spreckels had at its start the good-will of every citizen of San Francisco outside the lines of criminal association and sympathy. Mr. Spreckels himself was commended universally as a man both of liberality and of courage who had taken it upon himself to do a thing essential to the political regeneration of San Francisco. The first and minor successes of the prosecuting movement won a fresh tribute of approval, and when, through a brilliant series of developments, almost the entire membership of the Board of Supervisors was brought to confession and to nominal conviction, the acclaim was universal and overwhelming. Nothing like it had ever been seen in San Francisco in the way of criminal exposition. Mr. Spreckels as the backer of the prosecution came in for at least his full share in the honors of the great achievement.

It was the common expectation that the guilty members of the Board of Supervisors would of course be punished for their crimes. One or two or three at the utmost, it was thought, might be rendered immune to be used as witnesses for the prosecution. The public was surprised and greatly chagrined to find that not only two or three but all of the confessed boodlers were to be given immunity; and, further, that while retaining their ill-gotten wealth and while under confession as shameless criminals, they were to continue in official authority and to draw their salaries—in short, to be everything they were before, unmolested and undisturbed by criminal process of any kind. The public accepted this with a grimace, the greater number of us believing it to be an egregious mistake, a policy tending to neutralize the moral effect of the whole business and calculated to involve the graft prosecution in demoralizing responsibilities and temptations.

The *Argonaut*, it will be recalled, spoke its mind freely with respect to these developments although it did not withdraw its support from the prosecuting movement. Its position was that a grievous mistake had been made in a movement which still merited the support of the decent citizenship of the city. This we believe was the common judgment, although there were many to fall in with the theory of the prosecution that the greater moral responsibility rested not upon the corrupted officials but rather upon those higher up in the business and social scale who, in one way or another, had trafficked with them. It was, to say the least, a theory new to the popular mind—one which most citizens have not completely accepted. The *Argonaut* does not accept it at all. In its philosophy the man who exacts a bribe—the "hold-up" agent in other words—is at least as bad a man as one who yields to his demands. This estimation of the degrees of infamy is at best not a nice inquiry. Perhaps where two parties are grossly and criminally wrong there is no great good in speculating about the relative measure of their responsibility. Both ought to be punished. Wholesale immunity for either one class or the other is a ridiculous and vicious mistake. The prosecution, we thought and still think, took upon itself an unwarranted authority in granting wholesale immunity to a broad group of offenders—to the particular offenders who had been trusted by the city with the administration of its affairs

and who therefore were bound to an official and technical as well as a moral responsibility.

Up to this stage of the procedure there was still no reason to criticize the prosecution other than upon the score of mistakes at the point of judgment. The *Argonaut*, while speaking its mind freely as to the policies of prosecution, still cordially gave to it the full measure of its support. Its theory was that while some things had been done outside of reason and of sound policy, everything had been done in good faith. It saw in the situation a tendency to theorizing, to discrimination as between classes of criminals, to a certain political finesse; it condemned these things, but at the same time it gave its support to the general work of prosecuting criminality, urging Mr. Spreckels and his associates to proceed in the search for criminality wherever it might be found, to spare no guilty man be he high or low. Noting a disposition on the part of the prosecutors in public and private talk to incriminate lightly one citizen or another, it prompted the prosecutors to discretion while urging them to vigilance. This we believe was the all but universal attitude of that part of the community which takes the pains to have accurate information and which gives itself the labor to think before speaking. Of course there is always a careless multitude which responds to vehement sentiment and impressions, which makes no effort to be formed and which takes no serious thought about anything. This multitude of course stood for the prosecution or against it as interest or passion directed. But the attitude of the informed and thinking minority was plain enough. It counseled the prosecution to dismiss all theories, to keep clear of all entanglements, to favor no class of criminals, to go ahead with its work in steadfast and straightforward fashion, pausing, if at all, only where the interests of the community might suggest, not immunity for anybody, but a diplomatic method of procedure.

We come now to a turning point in this whole matter—to a point where the graft prosecution abandoned the line of its simple and direct mandate and thrust itself into another controversy, and one of a very different kind. Early in May the employees of the United Railroads went on strike under circumstances which found them no sympathy outside the affiliations of a debauched labor-unionism. They had within a year broken a solemn agreement made by their union with the street-car company covering the conditions of their work. A strike which followed upon this breach of faith had been adjusted by arbitration within sixty days prior to the 1st of May. Within ten days of the strike, the company had paid to the men a sum approximating half a million dollars in obedience to the findings of the arbitrament. In view of these facts the universal judgment among fair men was that the demands of the carmen were unjustified or at least untimely and in questionable faith. It was believed that they sought to take advantage of the extraordinary necessities of the city, and so to wring concessions that would not be demanded under normal conditions. The whole mass of conservative society stood as one man in opposition to this strike and of half a dozen other strikes declared concurrently with it.

It fell to Mr. Patrick Calhoun, as President of the United Railroads Company, to contest directly the demands of the striking carmen. His position was one of unequivocal refusal, first, to grant the unfair demands urged by the strikers, second, further to treat with or recognize a labor-union which had demonstrated itself as deficient at the points of fairness and good faith. Mr. Calhoun declared that hereafter he would pay liberal and even generous wage rates, but that he would have naught to do with unionism in any shape. His stand was applauded universally by conservative men who had come to realize that an abandoned labor-unionism was riding San Francisco to her destruction. It was recalled that labor-unionism had given us Ruef and Schmitz, the boodling supervisors, with an administrative organization rotten to its core. It was recalled, too, that labor-unionism had established over our industries a tyranny under which it was impossible to carry forward constructive and other enterprises essential to the habilitation of the city. Men took note of it

that labor-unionism led by irresponsible agitators, aiming at destructive policies, hesitating at no outrage, was making San Francisco a place difficult to do business in decently or successfully. For these reasons the whole body of our conservative and thoughtful citizenship put itself behind Mr. Calhoun in his fight against the carmen's union because it was plain that success or failure here involved success or failure all along the line. The crisis was felt to be one in which not merely the immediate business welfare of San Francisco but the integrity of social order was at stake.

Of course, everybody knew that Mr. Calhoun was among those liable to indictment at the hands of the graft prosecution; most people, we think, regarded him or his associates as guilty to the extent that somebody in behalf of the United Railroads Company had yielded up a great sum of bribe money to Ruef and Schmitz and the supervisors. Nobody outside of a little coterie of personal intimates, so far as the *Argonaut* has been able to find out, sought or wished immunity for Mr. Calhoun on account of any crime he may have committed. What conservative men did wish and expect was that the graft prosecution would give its immediate attention to other persons under suspicion, leaving Mr. Calhoun for the moment with his hands free to fight the car strike in which so large a measure of public and social interest was involved. Let us make the point emphatic—nobody wanted immunity for Mr. Calhoun; many did wish that he be left for the moment unembarrassed to fight a public fight in which by virtue of circumstances he stood a leading figure. Mr. Heney, whose impulses, we believe, are mostly if not always right, saw the point at once, and issued a public statement in which he assured Mr. Calhoun that during the continuance of the car strike he would not be embarrassed by the course of prosecution. How faithfully this pledge has been kept we leave the public to determine. That Mr. Heney himself would have kept it in letter and in spirit if left to his own courses, we do believe.

In the situation as above outlined Mr. Calhoun stood before the public in a dual relationship. First he was the leading figure on the conservative side of a great social conflict; second, he was a prospective subject of prosecution at the hands of Mr. Spreckels and his associates. Mr. Spreckels in the course of his prosecuting work had acquired a large measure of moral prestige. This prestige belonged to his work as a prosecutor and it bore no relationship to anything else. A man of a delicate sense of responsibility and propriety would have recognized the moral limitations of his position; such a man would have felt instinctively that to divert the moral powers gained in the graft prosecution to the purposes of private resentment, to employ these powers in another relation in which great public interests were involved, would be an unauthorized and outrageous act.

Mr. Spreckels's line of duty was plain. He should have gone straight ahead with the work of seeking and prosecuting criminality; he should for the moment have given respite in the Calhoun case, although there is room for argument at this point. But in no event should he have cast the moral powers which had come to him as a prosecutor into the scale of an industrial fight on the side adverse to conservative interests and the integrity of society. It is here that Mr. Spreckels made his vital mistake—a mistake which has exhibited him as a man disqualified mentally and morally for the handling of a great moral trust. His right of action as a public prosecutor against Mr. Calhoun was on the score of Calhoun's possible criminality as a bribe giver. On this score and on this alone he had the right to proceed against Mr. Calhoun.

Now what did Mr. Spreckels do? He saw Mr. Calhoun in a situation where he could be immensely hurt by giving aid and comfort to his opponents in the immediate fight in which he was engaged. Totally oblivious to the larger moral aspects of the situation and to the delicacy of his own position, Mr. Spreckels turned upon Mr. Calhoun with an exultant and remorseless energy. On the very day at the strike was called, Calhoun was haled before Grand Jury; a few days later, in spite of Mr. Calhoun's public assurance, he was indicted not only on one but upon many counts; and from then until

now he has been pursued publicly and privately in whatever way might tend to embarrass his fight with the street-car men or to weaken his powers of courage and resistance. This is no mere opinion. That it is the truth all men will bear witness.

Let us look at the details: First the Board of Supervisors, who are absolutely under Mr. Spreckels's control, undertook to pass a resolution forfeiting Mr. Calhoun's franchises on the ground that he was not performing the service required. It was just a cheap bluff and came to nothing. But Mr. Spreckels should never have allowed his "good dogs" to attempt a piece of shabby business simply for the embarrassment of Mr. Calhoun. Second, Mr. Spreckels's "good dogs," by the threat of a confiscatory resolution, attempted to weaken Mr. Calhoun's hand in the street-car strike by forcing the Geary Street company (which had been working under a lapsed franchise and was therefore amenable to pressure) to accept the demands of the strikers; and when this device failed, the road was practically confiscated by resolution of the "good dogs," acting of course with the consent of their masters, the prosecution. Third, Mr. Spreckels, at a time when riotous and murderous assaults were being made by strikers and their sympathizers, announced over his own name that *"I think the union men of this city are earnestly endeavoring to preserve the peace,"* etc. * * * *"I believe the citizens should take steps to prevent Patrick Calhoun from issuing inflammatory statements * * * which tend only to stir up the resentment of the carmen and their sympathizers."* * * * *If he did not incite union men by his statements there would be less cause for acts of violence on the part of the sympathizers of the carmen,"* etc. There is no possible misinterpretation of this utterance. It was a word of approval and friendship, designed to please the mob, to support its fight against Calhoun, and to attach it to the Spreckels cause. Fourth, Mr. Spreckels permitted himself to be quoted widely to the effect that the strike was a device invented and prompted by Mr. Calhoun to win sympathy and so shield himself against the penalty of his alleged crimes. Fifth, Mr. Spreckels permitted his "good dogs," after having practically confiscated the Geary Street road, to vote the great sum of \$720,000 out of our impoverished treasury to make a municipal car-line through Geary Street. The hand of Esau is plain enough here. It strikes a blow at Mr. Calhoun by threatening municipal ownership of street cars; it strikes another blow at Calhoun by giving encouragement with a promise of material support to the forces of unionism and socialism. Furthermore, it tends to make a direct alliance between the forces of the prosecution and the forces of labor-unionism in connection with the coming municipal election.

Of many other points illustrative of a newly developed spirit in the graft prosecution outside the lines of its original mandate, we will, for the purposes of this argument, specify but one. When the five commercial bodies of San Francisco named a committee to reorganize the civic government, and when that committee had entered into an arrangement with Mayor Schmitz looking to that end, Mr. Spreckels refused to coöperate upon a theory that the committee was representative of forces inimical to the prosecution. It was an assumption without rhyme or reason. But, conceding that Mr. Spreckels had reason to question the personnel of the committee, he had no reason to reject the purpose represented by it. He might very properly, from his point of view, have asked for the substitution of other names for those which he deemed objectionable. What he did do was to refuse arbitrarily to have anything to do with the matter in any shape or form, thereby setting up his own personal will and purpose against the judgment and the demand of the commercial community. He was unwilling, even upon the insistence of several thousand merchants and taxpayers of San Francisco, to yield his irregular and illegitimate control of the civic government by substituting a board of representative citizens for a pirate crew of "good dogs" bound by the menace of San Quentin to bark or lie down at his personal command.

The case against Mr. Spreckels is not that his original motives were those of business rivalry and revenge—this is not now to the point—but that he has not known how to use the moral powers which

have come to him through a brilliant success achieved in the name of a great public cause. He has not been able to carry without misuse and abuse a moral prestige resting upon his relationship to a public interest. He has conspicuously lacked that high sense of equity and propriety which would have kept him from employing his credit as a graft prosecutor to the embarrassment of a personal enemy, notwithstanding the fact that this same enemy in another relationship has been fighting a great public fight. Mr. Spreckels has turned against his private and business enemy, Mr. Calhoun, in the stress of a great conflict, an authority won in another sphere of action, using this authority in a way to weaken a fight waged in the public interest. In his character of prosecutor and under authority acquired in this character, Mr. Spreckels had no right to mix in the street-car strike. We do him the credit to believe that his course in entering the industrial fight in opposition to Calhoun was due to an overwrought sense of personal injury, combined with deficient sensibility. It was, we think, because he lacked a delicate sense of the moral limitations of his power. He has not lived in an atmosphere tending to promote delicacy of the moral sense; the tone of his character is not high enough, apparently, to protect him against impulses and passions which should have had no part in the events of the past six weeks.

Apparently Mr. Spreckels's whole idea has been to "get at" his enemy, Mr. Calhoun; and he has missed no chance to pursue this purpose without respect to circumstances, to proprieties, even to decencies. In his pursuit of Mr. Calhoun he has gone to the extent of diverting authority won in a moral conflict to the support of private and business resentments. In effect he has turned against society in the street-car strike an authority which society had given to him for a very different purpose. It is on the basis of this record—this misuse of a public trust—that we say of Mr. Spreckels that he lacks the mental and moral qualities essential to the possession and exercise in their integrity of large moral powers.

It is not for any act done within his mandate as a prosecutor of crime that we condemn Mr. Spreckels. It is as a prosecutor of crime that he holds a certain definite authority. Here and here only is the line of his responsibility and duty. He has no mandate outside of this line, and at every point where he has stepped outside of it he has betrayed not the strength but the weakness of one plainly unfit for public leadership. No man unable to distinguish between private and public aims and powers has the right to assume the leadership of men and forces.

As to Peace.

We are told by flaring headlines in the daily newspapers that a "conciliation committee," originating the Lord knows where or how, is going in about a month to meet in San Francisco and adjust all our troubles. It is to be dignified by the participation in its councils of three members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Among others, that pure and disinterested patriot, Mr. Samuel Gompers, is to take a hand in the proceedings. Then there are bishops and college professors and parsons, etc., without number. The whole matter, we fancy, is well meant, and possibly the thing may come to something. But speaking for itself and in that confidence which it has a right to hold with its readers, the *Argonaut* has not much faith in the efficacy of peace meetings of any kind, and none at all in an assemblage made up of politicians, labor agitators, preachers, and school teachers. There may have been a stage in our troubles when this combination of long-haired and short-haired brotherhoods might have had its meeting without harming anybody; but as matters stand in San Francisco today our friends the peace advocates, would, we think, better stay at home or mind some other business.

The situation in San Francisco has gotten past the stage when there is anything better than stupidity and impertinence in peace-making proposals by outsiders. We are going to have peace in San Francisco; in fact, we are already in the way of getting peace. But we will get our own brand of peace, and we will get it in our own way. We want no slopny compromise of our differences; we want no settlement that will be merely a postponement. The issues involved in the fight with corresponding

ponement of security and prosperity. The situation is not one which affords room for a just arrangement as between parties both half right and half wrong. The fight has reached a point where we are contending not about half-issues, but upon a principle; and nobody has yet found a way to compromise a principle without violation of equity and without storing up wrath against some future day of wrath.

Quite as important as the issue of industrial peace is the issue of progress. And we shall have no progress worth speaking of until we have found, not peace alone, but peace on a just basis. A mere compromise could do us no good, because it would not reestablish our credit abroad, nor give us security at home. It is no mere superficial distemper that troubles San Francisco, nothing that can be salved over with polite speeches and mutual compliments. The issue here is this: Shall there be freedom in San Francisco or shall there be tyranny at the hands of a debauched labor-unionism, shall we have the rule of law under American traditions or shall we have a rule of privilege as it may be defined by a unionized labor mob? As we shall determine this issue so we shall determine the future fortunes of San Francisco.

That San Francisco at this time will determine the issue right, we are, to be entirely candid, by no means assured. The community, we find, has in it a great many creatures of the jellyfish genus. There are a lot of people who are so anxious for peace at any price, so eager for the petty and the immediate profit, so fearful of somebody's resentment, as to be willing to lie down and be walked over by labor-unionism. The *Argonaut* is not of this breed. It has eyes to see, it has ears to hear, and it is not afraid. By ten thousand indications it is assured that we can have peace on the right basis, peace upon principle and with honor, if we shall find the manhood to insist upon it, with the resolution to reject any patched-up settlement of a fraudulent and temporizing sort. That there are many like-minded we have abundant testimony; that there are enough to fight this fight out to its finish, we profoundly hope.

One thing is certain, namely, that any sort of peace which will not assure to every citizen among us, however humble, the right to work at any lawful occupation of his choice in any lawful way, unmolested and undisturbed by anybody, will be no peace at all. Another certain thing is that any settlement under which this principle shall not stand confirmed and enforced, will give us no security, no credit, no promise.

Fire Protection.

Within the week a frontage of two hundred feet or more of temporary business buildings, at the intersection of Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street in this city, went up in smoke. It was not a great fire, measured by the aggregate loss, but it was a hot fire and a quick one. It was precisely the thing we have been looking for and dreading, because it put in hazard the whole mushroom fabric which houses our first-class retail trade. Fortunately there was water in abundance—the fire department quickly did the rest. This fire should be taken as a reminder that San Francisco is living with a sword hanging over its head. We have a concentrated business district built up for temporary uses of highly inflammable materials liable at any moment to burst out in a conflagration which nothing might be able to stop. We are rebuilding our permanent business district under conditions of tremendous hazard in the matter of exposure to fire. As yet we have done nothing in the way of giving the city the special protection which our special conditions demand.

These facts and conditions, sufficiently clear before, are emphasized by the fire of last week. The condition is one which calls imperatively for something more to the point than talk by civic associations and speculation by more or less expert experts. Mr. Schussler, the eminent engineer who understands the situation through a studious acquaintance with its details for a period of nearly fifty years, a man whose judgment in all matters of this kind has had the highest recognition at home and abroad, a man so straightforward at all the points of his character that nobody among us suspects him of private motives—this man told us years ago how to protect San Francisco against fire; and it has

been plain to whoever has given the least attention to his suggestions that the disaster of last year would never have occurred if we had followed his advice.

Mr. Schussler has pointed out that San Francisco is surrounded by salt water, which is the best known natural agent for putting out fire. He has pointed out that God Almighty has provided San Francisco with half a dozen or more elevated sites for the storage of water. He has told us that we ought to scoop out a reservoir at the summit of each of our many elevations, keep these several reservoirs filled with water (preferably salt), connecting each of them by a system of pipes with a special area in which it stands in a natural defensive relation. He would have a system of connections so devised that in case of accident to one system of pipes another could be used to supply it with water. By lessons drawn from experience a year ago, Mr. Schussler has made it plain that the plan above outlined is entirely feasible, and that it would give to San Francisco an extraordinary protection against fire at relatively small cost.

Practical insurance men, commenting on Mr. Schussler's plans, stand as authority for the statement that such a system as Mr. Schussler has suggested would pay for itself many times over, first in prevention of fire losses, second in reduction of insurance premiums. Motives of prudence and economy combine to urge upon us the creation of such a system of water supply for fire purposes independent of the ordinary domestic water supply.

This matter has not been wholly overlooked by our city government, but it has been so far neglected that nothing has actually been done. There is in existence, we believe, a commission studying out a project—a project already sufficiently studied out. In course of time, no doubt, we shall have from this commission an elaborate report, which, however, will not of itself be very effective at the point of defense against fire. In truth, the plan was made long ago; and it is a plan so plain to the mind of common sense that not much more study is really necessary. What we want is not more study, not another plan, but prompt action.

The *Argonaut* suggests that the fund of \$720,000 appropriated by the Board of Boodlers for a municipalized Geary Street Railroad in the cause of Mr. Spreckels's business resentments and of Mr. Langdon's political ambitions, be diverted from the fool experiment to which it has been assigned and bestowed upon a salt-water fire-protection system. This would solve an immediate and a pressing problem; and at the same time it would nullify a shameful project of municipal jobbery.

The Mauvais Graft.

There has developed a nasty scandal in connection with the freight transportation service of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which holds almost a monopoly of San Francisco's business. Ever since the disaster the service has been dilatory, especially between this city and Sparks, Nevada. In the forwarding of cars from Sparks there has been unreasonable delay which the authorities of the Southern Pacific Company have apparently been unable to correct. It appears, however, that others have been either more capable or more fortunate. A certain expert in such matters, one Mauvais, has now for some weeks been able, for a fixed fee of \$50, to get any particular car picked out of the ruck at Sparks and brought on promptly to its destination at San Francisco. A good many shippers have found it handy to employ Mauvais, who has now for some time been doing a brisk and profitable business.

Mauvais's method was to divide his fee with minor employees of the Southern Pacific Company in the car yards at Sparks and at Sacramento. These minor employees, having immediate command of the situation, have been able to expedite the service whenever it has been to their advantage to do it. It is only just now, after the game has been going on for several weeks, that the responsible railroad officials who, it appears, are in no wise directly involved in the scandal, have discovered the iniquity and have promptly put an end to it.

The incident is important from several points of view, but most of all because it sheds an interesting light upon the methods of railroad administration. Business comes to a railroad by its own motion, because the business must be done, and because the railroad is there to do it. It follows, therefore, that

the methods of railroad management have been adapted to this condition. The railroad people do not reach out and look after their affairs as do men in other lines of business where competition is keener and in which detailed efficiency and public good-will are matters of essential concern. In railroading, the idea seems to be to let matters run along until something breaks loose. It is time to correct a trouble, in the railroad man's philosophy, when it has become an irritant; and there is little effort, at least so far as the public can see, to cure trouble by preventing it altogether.

We have long observed railroad management throughout the country to be deficient at the point of neglect in the higher range of responsibility. There are, for specific purposes, specific officials who are very busy men; but there never seems anybody who has time to get acquainted with the public and to maintain such relations in any particular situation as would make a scandal like the Mauvais affair impossible. We have wondered if the directors of a great railroad like the Southern Pacific were not mere dummies or absentees, but men who lived on the line of the road and gave their time and attention to meeting the public, to studying the situation in all its bearings, if there would be as much friction between the company and the public as there is now? If one director of the Southern Pacific lived, say at Reno, another at Sacramento, another at Fresno and so on, we suspect that the company would have knowledge of many things now unknown to it, that many causes of friction and mischief might be avoided, that the service might be bettered, that the public might be better satisfied. Our railroad friends, no doubt, would reply to this that they know their own business. Maybe they do; maybe the railroad business is best carried on under a scheme which allows the company to be ignorant of facts like this Mauvais business for weeks after such facts are known to the business community. This we do know, however, that no other business could be carried on successfully under a system so careless at points of great importance.

Funston and the "Unwhipped Mob."

Frederick Funston, Major-General, U. S. A., in command of the Division of the Pacific, isn't the bulkiest man in the world, but he is as big for his size as any other man going. There has been reason to suspect, as an ardent admirer once declared, that he is made up of steel springs, nerves, and red blood. At least, whenever there has been in the sphere of his service any need of physical, mental, or moral hardihood, the little general has been right there with the goods. Diplomacy, conciliation, soft phrases—of this sort of small change General Funston makes little use. What he thinks he is pretty apt to say, and what he says pretty much everybody with mind enough to keep out of the lunatic asylum is able to understand.

Some two weeks ago the Fourth of July Committee, made up largely of the professional element of labor-unionism, addressed to General Funston a note asking the participation of United States troops stationed hereabout in a prospective Fourth of July parade. Whether or not General Funston knew that the labor agitators had planned to turn the national birthday celebration into a laborite carnival, we are not informed. Maybe he did and maybe he didn't. In his reply to the committee, General Funston explained that for certain military reasons, which he set forth, he did not wish the Coast Artillery companies to undergo an arduous experience on the Fourth of July. Proceeding, he referred the committee to Colonel Lundeen, the Presidio commandant, who was in a position if it suited him to do so of sending three field batteries for the forthcoming parade. In conclusion, General Funston said:

It is a matter which I shall feel compelled to leave entirely to him as post commander. During the present disturbed condition in this city I am very loth to have the troops participate in a parade, for the reason that they are liable to be insulted and jeered at by the as yet unwhipped mob of this city, and, of course, would be in a position where they would have to grin and bear it. However, I will leave the matter entirely to Colonel Lundeen and would suggest that you call on him.

It should go without saying that when Gen. Funston spoke of the "unwhipped mob," he made no reference to anybody outside of the n

There is no reason why anybody who is not a thief should be offended when somebody calls "stop thief." But these are refinements unknown to the sort of men who make up the Fourth of July Committee. Quite naturally they took a reflection upon the "mob" as personal to themselves; and on the basis of a personal affront they have been trying all the week to kick up a row over this petty business. Committees of labor leaders have been passing denunciatory resolutions and calling on General Funston for explanations; others of the same breed have been sending the general anonymous letters threatening him with all kinds of penalties. The War Department in Washington has even been communicated with, but, so far as we can learn, to no purpose. In response to an official inquiry as to his "meaning" by the Fourth of July Committee, General Funston sent a reply whose spirit is summed up in the following excerpt:

"My expression the 'as yet unwhipped mob' referred to those disorderly and lawless people, and I am at a loss to see by what process of logic a committee of representative citizens took it to themselves. As this expression offended your committee, however, I wish to express my regret at having used it. I do not wish to be understood as apologizing to the lawless element of the community, nor to those who sympathize with them, but to your committee I do so gladly."

It is not easy to see how anybody in a position to be offended by General Funston's first utterance, could take much comfort out of this "apology." Indeed, it is not easy to understand how anybody not directly affiliated with the "unwhipped mob" could originally have felt aggrieved.

Dr. Wheeler's Choice.

The determination of Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler to reject a most flattering invitation to another field of work and to remain at the head of our State University, is a circumstance upon which we may well congratulate ourselves. It assures to the University the continuation of an intellectual and administrative force which in the past nine years has brought it out of chaos into a state of order, which has inspired it with high ideals and strong purposes and which promises for it a career of distinction among the greater American schools.

It is very easy to see how Dr. Wheeler could have been tempted by the invitation to Boston. As a man of New England traditions Boston must exert a strong pull through his affections; as a philosophic scholar there must be much in the atmosphere of the School of Technology, and of Harvard with which it stands closely associated, congenial to him; as a man in moderate financial circumstances there must have been a powerful appeal in the largely increased income offered him. Over and above all this Dr. Wheeler can hardly have been insensible to what is plain enough to others, namely, that the presidency of Harvard College was a possible and even probable culmination of his service at Boston.

In choosing to remain with us Dr. Wheeler has paid to California the highest and best of all possible compliments, and he has put us under a clearly defined obligation. It is nothing less than an obligation to make our State University worthy of the choice he has made and of the personal sacrifice involved in it. There are in Dr. Wheeler's choice a thousand inspiring suggestions of opportunity and duty in connection with our great State School which ought not to be, and will not be, lost upon us. Unfailingly we shall create and sustain at Berkeley an institution which shall not be unworthy the life's devotion even of a man which the older world of the East would gladly claim for itself.

It is reported from London that after years of unsuccessful endeavor the game of baseball is now established in England and is growing in popularity. As proof it is said that the crowds, which have begun to reach considerable proportions, have become so imbued with the excitement of the game that there have been shouts of "kill the umpire." What more need be said? With an American owner again winning the Derby, with London shops proclaiming their wares in dollars and cents, and with baseball getting a hold, the conquest of England is in progress.

There seem to be very few occasions upon which President Roosevelt deems it advisable to lay aside the protection of a revolver. His practice of carrying a weapon has again been advertised, this time through the discovery made by one of the Masonic functionaries to whom fell the task of tying the apron about the President's waist at the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic building in Washington.

THE OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW.

Americans Crowd to London for a Great International Event.

London has learned from America that a horse show may be made the occasion of a great social function. It was New York that first discovered the fact, for in New York it is the horse show that serves as a centre or point of contact for the social sets of the great cities. There are not so many social sets in England as there are in America, because the country is not big enough for subdivisions, but a good horse show is sufficient excuse for a society frolic which becomes a triumphant success by the influx of Americans.

And London just now is full of Americans, so full indeed that to enumerate even the well-known names would be a serious strain upon space. It is hardly to be supposed that all these people are interested in horses. In the minds of many of them the horses have a merely mythical existence, the only serious facts being the social functions for which they have been made the excuse. And so there is a round of horse-show breakfasts, horse-show dinners and horse-show suppers with all other possible methods of welcome and hospitality, while a visit to the horses themselves is sometimes an afterthought or even perhaps an intrusion into the serious business of the day, which is that of enjoying one's self.

But none the less the horse show is worth a visit, and indeed a series of visits. The great glass-domed interior of Olympia has been suddenly turned into a garden of beauty. The hedges, the flower-beds, the exquisitely green grass, and the young trees planted in profusion wherever they would be out of the way, make a picture of an oasis in a gray desert, forcing the best of good spirits to the surface and producing a uniform gaiety among the crowds who have ineffectually demanded the reserved seats, which were all taken weeks ago. What the horses think of it all is yet to be learned. Even the most docile of horses may well draw the line at being asked to take a water jump which is flanked by beds of marvelous hydrangeas and fuchsias, while the best regulated equine nerves may well be disturbed by the sight of a chestnut tree which defies all the well-ordered laws of nature by bursting suddenly into a blossom of electric lights. But these are mere details and unworthy of consideration. The horses must take what the gods send and be thankful. If river banks and chestnut trees have a nerve-racking appearance yet there are the counterbalancing glories in which Mr. Winans's horses are luxuriating, certainly more sumptuous than ever yet fell to the lot of a horse, while Mr. Armour's cart horses are stalled in chiffon and pink curtains, while Guinness & Company's shires rejoice in pale blue silk. It is said that one of these superb animals has eaten his curtains overnight, and judged by the only standard of value of which he knows anything at all, he probably thought them to be very poor stuff.

Certainly it is a great show. There are 2100 horses, and their value is \$2,500,000. The number of exhibitors is 600, and of these Mr. Winans is the largest with his 46 entries, while Mr. Vanderbilt comes next with 29. Mr. Winans appears also in the largest number of classes—93 out of 124. The cost to exhibitors has been \$500,000, the total amount of prize money is nearly \$40,000, the size of the ring is 130 yards by 80 yards, there are 24,000 seats, with an entire seating capacity for the whole show of 150,000. It is, therefore, worthy to be called a big affair, even from the point of view of cold statistics. The importance of the people who are exhibiting makes it of course very much bigger, while the attendant advantages to the horse-breeding world are very considerable.

The commissariat department gives a very fair indication of the popularity of such a show as this, and the figures furnished by the contractors seem better suited to an army on the march than to a society event. Here is an estimate of the comestibles required every day: 500 dinners, 500 teas, 12,000 rolls, 24,000 sandwiches, 1500 grills, 450 breakfasts, 500 pounds of strawberries, 1800 table blooms, 1400 pounds of beef, 1000 pounds of mutton, 500 fowls, 50,000 sticks of asparagus, 70 gallons of coffee, 300 gallons of milk, 16,800 slices of bread and butter, 12,000 fancy pastries.

Americans have no reason to be chagrined at these results. There is no need to enter into them at length, as the cable will have notified the English-speaking world within an hour of each event. Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee was one of the earliest winners, his horse, Sir Humphrey, beating the English and Dutch favorites. But the ovation of the day was reserved for Miss Jones of Louisville, who rode her father's horse Poetry of Motion. Her horse was criticized as not being quite the ideal mount for a lady, but there was only one opinion about her horsemanship. The Earl of Lonsdale, one of the finest riders in England, said that she was "wonderful." He had never seen anything better than her grip in the saddle, the matchless way in which she handled her horse or her perfect grace. He added: "Such horsewomen are born, not made." Walter Winans took first and second prizes for the best pair of horses with carriage and appointments, while Mr. Vanderbilt came third with his bay geldings. Mr. Mackay took first and second prizes for trotters, and Mr. Winans third. There is great rivalry between Mr. Winans and Mr. Vanderbilt. Mr. Winans says that he will "knock Vanderbilt's horses into a cocked hat," and appearances are certainly pointing to a fulfilment of his vow.

The only suggestion of adverse comment upon the arrangement is directed against the size of the ring, which is said to be too small to give the horses a fair chance. Mr. Vanderbilt complains that it is too small to show a tandem or a pair as they should be shown, and he is afraid that this may militate against his chances. He is

surprised at the knowledge of horses that is shown by the English, and certainly the winning way in which the winners were picked out as soon as the horses entered the ring was astonishing.

How far the show will be successful from the expert point of view must, of course, be left to the experts to say, but the spectacular and society aspects are everything that could be desired. Certainly a brighter-looking assembly it was never my lot to see. All foreign officers appearing in the ring had received special permission to wear their uniforms, and as there are also a great number of hunting costumes there is no lack of brilliant color. There can be little doubt that the horse show in England will become an institution, and in combination with the Madison Square show the ocean highway between England and America will be crowded more than ever before.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 9, 1907.

THE SONG OF THE CALIPH'S RUG.

By Charles Field.

San Francisco Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Our Caliph has a rug with a pattern woven snug;
There are silver threads and gold to a number yet untold,
And that soft, elusive green that by chance you may have seen
Upon the nation's currency, the unperceived sheen
When it passes in the evening (you may know the kind I mean).

The Caliph's rug, 'tis said (though by those not int'rested),
Has the magic properties of enchanted tapestries;
Woven in a fairy loom for the bearded Caliph's room
While the Persian witch that wove it rode a pure Arabian broom—
Nonsense, maybe, yet the reason of the rug is wrapped in gloom!

So the Caliph's rug, they state, in some manner may relate
To that most convenient one which was owned by Solomon;
When His Royal Wisdom sat on that necromantic mat
He would wish that he were elsewhere than the place where he was
at

And he would he; just imagine, were the Caliph's rug like that!

For the Caliph of our town on his rug might sit him down
With a quiet song of glee as he launched it, chanting free:
"O I'm conscious that I should have a change of neighborhood
Since by reason of a paradox quite clearly understood
I am 'incapacitated' just because my health is good!"

"I have stocked my Persian rug with some hoodle in a jug
For I piped my weather eye and I'm shipshape now to cry
Ere the crisis shall occur: 'Let her go there, Gallagher!
'I have got my fiddle with me, and the Stick he with you, sir!
Then I'll breathe the name 'Honduras' and be wafled *de rigueur*!"

But alack for the Commander of the Faithful! All he planned
Has been ruefully unheeded since the Faithful have confessed,
And instead we hear him wail: "Modern magic seems to fail
And a Persian rug stays by one only in a fairy-tale—
I have been upon the carpet and it's landed me in jail!"

The Salton sea, which is now under control, affords an unusual opportunity to study evaporation and connected phenomena, and the geological survey, the weather bureau and the reclamation service of the United States have combined for the most exhaustive study of the subject ever undertaken. The body of water is to be accurately measured, as well as the heat of the sun over its surface, and the accompanying meteorological conditions will be carefully observed. The theory was advanced long ago that the presence of such an inland sea would exert so beneficial an effect on climate and agriculture that it would be worth while to dig a canal to let the waters of the Colorado back to their old basin. The studies now undertaken should show definitely whether that theory was sound.

It was noticed recently at Gibraltar that numbers of Japanese sailors, many with breasts covered with war medals, when on shore leave carried with them water bottles. Presumably this was in order that the men should not run any risk of contracting water-borne disease by drinking on shore water which for all they know to the contrary may be impure. It is a little detail, but it shows how keenly alive the Japanese are to the practical application of preventive hygiene.

Another of the famous old buildings of London that will disappear soon is Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street Within, which has been sold to a syndicate and will shortly be pulled down to make room for a bank. It was long the residence of lord mayors of London, and Queen Elizabeth once presided there over a famous feast. It is one of the most beautiful of London's historical buildings, and worth preserving if only as a specimen of fifteenth century architecture.

Trout fishermen in the East have cause for amazement and envy in the news that a three-foot, 20-pound salmon trout has recently been caught in Colorado. This does not appear to be open to the suspicions that attach to the ordinary fish story, for the big trout, the largest ever caught in Colorado, is now being mounted for exhibition in one of the Denver railroad offices, and his dimensions seem pretty well established.

The new custom house at New York, which has cost the government some \$8,000,000, will be ready for occupancy in a short time. The new building is seven stories high, and stands facing Bowling Green on the site of Fort Amsterdam, built in 1726, and of Government House built for President Washington in 1790, where George Clinton and John Jay afterward lived.

Lord Cromer says that Egyptians have a propensity for hoarding gold. A native who recently died left \$400,000 stored in gold in his house. Many Egyptians who are possessed of wealth will borrow money at interest to conceal the fact. Large quantities of gold coin are annually melted in Egypt and converted into ornaments.

SERGEANT KAY'S CAPTURE.

A Frontier Stratagem.

First post had gone on the bugle at Fort Saskatchewan, and the major was sitting on the porch of his quarters, discussing with his adjutant the details of a practice march arranged the following week for B Troop. The hard blue of the sky changed to purple, then to steel-gray, and Saturn appeared low down on the western horizon. Over the level stretches of the prairie the night wind blew softly, rustling the yellow grass. It was peculiarly soothing to the two officers, smoking in lazy contentment after an arduous day in the blazing August sun. They paused in their chat, and their thoughts drifted to other lands; they saw faces, the pensive faces of women and the laughing ones of little children, while they watched the stars come out, one by one, in the deepening dusk. They remembered that those same stars shone over the homes which sheltered those women and children; they seemed like sentinel eyes keeping tireless vigil over those loved ones, separated from them by long leagues of hill and plain and by the vicissitudes of a soldier's calling; and their hearts warmed to their friendly twinkling.

At length the major's vagrant thoughts reverted to the matter in hand. "Thirty miles will do for the first day," he resumed. "That will take you into the Beaver Hills, where there's good camping, now the cool nights keep the flies down. How's regimental number 2142?"

"All right again, sir," said the adjutant. "Slight attack of influenza, the veterinary surgeon said it was. He'll—"

The door of the guard-house across the square opposite swung open, and a bugle rang out shrilly on the quiet night air. The two officers sprang to their feet. A shot went off, followed by another and another. Forms flitted back and forth through the bars of light which streamed across the parade-ground from the barrack windows. The officer of the day hurried up, touched his hat, and said:

"I have to report, sir, that the prisoners McCorkle and Milligan have overpowered the guard and escaped."

The major muttered something not on record, took three strides up the porch and two back, and then rapidly delivered his orders:

"Detail Kay and Hatherton to scout south toward Blindman's River; they'll probably work round to that vicinity, sooner or later. Send Smith and Edmonds north to the Athabasca Landing, and Murphy and Kraus east as far as Saddle Lake. Fontaine and Christianson can take the north bank of the Saskatchewan as far as Lac Ste. Anne."

Twenty minutes later the four details pulled out of Fort Saskatchewan on a blind search for as choice a pair of blacklegs as might have been found anywhere within a hundred miles.

Up to the winter before, some of the Saskatchewan fellows had cultivated the idea that they knew a little about the game of poker, but after "Crackerbox"—baptized William McCorkle—had dwelt among them for a month they had been driven stubbornly to the conviction that somehow they had made an error of judgment. A little earlier, Calgary had been a flower, a night-blooming cereus, from the professional gambler's point of view, but the bloom had worn off; it had become too slow and staid, and Crackerbox had heard of the Saskatchewan game and moved north. He thought there might be a profitable opening for him there, and he was correct. His operations at the green table had been quite satisfactory to himself, and necessarily anything but satisfactory to any one else. Still, the game went on, and Crackerbox continued to pull down his jack-pots with complacent regularity, until one night things happened. It had been his deal, of course. He was discovered with four nines in his hand, and as three were held among the other players round the board, Crackerbox was called on for explanations, which he gave—at the point of a six-shooter. They carried the wounded man home and Crackerbox to the guard-house. He had done fatigue-duty on the woodpile and round the kitchen sink under the eye of an unsympathetic sentry, and, while he did not say so, thought it was no sort of occupation for a gentlemanly professional gambler. He had been awaiting with feelings of deep distrust the departure of the next stage, which should carry him to the territorial pen to abide events while the sick man lingered. Perhaps they would even show so little deference to his cloth and sensitiveness there as to put him on the stone-pile with absconding bank officers and other low violators of the law! The thought made his nostrils curl. "But now," as he said to himself on the night of his escape, "we have changed all that." The stage would depart without him.

Milligan, the other fugitive, was a promoter; and Milligan was in trouble, as promoters now and then are apt to be. He had been the chief instrument in the mutiny that had occurred in B Troop three months before, and was serving a year at hard labor in the guard-house for his zeal in a cause which had been promptly frowned down.

Early in the morning on the third day after the escape, two cavalymen were riding across the prairie toward a distant log shack beside the trail which connected Calgary with Saskatchewan. It was a stopping-place for travelers and the only house in twenty miles.

"They'll sure stop at Bennet's and eat," said Sergeant Kay. "We'd best not ride too close." They drew aside into a bluff of poplars, and fastened their horses among the trees. "Now," continued the sergeant, "take a walk to the right, and come in below the window in the back of the shack. That knoll and the stacks will give you all the cover you require; mind, you don't show yourself. I'll shy 'em, and by the left and get to the front door. When it opens, hold your gun on 'em from the window."

The Bennet's, two men were breakfasting at a rough table. From the manner in which they ate, it might

have been inferred that it was long since they had tasted food.

"Hell!" said the smaller of the two, a youngish, compact, sallow man, with a carefully pointed, narrow black mustache, pausing for a minute as Bennet set a second heaping plate of meat on the table. "This is great! It would take all B Troop to chase me from such a feed."

"Elegant," assented his companion, with a mouth full of steak. "Shtill, I'm not askin' to see any ay th' clan. Ut's good riddance, any ways ye take ut, an' I hope ther's as many moiles betune us as ther' is behind us."

The door creaked a trifle on its wooden hinges. Crackerbox looked round quickly. Sergeant Kay stood in the doorway with a leveled revolver in his hand.

"I'll trouble you, McCorkle," he said, easily. "Oaka—quick now! You know the formula."

The gambler's hands went up. Milligan raised his at the same instant. His eyes were engaged at the window before him.

"'Bout face!" Milligan came round mechanically, in obedience to the sharp word of command. "Tut! tut!" Kay went on protestingly; "you needn't strike your dukes, Milligan. Keep 'em up, keep 'em up. They look first rate as they are. Hatherton, walk round here—I'll do the honors while you're coming, and fit these new cuffs on the gentlemen. I want to see how they look. Cutest thing in the market; lots of starch in 'em and polished to make a Chinese laundry ashamed of itself. We haven't had a chance to try 'em on a real eligible candidate before."

He bowed with mock deference to the gambler. Crackerbox smiled amiably in return.

"I'm right glad to see you, sergeant," he said. "Seems just like home again. Funny how things turn out, ain't it? I was just wonderin' if you wouldn't happen along—and here you were! Well, all's fair in love and war—and a fox-chase. Some fools in my shoes would probably see things—ropes, beams, and hornpipes. I don't. Life's too short to waste in speculation over what probably wouldn't occur. Play your game out and keep on lookin' happy. That's good clean philosophy for a man. And if you do pass out before the rest of the players, why you're only a hand ahead, and they'll be hot in your moccasin tracks to the Sweet By-by. We only just hit the ranch an hour before you, and seein' we was here first we can't do less than make you welcome. You wouldn't have grudged us a hearty reception, I know, if it had happened the other way round." Crackerbox laughed. "We was right hungry. Mr. Bennet, here, was so good as to fix us up a real enjoyable meal, an' we've just wolfed it." And, as the handcuffs went on: "And them bracelets! Ain't they charming! Such finish! Do you know, sergeant, as soon as I'm out o' this I'm a-going to get me a pair, gold—miniature, you know—same pattern, to hang on my watch-chain as a souvenir? What's wrong, Milligan? You don't look pleased."

The big Irishman glowered under his thick red eyebrows. "I suppose this is another twelvemont' for me," he growled.

Crackerbox burst into a loud laugh. "Don't be downhearted, me son," he returned. "They can't give me too much of a good thing. I'll ask them to let me have it."

"Well, Mr. McCorkle," said Kay, "now you're wearing government jewelry, we can be more sociable. I guess you haven't finished your breakfast yet. It's ahead of anything you're likely to get between this and the fort—which the same is ninety miles—so you'd best make the most of it. Jump in. And since you're so hospitable, if Mr. Bennet will be good enough to fry a little more steak, we'll eat with you. I guess you know better than to make any breaks," he added, significantly, looking from one prisoner to the other.

"Too busy to think of it," returned Crackerbox, sitting down to the table again. "Kind of a tough proposition, this, sergeant," he added a moment later, after an ineffectual attempt to cut his meat; "tryin' to handle a meal with your wrists sawin' one against the other, like cattle in a yoke."

Kay glanced at Hatherton. "Help him out, won't you?" he said. "Mr. Bennet will do the same for the other man, I'm sure."

"Oh, I can't allow that!" protested the gambler. "I'll manage." He seized the meat in his fists and tore it between his teeth, like a dog.

"Here, quit that!" exclaimed Kay. "You're a human, at least—not an animal." He took out his keys and unlocked one handcuff. "There, I'll let you eat decently, and not like a pagan, if you'll promise not to try to escape."

A sudden brightness flashed into the gambler's eyes, but there was nothing of it left in the look he turned on Kay, as he replied, with a bland smile: "Sure thing. I'd promise anything under the circumstances. That's easy. I say, sergeant, you're real obliging. I'll see that you're mentioned in orders."

"See that you keep your promise; that'll be sufficient," said Kay, shortly, unlocking a handcuff of the other man.

Crackerbox laughed provokingly. "Now, sergeant, I like your jokes. You two loaded down with deadly weapons, and us—"

Sergeant Kay was naturally a kind man. Also, he dearly loved the game of poker, and, therefore, perhaps unsuspected by himself, nurtured a secret admiration for this cool desperado, who looked on life as a game of chance, and took good or ill luck indifferently, as it came, with imperturbable good-humor. But perhaps it was hardly discreet in the sergeant to allow this amiable disposition to influence him to the extent of freeing his prisoner's hands.

During the meal the talk drifted to poker. Kay knew enough about the game to have lost most of his pay for a year before. He was interested in Crackerbox's professional skill. And when the gambler pushed back his chair

after finishing his coffee and remarked: "Just let me show you how that's done, sergeant, before you put the bracelets on again," and walked over to another table on which lay a pack of cards. Kay did not demur, but followed—he might learn something which would help him retrieve his losses, or perhaps even do better than that.

Hatherton was interested, too, and stood beside the sergeant. Milligan was still eating. Account for it as you may, they appeared to have forgotten him—perhaps because he had once been a fellow of B Troop—with a blank default sheet. Bennet apparently knew all he wanted to about poker; he bustled around, banging his tin dishes and pans. The noise enabled Milligan to slip up behind the troopers unobserved.

"You see," said Crackerbox, picking up the thread of his story again, "there was fifteen hundred dollars in the pot and they'd all dropped out except Wat Batty and me. I took the deck in my left hand"—it was supremely interesting—"like this, and 'Cards?' says I. 'I want one,' says Bat. I gave it to him. 'I'm taking three, myself,' says I, while he looked at his hand, and I took 'em. They were good ones, and they came right out o' the deck here, like that—see?"

"Hands up!" It was Milligan who spoke. The two troopers faced about and each looked into the unfriendly muzzle of his own revolver, which Milligan had deftly extracted from its holster as he leaned over its possessor's shoulder.

"Get them up, now, quick!" he repeated.

Crackerbox laughed his exasperating laugh. "Yes, I would if I was in your place, sergeant," he remarked. "Everything has been real pleasant so far between us this morning, and we wouldn't like to have any misunderstanding, now we're about parting from you. Oblige us. Did you notice how that game came out? Funny how it goes, ain't it? Luck with you one minute an' the next it's with the other feller. I didn't know you understood the sign language so well, Milligan. You tumbled handier than a tailed steer. You must have belonged to the Invincibles before you left the old country. What was your number?"

Bennet looked on stoically while, with some difficulty, Crackerbox removed the handcuffs and replaced them on the wrists of his late captors. In accomplishing this the gambler hit upon what he regarded as a neat arrangement. He stood Kay and Hatherton back to back and divided a pair of the cuffs between them on either side, securely linking them together. Bennet did not propose to risk his health in any attempt to uphold the dignity of the law. Why should he? From an abstract point of view it seems rather a peculiar fact that there should so seldom be apparent any strong general antipathy toward the man who has done nothing worse than shoot another man openly. It is only the wretch who lays unrighteous hands upon a woman—the Bill Sikeses of this world—who find all doors of hope, of human forgiveness and forbearance shut against them.

"You've been real hospitable, Mr. Bennet, and I just hate to put you out any; but there are times, you understand, when a man has to burn all his crossed bridges, and this looks to me like one of the times. It's quite a ways to where we're going, and I guess you won't hold it against us if we rope you up with the others."

They bound Kay's and Hatherton's ankles, and Crackerbox walked Bennet to his bunk in the corner and tied him on it, hand and foot. Then, as he stood with his back to the others, he pulled a bill out of the silk handkerchief about his neck, winked and held it up so that the host could see the "50" printed in the corner, and then pushed it into Bennet's waistcoat-pocket. Milligan then went to the corral, and turned out Bennet's stock, and brought the troop horses from the bluff.

"Well, so long, sergeant," said Crackerbox, as he stood beside Kay's saddle. "We'd be glad to spend another half-hour in your company, but you understand we've no time to waste in social entertainment. We thank you for a real pleasant mawmin' and for bringin' down these hosses for our use. My feet was plumb playin' out, but I reckon we'll get on now. If you look real hard, boys, you'll find the keys of them cuffs in the grass, not more'n a hundred yards from here; and, Bennet, your hosses won't stray so far but what you'll be able to pick 'em up to-morrow. Good day, sergeant. If you ever come down my way, look me up. I won't forget your consideration. I won't, honest."

He sprang into the saddle and clattered off, but at a hundred yards he stopped and drawled over his shoulder:

"And, oh, I say, sahgeant, remembere me to the majah! And tell him I said, with my compliments, he wa'n't to fo'get to mention you in o'dehs!"

Then the outlaws spurred across the prairie in the direction of that Line beyond which lay another government, driving Bennet's loose horses before them, and that was the last the two troopers saw that day of Crackerbox and Milligan.

In after years I sat often of an evening over Scotch with Kay, when he no longer wore government clothes or nursed an ambition to shine at poker, but had married a "girl" and settled down to raising cattle and a family. He spoke of many things, but he never told me what his feelings were as he lay through that hot August afternoon on the floor at Bennet's, counting the slow hours, until a traveler came along near dusk and released him, and I never asked. There are subjects which may not be touched upon even between friends.

BLEASDELL CAMERON.

Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, predicts the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt by acclamation. This indicates that the Senator believes the President has given satisfaction to the radical element in his own party which formerly had no voice in its councils.

A DUAL PERSONALITY.

A Psychological Mystery Is Made the Foundation of a Clever Romance.

The problem of the dual personality has always been attractive to novelists and story-tellers but few have made such good use of it as Margaret L. Woods. Most of those who have previously attempted it have not been content to tell a plain and straightforward story and to place upon the imagination of their readers the burden of explanation. Either they have been too subservient to the scientific guessings of the day or else they have trespassed hopelessly beyond the confines of record and experience. In this instance the author has given to her story all the strength that comes from simplicity, and the result is a weird and fascinating book, strong, original, and daring.

Milly Flaxman is a college girl and Ian Stewart is her professor and also her lover:

There could be no doubt about Milly Flaxman's goodness; in fact, some of the girls at Ascham complained that it "slopped over." Her clothes were made on hygienic principles, which she treated as a branch of morals, and she often refused to offer the small change of polite society because it weighed somewhat light in the scales of truth. But these were foibles that the young people's friends were sure Ian Stewart would never notice. As to him, although only four and thirty, he was already a distinguished man.

His disposition was sweet, his character unusually high, judged even by the standards of the academic world, which has a higher standard than most. Obviously he would make an excellent husband; and equally obviously, as he had no near relations and his health was delicate, it would be a capital thing for him to have a home of his own and a devoted wife to look after him.

The trouble begins when Milly has a fit of hysterics due, in general, to a prolonged period of overwork, and in particular to the indiscretion of her friend "Tims," who, in her Stewart's opinion of her chances in the coming examination. Stewart, it seems, has a high opinion of her scholarship, but thinks that she "generally wanted cleverness." As a remedy for the hysteria Tims experiments in mesmerism:

"Don't cry, M.L." Tims began repeating in a soft, monotonous voice. "You've got nothing to cry about; your head doesn't ache now. Don't cry."

At first it was only by a strong effort that Milly could keep her tear-blinded eyes fixed on the bright medal before her; but soon they became chained to it, as if by some attractive force. The shining disk seemed to become smaller, brighter, to recede imperceptibly until it was a point of light somewhere a long way off, and with it all the sorrows and agitations of her mind seemed also to recede into a dim distance where she was still aware of them, yet as though they were some one else's sorrows and agitations, hardly at all concerning her. The aching tension of her brain was relaxed and she felt as though she were drowning without pain or struggle, gently floating down, down through a green abyss of water, always seeing that distant light, showing as the sun might show, seen from the depths of the sea.

Before a quarter of an hour had passed, her sobs ceased in sighing breaths, the breaths became regular and normal, the whole face slackened and smoothed itself out. Tims changed the burden of her song.

"Go to sleep, Milly. What you want is a good, long sleep. Go to sleep, Milly."

Milly sleeps a long time, much to Tims's perturbation, but at last she wakes. Tims is horrified to find that her friend has lost her memory, and at once we are made aware of a strange difference in character, a subtle departure from the staid and prosaic maiden to whom we were first introduced:

"Hooray, hooray," shouted Tims. "You'll be reading as hard as ever in a week if I don't look after you. But see here, my girl, you've given me a nasty jar, and I'm not going to let you break your heart or crack your brain in a wild-goose chase. You can't get that first, you know; you're on a fairly good second-class level, and you'd better make up your mind to stay there."

"A fairly good second-class level," repeated Milly, still turning the leaves of the book. "That doesn't sound very exhilarating—and I rather think I shall do as I like about staying there."

Tims began to heat.

"Well, that's what Stewart said about you. I don't believe I told you half plain enough what Stewart did say, for fear of hurting your feelings. He said you are a good scholar, but, barring that, you weren't at all clever."

Milly looked up from her book; but she was not tearful. There was a curl in her lip and the light of battle in her eye.

"Stewart said that, did he? Now if I were a gentleman I should say—damn his impudence—and 'who the devil is Stewart,' but then I'm not. You can say it."

Tims stared. "Oh, come, I say," she exclaimed. "I don't swear, I only quote. But my goodness, when you remember who Stewart is, you'll be—well, pained to think of the language you're using about him."

"Why?" asked Milly, her head riding disdainfully on her slender neck.

"Because he's your tutor and lecturer—and a regular tip-top man at Greek and all that—and you—your respect him most awfully."

"Do I?" cried Milly—"did perhaps in my salad days. I've no respect whatever for professors now, my good Tims. I know what they're like. Here's Stewart for you."

She took up a pen and a scrap of paper and dashed off a clever, ludicrous sketch of a man with long hair, an immense brow, and spectacles.

From that time onward the change between the two personalities occurs at irregular intervals, and it is always signaled by a deep and prolonged sleep. Externally there is, of course, no difference between Milly, the original heroine, and Mildred, as the newcomer, the invader, prefers to be called. Internally, there is all the difference in

the world. Milly has every homely virtue, lovable, but trim, precise, and regular. Mildred's virtues are mainly conspicuous by their absence, and she has all the irresistible charm of abandon and irresponsibility. It is during one of Milly's tenures that Stewart proposes:

"Tims, dear," she said at length, smiling tremulously, and laying tremulous hands on Tims's two thin shoulders, "dear old Tims, why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" asked Tims, grinning delightedly. Milly threw her arms round her friend's neck and hid her happy tears and blushes between Tims's ear and shoulder.

"Mr. Stewart—it seems too good to be true—he loves me, he really does. He wants me to be his wife."

Most girls would have hugged and kissed Milly, and Tims did hug her, but instead of kissing her she banged and slapped her back and shoulders hard all over, shaking the while with deep internal chuckles. It hurt, but Milly did not mind, for it was sympathy. Presently she drew herself away, and wiping her damp eyes, said, smiling shyly:

"He's never guessed how much I care for him. I'm so glad. He says he doesn't wonder at my hesitation and talks about others more worthy to love me. But you know there isn't any one except Mr. Toovey. Poor Mr. Toovey. I do hope I haven't behaved very badly to him."

"Never mind Toovey," chuckled Tims. "Anyway, Milly, I've got a good load off my mind. I don't half like having put that other girl into your boots. However, you've come back, and everything's going to be all right."

"All right," breathed Milly. "Why, Tims, darling, I never thought any one in the world could be half so happy as I am."

And Tims left Milly to write the answer for which Ian Stewart was so anxiously waiting.

Obviously, the situation is one full of every possible kind of embarrassment. Milly is married, but is liable at any moment to be dispossessed by Mildred—who is not married. This does, indeed, actually happen, and during the inconvenient period of the honeymoon:

The *dejeuner* was over, and those guests who had not already gone out for the day were tramping about the bare, wooden passages and staircase, putting on knitted gloves and shouting for their companions and toboggans. But it was not till all had gone out and their voices had died away on the clear, cold air that the sleeper in No. 19 awoke. For a while she lay with open eyes as still as though she were yet sleeping. But suddenly she started up in bed and looked around her with frowning, startled attention. She was in a rather large bare bedroom, with varnished green woodwork and furniture and a green pottery stove. There was an odd, thick paper on the wall, of no particular color, and a painted geometrical pattern in the centre of the ceiling. It was a neat room, on the whole, but on the bed beside her own a man's waistcoat had been thrown, and in the middle of the floor a pair of long, shabby slippers lay a yard apart from each other and upside down. There were other little signs of masculine occupation. A startled movement brought her sitting up on the bedside.

"Married," she whispered to herself. "How perfectly awful!"

Mildred is not quite of the kind to be seriously embarrassed by such a situation as this. She has a very slight sense of propriety and the conventions of life do not weigh heavily upon her. She accepts all situations with a single eye to the pleasures that they can furnish, and so she receives her unexpected husband with amusement and welcome. Stewart, for his part, soon gets an inkling of the situation, and is terribly concerned at the bewildering changes of his wife's personality, and he gets but little comfort from the vague and orthodox assurances of the doctors to whom he submits the problem. But what is still more disquieting is the fact that he gradually prefers Mildred to Milly. The homely domestic virtues of his legitimate wife pall upon him, and during what may be called her tenancies he yearns for the other personality, with its dash and its brilliant impetuosity:

It was still raining and the early falling twilight was murky and brown. . . . As he walked homeward as fast as his inconvenient load allowed, he became acutely conscious of a depression of spirits which had been growing upon him all day. It was the weather, he argued, affecting his nerves or digestion. The vision of a warm, cozy house, a devoted wife awaiting him, ought to have cheered him, but it did not. He hoped he would not feel irritable when Milly rushed into the hall as soon as his key was heard in the front door to feel him all over and take every damp thread tragically. . . . When he had thrown off his shoes he noticed that the door leading to his wife's room was ajar, and a faint red glow of firelight showed invitingly through the chink. The dancing flames lit up the low white bed and the white figure of his sleeping wife. Till then he had thought the room was empty. She lay there so deathly still and straight that he was smitten with a sudden fear; but leaning over her he heard her quiet, regular breathing, and saw that, if somewhat pale, she was normal in color. He touched her hand. It was withdrawn by a mechanical movement, but not before he had felt that it was warm.

Alone in the firelit, silent room, with this tranced form before him, Ian Stewart knew that the woman who would arise from that bed would be a different woman from the one who had lain down upon it. . . . Another woman would arise, and she his Love. She had been gone so long; his heart had hungered for her so long, in silence even to himself. She had been dead, and now she was about to be raised from the dead.

It was a long time before Stewart recognized that brilliance and virtue are one of those rare combinations that must be proved before suspicion is laid wholly at rest. Mildred is practically a woman without a soul, without sense of right or wrong, and her love for Stewart is a mere whim and only awaits the right man for its displacement. Clashes between the two personalities are, of course, constant, and poor Milly finds herself oddly and tragically at variance with the reputation that she has inherited from her predecessor.

Of course, the catastrophe comes at last. It was inevitable from the beginning. Mildred gravely compromises herself with a friend of her husband and actually elopes with him, and once more the change of personality when, of all other things, a continuity is most to be desired. Poor Milly awakes to a sin for which she was not responsible but of which the terrible fruit, the shame, and the retribution, must be hers:

She looked around the bedroom, and it seemed to her very strange; something like a hotel room, yet at once too sumptuous and too shabby. There was a faded pink flock wall-paper with a gilt pattern upon it, the chairs were gilded and padded, and covered with worn pink damask, the bed was gilded and hung with faded pink silk curtains. Everywhere there was pink and gilding, and everywhere it was old and faded and rubbed. No one had tidied the room since the night before, and fine underclothing was flung carelessly around on chairs, a fussy petticoat here, the bodice of an evening dress there; everywhere just that touch of mingled daintiness and disorder which by this time Milly recognized only too well.

The bed was large and some one else had evidently slept there beside herself, for the sheet and pillow were rumpled and there was a half-burnt candle and a man's watch chain on the small table beside it. Wherever she was then, Ian was there too, so that she was at a loss to understand her own sinister foreboding.

Milly's toilet never took her very long. She put on a fresh, simple cotton dress, which seemed to have been worn the day before, and was just hesitating as to whether she should go down or wait for Ian to come, when Clarkson, the housekeeper, knocked at her door.

"I thought if you was awake, madam, you might like a bit of lunch," she said.

"Can you tell me where I am likely to find Mr. Stewart?" asked Milly, politely.

The woman stared, and when she answered there was more than a shade of insolence in her coarse voice and smile.

"I'm sure I can't tell, madam. Mr. Stewart's not our gentleman here."

She leaves the house, bewildered and perplexed, and meets George Goring, and greets him without a comprehension of the position toward him into which she has been forced:

They stooped together under the half-raised awning of the French window, and entered the dim, flower-scented drawing-room side by side. The young man threw off his hat, and she saw the silky ripple of his nut-brown hair, his smooth forehead, his bright, glancing hazel eyes, all the happy pleasantness of his countenance. Before she had had time to reconsider her dislike of him, he had caught her in his arms and kissed her hair and face, whispering little words of love between the kisses. For one paralyzed moment Milly suffered these dreadful words, these horrible caresses. Then, exerting the strength of frenzy, she pushed him from her and bounded to the other side of the room, entrenching herself behind the big rosewood table with its snug mats and vases and albums.

"You brute. You brute. You hateful cad," she stammered, with trembling lips; "how dare you touch me?"

George Goring stared at her with startled eyes.

"Mildred. Dearest. Good God, what's gone wrong?"

"Where's my husband?" she asked, in a voice sharp with anger and terror. "I want to go—I must leave this horrid place at once."

"Your husband?"

Such a story must necessarily end in tragedy. Indeed, it is tragical all the way through, so simply and pathetically it is told. Maddened with shame and remorse, hopeless of any possible vindication, Milly takes her own life:

Her boat was in the stream which led to the weir, but not yet fully caught by the current. A few more strokes and the thing would be done, she would be carried quickly on and over that dancing, sparkling edge into the deep pool below. Her courage failed, could not be screwed to the sticking point; she hung on the oars, and the boat, as if answering to her thought, stopped, swung half round. As she held the boat with the oars and closed her eyes in an anguish of hesitation and terror, a strange convulsion shook her, such as she had felt once before, and a low cry, not her own, broke from her lips.

"No—no," they uttered, hoarsely.

The Thing was there then, awake to its danger, and in another moment might snatch her from herself, return laughing at her cowardice, to that house by the river. She pressed her lips hard together, and silently, with all the strength of her hate and of her love, bent to the oars. The little boat shot forward into mid stream, the current seized it and swept it rapidly on towards the dancing edge of water. She dropped the sculls and a hoarse shriek broke from her lips; but it was not she who shrieked, for in her heart was no fear, but triumph—triumph as of one who is at length avenged of her mortal enemy.

In the darkened drawing-room, the room so full of traces of all that had been exquisite in Mildred Stewart, Ian mourned alone. Presently the door opened a little, and a tall, slender, childish figure in a white smock slipped in and closed it gently behind him. Tony stole up to his father and stood between his knees. He looked at Ian, silent, pale, large-eyed. That a grown-up person and a man should shed tears was strange, even portentous, to him.

"Won't Mummy come back, not ever?" asked the child at last, piteously, in a half whisper.

"No, never, Tony; Mummy won't ever come back. She's gone—gone for always."

The child looked in his father's eyes strangely, penetratingly.

"Which Mummy?" he asked.

Who shall say that such a story is wholly imaginative, or one wholly impossible in that mysterious realm where dwells the mind?

"The Invader," published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Portugal is making an effort to reclaim 10,000 acres, nearly one-half the country's area.

A BATTLE AT WEST POINT.

The Wife of Colonel Ayres Brings Suit for \$100,000 against Academy Officers.

Who would have supposed that such direful results could spring from causes so insignificant, or that Colonel Howze was laying the foundations for a very measurable scandal when he so indiscreetly ordered the ladies at the West Point review to surrender forthwith the military overcoats which gallant cadets had wrapped around their shivering shoulders? *Argonaut* readers may remember that I described the little incident at the time it occurred as one likely to make its appearance at Washington as a subject for official inquiry. My presentiment has been fulfilled with a vengeance, but I assuredly did not foresee that this little storm in a teacup would not subside before it had involved General Leonard Wood and aroused a bellicose spirit in Colonel Ayres that might have found its satiation in the Philippines.

There is no need to tell the story again, but I may as well remind your readers that when Colonel Howze, hot with enthusiasm for rules, regulations, and red tape, gave his historic order to a policeman to recover the cadet overcoats thus illegally worn by the lady spectators, there was one maiden who was inclined to resist, but who was ultimately persuaded into submission. The maiden in question was Miss Ayres.

Now the matter might very well have been allowed to rest where it was, or to fizzle out in a complaint to Washington. Colonel Howze was vividly conscious that he had done a very silly and a very ungracious thing, inasmuch as he had given an order that might have called for an impossible use of force against women whose chief fault was a reliance upon a treacherous blue sky. But it seems that Mrs. Ayres is not to be numbered among those who treat trifles with contempt, and she resented the slight upon her daughter with a vigor worthy of the wife of the redoubtable Colonel Ayres. Finding that her complaints to local officialism were ineffective—from her own point of view—she wrote to President Roosevelt and then, of course, the fountains of the great deep were opened and having appealed unto Cæsar, unto Cæsar she had to go.

The resulting inquiry left Mrs. Ayres worse off than she was before. She might have been satisfied to know that civilized people in general were laughing at Colonel Howze, and that the brave officer wished he had never been born, but when the West Point officials were thus forced into the defensive they also had a tale to unfold, and a very long one. They said that when Mrs. Ayres had attended at West Point in order to make personal complaint, her language had been of the cast-iron variety, and indeed of a nature so strenuous as to cause the cadet officer of the day to close the door between his room and that of his superior.

Anything more tantalizing it is hard to imagine. What did Mrs. Ayres say? What could she have said to cause an action so discreet, so unexpected upon the part of the cadet officer? This is a case of too much information, or not enough, but it seems likely that we shall never know what Mrs. Ayres actually said, for even those newspapers that print "all the news that's fit to read," either do not know or will not tell. The imagination must be left to riot unchecked. But the immediate result of these painful disclosures is that Mrs. Ayres has been officially excluded from the West Point Academy grounds for conduct unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman, although her son is at the present time a student of the institution.

This is certainly a pretty kettle of fish, but there is worse to come. At the time of the overcoat incident Colonel Ayres himself was in the Philippines adding to the laurels of fame that were first placed upon his brows in the firing line at Santiago. But Colonel Ayres is now at home again, and in the very nick of time to reinforce the energies of his militant wife, who by that time had brought suits to the extent of \$100,000 against the Superintendent of the Academy, the Commandant of Cadets, the Instructor of Tactics, and the Inspector-General of the army. Mrs. Ayres works upon the principle of allowing no guilty man to escape, but she has unaccountably allowed Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft to be mislead.

Colonel Ayres has allowed no waste of time in ranging himself upon the side of his wife, horse, foot, and artillery. He

says that the charges against her are "a tissue of falsehoods," and that the whole thing, from start to finish, is a part of a plot, not so much against Mrs. Ayres, as against himself. But what has Colonel Ayres done that he should be thus the victim of insidious treasons and machinations? The answer is not far to seek, but it causes us involuntarily to catch our breath and to wonder where the unraveling of this marvelous story will ultimately land us. The colonel attributes his misfortunes and the persecution of his wife to his own friendship for General Leonard Wood, who is hated by army officers in general, and whose friends also must fall under the ban of military displeasure. There is the whole story in a nutshell. When our eyes have been once opened it becomes as clear as the sun at noonday. It is true that Colonel Scott, the Superintendent of the Military Academy, is himself a friend of General Wood, but that is a small and capacious detail into which we need not now inquire. Colonel Ayres is certain that he is being persecuted, and for the reasons aforementioned, and in order that the whole Ayres family may stand as a unit in the matter he now says that his son in the academy is made to suffer for the same cause, but that as a matter of fact Mrs. Ayres was warned more than a year ago that her son was being singled out for undue punishments for no other offense than that his father dared to be friendly with General Wood. He himself has been advised repeatedly to be upon his guard against the malevolence of his brother officers who would spare no pains to force him out of the army, and he even goes so far as to say that General Wood himself conveyed this intimation to him.

Here the matter rests, but it will not rest there for very long. Colonel Ayres has been served with a notice ordering him to prevent Mrs. Ayres from entering the Academy grounds. The valiant colonel is a man of approved valor, but even his seasoned cheek must have blanched at the mere thought of preventing the lady from doing whatever she wanted to do. Little do these officials know of Mrs. Ayres that they thus light-heartedly speak of compulsion in connection with her name. Mrs. Ayres is not one to be easily turned from her purpose, and she has appealed to the courts for aid and vindication.

Mr. Mann Trice, ex-attorney-general of Texas, is her legal adviser, and Mr. Trice has a happy gift of language, or perhaps he is merely quoting Mrs. Ayres when he says, with caustic allusion:

"Perhaps you have heard of a certain class of warriors spoken of as 'invisible in peace and invisible in war.' I would so describe, from what I know of them, these warriors at West Point who have attacked a woman, the wife of a brother officer, from ambush, accusing her of unladylike conduct in letters marked 'confidential.'"

But why pursue a painful subject?

ROSBROUGH.

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1907.

Official Washington is reported to be indignant over the liberties which the megaphone lecturers on the sightseeing automobiles take with the great and the would-be great and their families. It was recently discovered that these lecturers had added a new stock witticism to their running comments, notes a correspondent of the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*. As the big automobiles lumber down the street between the White House lot and the War, State, and Navy building, it is announced, something like this, in the customary raucous tones: "On your left is the executive office building. . . . Back of the building is the executive tennis court, where if you look closely you may sometimes see the President of the United States reaching for a high ball." The pun is as cheap and harmless as most others, particularly since a green cloth screen prevents the players on the President's court from being seen at all. But what causes the protest is the loud and impromptu interpolation of the megaphone lecturer whenever he catches sight, on the street, not merely of some public official himself, but even of the public official's wife or children. Secretary Taft good-humoredly bears it in silence when he hears himself described with impertinent wit by the god of the "rubberneck wagon," but when the embarrassment is put upon the families of public men the protest should meet with sympathy and an abandonment of the practice. It is a reflection on American manners.

RECENT VERSE.

A Face.

Threescore years and ten immortal soul had wrought
Upon a mortal face
With implements too delicate for human eye
And deathless patience only master spirits know.
When rainbows arched the sky or deep the shadows fell,
The tireless soul etched on—
In faint or holder strokes that grace and humor blend
With stronger lines deep-cut by firm, courageous will.
With adoration deep and faith the spirit wrought,
With hope and love whose touch
Such high transfiguration brings that half it seemed
An angel's hand its fair illumination lent.
And oft the soul did use the sharpened points of pain
To tone the curves of joy,
Or tender lines of pity drew whose softness gave
The warmth of shadows blue o'er mountains cold and gray
And reverent wonder left its tracery of awe
Upon the mobile face,
Where shone the rapture light of holy vigils kept
Against the evil powers that pitch their camps within.
So wrought the yearning soul with powers invisible,
With aspiration high,
With purity and truth, until its masterpiece
Was done and mete for judgment halls of life and death.
Oh, soul of mine! when I behold how victory crowns
A face with glory's ray,
Shall not my very pulses cry, oh, soul repeat;
Repeat in me this radiant miracle in clay!
—Ellen Burns Sherman, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

Pascal.

Thou lovedst life, but not to brand it thine,
(O rich in all forborne felicities!)
Or use it with marauding power, to seize
And stain the sweet earth's blue horizon line.
Virgin the grape might in the trellis twine
Where long ago thou layest an hour at ease;
And foot of thine across the unpressed leas
Went light as some Idæan foot divine.
Spirit so abstinent, in thy deeps lay
What passion of possession? Day by day
Was there no thirst upon thee, sharp and pure,
In forward seakie surgings unforget?
Yes; and in life and death those joys endure
More blessedly that men can name them not.
—Louise Imogen Guiney, in *Century Magazine*.

Il Santo.

Alas! Alas! What impious hands are these?
They have cut down my dark mysterious trees,
Defied the brooding spell
That sealed my sacred well,
Broken my fathers' fixed and ancient bars,
And on the mouldering shade
Wherein my dead were laid
Let in the cold clear aspect of the stars.

Slumber hath held the grove for years untold:
Is there no reverence for a power so old?
Is there no seemly awe
For bronze-engraved law,
For dust beatified and saintly name?
When they shall see the shrine
Princes have held divine,
Will they not bow before the eternal flame?

Vain! Vain! the wind of heaven for ages long
Hath whispered manhood, "Let thine arm be strong!"
Hew down and fling away
The growth that veils decay.
Shatter the shrine that chokes the living spring.
Scorn hatred, scorn regret,
Dig deep and deeper yet.
Leave not the quest for word of saint or king.

"Dig deeper yet! though the world brand thee now,
The faithful labor of an impious brow
May for thy race redeem
The source of that lost stream
Once given the thirst of all the earth to slake.
Nay, thou too ere the end
Thy weary knee mayst bend
And in thy trembling hands that water take."
—Henry Newbolt, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Professor A. L. Kroeber, of the University of California, declares that Indian languages are not a random jargon, as is popularly believed. In a pamphlet recently issued on the Yokuts and Yuki languages, he affirms that Indian languages possess an elaborate and difficult grammar, though this is entirely unknown to the Indians themselves, and must be extracted by the laborious investigations of scientists. The two languages which Professor Kroeber selected for experiments had absolutely no similar words. They are more different than English and Russian, for instance. The Yuki and the Yokuts are not even in territorial contact and show no signs of common origin. The Yuki live in Northern California in the Coast Range, their principal territory being on the head waters of Eel River; the Yokuts were located in the interior of South Central California in the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. Though Professor Kroeber found that the grammatical structure of their languages was identical at nearly every point, the words were wholly dissimilar. The two languages are like houses built according to the same plan, but of entirely different material.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Labouchere is suspected of being engaged in writing his reminiscences of public characters. He will probably not tell all of them.

King Alfonso is besought by the representatives of South American republics to visit them this year, the idea being that he might nearly follow the route taken by Secretary Root.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, has definitely decided to decline the invitation to become the head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and will remain in his present position.

King Victor Emmanuel brought out the surprising fact recently in congratulating Ambassador Griscom on the birth of a son, that it was the first time that the stork had ever visited the American embassy in the Eternal City.

Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress, is in London, after an extended tour of the Continent spent in consultation with the agents who are on constant watch for valuable volumes that may be secured and brought to this country.

Major-General Fred D. Grant has been making a reputation for candid and even caustic criticisms of military courts whose decisions have come before him for review. Some subordinate officers have suffered, though without power of redress.

It is said that the chief credit for the construction of the Panama Canal, when it is finally completed, should be given to Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the sanitary expert, who has virtually cleaned the isthmus up from a pesthole, where few people could live, until it is now one of the most healthful places in that section of the world.

Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio has just given an order to Signor Castellucci, the architect in charge of the cathedral in Florence, to build for him a mausoleum destined to become his final resting place. The poet has prepared the plans himself, and has decided that the monument shall be erected at the mouth of the river Pescara, the stream which has inspired so many of his verses and long novels.

Judge Uriah M. Rose of Arkansas, one of the American delegates to The Hague conference, is regarded as one of the most scholarly lawyers in America. His writings, speeches, and public orations, dealing with the subject of jurisprudence in general, but particularly with international relations, has marked him as a man most eminently fitted to uphold American dignity and interests at the conference. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and for the last quarter of a century he has been in the foremost rank of the Arkansas bar.

Among the minor Arctic expeditions of the year is that of Dr. William S. Bruce, which sailed from Scotland last month for Prince Charles Foreland, Spitzbergen, to continue the work of exploration which he began there last season with the Prince of Monaco in the yacht *Princess Alice*. The party left Tromsø a few days ago on a chartered steamer, and is to be relieved in the fall by the *Princess Alice*. This is Dr. Bruce's eighth Arctic adventure. He has no designs on the pole, and his departure therefore excited no special attention from the world at large, but the modest work of investigating the geology, fauna and flora of Spitzbergen and the hydrography of Foreland Sound is quite as valuable and important as the showier achievements of the record-hunters.

A rival to Caruso, and a tenor who some say is endowed with a much better voice, has just been discovered in London in the person of Horace Potts, a trolley conductor of Westfield, who came to the city in order to take part in a concert given for the benefit of his striking fellow-workers in the Westfield trolley lines. The new tenor, who is about twenty-three years of age, does not know a note of music and sings only by ear, but the qualities of his voice are such as to excite the admiration of musical audiences. Lady Millner Gaskell was at the concert and became enthusiastic over the voice of the singer and insisted on taking him to a professional voice-trainer. This teacher said Potts was the possessor of as fine a tenor voice as could be found in the world. Through the personal exertions of Lady Millner, \$5000 was raised among musical people to provide the trolley conductor with a musical education and he is engaged in the study of th

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

There are always a certain number of people who wax indignant at the suggestion that America lacks anything, even though the same lack be felt by the whole world. For this reason the approbation that was given in the *Argonaut* to Mr. Bryce's recent comment on the present dearth of poets has been received with something akin to indignation, and the names of various versifiers have been submitted as proof that no such dearth exists, at least in America.

Without being beguiled into the treacheries of definition it is easy to enumerate some of the things that do not make poetry although they may make verse. It is true that of versifiers we have enough and to spare; the crop was never better. The machinery of verse-making is not difficult to acquire, the mere trick of metre, and rhythm, and rhyme. When this is combined with an agile vocabulary, with a facility of word arrangement, with a happy knack of sentiment and expression, we label the product as poetry and the craftsman as a poet, without realization that these things are at best but the tools of the poet, the implements which he uses to give expression to great imaginings and sublime ideas. The material of the versifiers is the ordinary and the commonplace. It is only the poet who can show us the unsuspected divinity that underlies the commonplace and the ordinary, and compel our recognition of a beauty and a grandeur unthought of. Civilization at the present time has turned its face away from the divine and the heroic. When the cycle changes and the realities of life are pursued instead of the gilded shadows the new age will produce its singers and its spokesmen. The work of the versifier is often useful and admirable, sometimes beautiful and tender, but it must be in no way confused with poetry.

Worry, the Disease of the Age, by C. W. Saleeby, M.D. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

Nothing is more significant than the attention now being given to the mental causes of disease, and especially to worry, "the disease of the age." Dr. Saleeby has written a sane and wholesome book. He treats his subject analytically and with the sympathy that inspires confidence. Most of all, he avoids the follies of a materialism that may have a fascination for the average reader but that rarely convinces him. The author examines the causes of worry in considerable detail, and he reaches the conclusion that there can be no check to its fatal inroads except a philosophy of life—some would call it religion—which shows the universality of law, which teaches of the ultimate good, and which persuades us, in spite of all contrary seeming, that "to the good man no evil thing can happen."

The Goddess of Reason, by Mary Johnston. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$2.00.

Miss Johnston's fiction is well known and admired and this, her first attempt at drama, is by no means a disappointment. She has chosen the French Revolution for her subject and she handles it with power through five substantial acts. But even with such a subject the author would do well to remember that there are splashes of gayety in revolution as everywhere else, and that the human mind refuses to fill itself so entirely with tragedy as quite to exclude the lighter touch. Miss Johnston has been a little over-burdened with her theme and she has lost some of the force that she might have gained from contrast. If some of her characters would "cheer up" now and again it would be an improvement to an excellent and impressive piece of work.

The Awakening of China, by Dr. W. A. P. Martin. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$3.80.

Anything about China from the pen of Dr. Martin will be received with the respect due to great scholarship and literary ability. Dr. Martin probably knows more about China than any other white man now living. He speaks and writes the language, he has lived in the country for many years, and he has been in constant contact with all that is best in the national life. His present book is an impressive picture of the

Empire from the geographical and historical points of view, while his sketch of latter-day transformation is broad and comprehensive.

It is unfortunate that a work so admirable should be marred by what may be called the missionary bias. The Chinese missionary is no longer taken entirely at his own valuation and his complacent assumption of credit for all progress and reform is now critically weighed against grave charges of pernicious zeal and dangerous meddling. We are content to know that China is passing through a period of awakening and no one has described the process more lucidly or more impersonally than Dr. Martin. We are justified in believing that the birth pangs of the New China would be less severe and less disquieting if missionary activity were not so obtrusive.

Practical Health, by Leander Edmund Whipple. Published by the Metropolitan Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is one of the most satisfactory books that have yet appeared on the use of the mind in the cure of disease. It is so good that it is a pity it should be marred by a suggestion of undisclosed methods which, presumably, may be imparted upon payment of a fee.

Bud, by Neil Munro. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This is one of the most delightful books of its kind that have appeared for a long time. Bud is a little Chicago girl who, through the vicissitudes of family life, comes to live with her aunts in a staid and sober Scotch village. Bud is entirely charming and the incessant contrast between her precocious knowledge and the simple, old-fashioned life in which she is plunged makes the best of good reading. There are no false notes in a book to be heartily recommended.

Stolen Treasure, by Howard Pyle. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

A few capital stories of pirates and buccaneers, and also of others who, in one way or another, have been concerned with buried treasure.

Navigating the Air. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A record of the twenty-four men most distinguished today in the art of flying.

Races and Immigrants in America, by John R. Commons. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

A detailed study of the types and characteristics of the people now flocking into America.



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LITERARY NOTES.

John Glynn, by Arthur Paterson. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

It may be that fiction will yet bring home to the general mind the real nature of our social problems. It can at least make them interesting, and the result is good so long as imagination and fact keep to their own sides of the bed. "John Glynn" is a story of settlement and reform work in London. We are introduced to all kinds of criminals, from the irredeemable villain to the moral weakling. The picture is a dreary one and we can only wonder at the exquisite courage which can even contemplate the possibilities of rescue. One of these great-hearted ones is a charming girl and her chief assistant is a chivalrous and wealthy American, who between them impart to the picture a dash of vigorous color.

New Publications.

"The Princess Virginia," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"Soils—How to Handle and Improve Them," by S. W. Fletcher. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$2.

"As Ye Have Sown," by Dolf Wyllarde. Published by John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Exmoor Star; the Autobiography of a Pony," by A. E. Bonser. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

"Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile." Published by the Automobile Institute, Cleveland.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Randall Parrish has written a new story, which A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish early in the fall. Unlike his previous novels, it is understood to be a romance of today, and the action is laid in the mountains and among the mining camps of Colorado. The title of the new romance will be "Beth Norvell." The heroine is a talented young actress and the hero a stalwart young mining engineer. N. C. Wyeth will illustrate the book.

John Howard Paine's "Home, Sweet Home" cottage at Easthampton, L. I., is likely to be sold by the wardens of a church there, who bought it some months ago in the hope that it might be preserved. The attempt to raise a fund has failed and an offer made by a man who wants to remove and remodel the building for a dwelling house is likely to be accepted.

A fund has been started in England to assist W. L. Alden, the author, who recently underwent an operation and is not likely to regain his health permanently. Mr. Alden was born in America in 1837. He was graduated at Jefferson College and for many years worked for New York newspapers. In 1889 he went to Rome as United States Consul-General, and after serving four years began writing fiction.

"Studies in German Literature," by Bayard Taylor, published in 1879, is still in demand, and seems, in a critical way, substantially level with the scholarship of this generation. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just renewed the copyright for the work referred to, and Mrs. Bayard Taylor has revised it in accordance with certain notes left by the author. Bayard Taylor's books of travel and novels are still, like the "Studies in German Literature," active books.

Mrs. Frank Harris says of Professor Raleigh's "Shakespeare" that it is "an old housewife's rag-bag," "a stew," "feeble-foolish," and "a disgrace to English scholarship." Mr. Andrew Lang says of the same book that it "is one of the series of English Men of Letters, but it shines among the others like the moon among the stars."

"I smiled a few!" This is a quotation made the other day by Mr. Andrew Lang. "Does not that read," he asks, "like a stereotyped piece of American humor, which abounds in the colloquial 'cleeshy' (to use the Scottish publisher's pronunciation)? Appearances are deceitful. 'I trembled a few,' writes Miss Fanny Burney, ('Little Fannikins') in her journal about the year 1780. In 1780 we did not borrow slang from our revolting colonists; so it follows that they borrowed this misuse of a few from us. They whipped us a few, we confess, but that is no reason why American novelists should present to

me—a patriotic Briton—novels descriptive of the process of castigation."

Detroit has declined an offer of three-quarters of a million dollars from Andrew Carnegie for the establishment of a public library. The city authorities have decided to preserve their independence in the matter and to issue municipal bonds for the erection of the necessary building.

The dome of the British Museum reading-room has been pronounced to be unsafe and the necessary repairs will be undertaken at once. A frivolous architect is said to have remarked that the dome would have fallen long since but for the density of the intellectual atmosphere that has sustained it.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

By Anna Pratt Simpson.

William Keith is the prophet not without honor in his own country. The latest sale of his pictures, which took place in the Macbeth Gallery, in New York, netted him more than some artists earn in a lifetime. There were some twenty-four paintings in this collection, and every one was sold. Now Macbeth wants more pictures because New York wants them. While this is pleasant news to record of a California painter, this State has done quite as well by her big landscape artist. Vickery has conducted sales of Keith's master work that have been equally notable.

Recently Sir Alfred West, England's great landscape painter, expressed regret that Keith has essayed to remain in the far West when there would have been so great an appreciation for his work abroad. Sir Alfred spoke from a critical consideration of the pictures by Keith that have reached England; he has not heard that there were buyers in this country for almost every canvas this great American painter takes from his easel. And that is saying a great deal, for Keith is one of the most industrious of men; he commenced painting in Berkeley while his studio in San Francisco was burning.

The Macbeth exhibition, which was held from March 24 to April 13 was one of the notable exhibitions of the season. It is fourteen years since first Macbeth handled Keith's pictures. Since then he has had them from time to time, but the exhibition and sale of this year was the largest exploitation of California's big painter Macbeth has made. For many years New Yorkers have been buying pictures directly from Keith at his studio in this city.

Mr. Keith has been on the sick-list several times during the past year, but his health is now entirely restored and he is comfortably located in his new studio, on California Street, above Van Ness, doing some of the most interesting work of his career. Few modern artists have had the comfort of enjoying so large a measure of material success as Keith. He lives simply and comfortably, is as light-hearted as a schoolboy and has little thought but for his pictures, his home, and a few enthusiastically beloved friends. He is as interesting a character as he is a painter.

Most encouraging news comes from the permanent exhibition of the work of California artists at Hotel Del Monte. Curator Woodworth reports that since its opening, not many weeks ago, over 4000 people have seen the pictures. Five paintings have been sold and seven of Dr. Arnold Genthe's splendid photographs.

The second opportunity for sending pictures to the exhibition brought creditable additions to this already conspicuously good collection. A masterpiece, by Arthur F. Mathews, called "Monterey Cypress," not hung on the opening day, is one of the universally admired canvases at Monterey. It is a splendid expression of his artistic individuality, of that strong, truthful, simple style that marks his work for enduring fame. John Gamble is represented by two fine canvases, both done at Monterey when he was there some time ago with Willis Davis. One is of a slope of lupins, and the other a moonrise at Monterey. Gamble is handling a very sure brush. Perhaps of all the local artists, Gamble's improvement has been most marked. Always conscientious, appreciative, and intelligent, he painted well, but of recent years his style has broadened. He is no longer afraid of himself or the mediums he handles. This work by Gamble at Monterey is attractively Californian.

Wachtel, who hails from the southern part of the State, but who is always repre-

sented in all California's exhibitions, sent several pictures to Monterey, "The Golden Hour" being easily the most notable. His wife sent some good water-colors under her brush name, Marion Kavanagh.

In Gump's Gallery may be seen the recent painting by Theodore Wores that is attracting much attention. It is called "The Sign of the Resurrection," and is a poetical and hopeful conception of the aftermath of San Francisco's calamity, suggested, however, by interesting facts. Every one who roamed over the ruins during the first weeks after the fire, remembers that in the midst of desolation, callas were striving to grow again and trees and shrubs that had even a streak of sap left in them made that fact evident. Dwelling upon this omen of good, Wores, with suggestions from the topography of San Francisco, composed this picture. The foreground, which is definitely limned and painted in detail, gives the feeling of one of the heights of San Francisco. It is what is left of a garden, callas and other flowers growing side by side with burned trees whose gnarled and broken boughs tell their story. In sharp contrast to his foreground is the great stretch of ruins that includes the City Hall. In this distance everything is but subtly suggested. The canvas is a large one, handsomely framed. To those who love San Francisco, Wores's picture is comfortingly suggestive.

In his studio Wores is finishing a picture done in the garden of The Potter in Santa Barbara that looks as if it might have been a bit from the South Seas. A small canvas recalling the years Wores spent in Japan is now in his studio. It is a scene taken during the blossom time, and is a most delicate play of color, light, and shade.

Wores has agreed to take the life and painting class at the School of Design for the present. Assisting him is Eugen Neuhaus, who teaches the Saturday class. Neuhaus is still living in Pacific Grove, but comes to San Francisco once a week for the obligation he has assumed.

Vickery, Atkins, and Torrey are showing an exceptionally fine water-color just now, the work of D. Y. Cameron. It is poetic in conception and a perfect swirl of beautiful color. A splendid Keith adorns the walls; there are some good things by Oliver Hall and a small canvas done by the much-talked-of C. H. Davis.

If the Sequoia Club had planned its present location, 1565 Bush Street, over the Woman's Exchange, it could not have secured results better suited to its needs. There is entirely satisfactory lighting for the permanent exhibition of work by the artist members that is to adorn the walls. The pictures that hung for a month in the roofs at the Fairmont Hotel have been transferred to the new quarters. There are more than fifty of them, all attesting that the organization has an artist list to be proud of. The exhibition is open to the interested public.

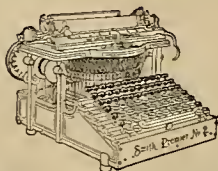
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By NEIL MUNRO

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HARPERS HARPERS HARPERS
MAGAZINE BAZAR WEEKLY

A COMEDY OF SURPRISES.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" is a very jolly little play; farcical comedy is the classification they give it. Some time ago, during the first year or so of our present troublous century, we were happily emerging from a time of blight in theatrical annals when the farce, hideous destroyer of real acting, prevailed. The farce pervaded everything. Never was there an easier method of amusing fools or a surer one of driving people of intelligence from the theatre. The farce seemed to settle into an obsession of the managerial mind. We had it both in the native article and adapted from the French, and it was hard to say which was the more objectionable form. Probably the latent vulgarity of the Gallic article would tend to stamp it as the worse of the two.

During this hapless time the best stock talent of the stage was obliged to prostitute itself to the public demand, or what the managers conceived to be the public demand. The theatre became a place of yawns and ennui, and farce served as a flaming sword driving the better class of confirmed theatre-goers from their pet paradise.

But disease either kills or wears itself out in time, and the very acuteness of the malady served but to hasten the cure. We are now happily exempt from that pestiferous form of farce in which horse-play and vulgarity were served up as humor. Vaudeville still suffers from it, but then vaudeville is only a relation by marriage to the real drama.

In the last few years, however, a new form of farce, or of comedy with farcical trimmings, has been evolved which does not alarm, and, indeed, is apt to charm. This more up-to-date article has, like the latest and best examples of melodrama, the atmosphere of real life. Its humor is genuine and hearty, and not that sickening cheap imitation which is as much like the real article as ten-cent bazaar bric-à-brac is comparable to the work of an artist's hand.

So when we learn from the Alcazar programme that "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" is a farcical comedy, we are apt to forget, even in the midst of our laughter, that farce has its element in a play that holds us by a story whose roots strike deeper than the mere fun of the piece would seem to warrant.

Augustus Thomas has a confirmed aversion to the beaten track, and consequently no scene or situation in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" moves in a rut. There are constant surprises, and even if they are of a trifling nature, they are the kind of trifles, such as the perversion of the decorative fountain on the dinner table, that make up the sum of human things. Even the leisurely prosianness of the old doctor, who, with the garrulity of the deaf, holds the floor for many minutes, conduces to a general effect of reality, and his discourse becomes oddly interesting. There is much trained skill brought into play throughout every act of the piece in order to join the train of mishaps and misadventures into one cohesive and convincing whole.

At one time the spectator begins to be puzzled and wonders if Mr. Thomas has an osteopathic bee in his bonnet. Then he recognizes whether the doctor's theories are tending and a sudden sense of enlightenment comes. It is almost a surgical operation that takes place following the line indicated by the doctor's lead, and that, too, almost on the stage. Another touch of nature, for surgical operations are almost as common as one's daily bread, and they have fateful consequences upon life. This one and its result give an unexpectedly serious character to a couple of scenes in a play that opens with an effect of cheerful triviality.

Even Mr. Leffingwell, who has the poor sense to distrust a wife who is naturally as direct as a bee-line, and whose jealousy is the lever which works up the most farcical scenes, bears some relation to truth. The jealous man is a sort of self-torturing maniac, harmless sometimes, but not always so, and prone to sudden and reckless explosions. Harry Pollard seems to understand the breed, and gave him not only the characteristic manner, but the look of the man who has a snag in his nature that occasionally trips him up.

The author has still further considered the realities by investing each minor character with its distinctive flavor of individuality, and its passing moment of importance. The company rose to the pos-

sibilities in its usual style and there was not one of the dozen characters but was given a representation in harmony with the piece.

Oddly enough, and once more showing the author's intolerance of dramatic ruts, the best acting part is given to the juvenile man. Mr. Glendinning's Dick Ainslee, the youth with the brain osteopathically awry, is quite a striking little study of a nature morally at odds with itself. I thought during Dick's first scene that Mr. Thomas showed a lack of consistency in the words he put in the youth's mouth. Dick's remarks revealed the possession of a curious, thwarted sense of humor, which cropped up even amid the moral jugglery he was practicing. Incipient maniacs who are contemplating crimes are not supposed to feel humorously inclined, and what he said sounded out of character. But subsequent revelations made it apparent that the dramatist knew what he was about in thus indicating the contradictory impulses that the pressure of displaced vertebrae might engender in a once normal and healthy nature.

Miss Lovering's wild Irish Nora, and Mr. Maher's butler, during their numerous excursions into and out of the general tangle of things in the Bonner household, caused by a dinner-party colliding with a blizzard, were artistically complete portraits of the two extreme types of the servant class, and not a laugh of the many that greeted their efforts but was earned by legitimate methods.

Mr. Byers and Miss Rosa each enhanced the home atmosphere by the nice "folksy" old couple they represented in their combined efforts, which effect was still further increased by Mr. Walling's naturalistic representation of the brusque and impulsive master of the house. Even Miss Belgarde's little artificialities had pardonable scope in the character of Mrs. Bonner, and the lady never looked handsomer.

Louise Brownell, whose specialty hitherto has lain in impersonating interestingly plaintive and love-lorn girls, gave the correct note in the interpretation of the character of the harassed Mrs. Leffingwell, whose frequent impacts against marital jealousy have developed exasperation, impatience, and white lies.

The leading man and woman came off second best in the allotment of characters, and, except for several lovers' quarrels, were obliged to content themselves with being two well-bred, well-looking, and highly agreeable adjuncts of an animated whole. Mr. Lytell has, however, the last word, and it is such a pregnant one that even amidst the rustle of departure it catches and holds the attention, and sends the listeners forth with one thought for the tact of the dramatist and another for the queer little chances of life.

George Ade is writing a new play for William H. Crane, which will be produced in Chicago in October.

Foyer and Box-Office Chat.

"L'Aiglon" will be the bill at the opening of next week at the Van Ness Theatre, the fourth and last of Maude Adams's engagement. The Napoleonic play will continue up to and including Friday night (with a matinee performance on the Fourth of July), and "Peter Pan" will have its final presentations Saturday afternoon and night. The engagement has been a notably successful one.

The Frawley Company will offer that perennial favorite, "The Private Secretary," all next week at the Novelty Theatre. The title-role will be assumed by H. G. Lonsdale, late of the Nat. C. Goodwin Company, a new accession to Mr. Frawley's forces.

Next week at the New Alcazar Theatre will be signaled by the farewell appearances of Bertram Lytell, the leading man, and Miss Laura Lang, leading woman. The play will be George H. Broadhurst's comedy, "A Fool and His Money."

Virginia Earl and Company are the leaders among the new people announced for next week at the Orpheum. Lalla Selbini, cyclist, juggler, and dancer, is billed as a beautiful girl who made a sensation at Hammerstein's New York Roof Garden last summer. Armstrong and Clark in a sketch, and Bernar, with his celebrated marionettes, are also among the newcomers. It will be the last week of Emil Hoch and Company, The Kinsons, Mdle. Nadjie, and Heinrich and Easter.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are to appear at the New Alcazar Theatre in a series of their New York successes, beginning July 8, and will be supported by the stock company of the house.

Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., president of the Orpheum Circuit Company, is now in Germany. During his tour he has visited the chief continental and English theatres and has booked a number of vaudeville attractions for the circuit. Mr. Meyerfeld is in splendid health and spirits and intends to start shortly on his homeward journey. In a cablegram received from him this week from Kissingen, Germany, by Manager John Morrissey, Mr. Meyerfeld gives most positive denial to the rumor that he intends to resign the presidency of the Orpheum Circuit Company, and further states that he never at any time entertained such an idea. Mr. Meyerfeld will return in plenty of time for the opening of the new Orpheum, in Oakland. He will find much to engage him on his arrival, and will particularly devote himself to matters pertaining to the erection of the downtown Orpheum, on O'Farrell Street, which will be the most complete vaudeville theatre in America, possessing all the most modern improvements of the most perfect European theatres.

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VANITY FAIR.

The temptation to give futile advice seems irresistible, and especially so to the learned heads of educational institutions. Of this the latest illustration is furnished by the head of the department of political and social science at the University of Washington. Really, so learned a man ought to know better, but evidently a knowledge of human nature is not included even in the most profound erudition of politics and social science. This very learned gentleman advises the youth of Seattle and of his section of the country to defer marriage until prices fall and it becomes once more possible to live on a small income. And, as though this were not enough, we have President Pritchett, of the Institute of Technology, commenting on the increasing number of women who "prefer a good job to an indifferent husband."

Of course the immediate effect of these pronouncements will be the postponement of a number of weddings "until prices fall." There is a delightful indefiniteness about the advice that will certainly appeal to those who had already made their arrangements; and young couples who are on the brink of committing matrimony are notoriously eager to listen to sage counsels of prudence. While he was on so delicate a subject, the "head of the department" might have told us when the happy day of lower prices is likely to come, and whether we may expect it in advance of those other signs of the millennium enumerated by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when lawyers refuse a fee and strawberries get larger downward and not upward in the box.

President Pritchett may be quite wrong when he says that an increasing number of girls prefer a good job to an indifferent husband. It may not be so much a matter of choice as of necessity, and the majority of wholesome and normal girls vastly prefer the husband to the job. A stern materialism has, of course, invaded the domain of matrimony as it has all others, but the majority of young men who are deterred from marriage are not so much influenced by high prices as by the fact that the wage-earning girl often spends every cent of her money upon dress, that she despises the economies of her grandmother, and that the average male income will be wholly inadequate to her demands. It is not so much the price of living that has risen as the price of girls.

An "expert card-player" has been discoursing with uncanny wisdom on the possibilities of cheating at bridge, and he writes as though from the result of bitter experience at fashionable card parties. Of course, it is possible to cheat at almost any game, but bridge offers peculiar facilities and therefore overwhelming temptations, and especially in those circles of good society where the unwary are likely to feel most at their ease. We may leave out of consideration the wiles of the professional sharper who "fakes" the cards, or even marks them. These gentry are seldom to be found at private houses or even at clubs. The smoking saloon of the Atlantic liner is their peculiar habitat, or wherever else their "habit of winning" is not likely to become noticed. Given time enough and such tricks are invariably discovered, and their perpetrator would perforce have to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

The simplest form of bridge cheating for the non-professional is to glance over the hand of an opponent, and here, sad to relate, it is ladies who are the chief offenders. An authority upon such matters has said that all lady card-players cheat, and that it is simply a matter of opportunity. A vivacious player can do much with her vivacity in the way of peeping at her opponent's cards, and of course there is no remedy except to hold the cards packed close with only the indicators showing. No one could be ungallant enough to attribute an arch glance to anything but playfulness or coquetry.

But another and more formidable way of cheating is by giving improper indications to one's partner. Our authority, speaking technically, says:

"If the dealer hesitates a long time before passing the declaration, and, when he at last does so, dummy declares no trumps or hearts or an absurdly weak hand, you may be sure that there is a screw loose somewhere. One or both of your opponents are 'going you on,' and you had better refuse to play with them next time they ask you, being polite but firm in your refusal."

Another favorite trick is for the dealer's partner, on looking through her hand, "suddenly to brighten up and ask eagerly who dealt." If she has really forgotten—and our friend takes it for granted that "she" is the right pronoun to use—she should wait until her memory is refreshed by one of the other players. "The question is too much of a cue for the latter to pass the call, and should always be answered with a defensive spade."

"Again, the player who, when a trump has been declared, looks at the score before asking if he may play, or before giving his partner permission to play, as the case may be, marks himself with a strong suit of trumps. The player who pauses perceptibly before following suit with a small card when a king is led shows that he is holding up the ace. The player who, when forced to discard from strength instead of from weakness at no trumps, squirms about in his chair before making up his mind what card to throw, tells his partner exactly what he is doing."

Obviously, the only safeguard is to be careful with whom you play unless the stakes are merely nominal. But this is easier said than done, considering that such malpractices are usually to be found in society houses, where the arrangements for play are more or less cut and dried in advance. Perhaps it is better to take the ills we have with an easy indulgence and set them down good-humoredly to profit and loss account, and rather more loss than profit.

Queens and empresses are notoriously beautiful. It would be ungallant to suppose otherwise, but the way in which they make and keep themselves beautiful is not always a matter of public knowledge. To have unlimited command of the best skill and of the most costly beauty appliances is a lot that most women would envy, and the favorite methods of these exalted ones will be at least a matter of general feminine curiosity.

Among the younger royalties the Queen of Holland is probably the most beautiful, although an unhappy marriage and a domestic disappointment are having very much the same effect upon her face as in the case of humbler sisters throughout the world. She is said still to have the best complexion in Europe, but she places nearly all her reliance upon outdoor exercise and the plainest of plain fare. Rose-water is the only perfume she uses and glycerine the only cosmetic. Modern devices and those who apply them she keeps rigorously at arm's length, and utterly defies the masseuse and all her ways.

Queen Alexandra has reached an age where it is hardly a compliment to speak of her beauty as that of a young woman. But her figure and her complexion are utterly untouched by either years or sorrows. It is still easy to see how remarkable was once her beauty, but the queen's dressing-table, in the paucity of its appliances and cosmetics, is said to be a little disappointing. Alexandra is popularly supposed to shun everything for the complexion except cold cream, but in the matter of cold cream she is lavish, applying it freely and allowing it to remain on the skin all night. For perfumes she confines herself to eau-de-cologne and violet.

But on the other side of the scale is the Czarina, who is said to spend \$20,000 a year for perfumes alone. Indeed, the imperial lady seems to be something of a fanatic in the matter of scents. Hundreds of girls are annually employed in picking blossoms, of which the essences are to appear presently in the scores of little bottles that adorn the Czarina's silver and malachite dressing-tables. Every bottle is tested at the government laboratory in St. Petersburg, and it takes a small army of officials and work-people to keep the empress supplied with her favorite perfumes. The Czarina's soap, like most of her scents, is made in Paris after a secret formula which is shared by no one else. Indeed, the chief charm of such extravagant whimsicality as this is the fact that it is entirely exclusive. Considering the present condition of Russia—of which possibly the empress has not yet heard—she might perhaps do better than thus to accentuate her resemblances to Marie Antoinette.

The German empress, while by no means Spartan in her simplicity, none the less cultivates a homely taste in her toilet. She believes strongly in spermaceti soap of the familiar kind that can be bought by any one. Peppermint is her favorite dentifrice, and it is of the ordinary nursery kind. Her perfume is new-mown hay and

eau-de-cologne, and the only powder she uses is the common rice powder.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West (formerly Lady Randolph Churchill) writes to a magazine deploring the extravagance and unrest which characterize London society nowadays. "The young couple who were thought to be well provided for with £2000 a year now barely subsist on £4000. The hurry of the age is one of its chief characteristics. To crowd into twenty-four hours the occupations and amusements of a week seems to be the aim and object of most people." In former years pleasantly worded invitations to dinner were universal. Now these have been dropped in favor of such a telephone message as this: "Will Mrs. S. dine with Lady T. and bring

a man? And if she can't find one she mustn't come, as it would make them thirteen."

The Princess of Wales sets a good many styles for women in a quiet way. She keeps up with most of the fads, but there is one she will not tolerate. She insists that all her gowns have sensible pockets. The pocket in all her skirts is always placed on the seam and appears on the left of the front breadth of the skirt.

Acting upon a suggestion of the Kaiser, a number of the German military band marches have been arranged for the voice, with appropriate words, by Ferdinand Hummel. There is opportunity here for such adaptation of some of John Philip Sousa's familiar compositions.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is reported that the oldest inhabitants have seen nothing like the recent rush of arrivals in the Shades since the days of the Spanish Inquisition. Indeed, this colloquy was to be heard on every hand: "Glad to know you. What sent you here?" "The auto da fe." And you?" "The auto mobile."

An old woman, red-nosed and in rags, stood in front of a pawnshop that was burning down. The flames threw weird lights on her, and she cried and wrung her hands piteously. "What is the matter with you?" a fireman said. "You don't own the shop, do you?" "No," she wailed. "But my old man's Sunday suit is up that spout, and he don't know it."

A prisoner was brought before a police magistrate. The latter looked around and discovered that his clerk was absent. "Officer," he said, "what's this man charged with?" "Bigotry, your honor. He's got three wives." The magistrate looked at the officer as though astounded at his ignorance. "Why, officer," he said, "that's not bigotry; that trigonometry."

In a jury trial in New York recently the attorney for the defendant started in to read to the jury from a certain volume of the Supreme Court reports. He was interrupted by the court, who said: "Colonel Blank, it is not admissible, you know, to read law to the jury." "Yes, I understand, your honor; I am only reading to the jury a decision of the Supreme Court."

Mark Twain says that all are lazy; some are able to fight it down while others fail. He knew a noncombatant of this class when a boy in Hannibal. His name was Jim Black, and one summer morning he was lying under a tree beside the river, listening to the birds and watching the steamboats glide up and down the great stream. "Well, what are you here for?" Mark asked him. "I'm here," said Jim, "for to pile them bales onto the wharf." "Oh, and now you are resting, are you?" "No," said Jim; "I ain't resting, because I ain't tired. I'm just waiting for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I can knock off work."

A teacher in one of the public schools of Baltimore was one day instructing her pupils in the mysteries of etymology, when she had occasion to question a boy pupil with reference to the word "recuperate." "As an example," said the teacher, "we will take the case of your father. He is, of course, a hard-working man." "Yes'm," assented Charley. "And when night comes, he returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?" "Yes'm," in further assent from Charley. "Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, his work being over, and he being tired and worn out, what does he do?" "That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.

A young man, recently married, early in the spring secured a suburban place, mainly with the idea of "fresh, home-grown vegetables." Every evening he would hurry through his supper and rush out to his garden, where he displayed more energy than skill. But when many little green things began to break the ground in his neighbors' gardens, his own remained as bare as the Sahara. "It certainly has got me beat," he confided to a friend at his office one day. "I can't understand why not a blessed thing has come up. I planted peas and corn and tomatoes." "Perhaps the seeds were defective," the friend suggested. "I hardly think it was that," the gardener replied, "for I got the very best—paid 15 cents a can for them."

A traveler arrived late one night at the Palace Hotel in Tin Can, and, being very tired, he ordered his dinner to be served in his room. As he was peacefully eating his bear steak, he heard a loud noise downstairs, a bang, an oath, two quick crashes, and then a bullet shot up through the floor and wounded the traveler in the leg. Putting down his knife and fork, he rose and began to hop about the room with loud roars. Suddenly the landlord burst in on him. "Whar did that thar bullet go to?" the landlord exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, r ye hurt stranger? Wall, now, that's

too bad! Ye see, Alkali Ike and Redface Leary had an argument over their liquor down in the bar, and fit it out fair and square. Redface fired fust and missed, and Ike—the all-fired generous cuss—he fired in the air."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A New Hellespont.
If all the pretty girls on earth
Were on an island in the sea,
And all the nice young men of worth
Were on the mainland, there might be
A dreadful, soul-apalling loss
Of swimmers trying to get across.
—Life.

The Colonel.
There was once a dashing young colonel,
Who suffered from troubles inotonel;
If you asked him a question
About his digestion,
He'd reply in a manner inotonel.
—Columbia Jester.

Mary's Little Waist.
Mary had a little waist,
Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.
—New York Sun.

The Grave of Reputation.
[New York City is truly the grave of reputation—of that species of reputation founded upon distinctions acquired elsewhere.—Argonaut.]

I used to be a senator from somewhere way out West,
I used to be a colonel from below,
I used to have a mission, as a U. S. politician,
I used to be a "figure," don't you know.
I used to be an orator from Oratoryville,
My name was known wherever there was day.
But now my personality is merely a finality,
And all because I'm hurried on Broadway.

I used to be a preacher with a halo round my head,
I used to be a magnate—one that "loomed,"
And I cut a big sensation on a local reputation—
The one whom all provincial papers hoomed.
I used to be "distinguished"—I could always draw a crowd,
All the country yearned to hear what I might say.
But I got to be ambitious in a manner quite pernicious,
And now I'm hut a specter on Broadway.

And when I get to Heaven, as I slip in through the gate
I know ahead just what my fate will be.
I used to be a wonder with a name to make men ponder,
But that is what they won't hand out to me.
I used to be a "one spot," hut old Gahriel will smile,
And as he checks me off I hear him say:
"Here's a fresh old aggregation with a Has-Been reputation;
You can label him just 'Nobody—Broadway.'"
—T. L. M., in Life.

HOOSIER OBSERVATIONS.

Remarks of "Abe Martin of Brown County, Indiana," Reported by Kin Huhhard.

I guess from what I hear thet most o' th' school teachers git 'bout three months' vacation ever' year so thet they kin earn some clothes t' wear while they teach.

Jist 'bout th' time they begun t' impale a jury fer Al Thomas th' judge granted him a change o' menu.

All th' business men er tryin' t' keep out o' th' city council.

Some fellers er born lucky an' others live with ther wife's folks.

I'm gettin' purty well up in years, but, by ginger, I can't remember o' ever hearin' a good word fer th' United States Senate.

Friday was Tipton Bud's birthday annyversity, an' his wife gave him a straight-handed umbrella so he wouldn't leave it hangin' on some bar.

Tilford Moots wuz over t' th' Henryville poor farm th' other day t' see an ole friend o' his thet used t' publish a newspaper thet pleased everybuddy.

A resturint waiter allus lays his check on th' table upside down so you won't choak t' death.

There's a good deal o' speculation down here ez t' whether Taft is a goin' t' run er sit down.

It looks like th' ortomobile wuz goin' t' do 'way with hoss sense ez well ez th' hoss.

Some girls er born with big feet an' others wear white shoes.

Most o' th' articles signed by "Constant Reader" sound like th' writer didn't know enough t' read.

After a feller gits through with a marriage license clerk an' his appercleration for life insurance, he's told 'bout all he know'd an' more too.

Young Lufe Bud went up t' Indynoplus Wednesday t' git a fall suit, an' come home

with a red vest. He says everything is a blank after he stepped int' th' store.

Some well-dressed stranger was in th' neighborhood yisterday gittin' signers for th' San Jose scale.

Ther's some prospects o' a new opery hall up et Indynoplus, with all th' seats on th' end o' th' sixth row.

'Cause ther' hain't no place like home is th' reason so many girls work in th' stores an' offices.

Pinky Kerr says thet th' difference between a trained seal an' a regular actor is thet yer hev t' feed th' seal.

I asked Uncle Ez Pash how he accounted for his longevity, an' he says, "I never shaved, an' jist let 'em grow."

Strawberry boxes are so blamed little this year thet they bruise the berries.

Tipton Bud will be seventy-three years old t'morrow. He says he'd be seventy-five, but he wuz in Urbana, Ohio, two years.

Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law is goin' t' move out o' a flat int' a ten-room

house so he'll have room t' take a Sunday paper.

These people thet go t' th' circus "jist t' take th' children," never wunt t' pay fer them when they git up t' th' door.

When a feller can't spell he allus puts "dictated" on his letters.

Some fellers belong t' s' many blamed secret orders thet they have to die before ther wives kin git a new dress.

A woman excels et blamed nigh ever'thing but ironin' th' neckband o' a shirt.

I dun't look fer much good t' come o' municipal ownership in this country ez long ez we hev Dimmycrats an' Republicans.

Ez Pash an' Niles Turner hev made arrangements t' receive Bryan's New York speech by rounds et th' blacksmith shop t' night.

One good thing 'bout bein' a Dimmycrat in Indianny is thet you dun't have to mortgage your home t' git a perlittion nomination.

BANKING.

The First National Bank of San Francisco, Cal.

N. W. CORNER OF BUSH AND SANSOME STREETS

Capital \$1,500,000.00
Surplus \$1,500,000.00

The oldest National Bank in California. Accounts invited and all possible facilities extended to customers.

Letters of credit issued providing a safe and convenient method of drawing funds in any part of the civilized world.

Our SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS provide absolute security for valuables of all kinds at moderate cost.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO

464 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Capital Paid in \$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits (May 31, 1907) 1,899,377.58

N. D. RIDEOUT President
H. T. SCOTT Vice-President
WM. G. IRWIN Vice-President
A. H. WINN Trust Officer

This company is authorized to act as Executor and as Trustee in all capacities
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
Interest allowed on daily balances subject to check
Accounts of Banks, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Solicited
SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

French Savings Bank

The French Savings Bank Building 108-110 Sutter Street

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK occupies offices in the same building

OFFICERS—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSabra, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godcau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

The French Savings Bank is now installing SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES which will soon be ready for the use of the Bank's clients.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, \$ 2,578,695.41
Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1906 38,531,917.28
F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinbart, J. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, Market and Church Streets, San Francisco, Calif., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, and 6 per cent on term deposits; interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st; interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal, and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., Corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1907, at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.
EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

At Your Service

We are prepared to serve you well in any branch of banking. If you are considering the opening of a bank account, we can interest you. We pay 2% interest on checking accounts and 3 3/4% on savings deposits.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch - 1531 Divisadero
Mission Branch - 2572 Mission, near 22d
Up-town Branch - 1740 Fillmore, near Sutter
Potrero Branch - 19th and Minnesota

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. Corner California and Montgomery Sts.—For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four (4) per cent on terms deposits and three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof, and earn dividend from July 1.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank, 216 Montgomery Street—For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1.
FRED W. RAY, Cashier.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

All society that remains in town is preparing to go away over the Fourth of July holidays, and all society out of town is busily engaged in making ready for the entertainment of house parties during that period. Many people are planning to go to Del Monte, as an automobile meet, golf tournaments and other delights are promised there, and the roads between here, Burlingame, or Oakland and Monterey will be gay with the multitude of motor parties going southward. The near-by suburban towns will also have their full complement of guests.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Elizabeth Langhorne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, to Mr. Richard Hammond. Their wedding will take place in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Swift Baily, daughter of Mrs. Norris, to Lieutenant Serb Williams, U. S. M. C. Their wedding will take place in November.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Estelle Sheehan, daughter of Mr. John Sheehan, to Mr. Bernardo Yorha Shorb, which will take place on Tuesday evening next at St. Mary's Cathedral at half-past 8 o'clock. A reception will be held later at the Fairmont Hotel.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Morton Grinnell (formerly Miss Jennie Catherwood), daughter of Mrs. John A. Darling, to Don Joaquin de Perreyra, attaché of the Spanish embassy at Tokio, which took place at Tokio on June 17. Their home will be in that city.

The wedding of Mrs. Carmelita Long, daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Yost, to Lieutenant Thomas West Hammond, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., took place in San Rafael on Wednesday of last week. Only immediate relatives were present. Lieutenant and Mrs. Hammond went to San José for a brief honeymoon, and will live for the present at Point Bonita Rifle Range.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Eckerson O'Connor, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M. O'Connor, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., to Lieutenant John James Burleigh, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., took place at Portland, Oregon, on June 4.

Mrs. Thomas Mein was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at her home in Oakland, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Sheehan and Mr. Bernardo Shorb, who are to be married next week. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Miss Margaret Shorb, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Trainor, Miss Bessie Coghill, Mr. John R. Sheehan, Mr. Claude McLaine, and Mr. Arthur Owens.

Mr. William Hough was the host at a dinner on Wednesday of last week, in honor of Miss Edith McCahe and Mr. Ernest McCormick, whose engagement was recently announced. Those present were: Mrs. Hough, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Lucie King, Miss Edith Cutter, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Arthur Chesebrough, and Mr. Joseph King.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, who have spent the winter and spring at their country place, near Bakersfield, went last week to their place at Lake Tahoe, stopping a few days, en route, at the Fairmont Hotel in this city.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will leave next month for a visit to relatives in Portland, Oregon.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt and Mrs.

Ashton Potter (formerly Miss Mamie McNutt) arrived on Saturday last from New York, and are at the Hotel Majestic for the present. Mrs. McNutt and Mrs. Potter have recently returned to America from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) and Mr. Ashton Potter stopped en route here in Colorado for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith have returned to San Rafael after a trip to Yosemite Valley.

Miss Lily McCalla and Miss Alice Hoffman are spending a fortnight in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Templeton Crocker has arrived from the East and is at "Uplands," the Crocker home, near San Rafael.

Mrs. Horace Hill arrived here last week, after a year's sojourn in the East, and has been the guest of Mrs. Richard Bayne. She will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee are spending a month visiting in the East.

Miss Sara Drum has returned from a motor trip to Southern California and will go soon to San Mateo to spend the summer.

Mrs. Benito Forbes Smith is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Horatio Hellmann, in Belvedere.

Mrs. C. L. R. Nokes has arrived from the East and is with her parents, Captain and Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg have returned to San Rafael after spending two months in the East.

Mrs. William Peyton has returned to town after a stay of a month at Del Monte.

Miss Flora Low has returned to Del Monte, after visiting in town for a few days as the guest of Miss Daisy Casserly.

Miss Jessie Wright, who has been visiting in the East for several months, is at present in Baltimore as the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood are spending a fortnight in Yosemite.

Miss Helen Wheeler, who has recently returned from Europe, is the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn, who have been in Paris since the late winter, will visit Carlsbad shortly, and will leave for San Francisco in August.

Miss Maud O'Connor, who has been in the East for some months, sailed recently for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, who have been for some time living in New York, will not return to San Francisco next month as they had planned, but have taken a cottage on the Connecticut coast for the summer.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard spent a few days this week in town, having come from her cottage at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker will leave on July 1 for a month's sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Robert Bruce is entertaining his sisters, the Misses Bruce of Edinburgh, who will probably make their home here.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge will spend the coming week at Castle Crag as guests at the William H. Herrin country place.

Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Miss Marion Wright, and Miss Jeannette Wright have returned from a stay at Coronado.

Mrs. Charles Schoonmaker will have Miss Ray Wellman as her guest during the summer at her cottage in Sausalito.

Mrs. James H. Bull has returned to her home at Yerba Buena Island after a sojourn in Southern California.

Miss Ethel Shorb will leave next month for a stay of some weeks in Los Angeles.

Miss Alice Herrin has returned from an Eastern trip and will spend the summer with Mrs. Herrin and Miss Kathryn Herrin at their place in Shasta County.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto have arrived in California and will spend the summer in Berkeley.

Mrs. Wehh Ballard left this week for her home in Seattle after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, have gone to their summer home at Shelter Island on the Atlantic Coast.

Miss Persis Coleman, Miss Janet Coleman, and Mr. Edward Coleman have been visiting at Del Monte and Santa Cruz, en route to Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. Jean Gallois has returned from a stay of several months in Paris.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Miss Deane, Mr. J. E. Holton, Mr. Arthur Bachman, Mrs. Bachman, and N. B. Bachman, Jr., Mrs. P. Claudius, Miss Phelan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Mullen, Mrs. R. Battel, Miss Eva Moldrup, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Regensburger, Mrs. E. N. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Postlethwaite, Mr. Wm. Greer Harrison, Brigadier-General

eral Frederick Funston, U. S. A., Captain C. E. Ling, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Flannery, Mr. Edward Coleman, Miss Persis Coleman, Miss J. Coleman, of San Francisco

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. William Curlett, Mr. C. E. Gottschalk, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. T. Patterson Ross, Mr. A. I. Cohurn, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Magill, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Brown, of Sacramento; Mr. Preston Norris, of Stockton; Mr. I. R. Goodfield, of San Mateo; Mr. Norman Pierce, Jr., of Chicago.

Mr. Charles E. Stokes, for the past twelve years Pacific Coast Agent of Thos. Cook & Son, the well-known international Tourist Agents, and who recently returned from a tour of the world, expects to leave here in September with a small party, now being organized, for a similar tour.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 1179 Ellis Street, between Gough and Octavia.



This Key

Represents wisdom on the part of one who rents a Safe Deposit Box in the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults
Crocker Building Post and Market Streets

Hotel St. Francis

a credit to
San Francisco

PERFECT
SERVICE
EVERY
COMFORT

THEY WHO
GO TO SEE
GO
TO STAY

The famous
Grill Room
is unsurpassed

Take your friends to lunch there

Oakland's Beautiful New Hotel

The
Key Route Inn

22d Street and Broadway

NOW OPEN

Beautifully furnished rooms with every modern improvement. Cafe a la Carte at moderate prices.
N. S. Mullan, Manager.

Spend your Fourth at
DEL MONTE

A week of Sports at the Famous Resort. Gymkhana Races, Tennis, Bowling, Swimming. Automobile Run July 3rd and 4th.

GOLF TOURNAMENT July 2nd to 7th. Handsome Silver Trophies.

A SPECIAL ROUND TRIP RATE OF \$4.00 July 3rd and 4th, good to return July 8th.

C. W. KELLY, City Representative
Phone Temp'y 2751 789 Market Street



THE NEW HOTEL VENDOME, San Jose

Thoroughly rebuilt and refurnished. Unexcelled cuisine, every modern convenience, charmingly located in beautiful park. Swimming pool, bowling alleys, tennis courts and sample rooms for commercial men downtown. A delightful place to spend the summer. Rates reasonable.
CHAS. C. WELLMAN, Manager.

The Knickerbocker

Pacific Avenue and Fillmore Street

The Highlands
Ross, Marin County

J. A. ROBINSON

BEAUTIFUL NEW HOTEL
For Marin County

Hotel Ancha Vista

Just opened. Everything New and high-class. Mineral Springs on the grounds; 3 minutes' walk from San Anselmo Station. Only 50 minutes from San Francisco.
ANCHA VISTA HOTEL CO., Inc.,
San Anselmo, California.

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,401,598.31
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....1,922,305.24
Dec. 31, 1906
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
523 THIRTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND
San Francisco Office
518 CALIFORNIA STREET

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Is universally conceded to be THE BEST in the market.

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now in stock—70 styles and sizes. Opal, White Enameled, Zinc Lined. Suitable for Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Cafes, and Boarding Houses.

W. W. Montague & Co.
CORNER POLK AND TURK STREETS

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Makes pure food and
thus saves health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Pears'

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family.

The Little Palace Hotel

Cor. Post and Leavenworth Sts.

is
OPEN

The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace"

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



Hotel del Coronado

Most Delightful Climate on Earth.
Motto: "BEST OF EVERYTHING"

American Plan, Summer Rates \$3.50 per day.
"Good Music" and "Fine Automobile Road."
Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado.

Golf, Tennis, Polo and other outdoor sports every day in the year.
Fishing, Boating, and Bathing are the very best. Send for Booklet to

MORGAN ROSS, Manager,
Coronado Beach, Cal.

Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
Tel. A 6789. Main 3917.

Hotel Rafael

San Rafael, Cal.

50 Minutes from San Francisco
Complete Change of Climate
Tiburon or Sausalito Ferry
All Modern Conveniences
F. N. Orpin, Proprietor

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and
Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, Pres. Gavin McNab, Attorney
Wm. Carbin, Sec'y, and Gen'l. Mgr.
Office: COR. MARKET AND CHURCH STS.

Graduate Nurse

Would go to China or Japan with patient, for transportation. Month of August, or September, preferred. Address, M. P., 329 Lincoln Ave., Palo Alto, California.

A Dutch Gentlewoman

Of middle age, wishes a position as lady-housekeeper in a refined home. Is well educated, speaks English, French, and German. Holds diploma of housekeeping and school. Pays her own passage. Address, M. E. A. Ahbema, née Fol, Uthe Netherlands.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., retired, has returned from a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Brigadier-General William Crozier, chief of ordnance, U. S. A., will, it is reported, visit this coast shortly on a tour of inspection.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commander of the Pacific Division and of the Department of California, and Captain Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., acting aid-de-camp, went on Friday of last week to the Presidio of Monterey, to inspect the School of Musketry at that post, returning on Monday last to this city.

Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., military attaché at Berlin, was promoted to be colonel, to date from May 27.

Lieutenant-Colonel Elijah W. Halford, deputy paymaster-general, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, dating from July 1.

Lieutenant-Commander A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., was ordered to duty as a member of the board which convened at the Navy Department on June 12, to consider and report upon the subject of land boundaries and privileges at Honolulu.

Major Reuben B. Turner, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to assume charge of the construction work at the Pacific branch of the Military Prison, Alcatraz Island, relieving Lieutenant Matthew H. Tomlinson, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.

Major James B. Goe, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., now in San Francisco, will proceed to Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and enter upon duty at that post, pending the arrival of a battalion of his regiment at that post for station.

Major Beecher B. Ray, paymaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and from duty in the Department of California, and will proceed to Manila to report for duty in the Philippines Division.

Captain C. E. Fox, U. S. N., is ordered relieved from court-martial duty at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., on July 1, and to proceed to the Union Iron Works in this city, for duty in connection with the fitting out of the *South Dakota* and duty in command of that vessel when placed in commission.

Captain Charles C. Puls, Field Artillery, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for twenty days, to take effect upon his being relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Leonard D. Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed to enter the class at the Signal School, and will report to the commandant of the school at Fort Leavenworth, not later than August 15.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, Subsistence Department, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as assistant to the purchasing commissary in this city, to take effect in time to permit him to sail on the transport leaving San Francisco about August 5 for Manila, where he will be assigned to duty in the Subsistence Department in the Philippines Division, relieving Captain Louis H. Bash, Subsistence Department, U. S. A. Captain Bash, upon being thus relieved, will proceed to this city and report by telegraph to the Adjutant-General of the army for further orders.

Captain Cecil Stewart, Subsistence Department, U. S. A., is ordered, upon arrival here and assignment to duty in the office of the purchasing commissary, to proceed to Fort Riley and report to the commandant, School of Application for Cavalry and Field Artillery, for temporary duty to take a course in the School for Bakers and Cooks at that post, and upon completion of this duty will return to his proper station.

Captain Frank H. Albright, commissary, Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., Cantonment, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, which took effect on June 22.

Captain Christopher C. Collins, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Walla Walla, to take effect upon the expiration of his present leave, and will then proceed to Fort Riley for duty.

Lieutenant E. B. Larimer, U. S. N., is detached from command of the *Paul Jones*, when placed out of commission, and ordered to command the *Perry*.

Lieutenant Andrew D. Chaffin, Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had Colfax, California, designated as his station while on duty in connection with the "Progressive Military Map of the United States."

Lieutenant William B. Wallace, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., was relieved from duty at the School of Musketry, Pacific Division, Presidio of Monterey, and went early this month to Fort Sheridan, reporting to Major David C. Shanks, Fourth

Infantry, U. S. A., for duty pertaining to the national match.

Lieutenant Paul W. Beck, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report by letter to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty pertaining to target practice in this department and will proceed to such post as is designated of such duty.

Lieutenant John E. Green, Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report upon his arrival at the Presidio of San Francisco, to report for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Ernest G. Bingham, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Maurice E. Shearer, U. S. M. C., is detached from duty at the Marine Barracks, Mare Island, and ordered to duty at the Marine Barracks, Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant John H. White, U. S. M. C., has been granted leave of absence until July 15.

Surgeon John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Midshipman George W. Simpson, U. S. N., has arrived here and is the guest of his father, Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A., Adjutant-General of the Department of California, at the Cosmos Club. They are spending the week end at Del Monte.

A board of officers, consisting of Colonel Alfred Reynolds, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Major Daniel A. Frederick, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain William H. Wassell, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Charles Y. Brownlee, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Robert L. Carswell, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered to convene at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, for the examination of such officers as may come before it, to determine their fitness for promotion.

The First Battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Ralph Hoyt, U. S. A., arrived here last week and will be in camp in the Cantonment, Presidio of San Francisco, until August 5, when the other battalions will arrive from Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and Fort Mackintosh, Texas, and the entire regiment will sail for the Philippines.

Two troops of the Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Lieutenant King, U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco since their return, early this month, from the Philippines, left on Friday of last week for their station at Yellowstone Park.

The army rifle competition of the Pacific will begin on July 29, at the Presidio of Monterey, under the direction of the commanding general, Department of California.

The God of the Dead.

[In the filled and abandoned graveyard in Canton, China, where are tens of thousands of the forgotten dead, is a quaint figure of Buddha in stone, an example of archaic art, "the god of the dead."]

Up through Canton city,
Through the reek of rotting ills,
You come to the old Pagoda
Above the funeral hills.

Five-storied over the sleepers
Lying in crowded ways—
Some in a Buddhist heaven,
Some in a Buddhist blaze.

In the deserted courtyard,
The great stone idol grins,
Looking at grass-grown out-walls—
Thinking of Chinese sins.

Battered and stained and broken,
That grinning gray stone head,
Ugly as sin discovered—
Old as the oldest dead.

He waits, but they come never
To that old forsaken shrine,
And he dreams of the pungent incense
That curled, and the *sam shu* wine.

He waits with a heathen patience,
While the lizards dart in the sun,
And the trees spring up in the courtyard
But of the dead, there comes not one.

—P. K.

Specially adapted for Asthma, Hooping Cough, Croup: Brooks' Homeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

Ladies' New York Sailor Straws

Eugene Korn, 926 Van Ness. Tel. Franklin 1275.

Japan-China

Around the World
Tour leaves September 24th
Send for Booklet

THOS. COOK & SON,

Flood Building, 32 Powell Street, S. F.
135 OFFICES ABROAD

Cook's Travelers' Checks, Payable Everywhere.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 706 Market Street, opposite Third—For the half year ending June 29, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3¾) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

Guaranteed Gas Ranges

\$13.50

Including connections—RELIABLE or JEWEL—Free adjustments and cooking lesson by our demonstrator in your own home—Call at our exhibition rooms for Free asbestos Gas Cooking Mat and Free Gas Cook Book.

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1131 Polk Street, Near Sutter

Phone Franklin 140

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We can locate you in the heart of Oakland's business center, on terms of purchase or lease. We offer only high-class business, factory and warehouse sites. We have a Broadway lease in best location for \$40,000; also a factory and warehouse (close to Broadway) for \$200 per month, and many others. Correspondence invited.

O.E. HOTLE & CO.,

1112 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

OWEN E. HOTLE, President
FRED W. POTTER, Treasurer
FRANK C. MARTINER,

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First Verger—Do you 'ave matins at your church? *Second Verger*—No; we 'as inoleums.—*The Sketch*.

He—So your husband has given up smoking. That wants a pretty strong will. *She*—Well, I've got one.—*Punch*.

"Her husband doesn't like a pug." "Well?" "She's undecided whether to change husbands or dogs."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. Smalltown—Would you accept a place in the suburbs? *Cook*—I'll consider it if yez have room in your garage for me motor.—*Town Topics*.

"What did you think of that girl at her coming-out party?" "Well, to be perfectly frank, I thought she'd better go back!"—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Snooks—To what do you attribute your success as a tradesman? *Sellem*—If a customer doesn't see what he wants, I make him want what he sees.—*Illustrated Bits*.

"Do you think cabbage is unwholesome?" asked the dyspeptic. "It depends somewhat," answered the food expert, "on whether you eat it or try to smoke it."—*Washington Star*.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said, sweetly, that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay, late!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom? *Tom* (shamefacedly)—That's me.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Mrs. Rogers is a perfect slave to her husband." "What does she do?" "Would you believe it? Every year, on his birthday, she gets up in time to eat breakfast with him."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Teacher—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated? *Scholar*—I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there!—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Henry—I hear tell ez how President Roosevelt plays croquet reg'lar at that Oyster Bay place of his'n. *Silas*—Yesiree! With all his 'ficial duties, he's got to do somethin' to keep up his health.—*Puck*.

"Which do you prefer," said the artistic young woman, "music or poetry?" "Poetry," answered Miss Cayenne. "You can keep poetry shut up in a book. You don't have to listen to it unless you choose."—*Washington Star*.

The prison reformer met the convicted lawyer in his striped prison garb. "And what brought you here, unhappy man?" she asked him. His old-time cleverness asserted itself. "An automobile," he blithely replied.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Husband (explaining his late home-coming)—My dear, I couldn't help it. I just missed the last car and had to wait forty minutes. *Wife*—Now don't blame it on the street car company. They've troubles enough without you.—*Detroit Free Press*.

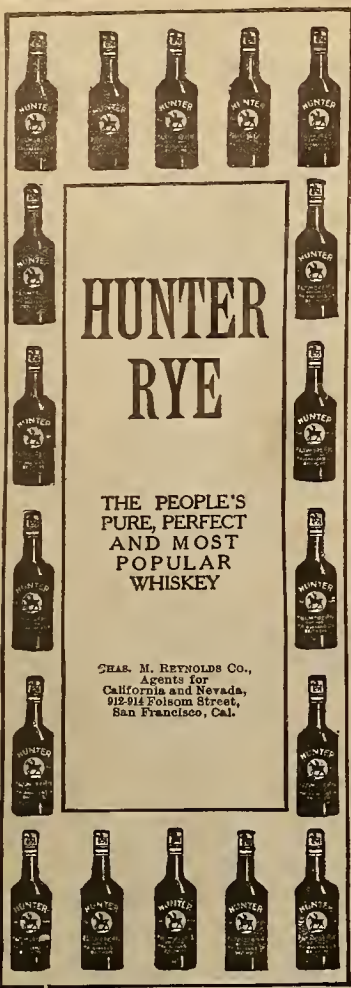
"I understand that you have relics of the war for sale," said the Southern tourist to the little towhead. "We did have," replied the boy, "but they done bought us out, an' the swords dad buried last week won't git rusted 'fore summer."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Polly (admiring the wonderful creation in the shop window)—Don't you wish you had one of them nice feathers to wear on your hat? *Kitty*—No; I don't believe in wearing birds' feathers. My mamma's a member of the Audible Society.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?" asked the lawyer. "I was, sir." "Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?" "I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Hawkins—Oh, well, Bjenks isn't such a bad fellow, after all. *Dawkins*—What makes you say that? *Hawkins*—Well, he wouldn't lend me the \$10 that I asked him for, but he didn't take advantage of the opportunity to give me good advice.—*Somerville Journal*.

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In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at the office of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased.

JOSEPH S. AYER, Executor of the Will of Joseph Y. Ayer, deceased. Dated: San Francisco, June 13, 1907. Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, Kohl Building, Attorneys for Executor.

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Boston—Azores—Mediterranean

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